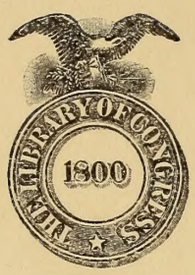


Class PN1993

Book .M5

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

GPO

Scanned from the collections of
The Library of Congress

Packard Campus
for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record

MOTION PICTURE

AUGUST

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

Claire Windsor

Irresistible!
MAVIS
FACE POWDER
White Flesh Rose Sachet
and the new Duo Tint
OTHER MAVIS PRODUCTS
FACE POWDER 50c
POUDRE CREME (CREAM FACE POWDER) 50c
TALCUM POWDER 25c
TOILET WATER $1.00
LIP STICKS 25c
COLD CREAM 50c
MAVIS
TALC 25c
purest import talc in the tall red can with the gilt top
FACE POWDER 50c
15 well known face powders failed to pass through the silk through which Mavis is sifted
COLD CREAM 50c
refreshes and stimulates your skin
ROUGE 50c
makes you irresistible
POUDRE CREME 50c
(cream face powder) for dry and coarsened skins

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

PN 1993
.M5
'22

Sunburn, tan, freckles

—they need not mar your skin

ENJOY *this* summer the sports you love best—without sacrificing your complexion. Play tennis or golf as much as you like—swim to your heart's content—secure in the knowledge that your skin is protected from sunburn, tan and freckles.

For you *can* guard your skin against the burning rays of the sun. You *can* protect it from the coarsening effects of hot, dusty winds if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. Not only does it protect the skin—it ***keeps the complexion fresh and clear,*** for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up"—*revitalizes*—the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. It will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. Its continued use will preserve your fair, wholesome complexion through a long summer of outdoor activities.

Health hints for the skin

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—keep your fresh complexion through the trying heat of summer.

[illegible]

[illegible]ed

[illegible]eam

M COMPANY

troit, Michigan

Ingram Company,

W. Cotton Pty.,

art, Pennington,

o., Zulueta 36½,

Posed by Lois Wilson, leading woman in Paramount motion pictu
Miss Wilson, like many other attractive stars of the screen, uses and
dorses Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect and preserve the comple

64
2432
J9

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow," use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine
FACE POWDER

A complexion powder cially distinguished by the that it stays on. Furthermo powder of unexcelled delicac texture and refinement of fume. Four tints—White, P Flesh, Brunette—50c.

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractiv souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this Beauty Purse for your hand-bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powde sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, In Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Mil Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

ost at once the complexion be-es clear and beautiful through amazing scientific discovery.

ICE is giving new complexions for old igh a marvelous new discovery! Dull, e, blemished skins are being transformed isite softness and smoothness—almost at ars of scientific research and experiment y revealed the elements which, when com-ertain exact proportions, remove the dead e surface of the skin, clear the pores of purity, and leave the complexion as clear ming as a child's.

kin is provided by nature with millions of s with which to expel acids and impurities. ast bores deeply into these pores and clogs impurities remain in the skin. The result vays noticeable at first. But soon the com-ecomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face ut" in pimples and blackheads. And if the are still allowed to remain, the complexion ined entirely.

New Discovery Explained

ements, when correctly combined according t's formula, have been found to possess a otency. These elements, or ingredients, ended into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, cented. It is applied to the face with the s—just as a cream would be applied.

ame given to this wonderful discovery is Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, of the millions of tiny pores in the skin and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-n a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, e is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as erful clay draws out every skin impurity. l actually feel the tiny pores breathing, re-freeing themselves with relief from the im-that clogged and stifled them.

Domino Complexion Clay to remain for a lit-You may read, or sew, or go about your house-es. All the while you will feel the powerful ay doing its work, gently drawing rities and absorbing blemishes. A wel will soften the clay, and you ble to roll it off easily with your And with it you will roll off every dead skin, every harmful impurity, mish. A hidden beauty will be un-beneath the old complexion will be a new one with all the soft, smooth and delicate coloring of youth!

a cosmetic; Guaranteed Harmless

o Complexion Clay does not cover shes and impurities—but removes *once*. It cannot harm the most skin. There is a feeling almost cal relief as the facial pores are as the magic clay draws out the ted self-poisons and impurities. be amazed when you see the re-only one treatment—the whole face ar rejuvenated. Not only will the f your complexion be brought to ce, but enlarged pores will be nor-sed, tired lines and bagginess will mature lines will be softened. Complexion Clay brings life and every skin cell and leaves the com-ear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

ial Introductory Offer

r to enable everyone to test this new preparation, we are making

This marvelous new discovery absorbs blemishes, and impurities, lifts away the coarse, dull, unsightly complexion and unmasks an entirely new complexion underneath—one as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! It cannot harm the most sensitive skin.

a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now, a jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once, freshly compounded and direct from the Domino House. Although it is a $3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

Guarantee Backed by Million Dollar Bank

This guarantee from a million dollar bank pro tects every user of Domino Complexion Cl

State Bank of Philade

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN·

This is to certify that DOMINO deposited in this Bank Ten Th Out of this special fund this P and does hereby guarantee to tomer of DOMINO HOUSE of his purchase at any time, if the goods purchased are nc tory in every way, or if DOM to do as it agrees.

Very truly y

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complex-ion may be, Domino Complexion Cl give it a new radiant natural preparatio won't have to w are immediat

Just mai card wi mark aw h

JUL 13 '22
©CIB531276

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXIV AUGUST, 1922 No. 7

Copyright, 1922, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, and foreign countries $3.00 a year. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
GUY L. HARRINGTON, Vice-President
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
L. G. CONLON, Treasurer

(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month; SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third; and BEAUTY, out on the sixth).

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Managing Editor

Harry Carr
Pacific Coast Representative

GLADYS HALL
WILLIS GOLDBECK
E. M. HEINEMANN
Associate Editors

A. M. HOPFMULLER
Art Director

GUY L. HARRINGTON
Business Manager

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
Director of Advertising

RUFUS FRENCH, INC.
Eastern Manager

ARCHER A. KING, INC.
Western Manager

METZ B. HAYES
New England Manager

CONTENTS

PAGE

Gallery of Players 11
Portraits in gravure of Dorothy Gish, Madge Kennedy, May McAvoy, Lew Cody, Agnes Ayres, Mabel Ballin, Mary Pickford, Betty Ross Clarke and Nastacha Rambova.

Matter of Fact ..... *Truman B. Handy* 20
Which describes Helene Chadwick

Ming Toy from Hollywood 22

Griffith: Maker of Pictures ..... *Harry Carr* 23

That Old Sweetheart of Mine 26

Another Old Friend Comes to the Shadows 27

Mother O'Hollywood ..... *Truman B. Handy* 28
That is the name given Sylvia Ashton

As She Was—— 30

A Real Adventure ..... *Janet Reid* 31
A fictionization of the photoplay of that name

The Westerner ..... *Helen Carlisle* 36
Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman

Scion of the Samanyagos ..... *Sinclair Lincoln* 38

Portraits—— 40
Selected from previous Harold Lloyd characterizations

Married People ..... *Peter Andrews* 42

That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 47

Anatol Himself ..... *Truman B. Handy* 48
Or, if you prefer, Wallace Reid

Amos As An Extra ..... *Olive Butler* 50
Pictures and captions which tell a story

Our Joy Forever ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 52

Who is Lady Diana Manners? ..... *Betty Shannon* 54

Rodolph and Romance 56

Over the Border ..... *Norman Bruce* 57

Out from the Yesteryears ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 62
A story about Doris Kenyon

Bringing the Medieval Ages to Hollywood 64

Fine Feathers 66
As worn by Gloria Swanson

Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 67

Anent Ultra-Violet Rays ..... *Corliss Palmer* 69

Valli of the Shadows ..... *Gordon Gassaway* 70

A Boom for Beauty 71
The American Beauty Contest is strengthened in its quest

Bubbles 72
Posed by Jacqueline Logan

On the Camera Coast ..... *Harry Carr* 73

Blue Monty ..... *Gladys Hall* 75

A Roman Holiday 76

PARAMOUNT Announces its Greatest Program of Motion Picture Entertainment

FORTY-ONE great new Paramount Pictures will be released in the coming six months, beginning August 6th.

Your theatre manager is booking your photoplays now for the coming season.

Make sure that he is preparing to show you these Paramount Pictures.

It is for you that Paramount has worked out step by step, months in advance, this great program,

—gathered all the great geniuses of production—stars, supporting artists, directors, novelists, dramatists, technicians—and supplied them with every conceivable stimulus and equipment to produce the most magnificent and thrilling pictures!

You are to be the deciding factor in this audacious program of *Every Paramount Picture a Big Picture!*

Seize the opportunity in advance!

Telephone the theatre. Ask the manager: "When are these Paramount Pictures coming?"

Get the day and date of showing for every one of the forty-one, and you are all set for the greatest shows of the greatest season in the history of entertainment.

See opposite page for full list of new pictures

When are they coming? **Paramount**

Use the phone.

If it's a Paramount Pictur

These are the Forty-one New Paramount Pictures you should ask your theatre manager to book

WALLACE REID
in "The Dictator"
Supported by Lila Lee
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "The Young Diana"
by Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "If You Believe It, It's So"
by Perley Poore Sheehan
Directed by Tom Forman

BETTY COMPSON
in "The Bonded Woman"
by John Fleming Wilson
Directed by Philip Rosen

MAY McAVOY
in "The Top of New York"

"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"
with Emil Jennings, Dagny Servaes, and Harry Liedtke
An Ernest Lubitsch Production

GLORIA SWANSON
in "Her Gilded Cage"
A Sam Wood Production

A William deMille Production
"NICE PEOPLE"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Scenario by Clara Beranger

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "Blood and Sand"
A Fred Niblo Production
Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi
From the novel by Vincente Blasco Ibañez and the play by Tom Cushing
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
with Alma Rubens
From the story by James Oliver Curwood
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"
with Dorothy Dalton
An Irvin V. Willat Production
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis, by J. E. Nash
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn

JACK HOLT
"While Satan Sleeps"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Adapted by Albert S. LeVino
From the novel "The Parson of Panamint." Directed by Joseph Henabery

CECIL B. De MILLE'S
"Manslaughter"
with THOMAS MEIGHAN
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

The Hamilton Theatrical Corp. presents
"THE MYSTERIES OF INDIA"

"PINK GODS"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Levien

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
with Theodore Roberts
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson
Directed by James Cruze

"THE FACE IN THE FOG"
by Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

"BURNING SANDS"
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production

WALLACE REID and LILA LEE
in "The Ghost Breaker"
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
with Mary Miles Minter and Tom Moore
A John Robertson Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and Theodore Kosloff

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
By Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon. Directed by Alfred Green

"ON THE HIGH SEAS"
with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt
Supported by Mitchell Lewis
by Edward Sheldon
An Irvin V. Willat Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "The Young Rajah"
Adapted from the play by Alethea Luce and novel, "Amos Judd" by John Ames Mitchell
Directed by Philip E. Rosen
Adaptation by June Mathis

ALICE BRADY
in "Anna Ascends"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A William deMille Production
"CLARENCE"
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

GLORIA SWANSON
in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
by David Lisle
Adaptation by Percy Heath

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vincente Blasco Ibañez
Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Melford Production
"EBB TIDE"
with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood
Cast includes George Fawcett and Raymond Hatton

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

ELSIE FERGUSON
in "Outcast"
by Hubert Henry Davies
A John Robertson Production
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"
with Bebe Daniels
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "Back Home and Broke"
By George Ade
Directed by Alfred Green

AGNES AYRES
in "A Daughter of Luxury"
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix
Directed by Joseph Henabery
A George Fitzmaurice Production

"KICK IN"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

WALLACE REID
in "Thirty Days"
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "Little Old New York"
by Rida Johnson Young
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "A Spanish Cavalier"
Based on the play "Don Cæsar De Bazan" by Adolph D. Ennery and P. F. P. Dumanoir. Scenario by June Mathis

JACK HOLT
in "Making a Man"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Directed by Joseph Henabery
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

ALICE BRADY
in "Missing Millions"
A William deMille Production

"NOTORIETY"
with Bebe Daniels
by Clara Beranger

Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR, *President*
NEW YORK CITY

t's the best show in town

WHY DONT YOU BUY

CLASSIC

THE Picture Book de Luxe of the movie world.

In the August **CLASSIC** there is a picture page called

The Truth About Hollywood

You have all heard the wild, weird, awful stories about Hollywood. Well, **CLASSIC** has collected the evidence, and we are presenting it to you in photographic form. You can then judge for yourself whether or not Hollywood is the-er-cradle of-er-well, better buy the August number and decide for yourselves.

At the Sign of the Jinx

is the title of a story by **Harry Carr** on the pet superstitions of all your favorite stars. Some of 'em dont have any but those who do make a delightful story. Snappy illustrations!

Doug and Mary

have told us about their darkest hours and how they overcame them. Doug's "darkest hour" was a funny one, of course. You would just know that!

Wallace Reid

is the star in **CLASSIC'S "Star in the Making"** series. Funny old stills. Dont miss them.

Eighteen Picture Pages

in this number, beside all the other good substantial movie matter, we've collected for your amusement. Let us prove to you by this issue that **CLASSIC** is—

The Picture Book de Luxe of the movie world.

AUGUST

CLASSIC

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest — For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED—Brand new article with wonderful sales possibilities. Applicants must be big enough to handle County rights on exclusive basis. Our contract assures you a permanent and substantial business. Sample fifty cents. Money refunded if we do not connect. Dept. 9 Bethlehem Utilities Co., Bethlehem, Pa.

Agents—$60 to $200 a Week; Free Samples; Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 F, No. Clark St., Chicago.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass, name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book FREE. E. Palmer, 509 Wooster, Ohio.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 161, East Orange, N. J.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Increase Your Family Income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs and furnish all worsted. Enormous demand. Free instruction anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co., 207 State Street, Rochester, New York.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

GOOD FARM LANDS: Near thriving city in Michigan. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts. $15 to $35 per acre. Very easy terms. Write to day for FREE booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., A-1263 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Trial Order—Mail us 20c with any size film or six negatives for development and six velvet prints. 24-hour service. Get premium list. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 206 Bell, Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40 to $75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

HELP WANTED—MALE

BE A DETECTIVE—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES

Moving Picture Machines, Films and equipments for Homes, Schools, Churches and Theatres. Dept. M, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Memphis, Tenn.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guide-book, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Photoplays Wanted for California Producers—Also want Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. Submit MSS., or, if you are a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and Details. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

SCIENTIFIC

Be Wise! Be Cheerful! Be Prosperous! New Way plans brings wonderful results. Valuable pointers and your personality revealed for 10 cents and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood, Dept. 550, Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three to six months' course. Modern equipment. Day or evening classes. Easy terms. Ask for Catalog No. 29.

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY

NEW YORK 141 W. 36th St. | CHICAGO 630 So. Wabash Ave. | BROOKLYN 505 State St.

BE AN ARTIST

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Easy method. Write for terms and List of successful students. ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, 28-A Flatiron Building, New York

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. HC-58, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. Chicago

The MOTION MAGA

Charles Edward Allen,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Mellin's Food Boy

All babies are entitled to good health and sturdiness. It is their natural birthright. This condition can be brought about for your baby through the use of the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification.

Do not delay. Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

Conspicuous Nose pores—

grow larger if neglected

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged. To reduce enlarged nose pores use this special treatment:

WRING a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the steady general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how the treatment gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. A special Woodbury treatment for each different type of skin is given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for general use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1308 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1308 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

Copyright 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnsto

Motion Picture Magazine

DOROTHY GISH

It is a far hail from broad comedy to the tragic portrayal of the blind Louise in "Orphans of the Storm." Nevertheless, Dorothy Gish achieved this without difficulty. At present, so we understand, she is considering a stage engagement

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

MADGE KENNEDY

Once more the screen will reflect the inimitable work and the charming image of Madge Kennedy. A company has been formed for her under the name of the Kenma Corporation. And these summer days find her creating the title rôle in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

Photograph by Campbell Studios

MARY PICKFORD

It was some time ago that Mary Pickford gave the screen her beloved "Tess of the Storm Country." Once again she is creating the rôle of Tess. This time, however, she will offer a different interpretation

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

BETTY ROSS CLARKE

Like scores of other motion picture people, Betty Ross Clarke owes her initial screen appearance to D. W. Griffith. However, since playing in "Romance," she has done many things recently; among them "The Man From Downing Street," with Earle Williams

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

NASTACHA RAMBOVA

Nastacha Rambova has had a colorful career. The daughter of Hudnut, the perfumer, she sought recognition for herself and contributed the effective settings for Nazimova's production of "Salome." Then she married Rodolph Valentino. It depends upon the various divorce laws whether or not this marriage will be permitted to stand

Matter of Fact

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

"Of course, I am romantic," she said. "Romance comes into your life as a marvelous, mellowing influence . . . and furnishes a soft padding, as it were, against the bumps of life"

ANYBODY who would ever accuse Helene Chadwick of fostering highbrow illusions about either herself or the motion pictures she works in would be all wrong.

Twentieth century young ladies dont have illusions—at least, not plausible ones.

And Miss Chadwick, with her quick sense of humor, her spontaneity of wit, is typically matter-of-fact and far too clever to think of "kidding" herself. And far too wise to the tricks of her own trade. As much so as bootleggers, stenographers and writers of musical-comedy librettos.

On the screen we see her as a buxom, hearty purveyor of laughs. Off the screen she is practically the same. She has an easily transferable personality.

She really ought to be on the stage—*not* in comedy, however. Her voice is low and easy to listen to. It is neither high pitched nor yet too contralto. She has poise, yet she is not a *poseur*. She makes me think of the girl in the book "who was real and didn't know it," and she has an ineffable charm of manner that is peculiarly womanly.

Apparently, she does not step out of her character to play it for her audiences.

A few years ago, when she commenced her career by posing for artists in New York, she had really no idea that some day she'd be famous in the deathless tintypes. Yet, when she finally got into them, she was not silly enough to say that she didn't *want* to be a star. Anybody has that plausible ambition, for stardom is the one thing a theatrical player has to look forward to. Goldwyn, to which concern she is now under contract, had a mishap with its first bumper crop of incandescent luminaries and started out not to feature Helene or anyone else.

But the public has a peculiar habit of selecting its own satellites, and Miss Chadwick found herself to be one of them. And she is sufficiently true to her own convictions to admit that she is happy.

"When you're merely playing in an all-star, *unstarred,* cast," she said, "you soon get very tired of giving out your best work.

"There is nothing to look forward to if you know that you'll never be able to reach the heights. I think Goldwyn realized this."

There is only one thing in the world at which Miss Chadwick confesses herself as thoroly mad. That is *censorship.*

"No one likes it," she commented, "but, like prohibition, nearly everybody is getting used to it.

"Not so long ago I went on a personal-appearance tour thru Canada, and in Montreal I happened to meet some of the censors. They were a good-natured crowd, but mostly old fogies.

"They'd go to see a questionable (?) picture, and like it immensely—but their professional ethics required them carefully to delete all portions of it that particularly appealed to their inner selves. Because it was bad for the children!

"All reformers impress me as being the same. Most of them used to like their toddy before retiring at night.

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

Yet they wouldn't admit it, and urged prohibition onto the rest of us."

An interviewer gets quite used to hearing the varied tales of woe most of his subjects tell him. Ring the bell for Helene, however, who seems to suffer from no particular troubles whatever. Even clothes dont bother her.

"I like them better, almost than anything else," said she. "But they dont *bother* me. Women spend too much time worrying about what they ought to wear. If most of them would leave their wardrobe problems in some competent dressmaker's hands, they'd be able to live easier and look better.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Photograph by
Clarence S. Bull

When I met Helene Chadwick, I noticed that, on the ring finger of her left hand, she wears a diamond-studded platinum band . . . the kind that denotes matrimony. I thought perhaps it might be a "prop" one she wore for a scene in a picture, but . . . "Ah!" she countered, and smiled, "They're real diamonds"

"Yet most women wont do this. They try to be sartorially creative when they are not creative. The result is that they generally put on everything but the kitchen stove."

Along this line she follows her own advice. The studio designer and her personal modiste know her style, her measurements, her sartorial preferences. Therefore, when she needs a new wardrobe, she does not attempt to tell her designer *how* to make her dresses.

She simply wears them, tries to keep herself in a pleasant frame of mind, and makes an effort to look her best. It's an axiom of hers.

But, at the same time, she doesn't necessarily want to look her best all of the time. Sometimes, she said, she likes to play a part where she can act, rather than merely model for the camera. Unlike Maxine Elliott, she has no desire to be solely a clothes-rack.

In "The Dust Flower," which she completed recently, she worked in the first sequence entirely without facial make-up,

(*Continued on page 87*)

Ming Toy from Hollywood

All photographs by Abbé

Permit us, Ming Toy from Hollywood. Or, if you wish to be more specific, Constance Talmadge, who is creating the rôle of Ming Toy in the screen version of "East Is West," which is being filmed in the Hollywood studios

Griffith: Maker of Pictures

By
HARRY CARR

IT is said that no one knows anything about any woman who has not seen her before breakfast. After she is marcelled and lip sticked—or lip stuck—all you are going to know about her is what she wants you to know.

And that is just as true of directors. Especially D. W. Griffith.

There is a D. W. Griffith that the world sees at banquets and at the theater when his pictures have their formal openings—a most attractive and rather regal gentleman in evening dress. But the public doesn't know anything much about the real D. W.—the maker of pictures. So I am going to write about the real one.

Let us say it is early one Sunday morning—the beginning of a day late in autumn. Mr. Griffith has issued a call for his personal staff to meet him at his office in the Longacre Building at Broadway and Forty-second Street—the supposed hub of the theater universe. The old war-horse has sniffed the battle. D. W. is going to start another picture.

One of Griffith's peculiarities is that he has never found out about the post-office. The only means that he knows of communication between human beings is the telegraph. It is absolutely useless to write him letters. He leaves them unopened in his overcoat pockets, on the back seat of his limousine, and all over the studio. At the right is a portrait of D. W. Griffith. Below, as he was snapped during the filming of a scene on location

They drop in—the staff—all the way from ten minutes to half an hour late—secretaries, scenario writers, publicity men—all men and women who have been with him for years. They wait a while; then they wait some more. D. W. is always late.

When he finally gets there he wants to talk about everything but the question before the house, which was story. He takes his publicity man off into another office and they fuss around with a lot of newspaper clippings. Then his secretary is called in and they dictate telegrams. One of Griffith's peculiarities is that he has never found out about the post-office. The only means that he knows of communication between human beings is the telegraph. It is absolutely useless to write him letters. He leaves them un-

opened in his overcoat pockets, on the back seat of his limousine and all over the studio.

After a couple of hours' conference on other matters, Mr. Griffith suggests that, after all, the best place to talk story would be over at his rooms in the Claridge. So we all troop over there.

Books, books, scenarios, plays. They are scattered all over the place—books from hopeful authors, books from agents: they all want D. W. to film them. He hands them around to all of us and generally disappears into the other room of his suite.

An argument always starts. Somebody thinks he ought to put on Kipling and somebody else thinks he ougo put on a Revolutionary story. Griffith seldom as to this feast of reason. He spends most of his trying to get the windows just open and just shut gh to suit him. Whenever he gets into the debate, usually to change the subject. He will cut into some's infuriated eloquence about Kipling's "Light That H" to say that the income tax is all wrong and somethought to be done about it. You can usually get a rise of him by the mention of a Revolutionary War stor

"They are out," he says.d tells a story.

When he was a young acte was doing a vaudeville sketch—scene laid in the Rutionary War.

"I tried being a Dutchman an Irishman and a Frenchman," said D. W. "But its no use. I sank all my money in the most beauti costumes, but the audience was always bored to ag I tried bouncing out of a grandfather's clock at theoine; but the darn thing j wouldn't go. At last thed property man stopped one day.

"'Well,' he said, 'your sketch airoing very good.' I admitted

"'Well,' said, 'Lemme give you a Kid,' he said, 'You wont n gi nowhere with any pl where the actors wea them damn wigs.'"

D. W. sd that cured him of Revolutonary War plays forever. know that the question wigs prevented him from iving "The Two Orphans" fr years.

At aboutthis point in the proceedingshe usually suggests that e ought to eat. So he orde up a gorgeous luncheon fm the hotel dining room. DW. is an epicure and a most wonderful and charming hos

Finally thetelephone rings and he discoers that he has to go to a fincial conference with his busiess managers—and so that' all for that day. He tells us o meet him at the hotel earlythe next morning.

The ne day begins with another ait. At last the limousine comes and we all pile in. D. W. is distrait and silent. We know from experienc he is thinking about stories Somebody has a copy of the *New York Times*. He picks t up and immediately begin talking about Lloyd Geoge and English politics. Griith is a wonderful talker —n extraordinary memory —an unusual point of view ad brilliant glowing words. I's a wonderful auto ride but yu dont make much progress tovard getting a story.

His chauffeur is a wild Jap, wth a sardonic, inscrutable fce: he was evidently trained

D. W. never works from finished scenarios, like other directors. He makes up his photoplays at rehearsals and then remembers. Without a scrap of paper, he can remember every small, minute detail of the action in two or three thousand scenes. Below, a picture of Mr. Griffith, taken during the recent filming of "Orphans of the Storm"

Another Old Friend Comes to the Shadows

One by one the greatest figures of history and of fiction are coming to the shadows . . . Du Barry, Pharaoh, Sentimental Tommy, Salome and the Queen of Sheba . . . These and hosts of others have come forth from the pages of novels and from the dead years, to join in the brilliant and triumphant procession to the screen . . .

And now another old friend has come to the cinema. The Fox company is screening "The Count of Monte Cristo," with John Gilbert in the title rôle, and Estelle Taylor as Mercedes

Mother O' Hollywood

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

SHE'S tremendously fat—almost incredibly so.

But this merely presages a wondrous disposition . . . and a heart that is as big as all outdoors.

Her slang is the richest thing since George Ade. . . . And she's infectiously funny . . .

And she can cook. Oh, how she can cook!!

It's no wonder that Hollywood has adopted Sylvia Ashton as its unofficial mother. She has every one of those God-given propensities that mothers have.

And in her heart is the love that passeth all understanding.

"Mother" Ashton adopted me some six years ago. I am one of her five hundred odd "children." Among my "brothers" and my "sisters" in her family are Lew Cody, Dustin Farnum, Kosloff, C. B. de Mille, Betty Compson, Mae Marsh, Jeanie MacPherson, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, John Bowers—and myriad others, *ad infinitum*.

The walls of her pretty bungalow are literally lined with countless photographs of my other

Sylvia Ashton can cook.
Oh, she can cook!
It's no wonder that Hollywood has adopted her as its unofficial mother.
Above, a camera study of "Mother" Ashton; at the right, cuddling Betty Compson between scenes, and below, with Walter Hiers and Leatrice Joy.

Photograph by James Long Horne

"relatives"—all autographed in much the same fashion, "To Mother," for we are an adoring coterie.

And "Mother" Ashton has an almost unique position in Hollywood. She is almost the one single person who is universally loved and *is never gossiped about* in Hollywood.

Screen "fans" have viewed her many times. When pictures were even more infant than they are now, she played with the famous old Biograph aggregation. And then, for a number of years, she comedied with the Keystonites, and later was contracted for by Lasky.

You will remember her as Elliott Dexter's fat, hopelessly sloppy wife in "Old Wives For New"—as the lady who lost the debonair Mr. Dexter's love because she *couldn't,* in the picture, manage to look pretty and be a perfect thirty-six at the breakfast table.

But as to "Mother"—herself . . .

She is not old, neither is she "catty." On the Lasky "lot" she calls everybody, from C. B. de Mille down to the janitors' boys, by their first name. Usually she terms them "darling."

They're all her "children."

Nobody ever thinks of calling her Miss Ashton. The *m-o-t-h-e-r* sobriquet has been reserved especially for her.

Thru that strange, bitter irony of Fate, she herself is not a mother. She was, however, until Death tore from her her own two, lovely children a few years ago.

"But," she has often told me, "it is because I miss them so terribly—because my heart is so full of the mother-love—that, perhaps, I may have shown it to the young girls, the young men, with whom I was associated in the pictures."

When the present screen-family was in its early adolescence, back in the old Biograph days, she used to cook lunches in her dressing-room for the

(*Continued on page* 96)

Thru that strange, bitter irony of fate, she herself is not a mother. She was, however, until Death tore from her her own two lovely children a few years ago

At the top of the page Mrs. Ashton is seen with her adopted daughter and a pet dog. At the left is a scene showing her playing the haughty woman of the world

As She Was - - -

In days gone by, Betty Compson's pulchritude was one of the high-lights of aquatic comedies——

Then "The Miracle Man" brought her to the drama. And the drama claimed her for its own——

So, when she posed in the bathing regalia she had purchased for her personal use, we hastened to reproduce the illustrative pictures.

We present: Betty Compson, As She Was——

The Real Adventure

By
JANET REID

THE Rodney Aldriches were spending one of their infrequent evenings at home. The evenings were not infrequent because the Rodney Aldriches particularly wished to be out, but because, in his capacity of a rising young attorney, Rodney had many and manifold social demands—and the fact that he had an exceedingly pretty wife to exhibit along with his prestige didn't curb their activities.

But tonight they were at home.

Rodney was scanning the evening paper, and Rosalind was sighing and chewing her nails over a volume, tremendous in its girth.

Rodney glanced at her from time to time, first with amusement, then with chuckles, and then, as his mirth did not seem either to attract her attention or detract from her intention, a querulous expression replaced the one of amusement.

"For the love of Mike, Rosalind, are you at those law books again?"

"Of course . . . dont disturb me, Dear, there's a knotty one here . . ."

"Oh, come on, Rosalind . . . can it for the evening . . . come over here and tease me . . . dont get wrinkles trying to understand something your blessed brain couldn't digest in a century."

"Think so?" Rosalind frowned a little . . . bit another nail . . . grunted . . . went on . . .

Rodney read another scandal and then threw his paper down with as much of a bang as the *Chicago Daily News* can achieve. . . . "Damn it all, Rosalind," he said, explosively, "if you wont let me have some fun with you during our evenings at home, perhaps I'd better look up someone who *will* . . .!"

This time Rosalind closed the great book. She closed it with a particularity and care rather disarming in its precision. She rose and put it away and then came back and drew up a straight backed chair and faced him.

"I'll talk to you . . ." she said. "Rod . . . tell me about the first day we met . . . the first time you saw me . . . why you liked me . . . what you said . . . what I said . . . everything . . ."

Rodney smiled, placated. This would be better. It would give him a chance to talk, which he never deplored, and it would infuse some nonsense into their conversation and maybe he could soften the excellent Rosalind into a petting mood . . . maybe she would come over and sit on his lap and talk baby talk to him and let him pull at the little curls that grew in the nape of her white neck . . . the most feminine part of Rosalind, those curls. . . . She was so cunning when she played . . . that was what a wife was for . . . to be cunning . . . to play. . . .

He lit a cigaret . . . settled back. . . . "The first day we met," he said, "over a year ago . . . . I remember the very rain-drops and that's a large order. It was pouring proverbial pitchforks. I was on a trolley car and the darned thing was jammed. Suddenly my attention was attracted. I heard the conductor's Neolithic accents shouting, 'You pays your fare or off you gets' . . . and I heard a very viking, a very clear, slightly strident young voice replying, 'I have paid my fare. I wont do it again. I refuse to argue with you—and I will get off in order to report you.' I identified the voice. It belonged right enough . . . It belonged to a girl with tumbled brown hair . . . charming

"You think you have bought a doll with sawdust in her veins and curls upon her head. But you haven't, you see. I dont want to be a man's mistress, Rod . . . I want to be his wife, his partner, his helpmate . . . after a while, the mother of his children. I am bored, suffocated . . . insulted and violated . . ."

hair, Rosalind . . . and high color and amber eyes and a splendid body and a will of her own . . . Rosy . . ."

"Go on, Rod, go on . . . I like . . . I like you to talk about me . . . you're rather a darling when you do . . ."

"Well, the girl got off. She wore a middy and a tam-o'-shanter and she was rather messy and immorally pretty . . . and she got off, just as she was, without any umbrella, into the downpour. I had an umbrella . . . and I got off, too. I caught up with her—not so easily. She was a young viking . . . she walked with feminine-man steps . . . long, easy, indignant steps . . . slightly amused steps . . . a sense of humor, I could see . . .

"She didn't like it very well when I came up to her and proffered my escort and my umbrella. She said that she was used to the rain . . . that she liked to get soaked . . . and that nothing under Heaven would induce her to ride in a car again. . . . She finally decided to accept a share of my worthy rain-protector, but dared me with valiant scorn to flirt with her . . ."

"And you didn't, did you, Rod?" asked Rosalind, with curiosity, just as tho she had never heard of this episode before.

"No, I didn't," laughed her husband, "she wasn't the flirting kind. It was aggressively obvious. No nonsense there . . ."

"Rod," said the girl suddenly, cuttingly, "there isn't now."

"What?"

"Never mind . . . finish up the story . . . then I'll tell you what I was going to say . . ."

Rodney frowned a little. He had thought this was going to be a lark ending in the soft mood of Rosalind, but she wore still, upon her face, the excellent expression which was hers when she studied his law tomes.

"Well . . . I took her home," he said, a little more brusquely, "and I asked if I might come again and she said she didn't care . . . and then she shook hands with me and said after all it hadn't been bad . . . it had been 'a real adventure,' after its fashion, and then . . ."

"And then," interrupted Rosalind, taking the thread away from him, "and then you did come back . . . in a very few days, and you found the same girl reading medical books in the messy library of her messy, busy home . . . and you came again . . . and again . . . and after awhile you found a soft something in that girl . . . a very soft something . . . a something that, all along, before had been guarded by out-of-doors and dont-careness and fight and fun . . . and, man-like, you pressed your advantage . . . and here I am . . ."

Rosalind paused on an unfinished note and glanced about her. Rodney watched her expression and saw with something of chagrin that it was one of faint amusement. It was almost as tho she were slightly ridiculing the home he had bought for her, furnished for her . . . a finer, more comfortable home than any of their friends owned, at that. . . . She was smiling at the cushions and lamps and trifles he had bought with a view to surrounding her . . . to framing her young splendor . . . making fun of it . . .

Rosalind's voice was low . . . there was a new, a bitter note in it.

"This isn't an adventure, you see," she said, "this isn't a real adventure . . . at all . . ."

"What isn't? What do you mean?"

"Our marriage. This stuffy house. The way you talk to me. The way you expect me to talk to you. The horrible way you and your friends look, talk and expect all women . . ."

"I dont understand you."

"Of course you dont! You dont try to. You think there is nothing to understand. You take me at my curls' value, at my complexion value, at my body value. I resent it. It's not real . . ."

"You mean?"

"I mean that you met a 'young viking' . . . a girl who stood upon her own feet . . . *in a storm.* A girl who resented you and your stuffy, safe umbrella . . . a girl who, being human, fell in love with you and married you . . . became a woman . . . strong, too . . . What have you done to her?"

"I am sure, Rosalind . . ."

"Wait! You have bought me silks and satins and some jewelry. You have kist me and kist me *and kist me.* You have exploited me to your friends, in private and in public. You have taken me out a great deal and the other night when I resented the animalism in your eyes and the eyes of your friends, you persisted and made obnoxious love to me. You think you have bought a doll with sawdust in her veins and curls upon her head. But you haven't, you see. I dont want to be a man's mistress, Rod . . . I want to be his wife, his partner, his helpmate . . . after awhile, the mother of his children . . . I am bored, suffocated, insulted and violated. I . . ."

"Rosalind!" the man walked over to her. His tone was threatening; "Rosalind, dont dare to say such things to me. You talk disgustingly."

"Not 'disgustingly,' Rod . . . not really. I'm talking realities, you see. You dont want realities from me, I *do* want them from you—that's the difference. I'm not your possession . . . I'm your friend. If I cant be that . . . I wont be anything . . ."

"You dont love me? Is that what you are trying to say?"

Rosalind shook her head. A hint of weariness was in her amber eyes.

"I *do* love you," she said, "I love you very fully and completely. That's why I'm not satisfied with a lesser thing from you. Your love for me is the love a man feels for a woman . . . *any* woman. But I am an especial woman . . . I am an individual . . . I want to work and think and grow and struggle *with you.* If I cant do that, then I must develop and struggle and grow . . . *alone.* I dont want you to hold your priggy umbrella over my head, Rod . . . I want to feel the strong, keen rain on my own bare head. I want to be scorched by the sun, and come out of it. I want to be beaten by the winds, and survive them. I want to

". . . Dont you remember the last diversion you thought up? Everyone getting riotously drunk . . . your pursuit of me up and down the stairs . . . the way I fell and struck my head . . . the doctor the next morning . . . what you said then . . . ? There is a scar, you know . . ."

It wasn't hard to get in the chorus. "The Girl Upstairs" was casting, and Rosalind came in among the first lot. She had some voice and her legs were exceptional

too much alone. I must try to think . . ."

Rosalind's lips curled, but her eyes were bitterly disappointed. After all, she had hoped for something from this . . . it wasn't there . . .

"You must try, in the midst of your activities and interests, to think of some new plaything for your baby—eh, Rod?" she asked, softly. . . . do battle with adventures and win them. . . . You see?"

"I see that you are hysterical, Rosalind, neurotic. You've been left

"Dont you remember the last diversion you thought up? Everyone getting riotously drunk . . . your pursuit of me up and down the stairs . . . the way I fell and struck my head . . . the doctor the next morning . . . what you said then? There is a scar, you know . . ."

"I know. It will fade." Rodney's eyes were on the broad, level brow where a faintly livid mark still showed.

"I dont mean that one," said Rosalind. "I mean one you never saw and never will see, I think, Rod . . . deeper, sorer. Well . . ." she rose; "I've tried," she said, "but there isn't any use."

Rodney took her shoulders; turned her about face, looked into her set young face. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

Rosalind laughed. "I dont know," she said, "that's half the fun of it. But I'm going adventuring, Rodney. I'm going out on my own. I want to set my teeth on something solid. I want to get life between my hands. . . . And then, some day, if ever you come to feel that I'm your pal and your comrade . . . that you can talk to me, not *at* me, that you can let me read your law-books without kissing my 'cunning frowns' away . . . I'll come back."

"Rosalind . . . this is absurdity."

"Rod . . . this is going to be a real adventure."

"You'll think better of it in the morning . . ."

Rosalind turned at the door, and smiled at him thru glistening lashes. "I hope so," she said, a trifle shakily. Outside in

THE REAL ADVENTURE

Told in short-story form by permission, from the Pathé release of the Associated Exhibitors' production of the scenario by Mildred Considine, adapted from the Henry Kitchell Webster novel of that name, published by Bobbs-Merrill Company. Directed by King Vidor. The cast:

Rose Stanton	Florence Vidor
Rodney Aldrich	Clyde Fillmore
John Galbraith	Philip Ryder
Mrs. Stanton	Nellie P. Saunders
Portia Stanton	Lillyan McCarthy

the hall she pressed both hands against her smarting eyes. "I hope I think 'better of it,'" she muttered, "for just now it's splitting my heart in bits . . . you darling idiot . . . you detestable, most-dear thing . . . how I hate to love you!"

In the morning Rosalind was gone.

Rodney closed up the house—the pillowy, softly lit doll-house he had bought for Rosalind . . . gave it out that his wife had had a nervous break-down, smiled rather ruefully when he thought of her magnificent health, and the palpable lie his story must seem . . . and went into bachelor quarters, dismayed at the foibles of women.

Life was bleak without Rosalind. He would have given much even if he could have seen her now, biting her nails over the dusty law books. How studious and sweet she had looked! Like a cinnamon pink . . . or a dark moss-rose . . . there was something headily fragrant about Rosalind. . . . He shouldn't have let her go. . . . He must have been mad . . . just to slip from him like that . . . Rosalind! Alone in the rain . . . alone in the storm . . . her viking young spirit a clean sword in her strong young body. . . . But Rosalind had been *his*. That made her different. That made her less Rosalind . . . more his. That was what she didn't seem to grasp; didn't seem to see. But she would. She would find out that she was much less Rosalind than she was his wife. Then she would come back—back to be cuddled and petted and bought flowers for and light novels and amusing theater tickets. . . . It hurt him to think of Rosalind . . . *where?* Other men . . . God, but it *did* hurt! Why hadn't he compromised with her? Pretended to give in to her; agree with her? What harm would there have been in that? You always had to humor women . . . pretend to believe their little whimsies . . . pretend to take them seriously. . . . He hadn't been able to do it . . . He had let her go. . . . Other men would know better . . . other men would pretend. She would talk about her little ambitions, her own mind, her own life and other men would nod with awful import . . . would agree with her. And then he knew, sharply, that Rosalind would pierce pretence. She was a woman, and he didn't see how it could be . . . but Rosalind would never be deceived . . . by any man . . .

Rosalind had no outstanding talent, but she had a fund of common sense and appraisal, more or less forced upon her by the exigencies of her pre-matrimonial life, with an absorbed, clever, very much older woman for sister,

(*Continued on page* 104)

"Homes," Rosalind was saying, "are, after all, the greatest things a woman can create . . ." Her hands stole back of his neck . . . thrilling finger-tips covered him . . . He kist her . . .

The Westerner

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrations by G. Francis Kauffman

Meet
Filmdom's Good Man
The Westerner . . . . .
And *dont* laugh!

He
Is a True Gentleman . . . . .
He belongs
Out in the vast
Wilderness . . . . .
(Five miles from Los Angeles)
Where Men are Men . . . . .
There
He rides across the
Desert on his Good Pal . . . . .
And . . . . .
Registers Virtue up against
The sky lines . . . . .
There too he first spies
The Heroine . . . . .
She is
Chasing butterflies or
Fairies o'er the boulders
Near the Bandits' Cave . . . . .
She is a Good Girl . . . . .

And the best Chaser
Of . . . . butterflies . . . .
In all that country!
Later . . . . .
Our Hero rides into
town

Little does our Hero
Suspect . . . . . as he
Draws up before the O
K bar . . . . . that the
Bandit Chief with his . . . . .
Crêpe beard and Death-
Defying Gang . . . . . makes
Merry there . . . . . .

Dreaming . . . . . of her . . . . .
As she looked . . . . . with the
Wind Machine on her
Permanent Wave . . . . .
He feels himself a Better
Man . . . . . for that
Brief Meeting . . . . .
Even his Good Pal trots
Onward . . . . . with a strange
New Light . . . . . in his eye . . . . .

Little does Our Hero
Suspect . . . . . as he
Draws up before the O
K Bar . . . . . that the
Bandit Chief with his . . . . .
Crêpe beard and death-
Defying Gang . . . . . makes
Merry there . . . . .
(Of course we knew it
All the time . . . . .)
Hot words are soon
Exchanged . . . . . Our Hero
Cries . . . . . I know you
Salvatore . . . . .
And dissolves Into a
Vision of his Little Sister . . . . .
(It's a Good Thing for
All Scenario Writers that
There are Little Sisters . . . . .
The Mention of one is Enough . . . .)
The fight is on . . . . .

Meanwhile . . . . .
A Member of the Gang
Spies the . . . . . Pure
Girl
Out on the Rocks . . . . .
She all
Unsuspecting greets him
Gaily . . . . .
Have you a Little Fairy
In your Home . . . . .
she cries out
Cheerily . . . . . He
says he
Has . . . . . and she
goes to
Find out . . . . .

You know the rest . . . . .
Our Hero re-routes sev-
eral
Careers . . . . . then
tracks
The Chief back to the
Prop Cave . . . . . where
Single-handed and alone
. . . . . he
Proves . . . . .
How indestructible a
Hero is!
(Sometimes . . . . . we
wish he
Were not bullet
proof . . . . .)

He saves . . . . .
The Heroine from a
Fate Worse Than Death . . . . .
And leads her forth
Into the Great Open Spaces . . . . .
Where . . . . .
Only the Camera and
Wind Machine may view their joy . . . . .
And his Good Pal . . . . .
Casually nibbling the cactus
Vows . . . . . on a
Truer . . . . . nobler . . . . . Life
As horses will . . . . .

Meet
Filmdom's Good Man
The Westerner . . . . .
And *dont* laugh!

Except for him we'd
Hardly know what
a . . . . .
Horse . . . . . looks
like
Any more . . . . .
Except for him

The Village Blacksmith would
Be *up* a tree . . . . .
Instead of under it . . . . .
By Now!

He leads . . . . .
The Heroine forth
Into the Great Open
Spaces . . . . .
Where . . . . .
Only the Camera and
Wind Machine may view
their joy . . . . .

Scion of the Samanyagos

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

He has a warm Latin temperament, eyes swimming full of "soul," and a tumultuous Teddy Roosevelt smile full of teeth. Rumor says he is a Spanish hidalgo of ancient and high degree. Rex Ingram says he is one of the greatest "finds" of the screen. So, there — b'gosh, you have Ramon Samanyagos

HIS name is Ramon Samanyagos, and Rex Ingram found him.

He has a warm Latin temperament, eyes swimming full of "soul," and a tumultuous Teddy Roosevelt smile full of teeth. Rumor says he is a Spanish hidalgo of ancient and high degree. Rex says he is one of the greatest "finds" of the screen.

So there—b'gosh!

When a new comet comes whizzing into view, we might as well try to be calm about it, and begin at the beginning.

Two or three years ago—maybe it was longer—a revolution came whirling into Durango, Mexico. The leader was an ex-peon who staggered under the load of his gold epaulets—and who needed a bath. He got everything in town that he needed—except the bath. Among other things he acquired an old Spanish mansion belonging to an old Spanish family named Samanyagos who fled from the storm to the City of Mexico.

The scion of the family was Ramon. Like all Mexican boys of his class, he had been well educated in the fine arts—music and painting—spoke three or four languages; but was somewhat shy on practical information that would lead to making a living.

No more luxurious aristocracy ever existed than the old "Intelligencia" of Mexico before the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz. Work was looked down upon with scorn. The Mexicans of the Samanyagos set used to have a saying "The first generation works; the second generation, a gentleman; the third generation a beggar."

Most of the old Mexican or Spanish families had great estates or mines which they handed down from one generation to another.

Almost overnight—when the revolution came—the young aristocrats like Samanyagos were brought face to face, for the first time, with the painful problem of making a living.

It didn't take him long to decide. One night he went to a movie show in the City of Mexico; it cost five dollars a seat, by the way.

"It was a Pearl White serial," said Samanyagos. "I knew I could do what those actors did; so I left for Los Angeles right away to get into pictures."

He didn't find the movies waiting down at the depot for him with a band, however. He had the usual struggle to break in. Finally he gave up the battle for the time being and joined the Marion Morgan dancers. He went with them to New York and frolicked thru the usual press agent stunts out in Central Park in the snow.

Rex Ingram saw him dancing with the Morgans in one of the Metro pictures and decided that he must be classed as an astronomical disturbance—a new star dust. Waving away his lack of experience with a typical Irish sang-froid, Rex cast him at once for the part of Rupert of Hentzau—one of the most dashing and romantic villain parts in all literature. If the young Mexican had failed in this part, it would have ruined a very expensive picture.

By
SINCLAIR LINCOLN

But, if Rex is any judge of his own picture, and if I am any judge of Rex's judgment, the little marble has dropped into the right hole on the roulette wheel.

Ingram feels that he has discovered one of the great stars of all screen history and I shouldn't be surprised if he is right.

"When you pick a great screen star to pieces," says Ingram, "you always find three qualities—imagination, intelligence and a sympathetic compliance—a psychic elasticity, so to speak. If, in addition to this, your star has physical beauty and good health, then you've got something.

"This Spanish boy has all of this. He has temperament, feeling, a fine pliant, highly trained mind, natural refinement and a vivid, brilliant imagination."

Whereupon Rex took me to see him at work.

I saw Samanyagos acting in the big fight scene in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and he made it a living thing for me. He made-believe that a few bolted planks with a fat German stage hand puffing at a windlass was a real drawbridge. He made me feel the darkness and the mystery of the castle moat that just thirsted for dead bodies, altho my seeing eyes told me that there wasn't any moat at all but just an electrician with a dirty collar hugging the warmth of a studio stove that smelled like a jury room in a country court.

Samanyagos has everything that

Ramon Samanyagos didn't find the movies waiting for him with a brass band when he arrived at Los Angeles, determined to try the screen. He had the usual struggle to break in. Finally he gave up the struggle for the time being and joined the Marion Morgan dancers——

Rodolph Valentino looks as tho he ought to have. Rodolph stops at the ridge of his beautiful nose. Samanyagos has something that goes clear thru to the heart. With the paternal pride that a genius of thirty feels for a genius of twenty-five, Rex Ingram invited us to a seeing — Samanyagos — expedition.

The talented Ramon was appearing as the Italian doctor in a high-brow little-theater production of "Enter Madam."

Altho Henrietta Crosman, with the guile of long experience, always managed to smother his best speeches, Ramon did very well.

Afterward we went around

(*Continued on page* 93)

Portraits - - -

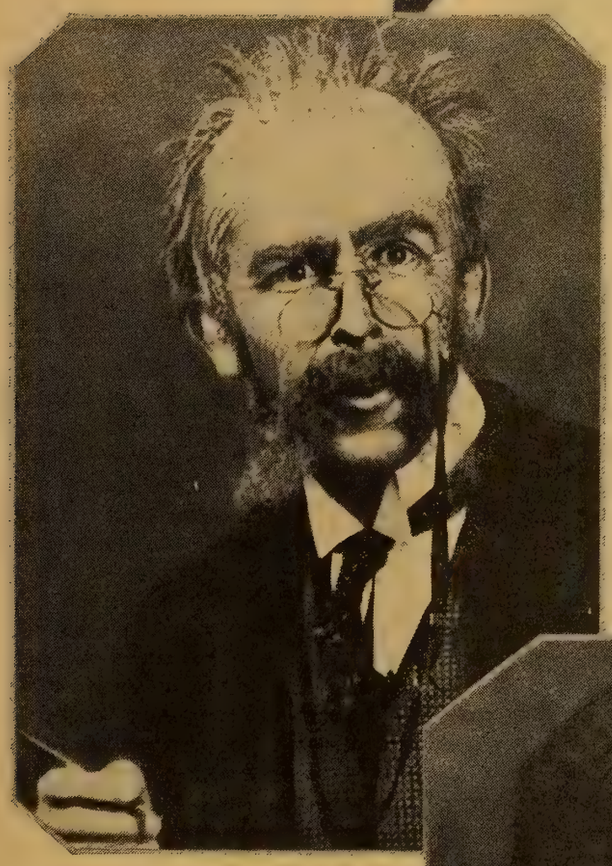
Photograph by Gene Kornman

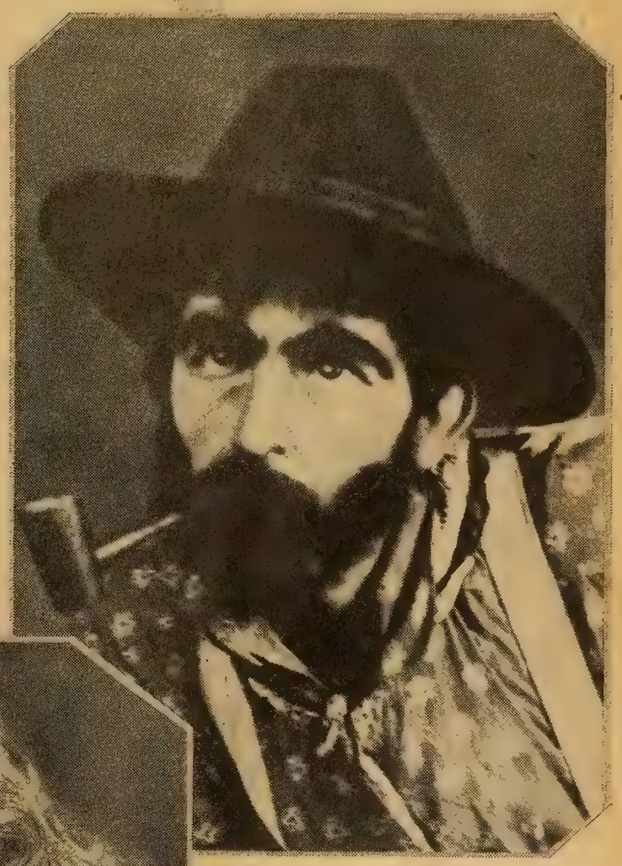
Above is a portrait study of Harold Lloyd—Harold Lloyd as we have come to know him—genial, wholesome—as the Boy of his popular comedies——

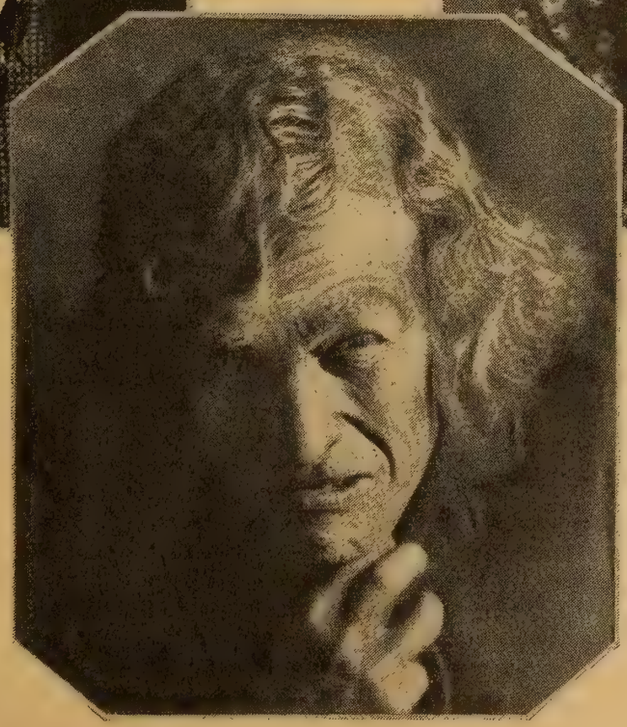
Being a fine comedian means always being an actor. This, above everything else. If you would make people laugh, you must, by the same token, be able to make them cry. Harold Lloyd earned his ability by working in a stock company, where he portrayed a wide variety of rôles . . . then he created the character of the bespectacled youth and stepped into his own on the screen. Above is a character portrait in which humor and tragedy intermingle . . . At the left, another old picture, which finds Mr. Lloyd as the evil thug in whom you find no vestige of redemption

Selected from Previous Harold Lloyd Characterizations

To an early characterization of a bold bandit, Harold Lloyd gave a touch of braggadocio and an unkept look——







There was the eager futilitarian among the stage portraits he created, too. The man who had never probed deep enough to find himself . . . There was the craven, too—the moral craven who wrecked his being by denying himself nothing, and who sacrificed everything to his purpose

The pioneer who blazed the trail is a particularly interesting portrait. The pioneer with valiant courage, and hope in his heart; with dreams in his eyes. In earning the stardom which he now enjoys on the screen, Harold Lloyd gave the stage a number of worthy portraits——

Married People

By
PETER ANDREWS

So, Dorothy had progressed. She was a purposely pale, luxuriously gowned, cold-hearted woman, who lavished what chill affection she was then capable of on a raft of priceless Chows

DOROTHY CLUER bit her full lower lip in vexation. "But I cant stay home tonight, Bob," she said, "Lord Cranston is taking a party of us on a slumming tour. We made the appointment ages ago."

"Well, tomorrow night then," replied her husband in mock resignation.

"But I dont want to stay home tomorrow night—or any night. It's so dull, dining at home. Really Bob, what *has* come over you?"

"I want to talk to you, Dolly. Come on, be a sport. I'll buy you that old rag at Faisbys you've been yearning for, if you will."

Dorothy made a rapid mental calculation. The gown was worth at least seven hundred dollars. Well, she could spare one evening for such a love of a frock as that one was.

"Oh, all right, I will—I'll phone Faisby right away. You're a good old dear!" And Dorothy went happily away to dress herself in an appropriate "slumming" costume.

That night in Dolly's Oven, an unspeakable resort in the bowery, the kind of a place vulgarly known as a "joint," a determinedly gay little crowd of "swells"—"toffs," Mike, the English bookmaker would have called them, gathered to watch the rude habituées disport themselves. Billy, Lord Cranston, spotted an old acquaintance from his racing days in England.

"Hello, Smith," he cried, "How'd the last Derby go? I cawn't find out a deuced thing about it, y' know."

The man called Smith, blanched and asked Cranston timidly to step aside with him. Smith, now known briefly as "Mike," it seems was a fugitive from English justice and had discarded his real name with his native country. He begged Cranston not to give him away and promised in craven fear to do any ugly little job Cranston might want done, and which he should not personally care to soil his fingers in doing. Cranston merely laughed and replied that he didn't go in for that sort of thing and dragged the man over to their table and introduced him to Dorothy. His return for this somewhat ironical courtesy was to steal Dorothy's purse. Another hospitable circumstance was the dropping of a knife thru the floor above by a Chinese attendant in order to frighten the uptown party and discourage their further attendance. Altogether, a wonderful evening.

The next day was not a particularly happy one for Cranston or the Cluers either. Cranston had spent the afternoon at a private gambling club where, instead of recouping his diminishing fortune, he succeeded only in making his losses greater. Dorothy had so interpreted her promise to her husband as to be allowed to have as many guests for dinner that night as she could scrape up on such short notice. Naturally her husband was disappointed and irritated, and the dinner was a rather disagreeable affair. Both of them were in a bad humor. This happens more often than not when people have been married several years.

Robert was disappointed. He had a serious thought on his mind which he honestly wished to discuss with his wife. He was getting a little tired of the enormous bills she piled up monthly. Her appetite for luxury apparently increased with the hours. It seemed to him she thought of nothing else. It had not been so when she married him. Then, she was a wide-eyed trusting girl from a small country town, whose simplicity was her greatest charm, and he was a promising young real estate agent. Well, he had fulfilled that early promise. Step by step they had climbed the golden way to success—not together exactly, for Dorothy had lagged behind clinging stubbornly, as he thought, to her simple tastes and unostentatious mode of living. He was not aware that he himself had goaded her

into luxurious atmosphere in which they now lived, by his insistence that she wear costly clothes, live in an exclusive neighborhood and frequent expensive resorts. Their bedroom, bedrooms rather—were typical of their rise in fortune. From the chaste little white iron bed they had at first to the flamboyant brass one; from the inevitable twin beds to the single apartment for each of them decorated in lavish and extravagant taste. So, Dorothy had progressed, from the red cheeked, gingham-frocked slip of a girl who mothered all the children in the neighborhood, including the cook's little black pickaninny, to the purposely pale, luxuriously gowned, cold-hearted woman who lavished what chill affection she was then capable of on a raft of priceless Chows. Robert did not realize that his constant reproaches for her indifference to dress, her lack of social ambition, her total disregard of the importance of "our best people" and her still frugal little habits, had helped to bring about the change in her as surely as tho he had pushed her toward a concrete something with his hands. But she was selfish—and idle. She had nothing in the world to do but flit from one pleasure to another, and no one to think about but herself. Perhaps a child would have redeemed her parasitic existence. So Robert thought as he regarded the black-bordered letter in his hand, tho not without some misgiving. He had succeeded in cornering his elusive wife—that is, after the others had left, he had managed to get her on one end of her chaise-longue while he sat beside her and read the black-bordered letter.

"Have you gone completely mad, Bob?" she asked in angry astonishment when he had finished the letter. "Adopt a child! Why it is unthinkable. I dont care if she is the daughter of a classmate of yours. What has that got to do with me? The care and responsibility would be mine. I have no intention of assuming it. There are plenty of reliable institutions where she should be placed. You must be insane to suggest such a thing to me."

"Perhaps I was," replied the man bitterly, "crazy to give you credit for an unselfish heart—but I'll tell you, Dorotny, rather than put the little thing in an orphan asylum I — I'll make another home for her and you can have this one undisturbed."

"Really, you're absurd, Bob. You can just put your ridiculous propositions out of your head. I do not propose to submit to either of them. I——"

"Excuse me, Sir," said a voice outside the door, "but an officer from the Board of Health is waiting to see you."

When Bob returned and announced that the butler had been suddenly stricken with smallpox and the house would have to be quarantined, Dorothy's petulance flamed into unmistakable bad temper.

"Stupid creature," she scolded, "Life is *too* exasperating. First your husband thrusts a perfectly strange child on you and then the servants have to go and expose you to a detestable disease. It's just one miserable experience after another and nothing to relieve it. I dont know why I should have to endure all this trouble. Well, I wont stay here anyway. We'll go to the Ritz and simply turn the house over to the servants. They'll probably all get it."

Robert Cluer kept perfectly silent before this selfish tirade of his wife's. He was ashamed of her. But they went to the Ritz—and simply continued their ever increasing marital difficulties under another roof.

Now there comes a period in every married couple's life when there are more storms than calm; when open dissatisfaction with each other is constantly uppermost; when each is wondering in his heart if their marriage is not, after all, a sad mistake. Some of them weather these conjugal squalls and some land on the rocks, but the distressing times come sooner or later to all of them.

The chief cause for friction between Robert and

When Robert had married Dorothy, she had been a wide-eyed, trusting girl from a small, country town, whose simplicity was her greatest charm. He had been a promising young real estate agent

"Have you gone completely mad, Bob?" she asked in angry astonishment when he had finished the letter. "Adopt a child! Why, it is unthinkable. I dont care if she is the daughter of a classmate of yours. What has that got to do with me? There are plenty of reliable institutions where she should be placed"

talking about them and feel, that his wife, like Cæsar's, must be above suspicion. He did not dream that his greater and greater preoccupation with his work contributed considerably to her wifely delinquency. He only knew that Dolly was making a bit of a fool of herself—in his opinion—and that it was up to him to stop it. Forthwith, he forbade her any further acquaintance with the man. Dorothy, taking the line of the least resistance, simply resorted to guile. It lent a certain piquancy to her meetings with Cranston, the fact that they were now forbidden, and the wilful Dorothy saw more of him than ever. As for Cranston, he was only too willing, being half in love with her charming self and wholly in love with her husband's money. Even after they had returned to their own home and the meetings grew more difficult, they still managed it.

But the shoals were not yet cleared for these married people. One day in a traffic block on Fifth Avenue, Robert Cluer's taxi was halted directly opposite Lord Cranston's. There was nothing remarkable about this, nor the fact that Cranston was leaning very close to the woman with him. Cranston was the sort of man who nearly always had a woman with him. Robert wondered idly who she was, when Cranston, suddenly becoming more ardent, seized both of her hands in his own and she leaned toward him. The traffic moved on but Robert Cluer sat like the King of the Black Isle, whose limbs were turned to stone. The woman was his wife and she was laughing.

He got back home before she did and waited for her in grim silence. She came in humming a gay little song and flung her purse and gloves and small but costly sable on the table.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" she asked, her husband's mood, which was immediately apparent, jarring her own gaiety.

"You were with that bounder Cranston, this afternoon," he replied

Dorothy now was Lord Cranston. He had wanted Dorothy to train with "nice people," but really she was rather overdoing it. And moreover, there were other "nice people" in the world besides Billy Cranston. People were Robert felt, as all men

MARRIED PEOPLE

Fictionized, by permission, from the Hodkinson release of the Hugo Ballin production, adapted from the original story by Nell Marie Dace. Directed by Hugo Ballin, and featuring Mabel Ballin. Photographed by J. R. Diamond. The cast:

Dorothy Cluer	Mabel Ballin
Robert Cluer	Percy Marmont
Cranston	Robert Hilliard
Timmie	Bobbie Clarke
Mike	Dick Lee
The Butler	T. Webb Dillion
The Maid	Bertha Kent
The Chinaman	Charlie Fang
Timmie's Mother	Mary Eggleston
The Little Girl	Peggie Rice

ignoring her question and yet answering it, "You know, Dorothy, I have forbidden you to have any more to do with him. He's a rotter."

"He isn't a rotter. He's more of a gentleman than you are. And I shall go with him exactly when and where and as often as I please. I trust I make myself clear Bo—er Robert."

"You do," replied the now thoroly angry Robert. "Permit me to do likewise. I am going up to our old camp in the Adirondacks. If you choose you may come with me. I —I want you to come with me, Dolly. But if you wont—if you choose to remain here," his voice hardened, "that will just about end things between us. You can make your choice right now. I've stood all of this that I'm going to . . . Well . . ."

"Dont be melodramatic, Bob. It wearies me, really," Dorothy retorted petulantly, not in any way appreciating her husband's seriousness. "Of course I'm not going up to that poky old camp this time of the year."

"I am answered," the man said, and his face was rather white, but Dorothy did not notice this, being in rapt contemplation of a slender jeweled cigaret-holder. She knew her husband detested that and it pleased her to annoy him for the moment. But he had gone. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently and let her thoughts wander to pleasanter things—Cranston, that is.

Dorothy allowed him to take her two hands in his. "My own," the man cried hoarsely; "my own, I'll make you happy. I shall live only for you, Dorothy. Nothing shall ever come between us. We——"

At seven o'clock she sent up word to his study that she was dining at the Marsdon's and that he might come and get her at eleven if he found it convenient. But he was not there. So he had gone after all! She had not thought he meant it. For a moment she sat perfectly still wishing she had gone with him, and then yielding to a sudden emotional reaction called up Cranston and asked him if he cared to take her to the opera. Did he? Well rawther! He'd be right over.

Cranston was glad

She carried him to her room and laid the ragged little figure on her own bed. She watched him breathlessly for a moment. It seemed as tho her heart had stopped beating. He could not be dead. He must not be dead . . .

of any interruption about then. He was having a most uncomfortable session with Mike. True to his promise, Mike had loaned him a great sum of money to cover his gambling losses and now he wanted it back. Cranston had stalled as long as he dared and when Dorothy called him up he had an inspiration. Mike likewise had an inspiration identical in character with Cranston's, tho the two had quite different ways of going about it. Cranston would get the money from Mrs. Cluer and give it to Mike. Mike would also get some money from Mrs. Cluer —if he could—and give it to Mike. Beautiful parallel, beautifully simple.

Cranston decided long before he got to the house that he and Dorothy would not go to the opera. This was unfortunate for Mike, who never counted on the eternal changeability of the human mind and he therefore miscalculated once too often. Cranston was going to take Dorothy away with him. Hadn't her husband abandoned her? And was she not rich as well as young and beautiful? Oh, he would be properly sympathetic with her. He would pitch his mood in key with hers and he would let her think that here was one man who understood her and valued her. He had another inspiration too about her husband and the little girl he was determined to adopt. He was pretty sure of himself. Indeed, he already saw his ancestral estates now in moldy decay, restored to their former glory. He saw his racing stables full of thorobreds. To do the man credit, he also saw Dorothy being presented at court and outshining every one else in the room. Oh yes, divorce was easy in America. He could handle the situation. The little idea about the adopted child would turn the trick if every other device failed.

Later he dragged forth the idea.

"You are wasting yourself on a cad, Dorothy," he cried, "Yes, you are. I happened to know that this child he is so anxious to adopt is his own. Her mother is not dead, quite the contrary. She is posing as the child's aunt and she is your husband's mistress."

"Oh," said Dorothy, "oh, I cant believe it! I could never believe that of Bob."

"I would not have told you, my dear, if I had not known it to be true," the man replied with the utmost suavity.

Dorothy's resistance collapsed after that. She allowed him to take her two hands in his own and draw her close to him.

"My own," the man cried hoarsely, "my own, I'll make you happy. I shall live only for you, Dorothy. Nothing shall ever come between us. We——"

The shrill barking of Dorothy's little dogs halted the man's protestations. "My God! Mr. Cluer!" he cried. But Dorothy knew the dogs did not bark at her husband. Cranston stood stock still, making no effort to go and find out what it was. Dorothy looked at him scornfully. Could it be possible that he was afraid? Her own nerves were not quite steady, but that was due more to the excitement she had had during the evening than the thought that someone might be in the house. She went to a table drawer and lifted out a revolver. Cranston watched her, stunned. She crept warily down the hall and there on the wall before her was a monster shadow zigzagging grotesquely up to the ceiling. She closed her eyes and fired.

The shadow collapsed and there was a little moan . . . such a curious little moan . . . Dorothy moved hastily toward the sound, still holding the smoking pistol. On the floor in a limp little heap lay a child, a little boy about six years old. It took all her strength of character not to scream aloud. What ghastly thing had she done? To shoot a little child! It was intolerable. She stooped over the limp little body and picked it up gently, with a new found tenderness. She carried him to her room and laid the ragged little figure on her own bed. She watched him breathlessly for a moment. It seemed as tho her heart had stopped beating. He *could*

(*Cont'd on page* 100)

"Children," she called suddenly, "come here, darlings, and give your daddy two good hugs!"

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Arrived safely, but much disappointed. Who said Wild Hollywood? Even the onions are tame out here.

Brought my mother along for protection, but had to send her back. She couldn't stand the quiet life.

Hollywood is not only quiet, it's dead. Everyone retires at ten, and likes it.

Visited the Los Angeles Athletic Club one night and discovered four wild movies stars dissipating in a game of dominoes.

Went to the beaches, but there wasn't a bathing girl in sight. Only place you can find them is in the art studios.

Every time I get discouraged with things there is wonderful comfort in perusing the beautiful post cards they sell on the stands.

Anyway, there's one thing we haven't been misled about—the Pacific Ocean is actually out here.

A scenario authority says that there are but ten original plots for stories. Then, why dont they use them.

It is reported that Joe Martin, Universal's anthrapoid comedian, is going to sue Bull Montana for using the same make-up.

Would like to suggest to some maker of scenic films that a very novel and ingenious touch would be to photograph a man and horse in silhouette against the sky.

Why bother with such unnecessary things as talking pictures, when someone might very well occupy his time inventing a theater seat that would actually hold a hat under it?

Courtesy of Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach Comedies

Editor of a New York paper says, now that they have incorporated morality clauses in the contracts of screen stars, they should also include intelligence clauses. From many of the papers we read, it might also be a good idea to have an intelligence clause for editorial writers.

The latest novelty is for motion picture stars to make talking records for phonographs. We have compiled a list of very attractive ones for recording:

"How to Dress," by Mary Thurman.
"Beauty Hints," by Ben Turpin.
"How to Hold a Husband," by Pauline Frederick.
"The Art of the Movies," by William Fox.
"The Modern Bathroom," by Cecil B. de Mille.
"Footwear," by Charlie Chaplin.
"Recipe for a Custard Pie," by Mack Sennett.

It really is getting harder to write scenarios for the movies. Now that the film producers are getting educated and going in for reading, Shakespeare, Balzac, De Maupassant and most of the other famous old writers are practically eliminated as a source of supply for the "original" photoplay rights.

Who says the silent drama isn't improving? We saw a play the other day in which a man died, and none of the other characters solemnly removed their hats and held them over their left lung.

However, we still have the crumpled note on the floor, and the loaded-up gun in the upper left drawer.

Which reminds us of the speculation of what happens to all the dead bodies that are knocked off in the silent drama?

Now that the female vamp has about exhausted herself on the screen why wouldn't it be a good idea to let us have something about the male vamps. Think what interesting films could be made out of the lives of Napoleon, Beau Brummell and De Wolf Hopper.

Anatol Himself

"I've never particularly *wanted* to be known as a so-called matinée man," said Wally Reid. "If I could do what I really wanted, I'd probably go in for automobile racing. It's a sport that instantly assumes all the hazards and quirks of a business . . ." At the left, a camera study, and below, with Mrs. Reid, or Dorothy Davenport, whichever you will

All photographs by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

NAÏVE . . . playful . . . The soul of a boy in the body of a giant . . . Irresponsible . . . carefree . . . gentle-hearted . . . forgiving . . .

With malice toward none . . . and limitless charity for all.

Wallace Reid.

Eyebrows whose temperamental sensitiveness registered in a close-up can create a universal thrill of romance . . . a mouth whose cupid-bow curvature can make a world realize that everybody loves a lover.

These are Reid characteristics.

A boyish flamboyance in exhibiting a new motor car, likened to a child's desire to show off a new toy . . . a congenial conviviality with his friends, acquaintances and co-workers wherein he insists that everyone call him Wally . . . a pride in his son that is born of a truly deep love. . . .

These are his vanities.

If he would wear, for instance, a stripped tie with formal evening attire, it would become overnight a fashion. If he would discard the conventional use of socks, we would probably see a sockless era as *le dernier cri* in men's styles.

For it is every young man's ambition to dress like Wally Reid.

He is absolutely a paradox. On the screen the most carefully groomed young man in the world—off of it perhaps one of the most careless. Two-thirds of his leisure hours find him unshaven, wearing sport shirts, golf knickers and heavy wool stockings.

Never twice the same are his motors. No one can hope to recognize Wallace Reid by his automobile, for he changes it frequently with the hapless, spontaneous rapidity of a chameleon changing its color. He has owned and driven almost every make, every model, of car on the market.

For he would rather motor than eat.

And one finds him totally — even sorely — disregardful of his God-given good looks. And he is never stingy with his famous smile. He seems to have no serious side.

He is temperament personified.

Successively has he been newspaperman, automobile racer, chemist, musician, actor,

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

director and star. In his home he has a complete chemical laboratory in which he putters and concocts until fancy calls him to do something else. He will write reams of poetry—and discard it with sudden abandon. Or he will play his drums, his saxophone, his piano or his violin for hours and, in the wink of an eye, forget his *moment musical* for some other pastime.

You can never be sure that he will keep an appointment with the photographer, the interviewer or the studio. He is the bane of publicity men because his very habit of being irresponsible impends him to forgetfulness of detail.

Yet you forgive him the remissness, for he is so damnably charming withal.

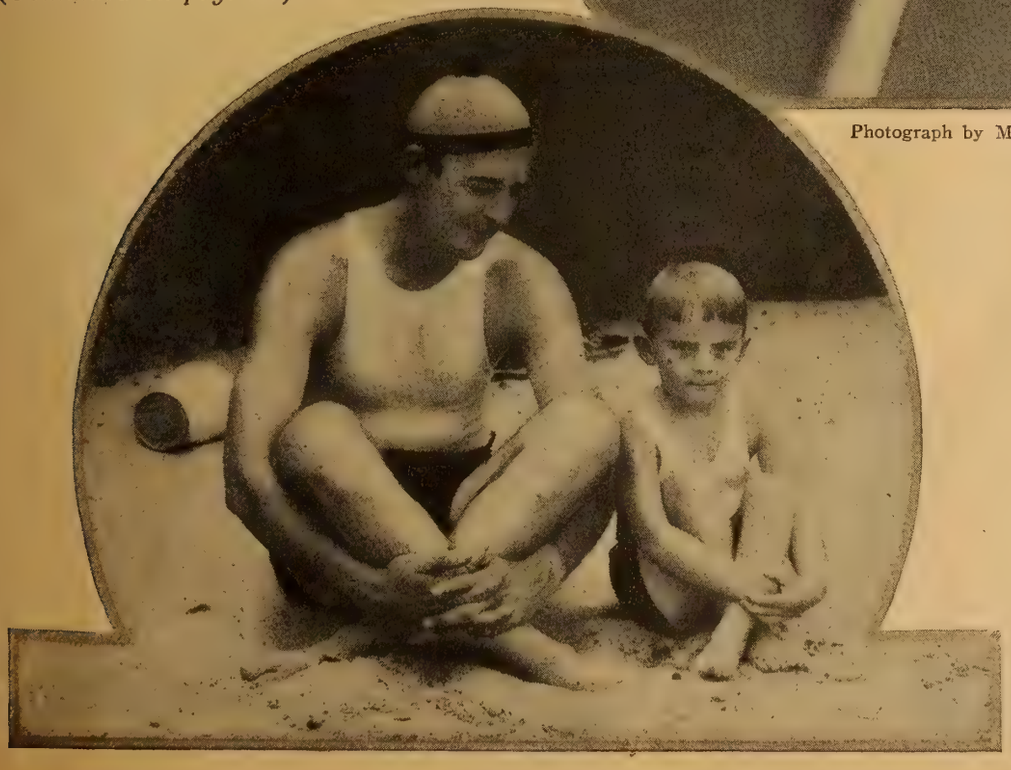
The daily arrival of his "fan" mail looks like the city post-office at Christmas-time. Sometimes he will take the notion that he wishes to read it. Whereupon he sets himself seriously about the business of learning how much people like him, gets suddenly tired of it all, and leaves the matter wholly to his secretary.

Two-thirds of his letters are from women, most of whom propose to him even tho they know he is married.

Not long ago a flapper decided she'd ensnare him into an intrigue, so she betook herself to his home, on the outskirts of Hollywood. But it was none other than Mrs. Reid who met her at the front door, who heard the amorous one's lovelorn tale, and who finally invited her to remain for dinner. Even meeting the wife couldn't cure the girl's lovesickness, for she informed Wally that she wanted to *board* at the house!

(*Continued on page* 94)

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.



Wallace Reid is a paradox. On the screen, the most carefully groomed young man in the world—off it perhaps one of the most careless. Two-thirds of his leisure hours find him unshaven, wearing sport shirts, golf knickers and heavy wool stockings. Above, a new portrait, and at the right, with his son on the side of their swimming-pool. His pride in Bill is born of a truly deep love. . .

Amos As An Extra

By OLIVE BUTLER

"'Tain't sensible," says Amos afterward at the Barnacle Club on Main Street, "for gals to make such a tarnation fuss 'cause an eel come up on the blade of my oar for a minnit. When them movie stars git temperamint near a breakwater, Cap'n, I figger my life ain't worth much more'n a clam shell"

"'The director sezs to her: 'Them lobsters have got to be put into thet pot, alive an' kickin'; I ain't a-goin' to write that scenario ag'in; what do they pay you for?' 'For bein' an ongenoo, plain an' simple,' sezs she, 'and actin' genuine; that's how my contract reads, you unfeelin' brute'"

" 'I'll git aholt of the goldinged cow,' sezs the cameraman. 'He ain't agoin' to eat you like he was a bull. You jest gotter pertend to be a brave gal, and milk a second, while I shoot fifty feet. Ain't my reputation an' job worth a single thing to you, Sweetie?' sezs he, glaring like a house afire"

"Yessir; old Brown hired out his Sunday coat and pants as properties for the Monday morning scene. 'Pears the ongenoo warn't very conversant at managin' clothespins and gales alongside. 'Anyway,' sezs she, 'how can one hang out these fishy things with her hair out of curl? The public wont know me, this unnatural way!' "

"If you an' me got caught in our own lobsterpots, my Maize would dish up a little less vittles, and eat right hearty. Life ain't jest what it should be, seems like, when the fillums shoe a woman ravin' an' tearin' her hair every time her husband goes out to haul for cod in fair weather"

Our Joy Forever

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

"It is a great question," Leatrice Joy said, "when you have come into a little success, whether to be yourself or to be someone else. So many girls seem to find relief in accented speech and affectations——"

BECAUSE she has found true cinema success after four years of striving; because she is from New Orleans; because she has brought to Cecil B. de Mille's productions a refinement and a sincerity that he has hitherto deftly failed to achieve, but most of all because she is proof positive that brains and beauty mix, I nominate Leatrice Joy for our Hall of Fame.

Leatrice Joy is successfully an actress, but eminently a gal. With true Southern savor she puts it this way, humorously: "Ah'm jus' as is, or—maybe Ah jus' ain't."

Print caricatures her Orleans drawl. It has the charm of suggestion rather than of fact.

I met her outside the Lasky studio, in Hollywood, of course, and in her car we sailed slowly off to roll along the boulevard, chatting amiably and aimlessly.

The burden of the interview was happiness—happiness and boasting. I did the boasting.

Some months before I had made a prophecy. That was when Leatrice was beating fiercely but in vain at the tomb-like walls of Goldwyn's Studio. And my prophecy was this: that one day Fame would light upon the head of Leatrice and find it a sweet resting place. It has. Naturally I am proud pappa.

"Saturday Night," Cecil B. de Mille's most recent production has awakened the question in peoples' minds that "Manslaughter" will answer. Leatrice Joy has arrived. It is a high compliment that Cecil de Mille has chosen her as the vehicle to carry him from ornateness into an approach to realism. In "Saturday Night" he found that he could not mold her to his brilliant type. Wisely he ceased to try. More wisely now he is to adapt his style to her.

She, as all others of those who have worked with him, has an intense loyalty for him. It is one of the happiest reactions that De Mille produces.

"He is kind and clever," she said. "One at first has to become adapted to his methods of direction. I was frightened to death for the first few days lest I should lift my hand awkwardly or take an ungainly step. More than any director I have been with, he recognizes that the voice means nothing on the screen. It is not enough to say a thing. He demands pantomime. I have struggled hours before a mirror trying to express without words a paragraph picked at random from a book."

We must have rolled on in the car for a half hour or more, stopping to pick up a tiny girl-child whom Leatrice was hoping to use in "Her Man," a Marshall Neilan production in which she is working during the interim between De Mille productions. Eventually, having left the child in good hands, we landed in Armstrong and Carleton's Indian Grill, now the popular feeding ground of the stars. It was filled to overflowing with cinemen and cinemisses.

Somehow, as one will in interviews, we got upon the subject of art and marriage.

Leatrice was undecided, but inclined to be dubious.

"One might personally believe that a woman's place is really a dependent's place and yet have to face the fact that in many women there is a creative instinct that

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

must find outlet in other ways than wifehood. Marriage is dangerous when both husband and wife are artists. But I can think of no more enviable position than that of a wife who can live her life in her husband's. It is the independence of women that is the cause of all this trouble. There will eventually come a readjustment of things to meet the situation; otherwise our social structure will collapse."

Leatrice entered pictures more thru circumstance of fate than any particular and irresistible desire. It happened down South, in New Orleans, when she outstripped all rival beauties in a contest for the position of leading lady with the Nola Film Company, a hopeful but hopeless local organization.

Leatrice Joy has arrived. It is a high compliment that Cecil B. de Mille has chosen her as the vehicle to carry him from ornateness into an approach to realism. In "Saturday Night" he found that he could not mold her to his brilliant type. Wisely, he ceased to try. More wisely now, he is to adapt his style to her

All photographs by Melbourne Spurr

Leatrice is neither so very tall nor so very small. She has hit that happy medium. Brown eyes and rich dark hair are the dominant notes of her beauty. It is difficult to juggle her into a serious mood. Her name, she said, has had a lot to do with it.

"I really believe that," she said. "I know that I used to come home from the studios, when a promised engagement had fallen thru, feeling considerably below zero. Then some bright person would carol across the street, 'Hello, Joy! How's Gloom?' And I would immediately burst into wild pæans of mirth and merriment —ha, ha!

"But Jeanie McPherson, Mr. de Mille's writer, tells me that I must be dignified now. That my unseemly mirth must go by the board, that I must walk sedately, as becomes a famous star—ahem."

But she was quite meek about it. Henceforth her slogan shall be, "Give me dignity or give me death!"

But dignity is not always a matter of lofty chins and guttural accents. There is in Leatrice, unless my eyes deceive

(*Continued on page* 95)

Who Is Lady Diana Manners?

we would probably never admit it for worlds, really and truly know who this madcap English beauty, this Lady Diana Manners, really is, this daughter of a hundred dukes, who startled England and displeased Queen Mary very much indeed when she announced her intention of taking her own lovely self and her titled name into the motion pictures.

Lady Diana Manners is the third and youngest daughter of the eighth Duke and the Duchess of Rutland. She is a descendant of the famous Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

"The Manners girls," as Lady Diana and her sisters Lady Violet and Lady Marjorie were called when they were all at home together, were as famous for their beauty as the Langhorne sisters, of whom Lady Astor was one, of our own Virginia.

Ever since Lady Diana Manners came out in England, she has gone a very romantic, wilful, picturesque way, breaking hearts, bringing down criticisms from the old-fashioned believers in English traditions, who have their own ideas of how a duke's daughter should always act. At the left, Lady Diana Manners in "The Glorious Adventure," and below, a new camera study

© Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

OF course we have been reading her name in the papers for years, and it is as much a household word in our broad, democratic and title-loving country as that of the Prince of Wales, or Lady Astor or the Princess Pat.

We remember that she has been called the most beautiful English girl—the most perfect type of Anglo-Saxon woman, by artists who know. We recall that ever since she came out in England she has gone a very romantic, wilful, picturesque way, breaking hearts, bringing down criticisms from the old-fashioned believers in English traditions who have their own ideas of how a duke's daughter should always act, and having a wonderful time doing it. Many of the most brilliant men of the old world have pursued her madly, and in vain.

But it is doubtful if any of us, even tho

By
BETTY
SHANNON

© Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

Lady Diana has become as well known for her startling and unexpected costumes and her ingenuity as for her dancing and her dramatic ability. One time she won a diamond plaque worth one thousand dollars at a fancy dress ball for her costume. And part of her regalia had been made out of an ancient towel-rack which had been for centuries in her father's London house

Everything they did was talked about; especially everything that Lady Diana did.

And tho London and the world has ceased to take much note of what the sisters of Lady Diana Manners do, now that they are safely married, Lady Diana herself has never ceased to be a good story. Everything she does, a new photograph, a shopping trip, a new style of hat or head-dress is enough to set the newspapers gossiping and tongues wagging, and the other young women to imitating.

The Duchess of Rutland is a portrait painter of considerable note. She is democratic and Bohemian in her tastes, and her home has always been open to artists and people of the Bohemian world. Lady Tree, the wife of Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, the great actor, has been for years one of her best friends. Lady Tree's daughter, Viola Tree, and Lady Diana have grown up and developed together.

As a consequence, Lady Diana has always lived in an artistic, interesting, brilliant setting, in which she herself has been a brilliant, dashing, irresistible figure.

The Duke of Rutland is the owner of Belvoir Castle, a great roomy place filled with priceless tapestries and wonderful pictures. At the end of a long baronial hall is a gallery, which does very well as a stage. Here, at a very early age, Lady Diana was encouraged to help her sisters get up and put on entertainments and plays of their own devising. Aided by a very artistic mother, they were taught to design and to make gorgeous costumes out of odds and ends of stuff from the old family chests in the attic.

Lady Diana has always been a high-strung, imaginative person. She wants to do things—interesting things, and she sees no reason why just being the daughter of a duke should stand in the way of her doing them. She loves riding, and hunting, swimming and golfing and tramping and all the outdoor sports, and she has learned them all superbly. But she likes to do unheard of things, too. For instance, one time she went to a country fair in Derbyshire as a working girl. This was when she was very young, before she had come out into society. She was discovered and taken home in disgrace for her little prank. How shocked the servants were! Lady Diana herself loved it. And no doubt her father the Duke, who is a very jolly fellow in spite of his title, thought it was fun too, tho it was his duty to scold her quite severely.

Lady Diana—her entire name is Lady Diana Olivia Winnifred Maud Manners—was introduced to London society ten years or so ago. Immediately she became the rage. Her fair beauty, her lovely shimmering blonde

(*Continued on page* 86)

Rodolph and Romance

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The whole world is hungry for Romance——
And Rodolph Valentino, bringing it to the screen, found success awaiting him——
The stage production of "Blood and Sand" is being filmed. Señor Valentino is creating the colorful rôle of the toreador.

Over the Border

By NORMAN BRUCE

From the Paramount Picture produced by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation based on the story "She of the Triple Chevron" by Sir Gilbert Parker. Copyright 1922, by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. All rights reserved.

THE horse shied playfully from a little shadow scurrying across the sunny path. Jen Galbraith found the act symbolic—so her heart was continually taking terror from shadows. Yet where there were shadows there was substance too. Tom could not love her as she spelled love if he would hurry away from a meeting with her because he was afraid of getting into trouble with his superior officers.

A hot wind of scorn fanned the tiny spark of hurt into flame. Perhaps Peter and Val were right in telling her to give Tom up, he wasn't of her world, nor she of his. That picture he had showed her of the pretty girl in the amazing dress that had made her blush, the tales he had told her of buildings high as canyon walls, and huge electric kittens in the sky putting out the stars—

"You wouldn't catch me living in a place where you couldn't tell whether a woman was going to a party or to bed when you saw her!" she cried aloud, tossing her brown mane of hair, but secretly she couldn't help wondering how she would look in a dress like that. She had even—in the discreet seclusion of her own room stripped her smooth young arms and neck and regarded the few blurred inches of white flesh reflected in the tiny mirror on her wall with the fascination of horror before she dragged the rough woolen blanket wrap about her crimson confusion.

All about her the Montana forest made a grey gloom. To her accustomed ears the silence was a mosaic of tiny sounds, dead leaves moving, pine needles falling, the stir of a little wind that ran with invisible feet across the moss. She drew rein and sat, head back, conscious as she had been a thousand times before of a oneness with the Universe—feeling the tide of Life that stirred in every twig, sweeping her own eager soul. This sense of unity with the meaning of things belonged to the forest, when she left the bare black aisles and sunlit solitudes of the trees, it was like waking from a dream world to another existence. The Jen Galbraith who would ride into the yard of her father's tavern in a little while was not this worshiping pagan creature, holding her soul up like a cup to be filled to the brimming with awe.

Like a profane thing the silence was torn across with sudden sound—horses hoofs beating the valley road beyond the trees. From a worshiper, Jen became transformed in an instant into a little creature of the wild, wary, suspicious, immobile. Every element of her being seemed concentrated in the effort of listening. . . .

Yes, it was the troopers! No mistaking their gait—the men of the Mounted rode their horses like devils incarnate. Jen's charming face which had been plastic, soft, grew hard, showing the bones beneath. She spoke to her horse, a single formless syllable of command. Another instant and she had swept from her covert and was plunging down the hillside amid a rain of loose pebbles and sliding sandy snow.

"There goes Galbraith's girl!" shouted Corporal Byng, clapping his spurs into his horse's sides, "—if she gets to the tavern first, we're likely to be filled as full of holes as a Swiss cheese!"

Tom Flaherty colored darkly all over his handsome young face. He had never heard of Romeo Montague or Juliet Capulet, but he could have sympathized with their plight at this moment. Yet a Mounted Police cannot hang back bashfully when ordered to arrest rum-runners and blushingly confess that he is in love with the daughter of the chief offender and would like to be excused from duty. Far ahead the slight figure of the girl on horseback seemed to travel up and down some hillocks within his brain—a sweat of misery broke out on him as he remembered how, an hour or so before, he had taken that slender body into his arms, felt the warmth of her mouth against his.

A rifle, from somewhere ahead, spoke viciously, scoring the crusted snow of the highway. They were approaching the tavern which report said was the base for an extensive traffic in liquor. As the cavalcade of officers

swept about the veranda and drew up in a cloud of glittering white, Tom was aware of Jen's face unforgiving, reproachful, and gritted his teeth with helpless chagrin. As he passed her, standing very white and scornful by the steps, came her bitter whisper—"So this is what your love amounts to! I could kill myself for having kissed you!"

The Galbraiths were taken by surprise. Fifteen minutes warning, and the officers would have found nothing in the cellar but an illicit smell, and you cant arrest a man for having a corn-mash whisky smell on his premises. With black gloom on their brows, they watched the Mountain Police drag out the demijohns that would never provide cocktails for society ladies in Southampton, or highballs for New York clubmen now.

Tom Flaherty passed Jen without a word or look, but he felt her in every tensed muscle, in every wincing nerve. It was a jail-matter, no doubt about that. The Canadian government was in no mood to play accessory to those who were breaking the laws of a sister country and he was the sworn agent of the government. If he could only have been off patrolling the border when this happened! He would rather face a red-handed Cree murderer skulking thru the brush than meet Jen after this—devil take it, why hadn't he been a plumber instead of an officer of the law? Yet two months ago before he met and fell hopelessly, impetuously, unluckily, in love with Jen Galbraith, he had rather fancied himself in his uniform, as he cantered thru the sunshine that struck sparks from his bright gold buttons!

Tom could not love her as she spelled love, if he would hurry away from a meeting with her because he was afraid of getting into trouble with his superior officer. Perhaps they were right in telling her to give him up . . . that he wasn't of her world. Nor she of his

For two days Jen and the servants kept the tavern alone, and every minute, weighted with worry and grief was an indictment against Tom. On the third, Val and his father came home, freed temporarily on bail. By that curious sleight-of-hand of human nature, their own discomfort and danger had become the fault of someone else, anyone else.

"A fine fellow you picked out!" Val scoffed, trying to give plausibility to his rage, "I suppose after you and your damned Mounted Murderer get us safely locked up in jail, you'll marry and give your children criminals for relatives!"

Jen continued to turn the bacon in the skillet without answering. The heat of the fire—or the heat of some fire within her, lighted flames in her cheeks. She might blame Tom for what had passed but, inconsistently, she rebelled when anyone else found fault with him. Her heart was called upon to play both prosecutor and counsel for the defence. "He was right!" said Reason, staunchly, "he did his duty. You would have despised him if he had not done his duty." "He cant love me much or he would have forgotten a little thing like duty!" Pride argued hotly.

The older Galbraith lifted his shabby head. "The question isn't what's been done, but what we're going to do" he said sullenly. He was a big man, of the type women love to their sorrow, usually little timid, gentle women such as Jen's mother had been. In another, older age he would have been a pirate, an outlaw, an adventurer fighting for the pure savage love of danger. His great, gnarled hands could strangle a wolf, had done so more than once. When he rose, as now, and moved about the kitchen, his great shoulders made it seem small and mean, dwarfed it.

"Do!" said Val hotly, "we'll go to jail and rot there!" His look, at the sunny winter world beyond the tiny-paned windows was hungry, awful with finality. With a snarl like some wild thing who sees the trap closing, he sprang to his feet and hurled his huge bulk toward the door. "Well I'm going to get

drunk, that's what *I'm* going to do!"

The door crashed to behind him. Jen dished out the food she had been cooking and set it on the table, but her father shook his head. "Four generations of Galbraiths opened their eyes in this house," his tone brooded, "and now we've got to go among strangers—"

The knife clattered from Jen's fingers, "Strangers! You mean—"

"I mean we'll get what we can across the border and jump our bail," Peter nodded. "When I die, my soul ain't going to worm its way 'tween bars if I know it! If it comes to that, there'll be some other souls that start for Hell first—"

At dusk with the long arms of the pines beginning to lash themselves to fury on the rising wind, Jen, sewing by the fire, started to her feet. On the snow outside footsteps crunched with a sound of fear. Peter Galbraith rose slowly to his great height as Pierre, the half-breed, burst into the room, bringing an icy breath with him. Even in his haste and terror, it was noticeable that his eyes went to Jen's face first, as a needle to its pole.

"Trouble?" Galbraith snarled, gripping his henchman by the shoulders and swinging him to and fro, "not—Val—"

Pierre dragged a mackinawed arm across his hair, reeking with sweat and beaded with snow. "Him fight with Snow Devil. Snow Devil ver' dronk, showum locket, say Miss Jen give it to heem—"

Jen cried out in anger, "he stole it! The lying Canick—"

"Your brodder tak' out gun," Pierre continued, enjoying his moment of importance, "Snow Devil tak' out hees gun. Both shoot, Snow Devil fall dead!"

Peter Galbraith was a different man in the presence of a danger that called on all his resources of cunning and skill. Courage seemed to flow into him like water into a drained vessel. His eyes shone, he almost laughed as he spat out questions and command. Where was Val? Hiding at the saloon? But what was one half-breed more or less!

Pierre had saved his choicest morsel of sensation for the last. His beady black eyes gleamed. "Snow Devil, he not just half-breed. He b'long to Mounted Police, yas please!"

Jen caught at her father's arm. The daredevil smile slid crookedly from Peter Galbraith's lips. Val had killed a Mounted Policeman — if he were caught he must hang. The jauntiness left the older man. His clothes seemed suddenly too large for him, but he spoke steadily. "Get the horses and sleigh. He must be across the border by tomorrow morning."

At dusk, with the long arms of the pines beginning to lash themselves to fury on the rising wind, Jen, sewing by the fire, started to her feet. On the snow outside footsteps crunched with a sound of fear. Pierre, the half-breed, burst into the room . . .

In the silence that followed the tavern was shaken with the giant fingers of the storm. The moonlight flapped like a tattered curtain across the floor at their feet. "Him ver' bad night." Pierre muttered, but he turned, nevertheless, to obey. Bad as the storm was, Peter Galbraith's rage was more to be feared.

Crouched at the window, Jen stared into the maelstrom of snow with a queer, savage thrill of exultation in spite of her fear for her brother. After all, she was of wild folk, and the blood that pounded under her white flesh was wild blood. What a night to ride on horseback thru the dark, in the teeth of the wind's rage, one with the storm! And now, quite suddenly out of the welter plunged a dark figure. A brand in the fireplace fell apart, filling the room with a red glare and she cried out a name — "Tom! Tom — sweetheart—"

Outlined in the doorway against the fire glow, the gale whipping her skirts about her, her voice

OVER THE BORDER

Novelized, by permission, from the Paramount Picture of the scenario by Albert Shelby Le Vino, adapted from the Sir Gilbert Parker story, "She of the Triple Chevron." Directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws, and starring Betty Compson. The cast:

Jen Galbraith	Betty Compson
Sergeant Tom Flaherty	Tom Moore
Peter Galbraith	J. Farrell MacDonald
Val Galbraith	Casson Ferguson
Snow Devil	Sidney D'Albrook
Corporal Byng	L. C. Shumway
Pretty Pierre	Jean de Briac
Inspector Jules	Edward J. Brady
Borden	Joseph Ray

Jen caught up the packet and thrust it beneath her blouse. She knew, in a flash of understanding, too, that she loved Tom because he would do the right thing, whether it lost him his heart's desire or no

guided the snow-blinded man to safety. Tom Flaherty sank down on the bench before the hearth, unable to speak until she brought him hot coffee. "My horse stumbled back on the hill—I had to shoot him," he mumbled thru blackened lips, "I'd have gone by if you hadn't called me, Jen! Listen, little girl, I haven't cared much about living since the other day when I could see you blamed me—"

Jen drew back. In her joy at seeing him again she had forgotten that it was her duty to hate him! Then, as he stumbled to his feet, picking up the oilskin covered packet he had been carrying, her resentment was swallowed up in terror. "You're not going out into that—" she flung her arms out to the window where the snow whirled in devil's dance and the wind was full of the cries of lost souls, "on foot—you'd die before you went a mile!"

The big policeman shook his head. "I'm taking sealed orders to headquarters, and take them I must if I can, or if I cant either! 'Tis me duty, girl! A man's got to do his duty or he cant go on living with himself."

In a lightning flash of understanding Jen looked into the big, clean heart of the man, knew that the reason that she loved him was because he would do the right thing whether it lost him his heart's desire or no, whether it slew him or no. Her heart rose on a tide of tenderness but she only said, "Wait, Tom! I'll have one of the men saddle my horse for you." As she ran out of the room she passed her father, seeing him with her eyes but not with her brain. The storm was in her blood, whipping it to ecstasy.

"Where are you going, Jen?"

She stared at Peter Galbraith, and he received the uncanny impression that she saw him from a great distance. "To get my horse for Tom."

Galbraith gazed after her. So Tom Flaherty was here — a policeman and therefore a menace to Val's safety. Jaw jutting like granite thru the harsh skin, the bootlegger strode into the kitchen.

When Jen returned ten minutes later, it was to find her lover sprawled across the table. At her cry of alarm he lifted his head and looked at her stupidly with filmed, opaque eyes. "—got—get on—" he muttered, the sweat beading his forehead with the agony of his effort, "— got — take —letter—"

She pressed her cold cheek to his, trying to rouse him by every tender cajolery in her woman's repertoire but he felt like dead flesh to the touch. On the table, under his lax fingers lay the oilskin packet. Jen caught it up, thrust it in beneath her blouse and kissed the brown head once more fallen on the outflung arms. Working swiftly, she drew off the sodden overcoat with its official brass buttons and dragged it over her slender shoulders, tucked her bright drenched hair into Tom's cap and wrenched the door open. The newly saddled horse, a dim bulk in the whirling snow complained shrilly. In the saddle Jen bent and whispered in his ear, "if the letter doesn't get to headquarters Tom will be disgraced—"

Snow! It blotted out the world, clogged the senses. It seemed to Jen in half an hour that she had been riding endlessly thru a storm that had no beginning, would have no end. Time and space were meaningless words and the only things that were real in the universe were the winds baying like unleashed dogs across the sky, and the harsh feel of the packet against her soft bosom. The blizzard erased all landmarks, but when—now and again as the curtains of white were blown apart an instant, she caught a flash of the landscape ghastly with the blue play of boreal lights, she saw that the horse had not left the road.

Dawn was opening, blear-eyed in the east, when Jen Galbraith stepped into the tavern kitchen again. Hunched over the table, Tom Flaherty still slept stertorously. The other two occupants of the room, Pierre and Peter Galbraith, stared at her stupidly. "Where have you been?" asked her father with sagging lips.

"To headquarters!" the lilt of triumph sang in Jen's voice, arousing the sleeping man, "I carried Tom's message for him. Tom! Do you hear, dear? I carried your orders to headquarters—" the words broke off in a scream of

terror as Galbraith leaped from his seat upon the swaying officer.

"What was in those orders? Damn you! Tell me the truth—here, Pierre, he's still groggy with the drug I gave him! Give him a dipper of water—"

Tom Flaherty spoke slowly, punctuating his words with long pauses. "Some drunken fellow—shot a half-breed on the—police force. The—post asked—headquarters to send—a posse to capture him—"

With a cry Jen thrust herself between her lover and Peter Galbraith's convulsed face and menacing fist. Her lips were colorless, her eyes were like those set in some drowned face looking up thru grey water. "Whatever has been done I have done it," she whispered, "if Val has been captured, it was I who sent them on his trail. I—or God—"

"Val—" Tom Flaherty groaned, "now Heaven be thanked I didn't know who it was I was tracking down or mebbe I wouldn't have had the strength to do my duty."

"Damn you and your duty!" blazed Peter in white fury, "where's my boy? Tell me that! Where's my boy?"

As if in answer, the door opened, hesitantly, and Val Galbraith stood before them, panting thru slobbering lips. "The posse—" he labored, "right—behind—" then, knees giving way, he pitched forward on his face by the bench. Tom Flaherty wrenched the rifle from Peter's hands with a stern gesture; tossing it aside. Something in his demeanor as he took his coat and cap from Jen and put them on stilled the old man's rage and he slunk into a chair in a far corner, watching the swift unfolding of events with smoldering eyes.

In the dingy light beyond the snow-crusted windows a group of Mounted Police had drawn rein, and their leader, gesturing his men toward the shelter of the stables, dismounted and approached the door. Tom Flaherty answered the preëmptory knock, saluting. "I have the prisoner, sir! And I'll turn him over to you, for I'm resigning from the force at eight thirty this morning, if you please, sir!"

Jen flashed a startled glance at the clock — eight to the minute! In half an hour Tom would be freed from his sworn oath, and—

"But why, Flaherty?" Lieutenant Jules was asking puzzled, "have you considered carefully? Have you made your plans?"

A muscle twitched the corner of Tom's lips. "I've made me plans, sir."

"Well," the Lieutenant hesitated, "I suppose there's nothing to hinder my taking the prisoner back to headquarters now." He moved toward the heaving figure by the hearth. Jen cast an agonized glance at the clock—still twenty five minutes before Tom was a private citizen with a fist at his sweetheart's service. She had a brilliant idea.

"You wont be going without breakfast?" she moved toward the stove trying to keep the coffee pot lid from jigging with the trembling of her hand. Then, with a second inspiration, she flashed the Lieutenant an arch smile.

The clock drawled out the passing of the moments, the leaden hands crawled about the dial. Lieutenant Jules finished his second cup of coffee, smirked respectfully at Jen and rose, tapping Val on the shoulder. "And now my man, I'm sorry but I'll have to take you along with me!"

Tom stood rigid as the clock struck the half hour. "Begging your pardon sir," "but is that clock right by your watch? Yes? Thank you sir!" He stepped about the table to Val's side, facing the astonished officer of the law. "Being no policeman

(*Continued on page 99*)

Tom Flaherty colored darkly all over his handsome face. He had never heard of Romeo Montague or Juliet Capulet, but he could have sympathized with their plight at this moment

Out From the Yesteryears - - -

It was in the living-room of the Kenyon's New York apartment that she served me with fragrant tea a few weeks ago. It was a lovely room, the walls book-lined—a cabinet holding such war trophies as shells, helmets and one or two decorations in a shadowy corner, her piano by the long windows—

"Mine is such a vaulting ambition," Doris Kenyon told us. "Grand opera—imagine! Still, I keep planning my whole life toward just that end. An operatic career may come late in life, you know. On the other hand, your success on the stage and on the screen, particularly, must be earned with youth. So you see . . ."

There are scores of people easier, by far, to interview. Doris loves to talk about yesterday—about tomorrow. She loves to regale you with stories of an Atlantic City fortune-teller who told her that she would not

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

OUT in the West where high civilization has not enervated the timbre of men, there lived a Methodist preacher and his wife. A high heart beat beneath the shabby black of his garb and from the dreams he dreamed, caring for his flock, sprang fragile poetry.

To this preacher and his wife, a daughter was born—a daughter with soft curls and smiling violet eyes, lovely as one of the father's poems. They called her Doris.

Summers drifted by with orchards in fairy bloom.

Autumns when the sheaves were gathered in and the hay pitched in stacks of pale-beaten gold, gave way to white winters——

And the daughter, Doris, grew to girlhood.

Then came a day when the mother and father agreed that the silver voice which caroled about their house belonged to the world. So Doris was sent to a boarding-school where French and music precluded other studies.

Victor Herbert, chancing to hear her voice, offered her a stage engagement. And the Kenyons, knowing that this was a beginning, wisely gave their consent.

Everyone knows the rest—how Doris Kenyon proved to be endowed with other things in addition to her voice, with personality and dramatic ability—how one stage portrayal followed upon the heels of another—how the screen bid for her fresh beauty—and how she finally combined her work on the stage and on the screen.

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

make her great success either in acting or writing and that she would be married twice. She lets you talk a great deal, too. That is always pleasant.

She seemed happy. People seldom do nowadays, we have noticed. It seems to be the times. So we asked her about it, whether she really was happy——

She laughed at us.

"Sometimes," she said. "Most of the time when I come to think about it. I keep busy and that leaves no time for self-pity. Self-pity is a destructive thing. Everyone has periods of discouragement and depression. That's natural. They make for comparison in our lives. They dispel monotony. I think the world is restless today. Perhaps it is an aftermath of the many disrupting things which have gone before. It will pass."

"What is your ambition?" we asked her.

She laughed and flushed.

"I would like to avoid answering that," she said. "Mine is such a vaulting ambition. Grand opera—imagine! Still, I keep planning my whole life toward just that end. An operatic career may come to you late in life, you know. On the other hand, your success on the stage and on the screen, particularly, must be earned with Youth. So you see——"

We remembered her frequent combining of stage and screen work; we remembered the new book of verse "Spring Flowers and Rowen," upon which she collaborated with her father. And

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

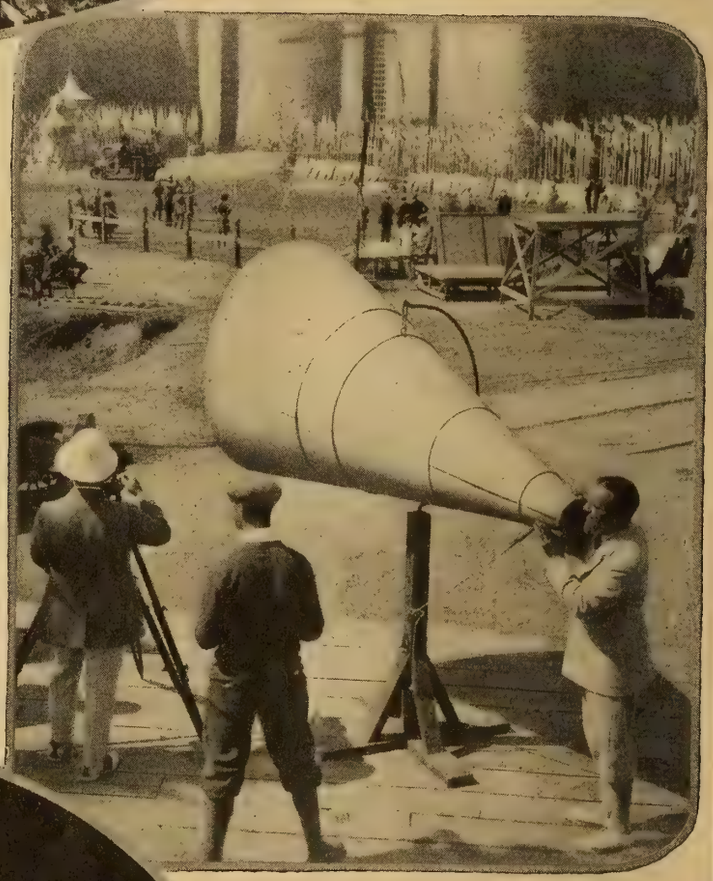
There is a lack of formality about her which is charming. Hers is a cheerful and sane acceptance of the unpleasant as contrast to the pleasant. Her hair is girlishly bound with a soft green ribbon, and in her violet eyes you may still find the light of the visionary and the idealist

we asked her how she found the time for all these things and musical training as well.

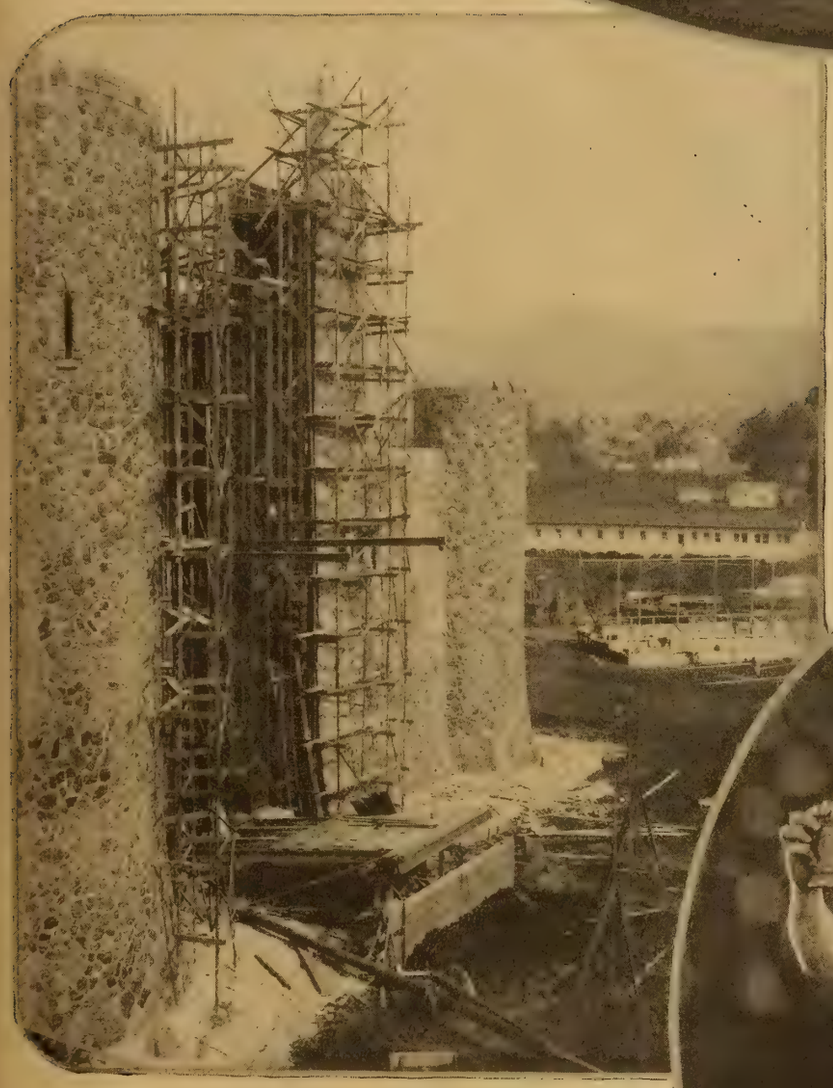
"I dont always, just the way I should," she confessed. "But when you like doing a thing better than anything else in the world, it is not difficult to find time for it. I really love my music. If I hadn't I would have had to give it up ages ago."

(*Continued on page 97*)

Bringing the Medieval Ages to Hollywood



'These photographs give some slight idea of the stupendous way in which the Douglas Fairbanks' production of "Robin Hood" is being brought to the screen. At the top of the page may be seen the filming of a scene in which hundreds of mounted crusaders participate. Directly above, Douglas Fairbanks is giving instructions to the scores of assistant directors distributed over the huge scene by the means of a master megaphone which was erected on the lot. And, at the left, he illustrates a peculiar point of wrestling craft to one of his mailed colleagues



The medieval age is renascent in Hollywood!

An army of technical directors, architects, carpenters, painters, plasterers and other workmen have been employed for months transforming a section of Hollywood into a scene of medieval England.

There are turreted castles, canopied stands for tournaments, moats and drawbridges; there are hundreds of crusaders amount, coats of mail and spears gleaming in the southern sunlight; there are cavaliers in brilliant satins and sweeping plumes; there are fair ladies in soft velvets and laces.

And the beauty of these countless scenes will find its way to the screen in the early fall in Douglas Fairbanks as Robin Hood.

At the top of the page and just above, you see two of the gigantic castles in the course of construction. Thanks to great research work, these are authentic to the smallest detail. And, on the right, is a camera study of Robin Hood Fairbanks in the valiant and colorful rôle he essays in this production

Fine Feathers

The shimmer of silks . . . the sparkle of gems . . . the color of plumes and paradise. These things all women desire. These things some women call their own. And there are other women whose heritage almost seems to lie in their ability to wear these things as they should be worn . . .

Not among the least of these is Gloria Swanson.

We herewith reproduce three scenes from her forthcoming "The Gilded Cage," to prove our point.

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays In Review

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BECAUSE an actor must have a definite personality, there are but a very few who are able to keep their own individuality subservient to the individuality of the character they are creating. John Barrymore, however, achieves this with the same success with which he achieves other things. So it was Sherlock Holmes which we enjoyed more than John Barrymore as Sherlock Holmes.

If we nurtured a belief in witchcraft we would believe that Barrymore transmitted the psychology of his characters to his audience by supernatural means. He sways his audience as the winds sway slender reeds—— But his magic is that of the artist and of the craftsman. His technique is colored by the great imagination with which he endows his work. By a hundred and one subtleties he portrays that which others fail to capture even after going to great lengths in their desire to achieve it.

Even to those rare souls who have not read Conan Doyle's story of the great detective whose lightning deductions astonished the greatest minds of England, Sherlock Holmes is not a stranger. And in stepping from the covers of the novel to the screen, the character has lost no interest.

The production, possessing a very definite artistic quality, also is interspersed with sensational episodes which jog the senses. The thread of suspense is maintained at something of a tension thruout the story of how Holmes foils the fiendish ends of Moriarty. Moriarty is forced to seek his dwelling farther and farther under ground—first in cellars and then in sub-cellars in order to escape the persecution of Holmes.

Above is John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes." This is, by far, the finest production of the past month, and, for all of that, one of the finest productions that has come to the screen this year. At the left is Constance Talmadge in "The Primitive Lover," a production which is an improvement on the recent offerings in which she appeared

The love interest, with Carol Dempster playing the girl Sherlock eventually marries, was the creation of the scenarist, for Conan Doyle did not bless his detective with an inamorata.

Harold Lloyd is shown above in his first long subject, namely, "Grandma's Boy." At the right are Agnes Ayres and Conrad Nagel, in "The Ordeal," and below may be seen Vera Gordon and Dore Davidson in "The Good Provider," which is, in truth, a bit of life

Women occupy a great deal of time, thought and consideration, and it is not likely that Holmes would have been romantically inclined. His days were well filled. However, they had to do something about the fadeout and the love interest is not permitted to dominate at any time.

Gustave V. Seyffertitz plays Moriarty and his portrayal bears a semblance to Barrymore's depraved Jekyll in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As a matter of fact, several people thought that Barrymore was creating a dual rôle. Certainly the portrayal deserves praise and commendation. Seeing it, we stop to wonder why the Vitagraph officials permitted this actor to depart from their studios.

Many of the exteriors for "Sherlock Holmes" were filmed in England. There are several shots of extraordinary beauty—particularly one scene, which finds Holmes standing at twilight on London Bridge, the Parliament buildings misty in the distance. There were scenes of the Limehouse district, too, with the arched and curving byways and the huddled houses dripping in the fog.

"Sherlock Holmes" is, by far, the finest production of the past month and, for all of that, one of the finest productions which has come to the screen this year.

While "Sherlock Holmes" was a pleasure, "The Ordeal," on the other hand, was something of a disappointment. The writings of W. Somerset Maugham have long intrigued us. He has charm, imagination and color. When we heard he was going to write for the screen, we rejoiced. We waited. Alas for our illusions.

Either W. Somerset Maugham is writing down to the screen with condescension or else his stories are being shorn of any qualities in the screen adaptation. Whichever it is, it is a pity.

If you attempted the murder of someone by refraining from giving them heart drops when they needed them, it seems to us that you would ethically be a murderer, whether death was occasioned by your neglect or another unknown cause. This is ignored entirely in "The Ordeal." When the heroine learns that she did not kill her husband, even tho that was her intent, she steps out once more even as a lily.

That, however, was consistent with her character thruout. Never have we felt less sympathy for a heroine. Perhaps she was supposed to be a noble soul, sacrificing her love and her happiness that her brother and sister might go on squandering the wealth of the man she had loathed. She loses the money if she remarries. The surgeon with whom she is in love is far from penniless—her brother is grown and the sister recovered from the affliction which once made money a necessity. Yet she refuses to marry. She continues to go on, building her sacrifice on shifting sands. Freud would probably

(*Continued on page* 113)

Anent Ultra-Violet Rays

By
CORLISS PALMER

Photograph by Spero

Corliss Palmer says: "Now, for many years people have known that sunlight is healthy, that it is a germ-destroyer and a tonic. Try a sun-bath every day and you will find that the sun is like a two-edged sword, fighting disease and death; healing, restoring"

IN our endless, age-old search for beauty, we have until recently ignored the greatest factor of all for the production and preservation of health, and therefore beauty. It is the sunlight, the very fountain source of life. Is it not strange that ages ago, having recognized the sun as the source of all life and that without the sun there could be no life as we know it, people did not realize there must be a tremendous healing power in the rays of the sun?

Yet we know they did not. Quite the opposite. We are familiar with many superstitions about the sun. Even in this enlightened day there are people in the mountainous districts of Tennessee and Georgia who think that invalids and babies should be protected from the sun and air. They keep their windows, shutters and doors tightly closed. They even wrap their babies from head to feet in blankets, leaving no opening for the nose or mouth. Consequently the rate of mortality is very high in these districts.

And there are the emperors of China and many of the rulers of ancient countries who chose their brides and had them kept in utter darkness for a period of months and sometimes years before they considered them fit to consort with kings. In reality, they must not have been fit for anything but the hospital after this long term of exile from the sunlight.

Now for many years people have known that sunlight is healthy, that it is a germ-destroyer and a tonic. We build porches with many windows, porches and sun parlors. We "sun" our bedding and our clothes and our homes and what is more important, we are learning to "sun" our bodies. For we have discovered in the spectrum of the sun the ultra-violet rays and that they are a two-edged sword, fighting disease and death, healing, restoring. Like radium, their potentialities are a never-failing source of wonder to us. What marvels may they not work in a world that has been blindly suffering and dying since the beginning of time!

Tuberculosis, that dread disease, has found its deadly enemy! Where the ultra-violet ray penetrates, unfiltered by glass, the germs of this disease cannot live. And this is only one of the many things the ultra-violet ray does. It is being used to cure diseases of the skin, the scalp, dandruff and so forth.

In fact, if you are suffering from a disease or a nervous breakdown, or if you are in a run-down condition, you will do well to try the healing power of the sunlight. Go to a place where the sun shines all day every day and lie uncovered in the hot rays. The hotter and more direct the rays, the stronger is their healing power.

There are several ways of arranging a little private sun-bath that are within the means of all. If you possess a tent, have it opened at the top and lie on a cot with the sun streaming down upon you. Do not wear clothes or have any covering whatever on the body. The ultra-violet rays must come direct, unfiltered.

The first day it is best to lie in the strong sunlight for only fifteen minutes; the next day twenty, increasing five minutes a day until the bath has reached the length of an hour. After that, increase more rapidly as the skin

(*Continued on page* 98)

Valli of the Shadows

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

"I suppose you want to know all about me," she said, in a low tone, when I had returned, "who I am and where I came from and whether I am worth being interviewed. I'll tell you I'm not, and then you can go ahead."

In the dim light of a few incandescents burning high up in the rafters, I could see that she was studying me with eyes which were big and blue like Sierra lakes at sunset. In the midst of a temporary studio calm she seemed to embody calm. Her long, slender hands were clasped in her lap, and if she moved at all, it was with no apparent effort.

"Where," I asked, to settle a popular Hollywood question,

(*Continued on page* 102)

"I think we are all selfish about our careers and about ourselves," said Virginia Valli. "In this business you have to be, if you ever expect to get ahead. There are too many others behind you on the ladder—snapping at your heels . . . And yet selfishness is the thing I dread most in life"

LIKE a lily of the valley I found her blooming in the midst of piles of junk! There was junk to the right of her, and junk to the left of her. It volleyed and thundered as property men set the scene on the big studio stage.

"Is this Miss Valli?" I asked, introducing myself, having been turned loose by a trusting publicity department to wander at will about the maze of stages.

"Yes. I am Miss Valli," the lily blooming among the shadows and the junk replied, in one of the sweetest voices I think I have ever heard. "Wont you sit down?" and then she laughed, realizing the absurdity of the invitation, for there were no seats except the one she occupied, unless I should choose a broken spinning-wheel which looked steeped in dust. "You can bring up a chair from over there." She indicated some unused stools a short distance away where Bert Lytell and his director, Maxwell Karger, stood in a pool of light discussing something interesting, but private. So I did.

A Boom for Beauty

HERE are the photographs of two young beauties who have been placed on our honor roll. Miss Lola Galsworthy is a vivid brunette of the gypsy type; with sparkling brown eyes, and black hair; this with a peachlike complexion, unusual in one of her type. Miss Pearl Adelaide Howell is a young slip of sixteen with grey-green eyes, hair the color of golden corn, medium height, and weighs 128 lbs. Both are New York girls.

So many pretty girls have sent in their photographs that it was very difficult to make a selection. Yet it isn't always the purely classical type which wins our favor; it is a little "something different"—a light in the eyes, a droop of the lips, a bend of the head, which any lovely girl might have, and never know that it was fascinating. Some of the greatest beauties in history, women for whom poets have died, for whom kings have jeopardized their thrones, have had beauty of a kind that was captivating, intriguing, with what the French call *beauté du diable*. There are lots of beautiful women in America; it is the land of lovely girls; and The BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS wants to have their photographs. SEND IN YOURS. Who knows but you may be the Cinderella whom the Prince of Good Fortune will choose. You have all the chances in the world; and think of the wonderful prizes that we are offering. It is open to all; girls from Texas, New Mexico, California, or from Brooklyn. As to the judges they have been selected from all fields of endeavor so that the winners will be efficiently chosen. On the last page you will see the dazzling prizes that are YOURS FOR THE ASKING.

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

Photograph by Nasib, N. Y.

Above is Miss Lola Galsworthy, of 135 West Sixteenth Street, New York City. At the left is Miss Pearl Adelaide Howell, of 1306 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send in your picture. Who knows but you may be the Cinderella whom the Prince of Good Fortune will choose as the Most Beautiful Girl in America?

Photograph by Paul Grenbeaux

Bubbles - - -

Posed by Jacqueline Logan

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

BY the time this appears in print, Hollywood will doubtless be all cluttered up with famous authors. Jesse Lasky has gone to Europe in search of another crop, unappalled by the fact that famous authors seldom seem to "jell."

If he captures all upon whom he has designs, the Vine Street studio in Hollywood will look like a melting pot. In England he expects to accumulate Rudyard Kipling, Sir James M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Edward Knoblock, Joseph Conrad and Robert Hichens. If he doesn't get them in person, he expects to persuade them to write stories for the screen.

In France he will go gunning for Andre Rivoire and Henry Duvernois. In Germany he will seek Melchoir Lengyil; in Austria, Arthur Schnitzler who wrote "The Affairs of Anatol," and Ernst Klein; in Hungary, Franz Molnar, who wrote "Liliom" and "The Devil," and Andreas Nagy. In Spain, Mr. Lasky expects to see Vicente Blasco Ibañez, author of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand," etc., and Martinez Sierra; in Italy, Dario Nicodemi, Geni Rocca and Enrico Beretta.

Interviews with these authors, however, only represent a part of Mr. Lasky's mission in Europe. He also intends to put in some of his time studying methods of European production, especially in Germany. The Germans have some extraordinary methods of making "sets" out of papier-mâché which reduces the cost to a fraction of the money spent in the American studios.

The business of being a young Lochinvar doesn't seem to pan out very well in real life—so Rodolph Valentino discovered.

Some two months ago, the fascinating Rodolph was divorced from Jean Acker. Only an interlocutory degree having been entered by the court however. Rodolph apparently wasn't quite sure what an interlocutory degree

Jackie Coogan agrees with Wally Reid. He prefers taking care of his own machine. And the photograph above shows Jackie putting this theory into effect

Helen Ferguson would seem to be as popular on the studio lot as she is with her public. The little boy photographed above with Miss Ferguson was one of the players in "Hungry Hearts." At the left is Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille, wife of the famous director of silken women

Who could it be in the circle above but Mickey Daniels, lately come into prominence in Vitagraph productions. Mickey's freckled face knows no rival. Mary Pickford is enthusiastic over her new dressing-room bungalow these days. Here she is showing Doug how famously the erection is getting on. And below, an interim during the filming of "Blood and Sand." Signor Rodolph Valentino serves as cameraman for Lila Lee

meant, but he knew the meaning of love. While acting with Nazimova in "Camille," he had met and fallen in love with Nastacha Rambova, the art director. Mme. Rambova was really Miss Winifred Hudnut, daughter of the New York perfume manufacturer. Quite overcome by his affections, Valentino and his inamorata eloped to the little Mexican town of Mexicali just across the border line where, with Douglas Gerrard as witness, they were married by a Mexican Justice of the Peace. The happy couple motored to Palm Springs, a health resort on the edge of the desert.

After a day's wedded bliss they were horrified to learn that the District Attorney frowned heavily and intimated that Valentino had put himself in danger of prosecution, either on the white slavery law or as a bigamist. You see the trouble was the interlocutory degree, which meant that Rodolph could not legally marry for a year.

He and the new Mrs. Valentino at once parted, she starting for New York with only a paper bandbox for baggage. And that's not all. The District Attorney is now inquiring into the similar marriages of Henry B. Walthall and Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky.

Katharine MacDonald has three leading men supporting her in George Kibbe Turner's story "White Shoulders," which is the story of a young Southern girl who was placed upon the matrimonial market. Bryant Washburn, Nigel Barrie and Tom Forman are all in the cast. Mr. Forman not only plays one of the leads but is also directing the picture. That was not the original plan, but they encountered so much difficulty in finding an actor to play the part of the tempestuous young Virginian that Forman got out the old make-up box and played the part himself. Little Richard Headrick, who attracted attention in a child's part in "The Song of Life," is also in "White Shoulders." "Itchie," as Richard calls himself, recently celebrated his fifth birthday at which he surprised his friends by playing a violin solo.

Elaine Hammerstein, who was desolated by being dragged away from New York to make pictures in Hollywood when the Selznick studios moved across the continent, has evidently decided to console herself in the usual manner of stricken heroines by "plunging into her work to forget." At this writing she has already finished "Under Oath," an original by Edward J. Montague, and is well advanced in another one by the same author. George Archainbaud is directing her pictures.

Myron Selznick will personally supervise three special productions to be made in the near future;

(*Continued on page* 110)

Blue Monte

By
GLADYS HALL

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

SOMEONE said to me, "Today's Monday."

"I know it," I said inexplicably, "Monte . . ."

My vis-a-vis stared at me, in some trepidation. "Beg pardon?" he said.

"Oh, it's all right," I said, pleasantly, "Monday is called *Blue* Monday. I know — but blue means simply nothing in my life so far as color is concerned. It means Monte —Monte Blue. Late Danton in 'Orphans of the Storm,' etc., etc., *ad gloriam*. You know. What you dont know is that I am to have dinner with him this evening—that's why I'm a bit vaguish in my conversation."

I did have dinner with him.

I had had dinner with him once before—oh, some two years ago. A different sort of dinner. Monte has changed. Then, on the occasion of that first dinner, he was brand new to New York. He had just arrived on his first visit. He was wearing a sombrero, or a hat to that effect. His neck had the skyscraper bend. His eyes held the Woolworthian look of sheer disbelief. He was flapper-shy and rather un-metropolitan. He was a bit crude, and his Indian blood was more in evidence than it is now that New York has stamped him.

For it has. He is easier in his talk. He doesn't shy at a personal question. He says, with aplomb, that "New York is the place to work in—one is in touch." That sort of thing. He has lost the sort of prairie gait he had. He wears a conventional hat and smart clothes. Skyscrapers mean no more to him than California bungalows. He has become acclimated. Of course, he has done it charmingly. The rough stone has become polished—that is all. And as the rough stone is sincerity, and as that substantially remains, all is well.

Monte is a particular favorite of mine, anyway; indeed, of all of the staff of the Brewster Publications, particularly the feminine quota. We always flutter forth into the night to see a picture containing Monte Blue. We always gush and enthuse and pinch one another ecstatically in the romantic dark of any projection room. He is our chief claim to a vicarious romance.

And then, too, he has done things.

Apart from the menu-log, Monte talked about the exceeding great pleasure it was to do Danton in "Orphans of the Storm." He was enthusiastic about Griffith's way of doing things; of handling his people and getting, invariably, just because they want to give it, the best they have to give. He is, said Monte, always encouraging, always persuasive, and, like all truly great persons, unfailingly ready to take suggestions and adopt the ideas of others.

He told of how everybody in the studio loved Lillian Gish and of the response one got in working with her.

"When we did the scene in which Danton says goodbye to Henriette and thanks her for hiding him," Monte said, "the actual tears nearly blinded me—and Miss Gish, too; and when we had finished, we found that Mr. Griffith and even the cameramen and other members of the company were crying, too."

Such is the stuff of art, parent of living dreams . . .

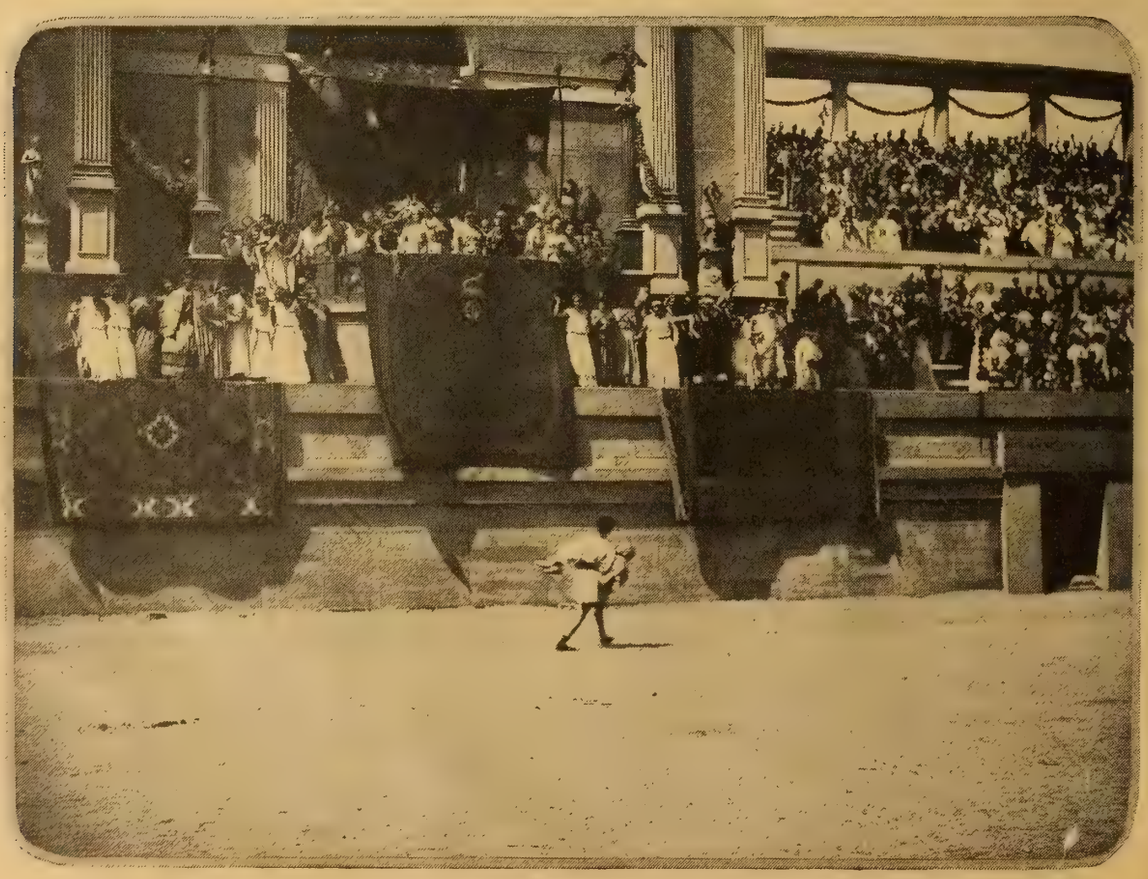
Monte says that such people and such work teach one a more fundamental truth than the work done. It teaches one what real people are and how they act and re-act under given circumstances; how genuine they are; how invariably willing to learn a lesson, to give generously of themselves, to share and share alike.

"One has to be a real man or a real woman," Monte

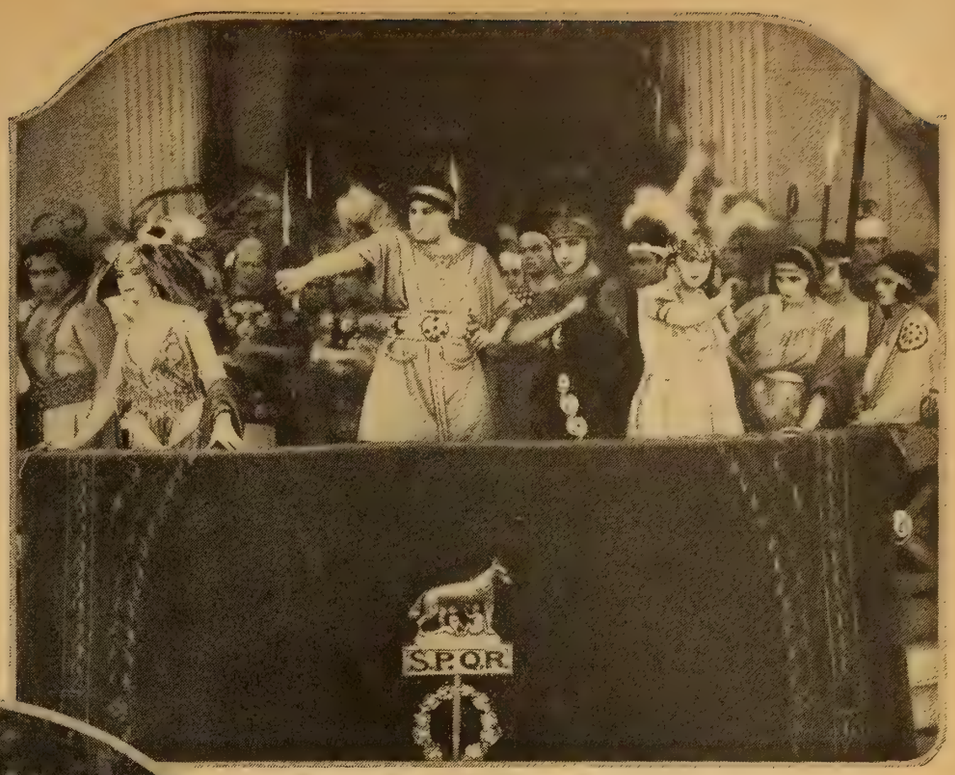
(*Continued on page* 107)

"One has to be a real man or a real woman," Monte Blue said, "before one can be a real artist. That, of course, has been the trouble and the deficiency of the screen up to the present time. There has been so much extraneous human material. Inflated values . . . all that sort of thing"

A Roman Holiday



For years the screen was handicapped. The World War made it impossible to film stories on their native ground. Continental scenes were, therefore, erected in America, often at an appalling cost. Sometimes the desired atmosphere was secured; sometimes it was not. But those days have passed



At the top of the facing page is Jacques Gretillat's conception of Nero, in the William Fox production of that name. And at the bottom of the page is a scene photographed in the Circus Maximus, one of the historical structures of Europe

Now, in truth, the world is a stage, in so far as the cinema is concerned.

When William Fox decided to film "Nero," he had J. Gordon Edwards and his company journey to Italy, where the brilliant and hectic tale was filmed with the original setting as a background.

All of the characters were cast over there, with the exception of one of the important rôles, to create which Violet Mersereau was taken abroad.

At the top of the page is another photograph, showing the splendor with which "Nero" has been filmed. Just above are Alexander Salvini, descendant of a long line of famous Italian actors, and Mlle. Paulette Duval, the famous French actress. Mlle. Duval is entrusted with the rôle of the infamous Poppæa. And the photograph at the right shows a Roman legion encamped in the shadow of the snow-capped Alps. The company was taken to the Alps especially for the filming of this scene

Greenroom Jottings

Harry Millarde, beloved of all manufacturers of large-sized handkerchiefs, is on his way to London, there to confer with William Fox and A. S. M. Hutchinson on the screening of that fine novel, **"If Winter Comes,"** which he will direct. Richard Bennett is mentioned as a possibility for the part of Mark Sabre; but the casting is still shrouded in seven veils of secrecy.

Clara Beranger, author of many of William de Mille's scenarios, has returned to Hollywood and is to immortalize Tarkington's **"Clarence"** for the screen. Wallace Reid, May McAvoy and Agnes Ayres will head the cast.

Wallace Beery, whose villainies have caused many a delicious shudder to agitate many a dainty spinal column, is to play a very different rôle in Douglas Fairbank's **"Robin Hood."** They wanted someone to play the part of Richard I—"The Lion Hearted," and they decided upon the erstwile wicked Wallace.

George Hackathorne, whose performance of the Little Minister in Paramount's version of that whimsical classic endeared him to so many, is now playing in **"Kentucky Days"** for Fox, under the direction of Jack Ford.

Seems quite like old times to see the ebullient **Mabel Normand** featured in a picture with the cheerful title, **"Head Over Heels."**

Bebe Daniels and Anna Q. Nilsson are keeping their dressers busy getting them in and out of the exquisite dresses which are a feature of **"Pink Gods,"** the Paramount picture in which they are to be featured, and which is now well under way at the Hollywood studios.

Lillian Gish, pending the formation of that Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to her, for which there is such a crying need—no pun intended—is about to wield the megaphone again. She is to direct the production of the stage success, **"Three Wise Fools."**

From Universal comes the announcement that Goldwyn's prize story, **"Broken Chains,"** is to have a rival with the same name; this being the title of a story in which **Frank Mayo** is to be starred. **Lambert Hillyer,** who used to park his megaphone at the Ince studios, is coming to Universal City to direct.

Von Stroheim is at it again. All those who wisely shook their heads and predicted that **"Foolish Wives"** would prove to be his swan song, as it were, will be interested to hear that his new production, **"Merry Go-Round,"** dealing with life in gay Vienna, is keeping the adding machines busy in Hollywood. This time, however, Mahomet is going to the mountain—in other words he is taking his company to Vienna instead of bringing Vienna to California.

Alice Calhoun's next picture for Vitagraph is to be **"The Gamin Girl,"** directed again by **David Smith.** Alice is a truthful girl, and when she tells us that this picture gives her a part which she loves as much as that of Babbie in **"The Little Minister,"** we make a mental note to see this picture the moment it is released.

D. W. Griffith, back from his European trip, is preparing the ground for his next United Artists picture. Details are still lacking, but we understand the subject is a comedy-drama by a Kentucky authoress, Irene Sinclair, and the working title is **"At the Grange."**

For the first time since she became **Mrs. Owen Moore,** the lovely **Kathryn Perry** will appear opposite her husband in the Selznick comedy-drama, **"A Previous Engagement,"** now in active production. **Marjorie Daw** will also have an important part in this picture.

There's a stranger in the Lloyd home these days—Gaylord Harold Lloyd. Needless to say, he is a prime favorite with his uncle

"Nero," Fox's latest contribution to history, is remarkable for two things, apart from its undoubted spectacular splendor. It is called, simply, "Nero" because it deals with the life of that hectic emperor (they might have called it "Sins of the Cæsars"), and not one blurb has reached us as to the cost of the production. Good for you, Mr. Fox.

Why you cannot cut the cuticle

without actually injuring it

SKIN specialists tell us that we cannot cut the cuticle without actually injuring it. For it is almost impossible to trim off the dead cuticle without cutting through to the delicate nail root 1-12 of an inch beneath.

Quickly Nature builds up over these tiny cuts a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This gives the nail rim a ragged uneven look, and is also the cause of hangnails.

Dr. Shoemaker, a famous specialist in skin diseases, says "Some persons are so obtuse to the beauty of the delicate edge of skin at the base of the nail that they actually *trim* it away, leaving an ugly, red rim like the edge of an inflamed eyelid."

It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that Cutex, the safe liquid cuticle remover, was prepared.

In all Cutex sets you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Carefully work the stick around the base of the nail. Then rinse the fingers, and the dead surplus skin will simply wipe away.

At last men and women can have quickly, easily, the well-groomed nails required in the business and social world

You will be surprised to see how shapely your nails will look after their Cutex manicure. The cuticle edge will be as smooth as if you had just had a professional manicure. Work Cutex under the nail tips to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

A dazzling luster that lasts

Then for that last touch of brilliance to the nails which social necessity now requires, try one of the marvelous Cutex polishes. These come in paste, liquid, cake, stick and powder forms. The new liquid and powder polishes are practically instantaneous. They give a dazzling luster that lasts.

Cutex Manicure sets come in four sizes, at 60c, $1.00, $1.50, and $3.00. Or each item separately at 35c. At drug and department stores, in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 808, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

The new Introductory Set

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 808
114 West 17th Street,
New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Greenroom Jottings

The Famous Players Studio on Long Island, which has had the shutters up for so long, is once again resounding to the cheerful racket of stage carpenters and others of his breed. **Alice Brady** is making **"Missing Millions,"** under the direction of Joseph Henabery, and she will be joined soon by Elsie Ferguson, who is to start work shortly. Other Paramount stars are also hitting the transcontinental trail.

Holmes E. Herbert, favorite "heavy" of the screen, and Sadie Mullim, to play opposite the star, have been cast by Herbert Brenon, who is directing **William Farnum** in **"The Miracle Child,"** for leading parts in that picture for Fox.

Tom Forman is a glutton for work. In addition to directing Katherine MacDonald in her next picture, **"White Shoulders,"** he is playing one of the leading rôles himself. Bryant Washburn and Nigel Barrie are also to be featured in this production of George Kibbe Turner's story.

Earle Williams in a blond wig, with **Patsy Ruth Miller,** and South American atmosphere, *ad. lib.,* are promised to us in the Vitagraph special, now in course of production in the West Coast studios.

Ben Turpin and **Phyllis Haver,** after completing a vaudeville engagement with the Pantages Circuit, are back on the old Sennett lot, with F. Richard Jones at the megaphone

Elaine Hammerstein, whose pictures till now have all been made in the East, is rapidly forgetting her home-sickness for the haunts of Manhattan under the California skies, where **"Under Oath,"** her first West Coast production for Selznick is nearing completion. Niles Welch is again playing opposite the star.

In case any producers have on their shelves any old pictures which might possibly be released anew under the title of **"Robin Hood"** — and there are doubtless some old costume plays in existence which could as well be called that as anything else — Douglas Fairbanks is taking the precaution of releasing his production under the title of **"Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood."** He does not intend to have a repetition of "Three Musketeers" incident—so there!

The R-C studios in Los Angeles are a hive of industry these days. **Harry Carey** has almost finished his first picture for R-C, entitled **"Combat,"** which sounds very exciting to our movie-trained ears; the DeHavens are busy on their second two-reel comedy, under the direction of Mal St. Clair; while Jane Novak, Ethel Clayton and Doris May are all busy.

Cecil B. de Mille has been accorded an honorary dégree! Yessir—and not from the National Association of Lingerie Manufacturers, either—but from his *alma mater,* the Pennsylvania Military College, "in recognition of the producer's distinguished services in the field of dramatic art" to quote from the president's message.

Walter Hiers, "that funny little fat man," famous in many Paramount pictures, will appear as a negro in Wallace Reid's feature, **"The Ghost Breaker,"** which Alfred Green is to direct. **Lila Lee** will be seen as a beautiful Spanish princess.

We knew it was bound to come. Selected portions of that classic, "The Book of Etiquette," have been incorporated into the "Urban Movie Chats."

Charles Ray's new production is again based upon a poem by James Whitcomb Riley. You will remember the success of **"The Old Swimmin' Hole,"** one of the few pictures ever made without subtitles. Well, this time it is to be **"The Girl I Loved."**

Anita Stewart is spending her vacation days at her Long Island home. Casey agrees that it is better than California for the summer

Albert E. Smith and his wife, **Jean Paige,** are planning to visit Europe, according to word from the West Coast studios, combining pleasure with business, as Mr. Smith is to look after some foreign contracts for Vitagraph.

George Walsh, after six strenuous months making serials, tells us that he is thru with serials for ever, and that there is a new contract in the

(*Continued on page* 108)

Washing tests made by nation's biggest manufacturer of yarns

Show safe way to wash knitted goods

Wool is more easily harmed by poor laundering than any other fabric. A strong (or alkaline) soap, for example, will harden, yellow and shrink wool. Rubbing takes away the fluffiness and gives a board-like appearance.

It is as important to the manufacturer as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash woolens. For this reason the makers of the Fleisher Yarns had careful laundering tests made. The letter from this company tells the interesting things these tests showed, and why, as a result, it is recommending Lux as the safe way to wash woolens.

S.B. & B.W. FLEISHER, INC.
MANUFACTURERS OF
WORSTED YARNS

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had different colored garments of light, medium and heavy weight yarns washed in Lux. Each garment was given the number of washings it would normally receive.

The wools kept their fluffiness and shrunk so little that it was hard to believe they had received such frequent washings. A harsh soap not only takes the "life" out of wool, but shrinks and mats it so that all the softness and fluffiness disappear.

The very satisfactory results obtained with Lux are a striking testimonial to the way it cleanses. We knew, of course, that Lux was pure, but we had no idea that a product which cleansed so thoroughly could be at the same time so absolutely mild. We are glad to recommend it to our customers.

Very truly yours,
S. B. & B. W. Fleisher, Inc.

How to wash knitted things

Measure knitted and crocheted garments before washing. Remove knitted buttons as the wood may stain the material. Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garments; do not lift them out of the suds as the weight of the water will stretch them. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out — *do not wring or twist.*

Lay on towel to dry, pat into shape, stretching to the right measurements again. Dry in even temperature.

Send today for our booklet of expert laundering advice. It is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. T-8, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

SUNBEAM.—Welcome into the sanctum. No indeed, the more the merrier. When a woman looks into her mirror, she sees her favorite work of art; a man his favorite topic of conversation; but when I look into my mirror, all I see is a question mark. Wait till you see Constance in "Primitive Love" and you will not think she is going back.

DR. FARNUM.—I enjoyed your lengthy but able dissertation on the benefits of osteopathy, but my opinion is unchanged. I am not yet ready to throw all the drugs in the ocean and to chloroform the regular physicians. Undoubtedly, osteopathy has its place, just as has Christian Science, but I do not think it will cure all of the ills that flesh is heir to.

Y-16.—Mae Murray played in "Fascination." I think it is one of her best pictures. She surely screens well, and young, and I like her personally. You liked Harrison Ford in "Smilin' Thru." So did I. I saw the stage play the night after I saw the picture, and there was no comparison, the picture being much the better. Norma Talmadge was splendid. Here's one case at least where the movies proved superior to the speakies.

BEATRICE.—So you are attending night school during the summer. More power to you. Our schoolma'am says that the art of love making is usually taught at night schools. Watch your step. He is not directing now. James Kirkwood opposite Bebe Daniels in "Pink Gods." Vincent Coleman opposite Corinne Griffith in "The Divorce Coupons."

DOUG FAN.—At last you will see Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks playing together. Mary is playing in the mob scene of Doug's "Robin Hood." Dont miss her. Alice Calhoun in "Blue Blood."

BLONDY, DALLAS.—Hey, hey, dont be too harsh on the men folk. Men are like wine; age sours the bad and improves the good. Anna Nilsson was Ivas and Norman Kerry was Billy in "Three Live Ghosts." You're right, she is done for, but she may come back. Write me again.

AN INQUIRER.—Here you are, all done up in tissue paper—born 1882, on the stage since 1903, address Lambs Club, New York.

ANDIE MAE.—So you felt shakey about writing to me. Fear me not. I am perfectly harmless, because they do keep me in a cage here in my hall-room. Visitors are allowed to view me free of charge, but no nuts, I mean peanuts—"do not feed the animals," the sign reads. Yes, Claire Windsor is married and has a son Billy four years old. Wallace Reid is playing in "Nice People" and after that in "The Ghost Breaker." Now, next time, dont be afraid.

RUDIE.—Yes, this information is as free as the air, except the air you get in an airdome, and you have to pay for that. Most players like to receive letters telling about their work on the screen, particularly if you say something nice. Elaine Hammerstein is playing in "Borrowed Wings," on the Coast right now.

FRANK MAYO FAN.—I dont know exactly why Will Hayes deserted the government for the movies, but I suppose he heard the call of duty, and of a $100,000 salary, and he seen his dooty and he done it. We had an article on Frank Mayo, by his wife, in the July, 1922, issue of this magazine.

PEARLIE.—The only man I fear these days is the rent collector. And, as Ovid says, "Every man wishes that the man whom he fears would perish." I wish him worse, for he had the nerve to raise me twenty-five cents a week. Robertson-Cole are going to revive the old Griffith picture with Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid, "The Fatal Marriage." (Sounds like Laura Jean Libbey.) It was taken several years ago. Not playing now.

CELIA.—You say you wish you didn't live so far away, so you could send me a hot water bottle or some Sloan's Liniment. The way I fell now I wish I was encased in an iceberg. Thanks for your warm sentiments. Wow! Pola Negri's pictures are being shown, but we dont hear so much about her. I understand she is coming to this country soon.

THE SHIEK.—I make obeisance. Gordon Griffith was Sam in "Penrod." Your letter was a gem, and I enjoyed every bit of it. Send me some more gems?

R. V. ADMIRER.—How mysterious! O. Henry was the pen name of Sidney Porter, the famous short story writer. You are wondering why someone doesn't produce fairy tales. Well, Ince is going to do a series, the first of which will be "The Pied Piper," in two pipes.

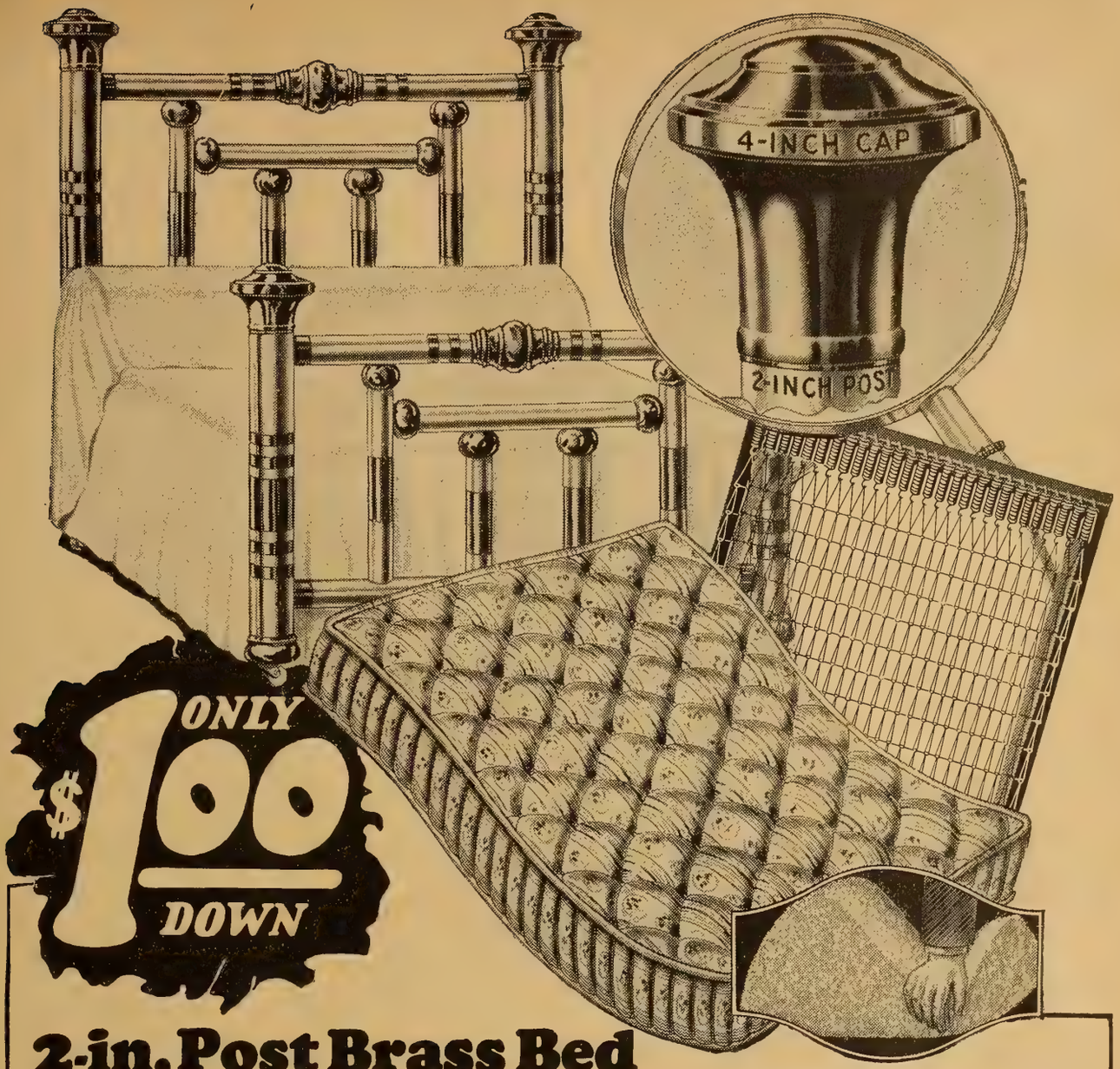
PALLO.—You cant understand why she loves him. Byron explains—"Why did she love him? Curious fool—be still—is human love the growth of human will?" They tell me for burning feet wear kid shoes—if your feet get too hot your corns may pop. Wyndham Standing and George Fawcett are playing in "The Isle of Doubt."

SISTER SUSIE.—So you dont think I am as old as I look. Well, I dont feel that old, anyway. The Woolworth building in New York City is the tallest building in the United States. Made out of nickles and dimes, you know. Ruth Stonehouse is not playing now. You say the Australians like the Western pictures better than society dramas. Enid Bennett was born in Australia. You're very welcome.

R. V. FANETTE.—You say the average man firmly believes that when a woman promises to "love and honor" him, she should go right on doing it, automatically, no matter what he may do to discourage her. Yes, men are like that. Betty Compson in "To Have and to Hold." Dont be discouraged, as Ernest Truex says, "Everything is going to be all right."

TOOTS.—That's right, you've got the right idea. Try to make the world better for your having lived in it. Then the whole world will be square, even if nature did make it round. Wallace Reid is thirty. Richard Barthelmess has raised a brand-new mustache for "The Bond Boy," and Mary Thurman and Mary Alden have important parts in this picture. He evidently likes the name of Mary. *Voila tout.*

JOHNNY CAKE.—You should stick to the straight and narrow way—not to the straight and flush way.



2-in. Post Brass Bed
Spring and Cotton Mattress

Send the coupon and only $1.00 today and we'll ship this complete, 3-piece brass bed outfit to your home on 30 days free trial. A beautiful, full-size brass bed, steel mesh, sagless spring, and all cotton mattress **at almost half price on this special factory sacrifice offer.** Nothing so magnificent in a home—nothing adds so much richness and splendor as a luxurious and elegant brass bed. Always clean and sanitary. Harmonizes with most any other furnishings. Get this outfit on approval on this sensational offer.

30 Days Trial

Use this beautiful brass bed set in your home 30 days. See the handsome design, the massive construction; note how the glistening brass brightens and beautifies your bedroom; enjoy the refreshing comfort. After 30 days if you are not delighted, return the set and we'll refund your $1.00 plus any freight or express you paid.

Easy Payments

But if you decide to keep the bed, start paying the small payments of only $3.00 a month until the full bargain price of only $34.95 has been paid. A full year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. **No extra charge for credit; no discount for cash. No C. O. D.**

2-Inch Post Brass Bed

Dignified, sturdy and graceful; made in the popular 4-post Colonial design, lacquered in soft dull satiny, rich velvet finish, and relieved by ribbon-like bands, burnished bright, as permanent as the brass itself. *Will not tarnish or wear off.* 2-inch Colonial posts with handsome extra size 4-inch mounts. The top rails and filling rails are 1 inch thick. Height of head end 55½ inches high, the foot end 36 inches. Furnished in full size only, 54 by 76 inches. Complete with the best quality ball-bearing steel casters. Fitted with rigid, patented interlocking steel side rails.

All-Cotton Mattress Small illustration shows the all-cotton mattress in this outfit, filled with clean, sanitary cotton linters to an unusual thickness. Will keep its shape always. Covered with beautiful floral art ticking, deeply tufted, with roll edges and round corners.

Link Fabric Spring Spring is made with heavy angle iron side rails, with fine mesh, strong link fabric body, joined at each end with 25 helical springs; *will not sag.* Wt. entire outfit about 195 lbs.

Order by No. B6919A. Price for Bed, Spring and Cotton Mattress, $34.95. $1.00 down, $3.00 monthly.

Price Smashed!

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, talking machines, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel; all sold on easy terms.

Send Coupon

The price is down to rock bottom on this sensational, factory sacrifice offer. Send the coupon with only $1.00 and we'll ship the complete outfit on 30 days trial. No risk, no obligation—your $1.00 refunded if not satisfied.

Straus & Schram, Register C152 West 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Reg. C152 W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 3-piece Brass Bed Outfit—brass bed, spring and cotton mattress. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you $3.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the outfit within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 3-Piece Brass Bed Outfit No. B6919A. $34.95.

Name _____

Street, R.F.D. or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ *State* _____

If you only want catalog put X in box below:

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's Children's Clothing

The Answer Man

Yes, you may send in your candidate for the American Beauty Contest, but I think you should get her consent. Please read the rules on another page of this magazine.

DWYER.—Oh, I always use an Underwood. No fault to find with it. It's a bad workman who quarrels with his tools. As Oscar Wilde says, "Enthusiasm for beauty is the secret of Hellenism, and desire for creation is the secret of life." Cullen Landis and Madge Bellamy in "Someone to Love."

U. M. G.—No, I dont use Silverize or Mesmerize on my hair. Say, look here, what hair do you mean. Cant you see I'm bald? They tell me sour milk is good to make the hair grow. They might just as well say cream cheese would do. Yes, Eugene O'Brien is quite popular these days. He isn't married, but Milton Sills is to Gladys Wynne, and they have one daughter.

PHYLLIS.—So you think I'm smart, knowing about so many things. That's nothing, I know lots of things I cant tell you about, too. Gloria Hope is Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, and they are both playing in Mary Pickford's "Tess of the Storm Country." So you think Leatrice Joy reminds you of Norma Talmadge. I cant see it. So you want Miss Fletcher to interview Barbara Castleton. She'll see this, you know, because she reads everything before it goes into the magazine, but since she is now managing editor of all our publications, I doubt if she will be able to accommodate you. Richard Headrick is five years old. Richard Dix is playing in "The Christian," to be produced by Maurice Tourneur abroad.

MATHEW, MARK.—Well, I am always truly sorry for the man with an empty sleeve, but more so for the man with an empty hat. No, Corliss Palmer is not related to any other Palmer on the screen, and she is not married. I dont know much about them, but the Aztecs were one of the races dominant in Mexico and parts of South America prior to the Spanish invasion in the sixteenth century. Hail, hail, William Desmond is going to brave it by starting his own company after he finishes "The Perils of the Yukon" for Universal. He has a new leading woman from Canada.

THE NIGHT OWL.—You want to send me a crazy quilt tie. Thanks for the good thought, but I never wear a collar or tie. You say when my chin is bald I might be glad to have it. These 'ot days, what's a little 'air between friends? But too much prosperity makes most men fools. Texas Guinan is starring for Metro in "A Quiet Little Time in Mexico." I wonder!

ARTIST.—So you have talent—dont get discouraged. There is more delight in hope than in enjoyment. Alice Brady's son was christened Donald Brady Crane. She will play in "Anna Ascends," for Lasky. I saw her recently in a vaudeville sketch and she was excellent, playing a strong emotional rôle.

MARION.—No, no, he wasn't a musician, Aristotle was a famous Grecian philosopher who lived in the fourth century B. C. Address, Claire Windsor, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.; Phyllis Haver, Sennett Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Ithaca, N. Y. Better join one of the correspondence clubs.

MARGARET D.—The duration of our passions no more depends on ourselves than the duration of our lives. Peggy Hylan is not playing now, and you can reach Jackie Coogan at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. I dont know who is the most popular actress. Many think that Mary Pickford still holds her own, while some think that Norma Talmadge is a rival! While Billy Burke recently won a popularity contest in New York City, that does not mean much. I really wouldn't like to give my opinion.

FT. WILLIAM GIRL.—Glad to know you. I'll send you some stamps. What if anything has become of Crane Wilbur, Mary Fuller, Florence Lawrence and Florence Turner? I'm sure I dont know if anything unusual has happened to them. Is it not a shame that all real artists cannot remain on the screen for fifty years, like Sarah Bernhardt has on the stage, selecting parts that are adapted to their advancing years? Oh, yes, Crane Wilbur deserted the movies for the "speakies" a few years ago and has never returned. Let me hear from you some more.

ETHEL P.—But men carry their superiority inside, animals outside. There were two "Three Musketeers." Ince did one about five years ago with Louise Glaum, you know. Alma Rubens is playing. You sure do write a witty letter. Write again, wont you, it helps me in my years.

C. T. M.—How many times must I tell you that I am *not* the Answer Man for BEAUTY magazine. What do I know about paint and powder? You really hurt my feelings.

BETTY COMPSON FAN.—So you think I'm divine! How heavenly! Betty Compson is twenty-four and not married. She is five feet two and weighs one hundred and fifteen. Blue eyes, brown hair. Is there anything else?

MARY K.—I dont know what that has to do with me, but I'll see if any of my readers can *comprenez vous*. You say "The mind of man is at first like wax, which, while it is soft, is capable of any impression, till time has hardened it. And at length, death, that grim tyrant, stops us in the midst of our career. The greatest conquerors have at last been conquered by death, which spares none from the scepter to the spade." Will somebody please play the death march from Chopin? Warren Kerrigan isn't playing now. Alice Joyce is playing the part of a mother.

ALAMO GIRL.—Have no fear, I know too well the joys and sorrows of the human heart. Joseph Schildkraut is playing in "Lilliom" on the stage, and Eric von Stroheim is producing for Universal. Yes, I like the old masters, too. Write me again, wont you?

ATALO M.—George Eliot was the pen name of Mary Evans Cross, the famous English novelist. May MacAvoy is with Lasky, and Katherine MacDonald is with her own company in California. Owen Moore and his wife, Kathryn Perry, will play in "A Previous Engagement." Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis thirty-two years ago.

TALL BLONDE.—No indeed, there's no make-believe about me, I'm the real thing. You refer to Clyde Fillmore.

DAISY.—You hit it right when you said you've got to have enthusiasm in order to have success. Look at me, I'm never so enthusiastic as when I start answering questions. Cant you see me bubbling over? Ethel Clayton has signed with Robertson-Cole to make six pictures this year, and have also signed with the Carter DeHaven's to make twelve two-reel affairs.

A SCHOOL GIRL.—All you want is some new faces on the screen. That isn't asking too much.

CONSTANCE D.—Yes, but each time that one loves is the only time one has ever loved. Difference of object does not alter singleness of passion. It merely intensifies it. Write Constance Talmadge, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. I understand she and her husband are separating. Thanks for the snaps, and write again.

SUNNY SOUTH AFRICA.—Aha, you're down where the diamonds grow. Yes, the Prince of Wales said he was rather crowded while in New York. Fancy, Marlborough House, his future residence, contains one hundred and eleven rooms. Goldwyn are doing Elinor Glyn's "Six Days," and they will probably finish it in three weeks—more or less.

MOVIETTE.—Thanks for the check, did you think this was a pay-as-you-enter car? Why the admission to our Strand, Rivoli and other theaters is seventy-five cents evenings for orchestra seats. It's well worth it tho. Alice Terry in "Hearts Are Trump." Gladys Hulette played in Anita Stewart's last picture. Robert Agnew was the brother in "The Wonderful Thing." It is true that Antonio Moreno has raised a mustache.

CRISS CROSS.—You ask, are silk stockings high in New York? Naughty, naughty. Are they for your wife or do you want something more expensive? Marion Davies is going to play on the stage this fall for A. H. Woods, a comedy written especially for her. Marshall Neilan will direct for Goldwyn.

(*Continued on page* 109)

New Discovery Removes Cause of Gray Hair

Restores Natural Color Quickly and Surely

SCIENCE has discovered why hair turns gray! It is not because of advanced age, as so many seem to think. A wonderful discovery proves that if it weren't for the fact that certain cells in the hair roots become affected, the hair would always retain its natural color. It would never become gray.

The hair derives its color (black, blond, brown, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter, or pigment, in tiny cells at the root of the hair. Through the natural process of pigmentation this coloring matter is sent up into the hair. But when shock, sorrow, ill-health, or other causes interfere with this natural process, pigmentation ceases. No coloring matter is sent up into the hair, and it blanches —or becomes gray.

Since the reason why hair becomes gray has now been discovered, science has been directing its energies towards removing the cause of gray hair —*and has succeeded!* An amazing new element has been found that enables you to remove the *cause* of gray hair, and the moment the cause is removed, the true, natural color of the hair returns. Through this wonderful scientific discovery the full lustre and beauty of your natural color is quickly and naturally restored.

Although gray hair is not always a sign of advancing age, it cannot help but make you look older. Restore the natural color of your hair and take on a new youthful appearance. Science has found the way to restore the original color without artificial aids of any kind.

In other words

—gray hair is simply hair without color.

Science has discovered further that when only one single pigment cell begins to fail, it is only a question of time before everyone of them will fail to function, as pigment cells have a tendency to affect the other cells surrounding them. One gray hair is an indication that the particular cell in which this hair is rooted has failed to function properly, and that shortly the remaining cells will become affected. Unless immediate and proper action is, therefore, taken, the whole head of hair will soon turn gray.

This is an exact illustration of a gray hair magnified many hundreds of times.

A indicates the hair shaft which springs from the follicle E. The pigment that supplies the hair with color is given off at the tip of the papilla H.

Don't Dye or Discolor Your Hair

Gray hair is not really "gray" hair at all—but *hair without color!* The grayness simply indicates an absence of pigment in the cells.

If only one hair in your head is gray, it is a signal that your pigment cells need nourishment. If your hair is beginning to become streaked with gray, *instant action is necessary.* If your hair is entirely or almost entirely gray, there is only one sure way for you to restore the original color—and that is by stimulating the cells of pigmentation so that they function properly and supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

Tru-Tone, the new discovery, is not a dye, a stain, or a tint. It does not act on the hair at all, but on the tiny cells that supply the hair with color. These cells can supply the hair with only *one* color—and that is the *natural* color.

Guarantee Backed by Million Dollar Bank

It was only after countless laboratory tests that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is a pure, delicately scented liquid. It is positively harmless and cannot injure the most delicate hair. In fact, Tru-Tone will not only restore the natural color of your hair, but it will make it glossy, thick and beautiful.

Our guarantee of Tru-Tone's harmless purity and satisfaction to every user is backed by this guarantee from a Million Dollar Bank:

State Bank of Philadelphia

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE has deposited in this Bank $10,000. Out of this special fund this Bank is authorized and does hereby guarantee to return to any customer of DOMINO HOUSE the total amount of his purchase at any time, within thirty days, if the goods purchased are not entirely satisfactory in every way, or if DOMINO HOUSE fails to do as it agrees.

Very truly yours,

H. H. Krausskopf, Pres.

Special Free-Proof Offer

If you will fill in the coupon below and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-sized bottle of Tru-Tone. Don't send any money—just the coupon. When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only $1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for $3.00.

After a fair test of Tru-Tone, if you are not delighted with what this marvelous discovery will do for your hair, just return what is left of it, and your money will be refunded at once. This special free-proof offer is very unusual and is made for introductory purposes only.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Don't delay. Take advantage of this special offer. Let us send you your bottle of Tru-Tone at once.

Clip this coupon and mail it now, before you forget. A postcard will do. Domino House, Dept. T-258, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. T-258,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman $1.45, plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon.

To complete the underarm toilette

A really pleasant way to remove hair—perfected by the makers of Odorono

THE friends of Odorono told us we had only half completed underarm daintiness when we gave them Odorono.

"Please, now, Ruth Miller," they wrote by hundreds, "A pleasant way to remove hair; a method as pleasing for its purpose as Odorono!"

This meant it must be dainty, pleasant, unquestionably safe and effective; for the removal of hair from the underarm, forearm and limbs must be done very gently as well as very thoroughly. So after long experiment the chemists in the Odorono laboratories found it—the Odorono Company's Depilatory.

And it *is* dainty; it *is* pleasant; with its delicate fragrance. It *is* safe; as perfectly so as pure soap suds. Effective? Yes! It effaces every trace of hair and leaves the skin white, soft and smooth.

With the Odorono Company's Depilatory the underarm toilette is delightfully completed. Try this correct, feminine, *pleasant* way and you need never again have to resort to blades or strong irritating chemicals. At toilet counters everywhere, 75c, or sent by mail postpaid. Send for a complimentary sample of the new "After Cream"—for use after the depilatory or after Odorono. Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 1008-D Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The ODO-RO-NO Company's Depilatory

Who is Lady Diana Manners?

(*Continued from page* 55)

hair, her cornflower-blue eyes, her white skin and her slender grace made her much sought by the most noted portrait painters and photographers. She was called "the snow maiden," and wherever amateur theatricals, charity entertainments, or fancy dress balls were given she was invited to take part. No social function was complete without this dazzling young creature, with her brilliant conversation and her whims.

Lady Diana became as well known for her startling and unexpected costumes and her ingenuity as for her dancing and her dramatic ability. One time she won a diamond plaque worth one thousand dollars at a fancy dress ball for her costumes. And part of her regalia had been made out of an ancient towel-rack, which had been for centuries in her father's London house in Arlington Street! Her costumes were so totally different that no one knew what she would wear next. Oftentimes they shocked the more prim and straight-laced ladies of the nobility.

In the summer of 1913, King George and Queen Mary were to be guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Rowsley in Derbyshire. Lady Diana was requested to dance, on a program which was being especially arranged for the entertainment of the royal pair by the hostess.

As it is the custom when any one of the royal family is to be present at any affair, the program was submitted to Queen Mary for her approval—or disapproval—several weeks before the scheduled visit. On it was a number described as "A dance in costume by Lady Diana Manners." When the Queen came to this number she had a letter written at once, asking that a photograph be sent her immediately, showing Lady Diana in the costume in which she proposed to dance.

When Lady Diana was informed that the Queen wished to censor her costume, she withdrew her name from the program, and did not appear at Rowsley during the royal visit.

There are countless stories of the escapades of the madcap Lady Diana.

There is the story of the house-party given by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at their country place, at which Alphonso, King of Spain, was present. The Duke and Duchess entertained their guests one afternoon by outdoor games and contests and races. In one of the races Lady Diana took part. She found that her shoes annoyed her, and, much to the enjoyment of the King of Spain, she took her shoes off, flung them from her, and ran on the greensward in her stockinged feet.

There are the tales of broken-hearted swains—enough to fill a book. Among them a Duke of Italy, who made a prolonged visit to the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, in the hopes of capturing their light-hearted daughter; without avail.

In 1919 Lady Diana married Captain Duff-Cooper, the son of a London physician, a poor young man who fought with the Grenadier Guards, with whom she fell romantically in love during her work in a hospital near the end of the war. The family pocketbook of the Rutland family, as that of many of the members of the peerage, was greatly impoverished. Lady Diana designed and made her own wedding dress. And the world was once more set agog.

Why should Lady Diana Manners marry for love when she could marry so brilliantly for money, if she only wished to, society asked?

But the young woman in question went merrily on, as she had always done. She and her husband acquired a rambling old house in Bloomsbury, a quaint and old-fashioned and fascinating part of London, tho not a fashionable one, and Lady Diana proceeded to make it over into one of the most individual and artistic homes in London. To it come today the most interesting people who are doing things. Lady Diana's entertainments, while they never cost a great deal of money, for the simple reason that she has not unlimited money to spend, are the most unique in all the city. She always has something new up her sleeve. Everyone knows that they will not be bored if they go to Lady Diana Manners in Bloomsbury.

Shortly after her marriage, Lady Diana went in seriously for writing. She became an editor—the editor of *Femina*, the English version of a French magazine devoted to the interests of the modern woman. Lady Diana acquired a desk in an office in the heart of London, and proceeded to write. Among the most interesting of her contributions was a series of articles on beauty.

Lady Diana retained her job as an editor almost up to the time when she decided to go into the motion pictures, which was a little over a year ago. At that time she signed a contract with J. Stuart Blackton, to appear in a series of pictures, the first of which was to be the first natural color photodrama to be produced, "The Glorious Adventure." The second is to be "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," parts of which will be taken in Haddon Hall, which is still in the possession of the Duke of Rutland.

Lady Diana had numerous offers from theatrical and screen producers, as everyone knows, before she finally agreed to sign a contract. She was offered a fabulous sum immediately before her acceptance of Mr. Blackton's offer, if she would appear in a London review.

And, altho she finally succumbed to the lure of the screen and its remuneration. Lady Diana took a long time making up her mind to appear as a professional actor. She knew the English temperament. She knew better than anyone else in the world, no doubt, that the English people are, for the most part, extremely conventional and tradition-bound, and that they like their Dukes' daughters to behave as it is their notion that traditional Dukes' daughters ought to behave. It is certainly not to the liking of the older members of the nobility, nor of the untitled snobbery, to see the daughter of a Duke go in for professional acting. Lady Diana, no doubt, waited a long time before she could quite make up her mind that she was willing to run the risk of bringing real displeasure down on her head. But now, that she has taken the plunge, and the people have seen that she really does very well on the screen, they have decided that it isn't such a bad thing after all for a Duke's daughter to appear on the screen. She is forgiven. And all the girl screen fans have taken to wearing their hair the way Lady Diana wears hers in the picture, with a row of ringlets across the forehead, as ladies used to wear their hair in the seventeenth century. Could there be any greater sign of forgiveness?

Matter of Fact

(*Continued from page* 21)

which, in itself, is a necessary aid-to-beauty on the screen. Miss Chadwick was supposed to look ill in the first part of the play. The make-upless m'ke-up gave that impression.

"I usually look so disgustingly healthy," she half apologized.

"A director told me I should never attempt to play anything else than comedy or comedy drama. Yet I prefer heavier things, like 'The Sin Flood,' for instance. Why do they say I am a comedienne?"

She asks the question with frank regard. To me, however, there is an explanation. Comedy is the art of exaggerated pantomime which springs from a sense of humor in the portrayer. And Miss Chadwick *has* a sense of humor.

"But it's much easier to see a joke than to create one for someone else to see," she explained.

Essentially she is an actress. But she is not one of those people who made their living by wearing grease-paint and talking about it. Acting is her ambition; she confesses to no other desire.

Romance? Ah . . . !

"Of course I am romantic!" she said, "Who is young and isn't? When you're very juvenile you suffer from puppy-love. When you're older, however, romance comes into your life as a marvelous, mellowing influence—and furnishes a soft padding, as it were, against the bumps of the world.

"If I were married I shouldn't believe in making it a public display. Perhaps, if I married someone very well-known in the theater I shouldn't mind then, but if I were to marry only a plain, nice, conservative man just because I loved him I shouldn't feel like embarrassing him by always having him photographed for publicity."

She has funny little old-fashioned views about the so-called illusion supposed to surround actresses. In the long run they are only *hired* to portray characters. Their professional joys and sorrows are generally simulated. If their private life *isn't* their own business, it *ought* to be.

Miss Chadwick confesses to having a great fondness for the plaudits of the public. That's why she'd like to go onto the stage—to be nearer her audience.

"It must be wonderful to hear an audience applauding your work," she mused, "but, at the same time, it must be *awful* to hear them hiss if they dont like you!"

Some months ago Miss Chadwick went West from New York, where she had been with Pathé, to play opposite Tom Moore in "Heartsease." On completion of that picture she signed her Goldwyn contract, and made "The Cup of Fury." But "Scratch My Back," "Dangerous Curve Ahead" and "The Glorious Fool" established her as a light comedienne, altho it is her work in both "The Dust Flower" and "The Sin Flood" that gives her a chance to act.

Probably Miss Chadwick will not like it when I say that she has had her romance already. But yet I do not like to confess that I am a terrible dumbbell, either. When I met her I noticed that on the ring finger of her left hand she wears a slender, diamond-studded platinum band. I thought that, perhaps, the wedding ring might be a "prop" one she wore for a scene in a picture.

"Ah!" she countered, and smiled, *"They're real diamonds."*

Whereupon my imagination tells me that *real* diamonds are not used in prop wedding rings.

Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 884

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 91, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

There are times when you want to make a good impression

Then you will suddenly realize that freckles and frocks do not look well together

Well enough to run wild, to play in forest and sunshine, to enjoy games!

But there will come a time when you will wish to make a good impression. Your fair skin should be as lovely as a flower, and you will be sorry you neglected it.

And yet it is not too late to remove these freckles with

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Now sold in new purple and gold box

It leaves the skin without a blemish, and causes no downy growth. Well groomed girls always keep it on their dressing tables.

If your druggist has no supply, write us direct. Mailed in a plain package. 50c a jar. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Send today for booklet, "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" containing helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 33 Aurora, Ill.

CARTOONISTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh. Every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for Sid Smith every day.

Illustrating and cartooning are paying men like Briggs, Smith, Fontaine Fox and J. N. Darling from $10,000 to $100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training develop your talent and give you the skill to put your ideas on paper.

Get This Free Book

Write today for a free copy of the book, "A Road To Bigger Things." Send 6 cents in stamps to cover postage. It tells of opportunities in the art world and explains the Federal Course of instruction under 60 of America's leading illustrators and cartoonists. Mention your age.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
820 Federal School Building Minneapolis, Minn.

Griffith: Maker of Pictures

(*Continued from page 25*)

which itches him with emotion at all the morning rehearsals: and saddens him all the rest of the afternoon—after the race has been run.

The Gish girls are there faithfully and punctually. Dorothy is usually kidding the performance. I remember that she rehearsed most of the part of Louise the Blind Girl, pretending to have hare-lip and cross-eyes. She is the infante terrible of the Griffith company.

But when it comes to a close decision between two actors—a decision which may mean the success or failure of the play—D. W. depends much upon Dorothy's opinion. She has a keen, incisive mind and a fearless way of blurting out her opinions. Having been on the stage since she was two years old, she has had a wealth of experience.

Griffith is a great hand to ask advice. He needs the least and asks the most of anybody in the motion picture business. You can go to him in the middle of a huge mob scene, with two thousand extras on the set, a half dozen cameras clicking and a mob of assistant directors bellowing around, and he will stop everything to listen to your suggestions.

The rehearsals are interrupted from time to time by flying trips out to Mamaroneck to make photographic tests of the actors. Some of the most superb pictures ever made are these tests, which will never be seen by the public, but are filed away in the studio vaults.

Finally the cast gets selected, and one day everybody moves out to the studio and real rehearsals begin in the room that was formerly the dining-room of the Standard Oil king, Flagler.

Even then the cast is usually in doubt. Griffith dreads to turn away the actor who is unequal to the part. Sometimes he is paying salaries to three or four of them for the same part. But when he has to hand someone his walking papers, he always does the job in person; never hands the painful task to some assistant director. When the time comes when one of two or three contesting actors has to be thrown overboard, Griffith leads the victim to the end of the room or out into a hall and explains—and another heart is broken. But, for some reason or other, the victim always swears devotion to D. W. for the rest of his days. Such is the force of diplomacy.

I remember one young lady, aged nine, who went into hysterics and yelled bloody murder for two hours when she couldn't have a part. To soothe her grief, Griffith gave her twenty dollars and loaded her with all the dolls from the prop room that she could carry.

To see a Griffith rehearsal is a marvelous experience. It is to sound the most subtle depths of acting. Griffith goes over the play—over and over, until the actors are ready to commit suicide—but each time it grows a little under his hands. The gorgeous little touches of art which have been planned there in the old dining-room with a couple of kitchen chairs for stage-coaches and a chalk-line for a mountain chasm, are among the masterpieces of American drama.

Every once in a while, D. W. will leave his chair by the little kitchen table and act one of the scenes himself. Sometimes he is a little, sixteen-year-old girl, screaming with fright; and again a maiden, fancy-free, flirting with her lover. But somehow it never seems grotesque or funny. That's how good an actor he is.

At last, one morning you go out and D. W. is walking in front of a new set, with Huck Wortmann. Huck is the man who built Babylon in "Intolerance," and all the other marvels of Griffith pictures. Huck is a stocky, steel-eyed old stage carpenter. If you asked him to build an exact reproduction of heaven, he would merely take another chew of tobacco and say, "All right; it'll be ready a week from Monday." Nobody would ever know how he found out; but the set would look just like the place.

And so the picture begins.

It is like watching a sculptor molding a beautiful statue to see Griffith directing. He has an arm-chair, raised on high legs, like stilts. There are no puttees in his young life. He always comes onto the set beautifully dressed—the perfect turnout of the best tailor in New York. Only as he works, his derby hat goes sliding back onto his head and an eye-shade comes down over his forehead. I dont know what power it is that he has over actors. He doesn't say much of anything to them. But somehow he catches them in the grip of his finely tuned sympathetic mind and lifts them over the bogs of artistry as tho he were a pair of wings. He is never impatient with their failures. He is always courtesy itself to his actors. I never remember to have seen him lose his temper over their stupidity, which used to make me long to lead a lynching party against them. An actor can be more kinds of stupid than other humans.

Griffith treats children just as he treats grown-ups. He never talks goo-goo talk to the child actors who have done such wonderful work for him. He treats them with the same grave, quiet courtesy that he does the grown people.

It gives you a thrill to see him directing Lillian Gish in her big scenes—as, for instance, the baptism of the baby in "'Way Down East."

Dear, patient Lillian. I can see her now, waiting quietly for the lights while the cameramen are nervously fussing with the lenses. There is a tense feeling in the air, like waiting for a battle to begin.

"Are you ready?" says Griffith.

"Yes, sir," says the cameraman.

"Camera," says Griffith.

And Lillian begins. Scarcely a word is spoken. Once in a while Griffith speaks a word of caution in a low voice. "Slower, slower." Then he will speak the lines for her—"My God, he is dead." She is like some wonderful sensitized instrument, vibrating to a master impulse.

"Cease," says D. W., at last, to the cameras. And he nearly always at such moments turns to the group around him with his eyes filled with tears. He is very easily affected, very easily driven to tears by art such as hers. It is only Lillian Gish who stands there, quietly waiting to do it again. Even the stage carpenters are frequently in tears.

D. W. sets great store by the opinion of "Blondy," a veteran stage carpenter who builds the sets.

"Blondy," said Griffith one day, "I wish you would come around here and give me your opinion of this scene."

"Who's doing it?" asked "Blondy," pausing with his hammer upraised.

"Miss Gish."

"Nope," said "Blondy." "No use my going over to see her. She's a mechanic. She knows her job. She does everything right."

At other times, however, "Blondy's"

opinions have a frankness that is appalling.

And so the picture goes on to the end.

Every night we all went to the projecting-room to see miles of film run off. Every scene for a Griffith picture is taken three or four times by three or four cameras. The consequence is, we would absolutely go to sleep from exhaustion looking at these "takes." Even now I can hear Griffith's voice coming to me across a chasm of sleep; I can drowsily make out that he is asking, "Do you like the second shot or the fifth shot best?"

Griffith shot over eighty thousand feet of that ice scene in "'Way Down East," and used only twelve hundred feet.

Finally the picture comes to an end; then we write the sub-titles. Griffith has the strength and endurance of a prize-fight champion. And, by the way, he is a very fine boxer and all-around athlete. In these terrible days, at the end of a picture he will shoot close-ups all morning, arrange music with a professional conductor all afternoon, have financial conferences all the early part of the evening, and write sub-titles all the rest of the night. These sub-title conferences take place over the length of a big table, formerly used by the directors of the Standard Oil Company when they used to foregather at Flagler's.

D. W. smokes interminable cigarets—that is to say, he lights millions of them, takes a puff and lights another one. At the end of a title conference the place looks like a jury room.

He never gets thru writing titles. I have seen him dictating them, sitting in the dark theater, two hours before the first performance was to begin.

The try-out of a Griffith picture is great fun. He gets his staff into a flock of automobiles and we go trundling up-State to some queer country town, where we fill the hotel. Wondering crowds stand around the street corners to see him pass. You scatter around thru the audience and hear what the people say. Then the local manager comes up full of mysterious importance and we are all invited up to the Elks' Club to a midnight supper of lobster a la Newburgh—and other things.

And then we go trekking back to town again. When I think of these trips back in the auto, it makes me laugh, contrasting them with what a movie party in an auto is supposed to be. Our brand of ribald wickedness used to consist of teasing D. W. to talk about history.

With his wonderful memory, his sympathetic insight, his knowledge of drama and his glowing power of words, he tells stories from history in a way that would put H. G. Wells to shame. I remember one day, riding back from Middletown, N. J., he talked all the way about the Empress Theodora. And another time he told us stories of Oliver Cromwell; we would never let him stop.

Coming back from the try-out, Griffith always proceeds to tear the picture all to pieces. He never gets thru taking a picture. Sometimes, months after it has appeared on Broadway, he is still taking new shots, to be cut-in.

At last the big night—the Broadway opening—dress suits—critics—actors in boxes—personal appearances—a speech before the curtain—D. W. in a darkened box with a little row of electric buttons where he can signal to the orchestra leader or the stage hands.

Then at last, at three or four o'clock in the morning—the society people and critics gone—D. W. and his little "gang," as he called us, with the morning papers still damp from the press, somewhere in a little soiled restaurant, eating scrambled eggs—talking it over.

When Summer Challenges Your Skill

When ardent exercise like tennis or golf or riding—when even sitting on a country veranda—tests all your skill at looking flower-sweet and cool, remember that

Rigaud's

TALCUM

Fragrant with Parfum

Mary Garden

has helped many a woman keep charming and sweet in hot weather. Rigaud's Talcum, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden, is as distinctive as the personality of Mary Garden is vivid and distinctive. Be sure to ask for Rigaud's Talcum, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden.

Other Rigaud Aids to Your Summer Loveliness

TOILET WATER FACE POWDER SACHET POWDER MASSAGE CREAM

Each Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD, *16 Rue de la Paix, Paris, France*

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., NEW YORK, *Sole Distributors*

Packed in rose-red tins and dainty glass containers

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Do serials confuse children's minds?

DEAR SIR: I have often heard that remark. On the contrary, I think that there have been by far too many serials produced of late. The average movie fan is intolerant of this serial stuff. The question is: do serials confuse children's minds? That is a very hard question to answer, but I have often heard remarks to that effect.

Personally speaking, that is, from an intellectual standpoint. I think that children are too young to understand these films, as scenes depicting struggles between a gang of thugs and one poor, innocent victim, who, according to plan, has the advantage over the gang, and carries thru for fifteen weeks of thrills, stunts and impossibilities, are far too vague for the average child's mind. In fact, practically all these serials are an insult to human intelligence.

The constant use of weapons, clubs and knives do not tend to give the desired training to a child's mind thru the medium of the motion picture. There is no doubt that serials are a delight to these small minds; but why?

Actions speak louder than words to the average child. If there is action in a scene, there is action in the child's foresight also. What is in the child's mind at the time of a thrill? Oh! I wonder what's going to happen next, and so forth. Sub-titles and cut-ins do not count, as one-half of the children that attend these serial shows cannot read one word; therefore they look only for something with action.

The more daredevil stunts—the more thrills—the more fights—the more impossibilities, the more a child is interested. Are serials produced for grown-ups? Are they merely for the younger generation? If they are produced for both old and young alike, there is no doubt that these films are not suitable for children, as it tends to corrupt their minds.

Comedies are the most suitable form of films for children's entertainment. Serials, educational films and society dramas are of no avail; but Western stories are also very instructive to children—something with action, but sensible.

Wishing you every success with your magazine,

Yours sincerely,
ALFRED W. BOWKER,
20 McGill St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Stars who are not worthy of shining.

DEAR EDITOR: It seems to me that today the producers discover stars in quantity rather than quality. Why go to all this "fuss"? Real actors with real talent and ambition will make themselves known anyway. Of course, it's a hard route to success, but those who travel by that route gain two valuable assets, namely, experience and tenacity of purpose. They make our greatest stars.

Most of these "phenomenal successes" that spring up over night come straight from the "Follies," where they have been chosen for their beauty rather than acting ability. These are a feast for the eyes, and, as such, remain popular for a month or so. It is with real relief that the fans welcome a production with one of our old actors starring. It is a wonderful thing to have both beauty and acting ability, but where we cant have both, I believe most of us prefer an actor instead of a beauty.

Many think acting is the easiest thing in the world, but let them try it. Some of the San Francisco newspapers held contests. Contestants were photographed registering sorrow, fear, hate, happiness and coquetry. These tests were shown at some of the theaters every week. From the sounds of agony in the theater, one would have imagined that Chaplin or Harold Lloyd or Buster Keaton, or all three, were being shown. However, those contestants deserve praise because they have nerve. I couldn't make faces at myself in the mirror without feeling silly. But, anyhow, all this nonsense means: Three cheers for the old favorites, when the others have traveled that far they also will be stars in the real sense of the word. Who seconds the motion?

Very sincerely,
DOROTHY WILSON,
San Bruno, California.

In praise of "Foolish Wives" and Eric von Stroheim.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read your department with great interest, from the time it started, altho I have never written.

The thing that makes me write to you is something which I cannot understand, and which makes me exceedingly tired—it is about "Foolish Wives."

With the possible exception of "Broken Blossoms," I dont know when I have ever seen a picture so wonderful, and I cannot understand why it is so criticized. The amount of dirty, unjust criticism I have read about this picture would fill a volume, and yet I rate it as one of the three best pictures I have ever seen, the other two being "Broken Blossoms" and "Humoresque."

I cannot see what is wanting in this picture—the acting is splendid; Von Stroheim is altogether the most fascinating, heart-breaking villain on the screen; Mae Busch is delightful; Margaret Armstrong (why do they call her Miss Dupont?) is exceedingly pretty and charming; but to Dale Fuller, as the little maid-servant, go the chief feminine honors. Her portrait of little Maroushka was one of the most pathetic I can imagine, and I doubt if there is anyone on the screen who could have done it any better.

The Monte Carlo scenes, with the exception of a few trifling mistakes, were correct to the minutest detail. Having lived in Monte Carlo a year, I ought to know it! There was even the street-car, marked in white letters, "Nice-Eze-Monte Carlo," and in a certain scene there was even a poster advertising the "Cote d'Azur." The position of the Hotel de Paris relative to the Casino was perfect. It is such details as these that no one but a person who knew Monte Carlo well would pay attention to, that makes Eric von Stroheim such an artist.

There were, however, a few mistakes. The street-car was not in quite the right position. There is no such place as in that scene showing the little flower-covered boats. The hall in the hotel was not at all European, and the people who play at the Casino do not each have a rake. There is a man stands at each table and rakes up the money, and other things lying about, but the people do not touch it.

With the exception of these few mistakes, it was perfect—the acting, the photography, everything. Also, von Stroheim has done something entirely different—he has broken thru the old traditions, and has come thru with one of the most wonderful things ever filmed. He is a great artist.

Wishing you and your department all success, and hoping you will publish this letter, I am, Yours very truly,
MARJORIE JAMES,
600 St. John Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

Directors are more important than they are usually credited with being. These views regarding several of them are interesting.

DEAR EDITOR: I have long been an ardent reader of your magazine, and I have always found great pleasure in reading the letters by the fans. There is invariably something of interest in each one. I dont expect everyone to agree with what I have to say, but we all have our likes and dislikes.

In most cases, deliver me from the movie stars. I have never yet seen one who continued to be good after being elevated to stardom. Pola Negri is another one to suffer in this way. I should think that Ernest Lubitsch would have hung onto her at any cost. He is the one director to bring out her best qualities. After all, the director is the person who counts. I dont mean that every one who springs up overnight is a director. I can name but five who thoroly understand the art of picture making: David Wark Griffith, Ernest Lubitsch, John Robertson, Rex Ingram and Eric von Stroheim. Yes, Eric, too. I predict that some day he will be our very greatest directorial genius. I have just witnessed his "Foolish Wives," and it impressed me deeply in several instances, but from all appearances of the film, von Stroheim must have lost his head after the first half, for there was no finished climax. Nevertheless, many of the scenes were directed beautifully and with most consummate care. In no other picture have I ever seen such wonderful detail. It was perfect in that respect, as were all of the characters. Maude George and Mae Busch will probably continue to be good until some producer comes along and offers to star them. I hope Mr. von Stroheim stages a come-back, after all this splurge of "Foolish Wives" is over, and shows the public what he really can do.

Cecil de Mille seems to be falling by the wayside. He grows worse with each succeeding picture. I dont think he deserves any sympathy, either, after putting over such brainless stuff as "The Affairs of Anatol." Why cannot producers and directors follow the play or book from which their picture is derived? I think the weary public would be better pleased if they would do so. Pictures like "The Affairs of Anatol" are an insult to the public. It is an insinuation that we do not appreciate good literature. Some time, producers are going to wake up and find that the public, which is not so simple, after all, has advanced and left the movies far behind.

Wishing you every success for your magazine, I am, Sincerely yours,
HELEN E. GARRY,
908 W. 57th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Pompeian Beauty Powder

The Lure of Beauty

No wonder he finds it hard to say good night. With the warm coloring of her cheeks, her lustrous skin and radiant eyes, her beauty fascinates him. You will share the secret of her beauty instantly—when you, too, use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. *Then* apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. *Now* a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? *Lastly* dust over again with powder to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is a more delicate tone than Flesh; blends with medium complexion. Our New RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

Day Cream (60c) . . . holds the powder
Beauty Powder (60c) . . . in four shades
Bloom (60c) . . a rouge that won't break
Massage Cream (60c) . . clears the skin
Night Cream (50c) improved cold cream
Fragrance (30c) . . . talc, exquisite odor
Vanity Case ($1.00) . powder and rouge
Lip Stick (25c) . . . makes lips beautiful

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size, 28 x 7¼ inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art store value 50c to $1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc), sent with the Art Panel. You can make many interesting beauty experiments with them. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Also Made in Canada

© 1922, The Pompeian Co.

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2129 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.

KOTEX

Traveling or at home

"Kotex is almost indispensable.

"So far ahead of other sanitary pads—it seems odd now to think of birdseye and old fashioned make-shifts . . . . . No embarrassment buying them either—one need only say, 'A box of Kotex' . . . . . A great convenience, being so very easily disposed of . . . . . Cool in warm weather and comfortable at all times. They make it safe to wear the lightest summer frocks."

Druggists, drygoods and department stores everywhere sell Kotex by name. Just around the corner, downtown, and in vacation centers.

Kotex is cheap enough to throw away and easy to dispose of by following simple directions in every box.

The first box usually—the second box always—results in the discovery of a new comfort, a new convenience, a new economy, a new habit.

Keep Kotex always on hand—ask for it by name.

REGULAR SIZE, 12 IN BOX
HOSPITAL SIZE, 6 IN BOX
(Additional thickness)

If not yet familiar with this wonderful new sanitary pad that has won women's favor like a "best seller," let us send you a sample Kotex, in plain wrapper, free on request to Alice Wayne, care of the Chicago Office.

Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Boul., Chicago
51 Chambers St., New York

© 1922 C. P. C.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

Scion of the Samanyagos

(*Continued from page 39*)

behind the scenes and waited for Ramon to take off his make-up. When he opened the dressing-room door and came out, with a beaming T. R. welcome, we could scarcely speak for the shock: we discovered that the fuzz worn on his chin as Rupert and also as the Italian doctor is not transferable, so to speak. He is the only actor in the world from whose chin this vegetation actually sprouts.

Mr. Samanyagos said he knew where there was a new café, so we all got in a couple of automobiles and rode down.

Some one had, without our knowledge, planted a Greenwich Village sort of café in our respectable city.

One instinctively ducked as, after climbing a long black stairway, the place burst upon us in all its glory.

Rex Ingram explained that the scheme of decorations was futurist: it looked to us as tho a terrific life and death struggle had taken place between a couple of thousand fried eggs.

Dining with Rex Ingram and party is largely a matter of the supply of menu cards.

Rex takes out a pencil and turns over the menu card and begins to draw pictures of a fat woman he once saw in a tough café on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street in New York. Mrs. Ingram, side-stepping the Alice Terry part of her life, takes the other menu card and the other pencil and draws pictures of gents —very handsome gents.

Mrs. Ingram only recently discovered that she could draw and Rex is properly excited over the matter.

With a budding artist in the family on one side and the budding star being interviewed on the other, Rex could only find refuge by taking another menu card and drawing some Balkan soldiers. Once in a while Mrs. Ingram would peek over the edge of his card and say: "Rex, let's see how you make eyebrows."

This left us to Samanyagos, or would have, had it not been for the "mysterious guy."

The M. G. was about seven feet tall with a bushy head of hair that skated down over one baleful eye. That eye! It was red around the rims. It looked like a calamity looking for a chance to happen. He sat at a distant table down at the other end of the room where a jazz orchestra was struggling demoniacally. He sat there craning his next neck to look at us.

Every once in a while, he would get up and stalk down past our table. We never could decide whether he was meditating murder or kidnapping. Perhaps he just wanted Rex to put him in the movies. Whatever it was, a convention of head-hunting cannibals would have choked from nervousness in his presence.

It didn't affect Rex; he went on drawing until there weren't any more menu cards. It didn't affect Samanyagos. He went on telling me stories about Mexico with the charm that only a cultured Spaniard can put into a story.

Only I never could keep my eyes in the boat. Every time we got in the middle of a story about his grandfathers—or something that had to do with romance, haciendas and castanets—that baleful gent with the red blood-shot eyes and the slicked-down hair would come like a wolf looking over a fat turkey and I never could follow the story. We only remember that Samanyagos had a couple of grandfathers who were boys together in El Paso. They couldn't have married each other. So they must have married other people. Anyhow they parted as boy playmates and years afterward found themselves grandfathers of the same children. Something or other like that.

It was a grand story: if that red-eyed pirate head-hunter hadn't always happened along.

Ramon told about another ancestor who was so brave in battle that his family name was changed by the people to Galavan — meaning brave warrior or some thing.

When the menu cards had been used up, we got up to go. Down in the street we waited while the crowd was being distributed among the autos; Rex explained Samanyagos.

"Good-looking, isn't he," he said with his infectious Irish smile.

"Very," we said. Which indeed he was.

"Has a real brain, hasn't he?"

"Very much so."

"Humor, too?"

"Touch!"

As a matter of fact, I remember that Samanyagos started to tell me some very funny stories. But before he got to the point, that mysterious guy with a face like a hard winter always came along and breathed down my neck. But I'll bet they were funny and charming stories.

"Cultured too! Huh?" said Rex.

"My Gawd, yes; culture!"

The fact is I incautiously and in a slightly superior manner mentioned the noble arts, music and painting, to Samanyagos. In about three seconds, I was clear under, over my head, gasping for my esthetic breath, watching his animated hands gyrating round in circles and wondering what he was talking about—also wondering how long I could get away with it, just using my distinctly superior smile and trying to look as tho pleased that he had grasped my idea. The mysterious guy saved me.

I dont know what other enthusiasms Rex might have had about Samanyagos down on the curb, but I heard a mysterious, stealthy foot-step that I knew. It was creaking down the stairway.

"G'night," I said hastily and stepped on the gun.

If my recollections of the new genius of the screen are a little mixed up with a bleared eye, a swipe of hair that looks as tho a calf had licked it—am I to blame?

And, incidentally, the latest reports as we go to press have it that Mr. Samanyagos will be known on the screen, in the future, as Ramon Navarro. We shall see!

When Listerine meets halitosis

THE distressing thing about halitosis (scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) is this: You're usually not aware yourself of whether you are guilty —whether or not your breath is just right.

Let Listerine put you on the safe side. It will do so quickly and pleasantly—unless, of course, halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated disorder which a doctor or dentist will need to correct.

This is what happens when Listerine meets halitosis: Halitosis most commonly is due to the acid fermentation of starchy and sugary foods in the mouth; to putrefaction of food particles retained about the teeth, or to excessive use of tobacco.

Listerine, by virtue of its peculiar antiseptic properties, halts both putrefaction and fermentation and removes disagreeable mouth odors.

It leaves the mouth and breath sweet, fresh and clean, putting your mind at ease as to whether or not you may be offending those about you.

How much better it is, then, to have Listerine at hand in your bathroom, to use it systematically and to be sure you are on the safe and polite side!
—Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE
—the safe antiseptic

X-BAZIN

The French way to remove hair

THE smart American woman is now using X-BAZIN, because for more than a hundred years, discriminating Parisiennes have found it the cleanest, safest, and most effective way to remove superfluous hair. It is a dainty, rose-perfumed powder that leaves the skin smooth, cool, and white.

It is Absolutely Safe

Unlike the inconvenient razor, it effectively discourages the future growth of the hair, and it is so thoroughly pure that it can be used with perfect safety on the face as well as on arms and under the arms.

At all drug and department stores. 50c. and $1.00 in the U. S. and Canada. Elsewhere 75c. and $1.50.

Send 10c for trial sample and descriptive booklet.

Made by the makers of Sezodent.

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO. *Sole Distributors*
In the United States and Canada
Dept. E, 16th St. and Irving Place, New York

Reduce Your Flesh in Spots

Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin

In fact the entire body or any part without dieting by wearing **DR. WALTER'S**

Famous Medicated Reducing

RUBBER GARMENTS

For Men and Women

Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles, $7.00 per pair. Extra high, $9.00.

Send ankle measurement when ordering.

Bust Reducer, $6.00
Chin Reducer, $2.50

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue :: New York

Dull Hair

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair.

Golden Glint Shampoo

is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—a "tiny tint"—that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary. Would you really like to have beautiful hair? Just buy a package of Golden Glint Shampoo. At your dealer's or send 25c direct.

©—J. W. KOBI COMPANY, 119 Spring St., Seattle.

Anatol Himself

(*Continued from page* 49)

The intrusion caused Wally no inconsiderable annoyance, and finally the Studio Club—Hollywood's branch of the Y. W. C. A., exclusively for girls in the movies—had to be appealed to.

The Reid home in question is, by the way, one of the show places of Hollywood. It is of Renaissance type, built in a crevasse below the automobile highway to the various beaches, and in its spacious grounds are a swimming pool, a gymnasium and a film projection room.

The interior is particularly exotic, particularly the billiard room, which Wally himself decorated, with the help of his wife. And Wally has a natural artistic knack of making old furniture look new, thru the deft application of oil paints and bizarre designs, having done this in the case of an antiquated piano, which now, in the billiard room, resembles a fugitive creation that might, perhaps, have been inspired by Erte.

Yet, however, this ecstatic state of matinée-idolship will not last forever, and Wally, I believe, realizes it. Right now, he is the kingpin of leading men, the archidol of myriad screen devotees. In a few years, however, he will have outgrown his present type—and he knows it.

"One cant expect," he said thoughtfully, "to keep going on in the same track forever. And I've never particularly *wanted* to be known as a so-called matinée man.

"If I could do what I really wanted, I'd probably go in for automobile racing. It's a sport that instantly assumes all the hazards and quirks of a *business*—it's something that makes you realize you have to be *fit* every moment.

"And, as an actor, I've always had the idea in the back of my head that I'd like to play tragedy, and I'm just conceited enough to believe that I could do it."

"On the stage?" I inquired, for Wally has the voice, the poise—everything—that goes to make the ideal stage player.

"Of course!" he said simply. "No matter how hard you work in pictures, your audience is too far away from you. That's what makes pictures seem more like work. They lack inspiration, because, in the long run, the only inspiration an actor gets is from his public.

"Some day I'm going to direct. I'd like to direct my own pictures now, if I didn't think that there'd be too much Reid in them—and, in the long run, you cant both direct and act successfully at the same time.

"But directing is what I'll do exclusively some day, when I shall no longer act."

He is very worldly—yet, at the same time, there is about him an air of the poet. His humor is whimsical and omnipresent—and, at times, a bit satirical.

He hates to be interviewed. A mere columnist can get nothing at all out of him, for he talks about everything in the world except himself—and he cant be pinned down.

It is this very elusiveness, this very carefree quality of his, that makes him—just Wally. He is an extreme individualist, rather bohemian. He rarely criticizes anybody, and maintains a total disregard of any criticism any catty person may cast in his direction.

"It always amuses me," he mused, "how outsiders would *like* to regulate someone's life; when, really, it's none of their business. We all have a destiny to fulfil. Being more or less a fatalist, I feel inclined to follow my own moods. Today, perhaps, I am very happy and feel like passing the joy on to someone else. Tomorrow I may be equally as unhappy—and then I want to seclude myself.

"And if you happen to be called a star, no one on earth can ever understand *why* you should ever be anything else than happy. The public forgets that an actor is human, even if some of his pictures dont make him appear so.

"We actors are born, live and die like any other mortal. We suffer from, perhaps, the very same ill humors of the body as anyone else, and we all have our heartaches.

"But, because we have once registered a smile in our work, it is demanded that we all be like *Pagliacci*—the clown who must laugh when tears are in his eyes."

That doesn't sound like Wally. Personally, I doubt that he ever succumbs to tears, altho he may have his disappointments. If he would at all times take himself seriously rather than unconcernedly, he could probably rise to any heights. For his very cleverness, his innate artistry of soul, proclaim him a man in a million.

There is nothing the least effeminate about him. He is all muscle and brawn, and very much a man's man. But what, probably, inspires women in all parts of the globe to write him love-letters are his fascinating eyebrows. His mannerism of arching them and of wrinkling his brow plaintively is not cultivated—and when he smiles he seems instantly to inspire sympathy.

He is distinctly the *Anatol* of the screen—and it was extremely subtle of C. B. de Mille to cast him in a rôle that precisely fitted him. For Wally, big, good-natured, boyish, exemplifies romance.

He is a modern knight-errant—a subtle Don Juan, who goes thru life playing for the real joy of it. He is the spirit of the eternal boy.

THE SOLUTION

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

I'd like to sail a long-boat
  Across a blue lagoon
And hear the breaker's song float
  Where tropic breezes croon;
I'd like to go but I must stay
At home and work from day to day.

I'd like to drive a dog team
  Along Alaskan miles;
I'd like to see a bog gleam
  Where Erin calls and smiles;
I'd like to sail o'er oceans blue
But cant because of work to do.

I cannot tread the far trails
  And across the desert sands,
But I can skim the star trails
  And roam thru foreign lands;
For in my movie magazine
I wander on from scene to scene.

TO LILLIAN GISH

Heaven smiles—earth smiles—I smile to see you pass,
  O Petaled Bird, O Bubble-feathered Flower,
O Child of Glowing Mist, O Sun-bright Lass,
  You'll dance upon my heart-strings from this hour.

Our Joy Forever

(*Continued from page* 53)

me basely, a dignity beyond mere poise.

New Orleans, perhaps, is the cause of it; that background of the South where, we have been taught, dignity was the common lot.

Anyway, if I were Leatrice, I shouldn't worry.

I should go on laughing, and occasionally skipping, and frequently joking and steadily progressing.

And I think Leatrice will.

"It's a great question," she said, "when you have come into a little success whether to be yourself or to be someone else. So many girls seem to find relief in accepted speech and affectations. But I think that they do not realize that in remodeling themselves to fit success they may be destroying the very qualities that gained it for them. It seems a little silly, and such a lot of trouble.

"I want to continue to be myself. I'm happier for doing so; the other sort of thing would mean a continual hypocrisy."

We rolled suavely up to the curb again in front of the Lasky Studio.

We entered—Leatrice walking in stiff dignity, according to instruction. Very stiff.

We met Julia Faye.

Leatrice and Julia walked off, whispering as women will.

Leatrice called me.

"I've saved half a caramel for you," she said, proffering a severed sweet.

I gulped it, gratefully.

A new star is Leatrice Joy. A brilliant one. May she be our joy forever. She is already a thing of beauty.

BALLADE OF A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE QUEEN

Picture me now in the Picture Game
  Toiling steadily night and day,
Sundays and Saturdays much the same.
  Life, I find me, is far from gay,
  Not in my line is the "primrose way"
The while I wander from scene to scene,
  More time for work than there is for play
I am a Hollywood Movie Queen.

At eve I sit with my Persian cat
  Before the glow of my gas-log fire,
Sometimes I knit, or crochet, or tat
  For domestic virtues I much admire,
  The very peak of my heart's desire
Is to lead a life that is all serene,
  Making both ends meet on my modest hire
I am a Hollywood Movie Queen.

No "gentlemen friends" are allowed to call,
  And grape-juice, only, I deign to drink,
I carry no gay-hued parasol
  And wear short skirts—did I see you wink?
  If you did, it was very wrong, I think,
And you'll ride no more in my limousine,
  I never powder, nor paint, nor "prink",
I am a Hollywood Movie Queen.

ENVOY

Prince! I have broken no rules nor laws
  And never have "gambolled on the green,"
But the ministers think I am wicked because
  I am a Hollywood Movie Queen.

PETER PAN.

Thousands Who Don't Dream They Can Write Really CAN!

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

YOU may consider the above a broad statement. But is it? Is writing a magical art set aside as the special province of certain gifted dreamers?

I do not think so. I think that the vast majority of stories and photoplays are made up of characters, emotions, and reactions that you and the rest of the world know all about. I have discussed this subject to great lengths with a number of persons. Invariably, they have agreed with me that fiction, in its sensible phases, is nothing more than an interesting picture of certain characters revealing themselves by their actions and their words. Thus, when a writer has certain characters to write of, he merely makes them do things that will show clearly and interestingly what kind of people they are.

Elinor Glyn

The life of the most commonplace individual is chock-full of stories. A woman, in reporting to a friend the little rumors, anecdotes, and gossip she has heard, has at her finger-tips plots and ideas for any number of interesting stories and photoplays. There is *something* interesting about every man and woman. Our daily existence is a history of blunders, hopes, surprises, privations, meetings, partings, adventures, journeys, accidents, romance, thwarted hopes, burning desires, and the like without end. Any of these phases of life can be made into splendid stories and photoplays. And, by certain methods that have just come to light, great numbers may now learn how to turn their knowledge, ideas, and experiences into salable stories and photoplays far easier than they ever dreamed it could be done.

I have enjoyed the privilege of considerable travel, and as a consequence have had the opportunity of meeting hundreds of aspiring writers. And always I have been eagerly asked for advice. How do I do it? What are the secrets of my success? Who started me off? Did I have a pull? How do I know what to write about? And the like in many varieties.

And always I answer: The art of writing is not such a horribly complicated thing as you seem to think. I myself am merely a receptive medium upon whose mind life, experiences, and characters make certain impressions. I then put these impressions into stories, novels, articles, and photoplays. *Your* instincts, emotions, joys, and tribulations are not greatly different from those of myself or any well-known author, for that matter. Then, most assuredly, your impulses, impressions, and the ideas peculiar to you and your life should be made into stories and photoplays. You know how you have acted under certain circumstances. Why can you not put story characters in like situations and make them do the same?

You perhaps are not aware that the greatest stories and photoplays have been based upon the simplest, most primeval passions and emotions brought up-to-date and arranged in such a manner as to create suspense. When a story or photoplay is thus based on truths and elements of human nature that are the very essence of homely, every-day existence, it is no more difficult to drive home a convincing and sincere effect than it is for water to run down hill. You know your niche of life, your occupation, your surroundings, your friends, and all the elements of your existence, far better than anyone else knows it. And, if you have taken the time and trouble to become interested in the people and the world about you, you certainly ought to write a far stronger story or photoplay of that life than anyone else could.

The fiction which I have written has been successful because it has been *about the life that I know*—and I feel assured that hundreds would obtain equal success if they would only stick to picturizing phases of existence with which they are thoroughly familiar.

I have pointed out this very truth to struggling writers in past years, and I have been greatly amazed at the speed with which they have progressed when thus fortified with the confidence that in their little world were myriad plots which they and they alone were capable of digging up, brushing off, and presenting to the public.

The reason so many ambitious writers fail is because they struggle too hard to attain what is not half so difficult as it is made to seem. So many aspirants puff and fret and cast about frantically in hidden places for the secrets of success which all the while fairly stare them in the face. Their work is rejected because it is too obviously manufactured for the occasion, like a country boy attired for a city dress ball. They overstrain, they overstep. Had they written naturally of real life as they know it, they might have astonished the world.

Perhaps I have brought a new light to bear upon this subject of story and play writing. If so, I am very, very thankful. There is more to be said, however—some vitally interesting things concerning writing and writers that I would like to tell you if the space permitted. But it doesn't, so I have arranged with my publishers, The Authors' Press, of Auburn, N. Y., to send you a book which tells you a great many more things about my methods and secrets of writing, how to get ideas, how to succeed, and so on. It is a delightfully engaging little book and will be mailed free of charge to anyone really interested in learning how to write stories and photoplays by newly revealed methods that make writing so very much easier. This little book is named "*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing.*" It is very aptly named. I can assure you that its pages reveal the promised short-cuts in a very charming manner. I know you will be vastly pleased and instructed after having read it. It contains information that it is a shame to have kept from the public so long.

Simply fill out the coupon below—mail it to The Authors' Press. "*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing*" will be sent to you by return mail—ABSOLUTELY FREE.

THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 160, Auburn, N. Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE, "*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing.*" This does not obligate me in any way. (Print your name and address plainly in pencil.)

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

D&C LAKE LINES

Travel with Comfort and Economy

You will not only enjoy the water trip but will save money by traveling on D & C Steamers which make daily trips between Detroit and Buffalo; Detroit and Cleveland on Eastern Time.

Detroit & Buffalo	Detroit & Cleveland
Lv. Detroit 5:30 p.m. Arr. Buffalo 8:30 a.m. Lv. Buffalo 6:00 p.m. Arr. Detroit 9:00 a.m. Fare—$6.00 one way; $11.50 round trip.	Lv. each city 11:00 p.m. Arr. each city 6:15 a.m. (Daylight trips during July and August) Fare—$3.60 one way; $6.50 round trip.

Berths, $1.80 up; Staterooms, $4.20 up; Parlor, $7.20 up

Direct rail connections made at Detroit Buffalo and Cleveland for all sections of the country. Rail tickets accepted and automobiles carried (15 to 25% reduction in rate this year). Gas must be removed. Wireless aboard.

For reservations and further information address R. G. Stoddard, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Detroit, Mich.

Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co.

A. A. Schantz, *Pres. & Gen. Mgr.* J. T. McMillan *Vice-Pres.*

Free Book

Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

SAXOPHONE

Easy to Play Easy to Pay

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to play from cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know. The Saxophone is the easiest of all wind instruments to play. You can learn to play the scale in an hour and soon be playing popular airs. It will double your income, your pleasure and your popularity. Three first lessons sent free. Nothing can take the place of the Saxophone for

Home Entertainment, Church, Lodge or School, or for Orchestra Dance Music

You may try any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other Instrument 6 days. If satisfied, pay for it by easy payments. Mention instrument interested in when sending for Free Book.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
214 Buescher Block ELKHART, IND.

TYPEWRITERS
We Save You 50%

FREE TRIAL—EASY TERMS

Your choice of all STANDARD MAKES, UNDERWOOD, ROYAL, SILENT L. C. SMITH, Self-starting REMINGTON, etc. Rebuilt by the Famous "Young Process." Guaranteed good as new. Lowest cash prices. Time payments or rentals with special purchase privilege. Largest stock in U. S. Write for special prices and terms.

YOUNG TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 364, CHICAGO

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Old friends are best!

And Lablache—a favorite for 50 years—is still preferred by millions of women whose faces know its fair and friendly touch. The daintiest of powders—so pure and lightly perfumed.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 50
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Mother O' Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

Gishes, Gertrude Bambrick and Mabel Normand.

"They were nothing but kids," she reminisced. "All of them. Just *babies!* They used to come in to see me at noon and ask me if I would make them something to eat, and it got to be a habit for me to fix little things they'd like for lunch.

"And Mae Marsh! She was just a child. Sometimes at night, when her mother'd want to go out for an evening's diversion, Mae used to stay with me.

"But Gloria—Gloria Swanson, y'know—is *my* baby. I've seen her grow up, it seems. We used to be together at Keystone when she was hardly old enough to have her hair out of a braid. Then she came on this (the Lasky) lot the same time as I, and I've watched her bloom out like a wonderful rose.

"When Bebe Daniels was ten years old she used to recite poems to us at the beach. Her mother an' I are great friends. I always think I'm dreamin' now, when I see Bebe's name in electric lights. She's still just a youngster to me, bless her!"

For hours can "Mother" Ashton go on telling storylets about people now luminant in the picture industry. It is C. B. de Mille, however, whom she calls her "pet."

For it seems that when she went onto the heavily dramatic Lasky "lot" from her erstwhile comedy fortress, the Keystone, Miss Ashton was terribly afraid that he'd find out she had once been in the pie comics. She took every pains to hide her comedy "past," and trembled hourly lest someone disclose it.

But it happened, however, that C. B. knew it all the while. And after she had made her first picture with him he went to her and told her he was *happy* that she had been in comedy, because it gave her a certain dramatic perspective that he likes his actors to have.

Being presented on the screen, usually, in some sort of "mother" rôle, has placed Miss Ashton in the position of receiving a deal of confidential mail from mothers who would like to get their daughters in pictures, and from daughters who would want to get on the screen against their mothers' wishes.

"In the show business," said she, "the more broadminded you are, the better you get along. And after you've been in it as long as I have, you dont look for other people's faults.

"I often advise girls to stay out of pictures—*not* from a moral standpoint, but because I sometimes dont think they have the real ability.

"Pictures are not meant for the girl with a champagne appetite and a beer pocketbook.

"And a lot of girls want to get into them because they think they'll have a chance to wear fine clothes and not have to work hard. They're all wrong. That kind of girl hasn't the right stuff in her to make success.

"Morally, the picture business is O. K. I've been around studios for thirteen years.

"It's the people and their remarks that make girls bad nowadays.

"I love to see girls look pretty and have pretty clothes. God bless 'em, it's only the natural woman's pride that makes 'em want to be attractive. It isn't because of any desire of theirs to be vampires.

"Show me a girl's foot and I'll tell you all about her."

We on the *outside* of the studio gates have an idea that everybody in pictures—no matter who—is rolling in wealth and limousines. Again is ignorance bliss, for this isn't the real case at all.

"Mother" Ashton, for instance, keeps boarders, and thereby hangs a tale.

For, while her heart is of gold, while her nature is as sunny as the land of Spain, and while her philosophy is the doctrine of "do unto others," there *have* been persons who haven't known the meaning of reciprocity with her.

And one of her own relatives is in this category.

After a life in the "show business," she had managed to save a few thousand dollars, which she was prevailed upon by said relative to invest. And, at a time in life when she should be enjoying more or less ease as the reward of hard work, her "investor" absconded with her little nestegg.

That was two years ago. Almost anybody else than the gold-hearted "Mother" Ashton would have sought redress, but she—well, she cried a few tears to herself, perhaps, and outwardly started out again as a worker.

While it is her three hundred or more pounds avoirdupois which, perhaps, makes her a unique "type" actress, "Mother," like all other women, would prefer more svelte lines.

"I used to go into the projection room at Keystone and *cry,*" she said ruefully, "when I saw how they made fun of me. But," and she sighed, "I got used to it. I suppose what is to be, *is.*

"But it's kinda ironical to think that you've got to make your living out of a real deformity, isn't it?"

"Mother" Ashton's little blue moments, however, are never very long superimposed on an auditor, and seldom has anyone ever heard a recitation of her troubles. Inwardly, she may be as blue as indigo, but her cheery "Hello, darlin'!" rings, nevertheless, from one end of the studio to the other.

She's invaluable at Lasky's. Whenever they want someone to put a bit of comedy relief into a picture, they write in a part for her. She has played in vast dozens of pictures, yet the following are those in which she has liked herself the best: "Old Wives For New," "Why Change Your Wife," "For Better, For Worse," "Dont Change Your Husband"—all C. B. de Mille specials—"Jack Straw," with Robert Warwick; "Her Sturdy Oak," with Wanda Hawley; "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and "Saturday Night."

As she says, she "done a little of everything in the show business." She started her career in "The Milk White Flag," some years ago, and subsequently was in stock, musical comedy, vaudeville, burlesque—and even was a member of Watson's famous "Beef Trust" company, in which she was a "pony" and weighed one hundred and seventy. After three seasons in repertoire with Blanche Walsh, three more with Junie McCree in vaudeville, several seasons in stock in Denver, and another "rep" show, she went to pictures. In the early days she played with nearly every film company extant—and that's how her "family" came into being.

She has a tangible ambition—one that anyone might expect from knowing her. She has an adopted daughter now, a little girl with poetic eyes and sweet manners. But she isn't satisfied.

She wants to adopt a whole world of homeless girls.

She wants to found a school for orphan girls where they will be taught the right way of living.

Dorothy Dalton's Beauty Chat

Miss Dorothy Dalton, the actress famous the world over for her beautiful complexion, says:

Dorothy Dalton

"Any girl or woman can have a beautiful, rosy-white complexion and clear, smooth, unwrinkled skin like mine if she will follow my advice and use Derwillo in combination with Liska cold cream. Both are simple but very effective toilet preparations. I use Derwillo for the instant beauty it imparts, and Liska cold cream to cleanse the skin, and make it soft and smooth."

It is easy to apply, absolutely harmless, and has a marvelous effect upon the skin. One application proves it. Try this combination to-day on your face, neck, hands and arms, and you will be delightfully surprised. Derwillo comes in three shades: flesh, white and brunette. At toilet counters everywhere.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY

Be different, enjoy distinction, use personal stationery in writing friends and transacting business. Famous people such as actors, actresses, doctors, lawyers, bankers, big business men use personal stationery.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
200 SHEETS, 100 ENVELOPES
$1.00 POSTPAID

Both envelopes and letter-heads beautifully printed with your name and address, standard note size, excellent quality, genuine 20 lb. Bond paper. Send only $1.00 and your name and address clearly printed.

THE KIMM COMPANY
314 NICOLLET, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE WOMEN ASK FOR MORE!

And we are going to give it to them!

16 EXTRA PAGES in the next Beauty

FROM the day when the first issue of BEAUTY was sold out within a few hours of appearing on the news-stands its overwhelming popularity with the womanhood of America has been firmly established.

They have read it page by page, critically and with that discernment for which they are famous, and they have set upon it the seal of their enthusiastic approval. We had almost said "unqualified approval" but that would not have been accurate. Among the hundreds of letters received by the editor each week, in which this approval is voiced, there have been many excellent suggestions for the improvement of the magazine, and each succeeding issue will endeavor to incorporate as many of these suggestions as are feasible. In the meantime, not only will next month's BEAUTY be a better and brighter number than ever, but it will be a much *bigger* number—16 PAGES BIGGER.

There is one subject which is of universal appeal to all women, young and old, rich and poor—BEAUTY. How to seek it, how to gain it, how to enhance it, how to preserve it—these are, and should be, the objects of every daughter of Eve.

The acknowledged leaders in the realms of Beauty, Fashion, Society and Art contribute to make BEAUTY the organ of lovely femininity thruout the land.

So that you may not be disappointed, place your order for the next issue AT ONCE with your local newsdealer

If you wish to subscribe the rate is $2.50 per year

On the News-stands July 8th

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Brewster Bldg., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Out From the Yesteryears - - -

(*Continued from page 63*)

"If you should marry," we asked, "what then? Would it interfere with your ambition?"

"That would depend upon the marriage," Doris told us surely. "If it was right, it would be fulfilment, wouldn't it? That should help me. If it were not a wise marriage, I suppose it would hurt everything in my life—— I hope for marriage, I think."

She laughed and her eyes sparkled.

"I believe in it, you see. All my friends have married happily. Many of them are professional people, too. Wouldn't that surprise the radical reformers tho?"

There is a lack of formality about her which is charming, and hers is a cheerful and sane acceptance of the unpleasant as contrast to the pleasant. Her hair is girlishly bound with a soft green ribbon, and in her violet eyes you may still find the light of the visionary and the idealist. Doris Kenyon has not squandered her heritage——

Talking to her, we remembered the little Western parsonage—— We remembered some lines from one of her poems, "The Living Past":

"The past still lives; its tendrils creep and clasp
About our lives forevermore, and hold
Our days and hours within their tender grasp,
Like chains of steel or links of beaten gold."

Out from the yesteryears Doris has come. She has come with a high heart and from her dreams, even as from the dreams dreamed long ago, spring fragile poetry.

THE LAMENT OF A MOVIE VAMP

By Dorothy Quick

I am so tired of heaving sighs,
And wearied sick of making eyes;
I hate these naughty, flimsy clothes,
And simply loathe immoral shows.

I really like to sew and cook,
To quietly sit and read a book;
Or perhaps go to a proper show,
With a real old-fashioned beau.

But I must vamp by night and day
If I wish to earn my weekly pay—
So I continue on my wicked path
For fear of my director's wrath.

TO A MOVIE STAR

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Chief cicerone of Fairyland!
You lead us slowly by the hand
Past all the landmarks that we know.
The daily frettings fade and go
And all the world of pressing care.
By magic path and magic stair
You take us, until hand-in-hand
With you, we enter fairyland.

With sleepless night and toiling day
You bravely build this winding way,
But never do you let us see
The cost you paid to set us free.
Your laughter fills the fragrant air.
By magic path and magic stair
We wait tonight. Oh, reach your hand
Once more, brave guide to fairyland!

"It is a great plague to be too handsome a man," says Plautus. Many a woman has found it a great plague to have one.

Every Superfluous Hair—There with Your Full Permission

Why Famous Beauties are no longer troubled with the problem of Superfluous Hair

NO longer need you suffer from the embarrassment of superfluous hair, nor are you obliged to resort to painful electricity for attacking the roots. The discovery of **ZIP** has solved—without question—the most serious and obstinate of personal problems. By simply applying **ZIP** and easily removing it, the **roots are eliminated** as if by magic, and in this way the growth is **destroyed.**

Ordinary depilatories or shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive, and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser, but **ZIP** ***destroys*** the growths in an entirely different way by gently lifting out the roots.

Not only is **ZIP guaranteed** to be absolutely harmless, but it is fragrant, painless, quick, effective, easy to apply and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Ladies everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using **ZIP.** Avoid imitations. Be certain to get genuine and original **ZIP.**

Which of the Three Types of Superfluous Hair Have You?

Write for **FREE BOOK,** "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which explains each type. I shall also send a liberal sample of my Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair. When in New York, step in to my Salon and let me give you a **FREE Demonstration.**

ZIP

IT'S OFF *Because* IT'S OUT
At All Good Stores or By Mail

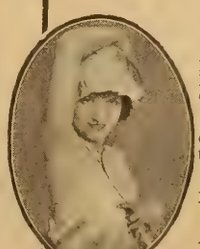
AB-SCENT
Colorless Liquid Deodorant and Remedy for Excessive PERSPIRATION.

Harmless
Cannot Irritate
Contains no staining artificial colors
Attractive bottle 50c.

Also Madame Berthe's

Massage and Cleansing Cream
Cannot promote hair growths .....60¢
Antiseptic Talc
Delightfully fragrant .....25¢
Emollient Balm
For the hands and face, softens the skin. Excellent for sunburn and as a base for powder...50¢
Lash-Life
Cleanses lashes and makes them long and lustrous .....50¢

JUST MAIL THIS TODAY



MADAME BERTHE
Dept. M.K., 562 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me your FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling of the three types of Superfluous Hair; also a sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to promote the growth of hair.

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

WIN $1000.00

OR A

HUPMOBILE TOURING CAR

WHO ARE THEY?

1. YOU ALL BANK CLAM RIG
2. I RACED ALL WE
3. DO NOT THRO LADY
4. GE HAM IS HOT MAN
5. MAD MAN GORE TAL
6. NO GUD BAR IS A FLASK
7. WET ART IS A TAN
8. ALL CHEAP IN RICH
9. LORSA WIN A SONG
10. RUN EAT TOBSEK

Can You Answer This Movie Puzzle?

On the Movie Screen above are the names of 10 movie stars rearranged. The Operator played a joke on the audience and you'll admit it was a good one.

To Solve the Puzzle rearrange the letters in the sentences on the screen so that they will spell each actor's or actress' name. For example: No. 1 is Clara Kimball Young. If you can name all 10 stars, you can win the Hupmobile or $1,000.

Probably you know the names of the Most Popular Stars, but just to refresh your memory, we are mentioning below a few of the Most Famous Players:—Norma Talmadge, Otis Skinner, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Dalton, Thomas Meighan, Beverly Bayne, Anita Stewart, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Charlie Chaplin, Clara Kimball Young, Buster Keaton, Pearl White and Gloria Swanson.

185 "Points" Wins First Prize

For each name you arrange correctly you will receive 10 "points" toward the Hupmobile Touring Car or the $1,000 in cash, or you receive 100 "points" if you arrange all 10 names correctly. You can gain 60 more "points" by Qualifying your answer. That is, by proving that you have explained the 10 "Superior Features" of the Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen to five people. The final 25 "points" will be awarded by 3 Judges to the person making up the largest and nearest correct list of words from the name of the first Movie Actor listed on the screen above—CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. It's easy! Can you make out 10-20-30 words like you-young-ball-all, etc. Send in your list of words right away with the names of the 10 Stars. Number each word and in making up your list Don't use prefixes and suffixes, or obsolete, archaic, foreign or compound words if they are so listed in a New Standard Dictionary. Use each letter only as many times as it appears. For example: There are 3 a's. Therefore "a" may be used 3 times if necessary in forming a word.

The answer gaining 185 "points" (which is the maximum), will win the Hupmobile or the $1,000. In case of a tie, all tieing contestants will receive the same prize. Send in your answer TODAY. As soon as it is received, we will send you a circular telling about the 10 "Superior Features" of the Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen, FREE, to assist you in qualifying.

Costs Nothing to Try

You will not be asked to buy a Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen nor to spend a penny in order to win. Just write your answer to the Puzzle on one side of the sheet of paper and PRINT your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Do your best and you can win. Contest closes July 29th. Answer the Puzzle NOW.

WALLMAN PEN CO. Dept. 53, St. Paul, Minn.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds--the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold filled ring set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond--in beautiful ring box; postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc, If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Dancing Lessons FREE

Amazing new instruction method teaches you modern dancing right in your home. Simplest plan ever devised. No music. No partner Your success **absolutely guaranteed. Learn in 3 evenings** to be a graceful dancer. Surprise everybody. First 2 lessons sent free, without obligation. Thousands learning by our method. **Write today.** You get first 2 lessons by return mail. **Don't send a single cent.** Don't put this off. Learn graceful dancing **now.**

Stadler's College of Dancing, Class 16, Youngstown, Ohio

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks;" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases accepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory

M. Trilety, Face Specialist, 1741 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

Anent Ultra-Violet Rays

(*Continued from page* 69)

has now become immured to the burning sunlight. Make the sun-bath as long as your condition warrants it. Six hours a day is not too much for a tubercular patient, if the heat of the sun is not so intense that it makes the patient weak.

If you do not possess a tent, a male member of the family or a carpenter can easily make a little sun-room for you. All he needs to do is erect four poles around a space large enough for a cot and fasten canvas from pole to pole, using hammer and nails. One corner of the canvas must be left free for entrance and exit. Tape may be attached to the flap and tied to the pole to keep it closed. There is no covering over the top, thus allowing the hottest sunlight of the day to pour in. Of course, the larger the space enclosed and the lower the sides, the more the sunlight.

In some famous sanitariums in the mountains, and at certain places on the seashore, special arrangements are made for the sun-bath, so that it is possible for the patients to get all of the day's sunlight every day. It is in these places that wonderful cures are being effected, which were thought impossible until recently.

Most of these places are too expensive for the person of limited means. So, as usual, it is up to the great majority of people to discover something just as good. The tent, the canvas-built enclosure, or a screened-off end of an upstairs sleeping porch is the best substitute.

If you are one of those people who do not seem to have any specific disease and yet seem to be chronically ill, you would do well to try the sun-bath. Also to spend a large part of each day in a bathing suit, lying on the hot sand if you are near the beach. The sand bathers are conspicuous on the beaches of Florida and California during the entire year. And thousands return to their inland homes with cause to be eternally thankful for nature's great gift, the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

KING RICHARD'S CASTLE

AT THE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS STUDIO

By LESLEY BATES

Beyond the tree-tops loom long castle walls,
Vast piles of stone with heaven-pointed towers.
Within, King Richard's knighthood surge thru halls,
Boasting of justs and ladies pale as flowers.

In shining armor, proud with nodding plumes,
They throng each stately court, each climbing stair.
Casement and balcony and lofty rooms,
With harp and minstrel voices thrill the air.

A glory blazes here beyond all dream,
A dignity, a grace, no man may know.
Like flaming souls, a thousand banners stream.
For noble deeds, the herald trumpets blow.

Is it the majesty of heights and spaces
Makes knighthood bold, ennobles stalwart faces?

There are more people who wish to be loved than there are who are willing to love.—CHAMFORT.

Over the Border

(*Continued from page* 61)

now, sir, but a private citizen, I take the liberty of saying that this man isn't going with you if I can help it!"

The Lieutenant crimsoned. "Dont be a fool! "Stand aside there! Sand asi——" He paused, for Tom's fist had struck him squarely on the point of the jaw, and he forgot what he had been going to say. The struggle was ludicrously brief.

"Sorry, sir!" Tom apologized, as he tied the officer to a chair and stopped his lips with a handkerchief. "But if all you want is a prisoner to take back with you, 'tis like enough we can oblige." He took off his coat with the brass buttons, tossed it aside and turned to Val. "Give us your cap and coat, lad!"

Jen ran to him. "Tom! They'll shoot you!" she wailed. "I couldn't bear it—it would be an empty world without you. Dont go, Tom!"

Tom put her gently aside. "Val only did the same to Snow Devil as I would have done!" he said, "and if they get me 'twill be the matter of a few weeks for assaulting an officer instead of an uncomfortable business o' hanging! Pierre, you hitch up the sleigh and take Val and his father and Jen across the border as soon as I lead those law-hounds yonder on a false scene!" He strained the girl to him in a fierce embrace that belied the lightness of his words, opened the door—and slammed it behind him violently, with a noise that echoed thru the snowy morning atmosphere like a pistol-shot!

Thru the window Jen saw Tom clamber onto the back of the tired horse she had ridden last night and gallop away, while the stable spewed troopers. As the last of these vanished in hot pursuit down the road, she turned back into the room and picked up the blue coat with the brass buttons, looking down at it with desolate eyes. "You were too good for me, Tom"—the past tense slipped from her lips unconsciously, with awful significance.

But there was a future tense for Jen and Tom Flaherty after all, thanks to Pierre—Pierre, who had worshiped Jen hopelessly ever since he had first swung her, a pink, gleeful baby, to his broad shoulder; Pierre, whose love asked only a chance to serve.

It was Pierre who, when the sleigh came abreast of Tom's tired horse as he floundered in a drift, ran to his rescue and received the shot meant for Jen's lover in his own breast. It was Pierre who gasped out to the troopers that gallant lie that he, and he alone had killed Snow Devil, and made his mark to the confession he had dictated with a hand already stiffening in death. Then, with a little smile on the lips that Jen had kissed, Pierre's soul stepped jauntily forth on its last journeying.

"I killed Snow Devil," said Val Galbraith slowly. And——

"*I* killed Snow Devil!" insisted Tom Flaherty.

Corporal Byng looked from one to the other, then his glance strayed to Jen's face. Even corporals of the Mounted Police are human. "We was told to bring in one murderer, not three of 'em!" he said. "Come on, boys, help me get this poor fellow's body strapped onto this horse, and, remember—if anybody asks any questions —*we haven't seen a soul but him all morning!*"

Perhaps, owing to this peculiarity of vision, Corporal Byng did not see Tom and Jen clasped in each other's arms. But his round face was wistful, and under his breath he hummed the strains of an old Irish love song.

Rice-Nuts

Just your morning Puffed Rice doused with melted butter

Children eat Puffed Rice like a confection if you crisp and lightly butter. For the grains are like nuts puffed to bubbles.

They are used in candy making—as garnish on ice cream. Millions mix them with their berries, to give a nutty blend.

Yet these enticing tidbits are just whole-grain foods, with every food cell blasted.

Steam-exploded grain foods

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are far more than dainties. They are Prof. Anderson's creations. They are steam-exploded—shot from guns. All to blast the millions of food cells, so digestion is made easy and complete.

Mere cooking never does that, so this process was invented to make ideal whole-grain foods. If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve Puffed Grains in abundance, morning, noon and night.

Puffed Wheat

Ideal at night

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every granule is fitted to feed. All 16 elements in wheat yield their nutriment in full.

Puffed Wheat in milk forms the utmost in a food. Yet children count it a luxury dish. You cannot serve too often.

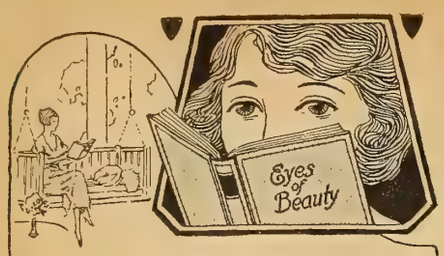
Puffed Rice

The morning dainty

Bubble grains, as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

They crush at a touch and melt away into fascinating granules.

No other process ever created a grain food anywhere near so delightful. Mix them also with your berries.



Are You Seeking Eye Beauty?

Beauty specialists are constantly being asked, "What can I do to make my eyes bright and beautiful? How can I attain the fascinating sparkle and brilliancy of youth?"

Their answer always is—*Murine.* This time-tested lotion is used in beauty parlors everywhere to enliven dull, tired eyes and make them radiantly beautiful. Use it night and morning, and also after motoring and outdoor sports. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Sold and recommended by druggists everywhere.

Send 10c postage for 15 days' FREE supply

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
9 E. Ohio St., Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Here's the enemy to skin disorders!
Resinol
promptly relieves the torment and usually clears the trouble away in due time.

Buy a jar today RESINOL Soothing and Healing

YOU CAN PLAY THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR
JUST LIKE THE HAWAIIANS!
Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. **In half an hour you can play it!** We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to **only four**—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is **only a matter of practice** to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Our complete course of 52 lessons includes FREE a Beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 pieces of Music. *Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.*

Just TEAR OUT and mail today

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway (Woolworth Bldg) New York
Please send me full information about your 52 easy lessons and FREE GUITAR OFFER.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....M.P.M.-8

Married People

(*Continued from page* 46)

not be dead. He *must* not be dead. As if to reassure her, his eyes opened slowly; opened and closed and opened again. "Mommy," he whispered weakly, "something hurts me. Oh, it hurts! Hold me, Mommy; hold Timmie," and two little round arms went feebly up around the woman's neck.

Something welled up in her heart and gathered in her eyes. Was it tears? Something deep within her seemed to snap and she felt the old hardness and cold selfishness slip away. She was a tender woman again; warm, vibrant, human. Potential motherhood claimed her for its own. Such a wealth of feeling flared up in response to that childish delirium that, when the hospital ambulance came to take him away, she could scarcely let him go, finally compromising by going with him. She had not given a second thought to Cranston.

It was just as well. He had taken an unobtrusive departure—that is as unobtrusive as possible. But someone saw him. It was Mike, waiting in the drive; a furious and baffled Mike, who had heard the shot and stood his ground, maddened by the miscarriage of his plans. For the craven brutality of the man who would force a child to rob a house, while he remained outside in a position of comparative safety, nothing can be said. But that is exactly what he had done. He had not fathered the orphan Timmie for four years for nothing. That was what he had been trained for. Mercifully for Tim, this was his first job—and last. But Mike was in a condition of bitter and unreasoning anger. He felt as tho he had been betrayed, that Cranston and Mrs. Cluer had stayed at home from the opera simply in order to frustrate his plans. Well, he hoped Cranston had succeeded with his. That would mean some money at any rate, and Mike's ever-fluctuating funds were getting pretty low. So he watched him leave the house in sullen silence. A little way down the street, Mike followed him and accosted him.

"Come on, shell out, me friend," he snarled in an ugly voice.

Cranston wheeled angrily. "You're crazy, Mike," he said; "you know I haven't anything."

"Tell it to Doc Cook," Mike retorted, madder than ever. "Didn't the little lady come across wit' anything?"

"No, she didn't. She——"

"You dirty liar!" the enraged man shouted, and swung at him viciously with a blackjack. Cranston crumpled up at the first blow, but the man kept on beating his defenseless head in a senseless rage. So died, appropriately, a worthless scion of a waning aristocracy. Mike, muttering wildly, walked into the arms of a policeman.

Up in the mountains, a lonely man with plenty of time and solitude to think, changed his mind slowly about his wife. After all, was it not nearly all his fault? His was the stronger nature, and he had insisted on their climbing, step by step, up the path of luxury. He wrote her a long and penitent letter, asking her to make just one more try for happiness. After it was mailed, he was almost happy again.

But that first flush was short-lived. An item in the little country paper he had sent to him announced briefly that the wealthy Mrs. Robert Cluer had shot a child. Such was the man's disturbed frame of mind that he immediately jumped to the conclusion that his wife had shot the little girl he had wanted to adopt. It was incredible, but—but—he must find out the truth.

It was a changed Dorothy who received the letter—not changed exactly, but just slipped back into her young, sweet self. Tim had come into her heart to stay, and after those first few terrible days at the hospital, she had brought him home. She was happy with him, but nothing had quite compensated for Robert's absence. Her thoughts turned to him over and over again—to the old Robert, not the harassed business man he was now. Then, to prove that her regeneration was complete, she did a beautiful thing for his sake. Timmie was in on the surprise, and it only awaited the return of Robert. She could not make up her mind whether to wire him or let him come of his own free-will. She was still trying to decide when she got his letter. It was, therefore, doubly welcome.

When he did arrive, she ran to him with outstretched arms, her face alight with reborn love and sweet humility.

But his expression stopped her.

"Wha—what is it? Oh, Bob, what is the matter now?" she cried, stupid with fright and disappointment.

He looked at her sternly, altho his heart was racing like a flywheel, and everything in him cried out for her. No, she could not have done the horrible thing he had thought.

"Dolly," he said brokenly, "Dolly, darling, tell me you didn't do it. Oh, I know you couldn't have done it. Tell me with your own lips you didn't do it."

"Didn't do what, Bob? Oh, how you have frightened me. I dont know at all what you are talking about. I've been a mean and selfish woman, Bob, but I haven't done anything criminal. Tell me what you mean, and let me defend myself."

"I want to hear you say you didn't shoot poor old Jim Macey's little girl. I read in the paper that you—that you——"

Dorothy smiled, a smile that was nearer tears than laughter; but that she could smile at all completely mystified her husband.

"Children," she called suddenly, and two little faces peeped out from behind the portières. "Come here, darlings, and give your daddy two good hugs!"

And Tim came over toward them, pulling gently by the hand a shy little girl—Jim Macey's daughter. This was the beautiful surprise, and when Dorothy saw the light that shone from her husband's face, and felt its glory reach her heart, she knew that happiness for them all had well begun.

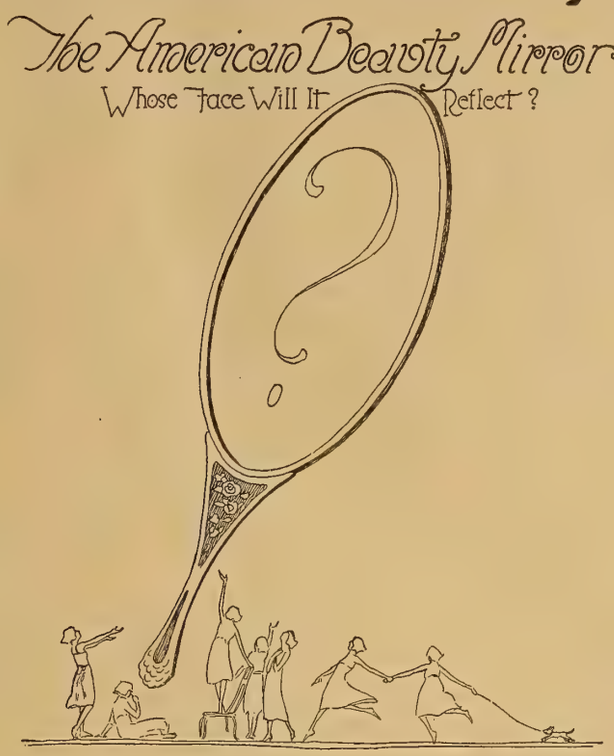
The American Beauty Contest

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I the fairest of them all?"

We all know the famous fairy story of the Queen who thus addressed her mirror—and now there is a reason and an opportunity why every woman should seek similar counsel from *her* mirror.

Then—if her mirror is encouraging—she should send us her photo at once.

We are looking for beauty and only beauty. This is NOT a movie contest.



The Loveliest Woman in America

You may think it's a tall order to find her among so many beautiful women. It *is*—but the Brewster Publications, read thruout the length and breadth of the land, are determined to find her—and find her they will!

Somewhere, as you read this page, that fortunate young woman may be reading the same page, unconscious of the fame and rewards that await her.

Is it you? Is it the girl next door? Is it that lovely girl you met last summer?

Read the simple rules, and the splendid rewards that await America's loveliest girl!

Is It You?

Here are the names of ten distinguished judges who will award the prizes to the most beautiful girl in America. They are people with international reputations in the artistic and literary world, and have been most carefully selected.

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN
Beautiful and celebrated English sculptor

MISS NEYSA McMEIN
One of the best-known women artists in America

CARL HOVEY
Editor of the *Metropolitan*

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON
Department Editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*

IDA CLYDE CLARKE
Associate Editor of *Pictorial Review*

HEYWOOD BROUN
Distinguished Art and Literary Critic of the *New York World*

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD
Who knows more about beauty and beautiful girls than any-one in the country

MRS. CORA COPPINGER
Beauty Specialist

HOWARD C. CHRISTY
Best known of all America's artists

CLARENCE H. WHITE
Vice-President of the Pictorial Photographers of America

These Will Be the Rewards of America's Beauty:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous "East Side"; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that——

One Thousand Dollars! ($1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

Notice

Photographs that are submitted to us in our Beauty Contest will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine,* from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan* Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE CLASSIC SHADOWLAND and Beauty at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.
8. The most beautiful picture received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., Brewster Building, Brooklyn, New York.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation (optional).....

Gray Hair banished in 15 minutes

INECTO RAPID

THOUSANDS of American tourists have brought "INECTO RAPID" from Europe. It can now be obtained in America. Its progressive features represent fifty years' advance over all other hair coloring preparations.

"INECTO RAPID" is used exclusively by 97% of the best European beauty parlors. The finest beauty establishments in America have now adopted it.

"INECTO RAPID" is specifically guaranteed to color gray, faded or streaked hair to its original shade in fifteen minutes. The color is absolutely permanent. It is so natural it cannot be detected from nature even under a microscope. It cannot injure the hair, or interfere with growth.

"INECTO RAPID" is the discovery of Dr. Emile of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, and differs absolutely from all other hair colorings because it repigmentizes the hair shaft instead of only coating the surface.

Thousands of women apply it in the privacy of their own homes with perfect success.

SEND NO MONEY

Write for particulars with proof and our "Beauty Analysis Chart," Form L-3.

INECTO, Inc., Laboratories and Demonstration Salon
33-35 West 46th St., New York, N. Y.

Do You Perspire?

NONSPI

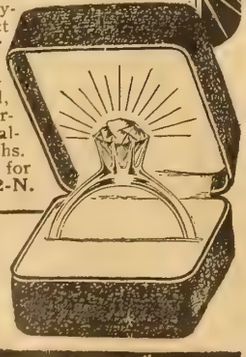
Send us 4c for Testing Sample and what medical authorities say of Armpit Perspiration.

(An Antiseptic Liquid) Keeps the armpits sweet and dry. Use it TWICE a week. No perspiration ruined dresses—No armpit odor—What a relief! 50c at toilet and drug dealers or by mail direct.
NONSPI CO., 2643 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Free Book of
DIAMOND BARGAINS

Send for the most complete catalog of Diamonds and Jewelry ever published, showing exquisite gifts of every description—every article a rare bargain. Anything you select will be sent for FREE examination and approval. If satisfied, pay only 1-5 purchase price — balance in ten months. Send TODAY for catalog No. 312-N.



SWEET *Engagement Ring set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond.*
Price $45
Terms: $9 Down—$3.60 a Month
Solitaires from $25 to $1000

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
L·W·SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Valli of the Shadows

(*Continued from page* 70)

"did you get the name 'Valli'? Are you any relation of Valli Valli's?"

"No," she answered, with easy candor, "I dont even know of her. I just liked the name, and so I took it. My family objected to me using my own. Just as in the case of a great many girls, my people did not want me to go into pictures; but I persisted until I had won my place with the S. & A. company in Chicago. Chicago is my home, you know, and it was only recently that I went to New York."

I was fascinated by her poise. It was as if the Mona Lisa was speaking.

Virginia Valli has dawned rather suddenly on the picture horizon, despite the fact that she has been on the screen for three years and has been leading woman with George Walsh, Bryant Washburn, Taylor Holmes and, most lately, with Bert Lytell. In fact, it was while she was with the irrepressible Bert in "Junk" at the Metro studios that we met. Her two previous releases with him have been "The Man Who," which was made in New York, and "A Trip to Paradise," for the production of which she was brought to the California studio—along with her new husband.

Yes, boys, Virginia is married. But dont stop reading. Whom do you know in films who isn't married? In Hollywood they say that matrimony only begins to make things interesting, and Virginia and her husband, George Lamson, are the most noted recent additions to California's honeymoon row. They were married only one day before she left for the Coast, and now they have settled down in the tiniest bungalow in Hollywood, half hidden under the shadow of the Hollywood Hotel, where Elinor Glyn spends her home hours while in the West. Elinor has been keeping a weather eye on the domestic happiness of the Lamson household.

A silence fell upon us as we sat in the stage shadows, and I noticed that the hands in her lap were clasped upon a little heap of sewing.

"I love to sew," she half-apologized, shattering our reflective quiet as she picked up the bits of silk. "I make lots and lots of my own clothes, and sometimes my costumes. This is a necktie." She is the sort of girl, I thought, who would look well sewing meditatively in a great chair beside a shaded lamp, thinking woman-thoughts and mother-thoughts.

"My husband loves sports," she offered, speaking with the lingering timidity of a bride, "and so do I. We golf a great deal and ride thru the hills every chance we get." That explained to my satisfaction why these married children are seldom seen at Los Angeles theaters or at any of the Cocoanut Grove gatherings. I gathered the impression that Virginia perhaps had not cared so much for sports before she was married. Now she "loves" sports and she loves sewing, and I suspect that she loves George.

Of all the pictures in which she has appeared, she likes "A Trip to Paradise" best. "Why?" I asked.

"Because I have the best part in it I have ever had," she answered naïvely and calmly, "so why shouldn't I? I think we are all selfish about our careers and about ourselves. In this business you have to be, if you ever expect to get ahead. There are too many others behind you on the ladder, snapping at your heels!" This seemed to be a long speech for her, and she hastily took refuge in her sewing, despite the gloom of the shadows about us.

"Selfishness is the thing I dread most in life," she went on, after a moment, languidly tucking a stray wisp of blue-black hair into place. Everything about her was in place. She typifies perfection in garb, in profile.

"I make my living in pictures, and so I have to abide by the cult of the screen, which is, 'do unto yourself, for no one else is going to do unto you'—that is, unless they do you!" Her voice rose a little at this, and we seemed for a minute to be quite animated. Then we lapsed again into silence, while I hoped that she would go on, if I did not break the placidity of her thoughts.

"But I try to keep this self-preservation attitude out of my life away from the studio and at home. I try to forget myself in caring for my husband."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Is he—er—an invalid, then?"

She looked at me for a moment, puzzled, as if to see whether I was serious. "No, he is anything but that," she replied, evidently satisfied that I was in earnest.

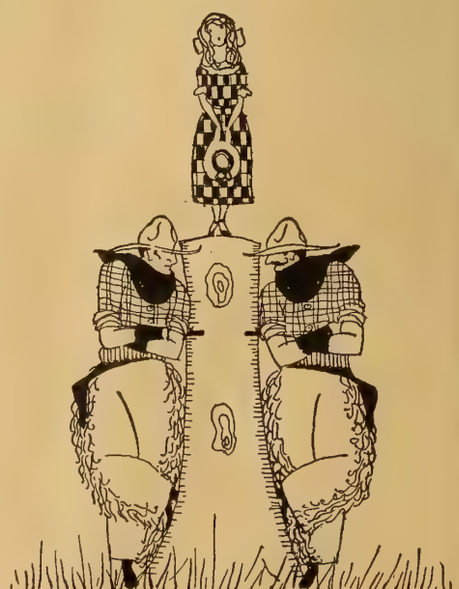
"I think——" Just then there came the clanging of a terrible bell, and the shadows vanished in a flash of light from the Kleigs and the Cooper-Hewlitts. We blinked at each other in the glare. With the vanishing of the shadows, the spell was broken. We rose and stood in the midst of a pile of junk. She shook some clinging threads from her black-and-yellow checked gingham skirt. I found that she is quite tall, quite stately—for one so young.

"That bell means work," she volunteered, with a little rueful half-smile, which you have seen on the screen. "We work by bells now at Metro, since all the studios on the Coast have been bitten by the efficiency bug."

"Wont you tell me what you 'thought'?" I asked, knowing that a woman's sewing thoughts are always worth listening to.

"It is too late now," she said, seriously, as she offered me her hand in parting; "but do come over to the house sometime and call on my two kittens—one of them is awfully unselfish, and I am studying her!"

Yes, Virginia Valli is the sort of girl who would love sewing—and sports—and George—and kittens!



Disinfected

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is with interest that we reproduce the following editorial which appeared in the "New York Tribune."*

"Whether it is Will Hays or some other movie master who is responsible, the motion picture industry has been given a healthy disinfecting. Lately a particularly notorious young woman returned from Europe hoping to capitalize her notoriety, only to discover that she is barred from taking part in film productions.

"Not long ago another motion picture star who has received unpleasant publicity was pained to learn that his 'vindication production' was not to take place. The argument that the public have nothing to do with the morals of popular actors is not based on sound sense. There is an element among playgoers which tolerates misbehavior in celebrities which it would not tolerate in acquaintances. And there is an element among showmen which capitalizes indecency, knowing that people who are 'talked about' will draw.

"It is to be hoped that the producers who use the speaking stage as a vehicle for their business follow the example of the film producers in judging 'talent.'"

AN INTERLUDE

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

Within a little dingy hall I sit,
  Burdened and tired, and watch the screen again
  For some relief from loneliness and pain—
Suddenly I see the scarlet flinches flit
Across a Tuscan garden, exquisite
  With daphne, and sweet almonds, and the frail,
  Star-leaved anemone, and lilies pale
In fountain bowls by darting fireflies lit.

A lilting strain of flutes I seem to hear,
  Quaint, graceful folk flit thru the dewy grass—
The curtain falls, the dancers disappear,
  And all the beauties of the garden pass—
But I go back to dreary circumstance
Strengthened by wistful fancy and romance.

TO A STAR

By ERROLL HAY COLCOCK

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
What a dainty sprite you are,
As you flit across the screen
In some captivating scene.

How I love you, no one knows;
I adore your every pose;
Scintillating from your sphere,
As I star-gaze at you there.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder if you are
Truly such a fair, young dream,
If you're really what you seem.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
While I worship from afar;
But, thru my new *Movieglass*,
I will *draw you close*, my lass!

The other woman may so easily be you

TWO MILLION women who have learned to realize this possibility are safeguarding themselves against it

By RUTH MILLER

The other woman—always a cloud of disapproval has followed her. Her offense may not be great; she may only lack small social graces. But always she is some one you would not want to be.

And yet—the *other* woman may so easily be *you*—especially in one respect!

We are keenly critical when "the other woman" offends with the disagreeable odor and moisture of underarm perspiration. But it is not so easy to recognize ourselves in the rôle of offender.

The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

We may be *innocently* guilty of that very lack of daintiness that we condemn in others. For it seems impossible to detect the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration in ourselves.

Fastidious soap and water cleanliness cannot protect you. The only sure safeguard for your daintiness is the way now adopted by two million women and thousands of men—regular practice of the underarm toilette, through Odorono.

Odorono corrects all forms of perspiration trouble

Odorono was originally a physician's prescription to correct the unpleasant moisture and odor of perspiration. It has been perfected by years of scientific research by the chemists in the Odorono laboratories and other leading chemists. It is a clean, dainty, antiseptic toilet water, easy and pleasant to use and effective in its control of underarm moisture and odor.

Physicians and nurses recommend it as the safe and most effective means of relieving all forms of perspiration annoyance.

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

Used regularly twice a week, Odorono keeps your underarms dry and odorless, in any weather. It leaves a delightful feeling of perfect cleanliness and gives assurance that you will never suffer the criticisms you have often made of other women in this respect.

Odorono not only assures your perfect comfort and cleanliness, but it protects your blouses, frocks and lingerie from unsightly stain and unpleasant odor. No other precautions are necessary.

Odorono may be obtained at all toilet counters, 35c, 60c and $1.00, or sent by mail, postpaid.

Send for booklet and free sample of "After-Cream"

As a specialist in the toilette of the underarm, I am always glad to advise with those who are troubled with perspiration. If you will write to me, I will send you our new booklet of information on the subject, together with a sample of the Odorono Company's "After-Cream." Address, Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 1008 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Canadian address, The Odorono Co., Ltd., 60-62 Front St., West, Toronto, Ont.

ODO-RO-NO
THE UNDER-ARM TOILETTE

DIAMONDS-WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT
LOFTIS
BROS. & CO. EST'D. 1858
Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED
Send for Catalog
Everything explained. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Pearls, Watches, etc. Any article sent prepaid for Free Examination. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Our immense Buying Power for our Chain of Stores and our large Mail Order House enables us to make lower prices than small concerns.
We invite comparison of quality and prices. You will be convinced that you can do better with LOFTIS.
LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED AT PAR
The handsome articles shown are SPECIAL BARGAINS selected from our "A1 Best Sellers." Diamonds are dazzling, blue white, perfect cut. Mountings are all Solid Gold. Furnished at prices given, and up to any price you wish. Order by Number.
DIAMOND RINGS: 1—White Gold, $100. 3—White Gold, or Green Gold with White Gold prongs, $75. 5—White Gold, $75. 10—White Gold, or Green Gold with Diamond set in White Gold, $37.50. 11—Yellow Gold, Diamond set in White Gold, $150. 6—WEDDING RING: Platinum, $25; Green or Yellow Gold, $10. 7—WATCH, 17-Jewel, gold-filled, guaranteed 25 years, $27.50. 12—WRIST WATCH, White Gold, 15-Jewel, $35; 17-Jewel, $45.
CREDIT TERMS: One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months.
LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
DEPT. C-615
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

The "Womanly" Way To Remove Hair
EL-RADO
Sanitary Liquid
Which do you prefer—shaving like a man or removing undesirable hair from the underarms, limbs and arms in the true "womanly" way with El-Rado? El-Rado is a dainty liquid hair remover, ready for instant use. It removes undesirable hair quickly and easily and cannot harm the tenderest skin. Guaranteed Satisfactory or Money Refunded. Two sizes: 60c and $1.00 at toilet goods counters.
If your dealer is out of El-Rado, send your order for $1.00 size direct to us. We will forward it by return mail. PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. 1268, Newburgh, N.Y.

FRECKLES
Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.
Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.
Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

MOLES

"DESINÆVI Will Banish YOURS Too."
A SAFE, SIMPLE, HOME METHOD OF BANISHING MOLES. WRITE FOR MY BOOKLET OF INFORMATION IT'S FREE
DR C.L.ALLEN 1019 MAIN STREET KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Real Adventure

(*Continued from page* 35)

and an otherwise absorbed and frequently absent mother . . . Rosalind knew her good points. She hated to admit it, but they were physical . . . However, they were but the means to an end. She would strike favor with her appearance, and then with her brain, on which she leaned, she would make of herself some sort of entity . . .

It wasn't hard to get in the chorus. "The Girl Upstairs" was casting, and Rosalind came in among the first lot. She had some voice and her legs were exceptional. It wasn't much, and Rosalind despised it, save as the first rung of the ladder . . . She knew, now, that every separate rung would hurt her feet—and heart. Rod . . . how she loved him, and hated him; how savage she felt toward him . . . how melting-sweet! But she wouldn't stand on *his* feet—she must stand on her own—even if it *was* in musical comedy.

Afterwards Rosalind knew that the attention she attracted almost at once was extraordinary. There were prettier girls in the chorus than she—more experienced ones, of course . . . more pushing ones—but when any promotion came, it came to her.

One night he asked her to take supper with him. The stage was darkened and most of the girls had gone home. A few stage-hands were standing about, but they minded their own hammering affairs . . . Rosalind was doing a bit of mending . . .

"What do you want me to go for?" she asked, moving so that the electric bulb would illuminate her stitches . . .

Galbraith didn't avert his eyes—rather nice eyes, they were, Rosalind thought . . . "I want to talk to you," he said; "that's all."

"All right," Rosalind said, "I'll go . . ."

After that, they dined together frequently. Rosalind told him of her plans and ambitions, of her formerly sheltered life, and of her determination to be not *a* woman, but the woman, Rosalind. But of her husband she did not speak; nor of the fact that she had been married. After all, she owed Rod silence . . . while in the chorus. His name stood for something in Chicago. The eyes of politics were upon him. He was slated for important things. A wife in the chorus wouldn't help him very far. She wanted to help him. Paradoxically, that was why she was in musical comedy . . . Well—Galbraith helped the hurt a little. She perceived, with a thrill, that he believed in her; that the force of her individuality had singled her out—he didn't make love to her—he made good with her. He talked to her. He told her things. He listened to her deductions . . . She knew that he did make love to other girls—quite a few . . .

One night she told him that the costumes were getting shabby.

"Designing new ones cuts into profits," Galbraith said.

"Not if you have it done inexpensively. Not if you dont go to *Fanchette* and *Marie,* and all those places . . ."

"There's no such thing as an inexpensive designer."

"Behold me!"

"You!"

"I!"

Galbraith shook his head. "I like your nerve and initiative," he said, "but I dont think you could design. You have to be a craftsman first."

"I am. I've been doing the repairing for this company for two months. I fixed Marcelia's gown the other day . . ."

"The salmon-and-black one . . . By Jove, it was a knock-out!"

"It was no knock-out when I came into possession of it. Poor Marcelia was about to come out of it . . . the 'touches' did it . . ."

Galbraith nodded. "There's something about you, Rosalind," he said, "that is like a salt breeze—tonic and strong. I could almost believe that you could do anything. Go ahead . . . repair the rags—make some design—it's a big field—I'd rather have you doing that than in the chorus . . . Of course," he added, rather fearfully, "if you had rather do that . . ."

That was the first inkling Rosalind had that Galbraith was in love with her. She felt furious and chagrined, and yet she knew that he *hadn't* been in love with her when he had given her her first chances. No, she had done this on the strength of her own selling power—emotional rungs hadn't come into it.

A month later Galbraith told her that the company was going back to Chicago. He also told her that he loved her, and that he would like to make her his wife before they started.

He was enormously in earnest. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. His capable-looking hands worked nervously. His face was pale and strained.

Rosalind felt two things for him—scorn, that, after all, he hadn't been able to accept her wholly as a comrade and a friend, but had had to come to the emotional end; and pity, because he was obviously not offering to do her a favor, but begging her to do him one.

She told him that she had a husband in Chicago, and who he was. She told him that she couldn't possibly go there as a chorus girl. She owed Rodney Aldrich something.

Galbraith rallied and was sporting.

He told her that she could take the name of "Doris Dane." That she was surely at liberty to earn her living honestly under a pseudonym, and that if she began to have all sorts of morbid fears and restrictions she wouldn't get anywhere. He encouraged her with her designing, and before the show departed for Chicago he paid her a substantial sum for the set of costumes she had designed for the second act. Other companies began to hunt her out . . . Rosalind felt that she was finding firm ground—she was creating—the money that came to her was her own . . . frightfully sweet because of that . . .

In Chicago Rodney came to see her.

They had rather a bad time of it. He made a bad beginning by asking her what in the world people would think of him if they discovered that his wife was in the *chorus,* and she replied by saying that she was sure she didn't know, and sorry that she didn't care . . . She was earnest, independent and respectable, which was more than could be said for them.

He further enraged her by asking her whether or no she had been true to him, and she told him she didn't know what he meant. If he had only asked these things later on—if, at first, he had taken an interest in what she was doing, how she was doing it—but no, he still thought primarily of himself, and of her only in connection with him. He hadn't progressed. He didn't understand.

After he had gone, Rosalind put her beautiful head down amongst the make-up, and cried great red and purple streaks all over the place . . .

(*Continued on page* 106)

The New Corliss Palmer Preparations

Springtime Means Beauty and the Renewal of Beauty

We take this opportune time to introduce the NEW CORLISS PALMER PREPARATIONS

The Best in Cosmetics is None Too Good

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows any article to leave the laboratory without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of make-up and insists that by clever use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

We Guarantee Our Preparations to Be Harmless

We enclose directions written personally by Miss Palmer. You cannot go wrong if her words are heeded.

A Special Word Must Be Said of Our Creams—They Are Exquisite and Without Equal

CORLISS PALMER FACE POWDER.....$1.00

CORLISS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM—A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all-day make-up, there is nothing like it..... .50

CORLISS PALMER FACE ROUGE..... .50

CORLISS PALMER LIP ROUGE..... .50

THE FOUR, attractively boxed in set..... 2.50

CORLISS PALMER VANISHING CREAM—A light, dry cream of purity, to be used in the morning, or at any time, to freshen the skin and make a foundation for the face powder..... .75

CORLISS PALMER CLEANSING OR NIGHT CREAM—A heavier cream, to cleanse the face at night and to soften and beautify the skin .75

CORLISS PALMER LEMON CREAM—An exquisite cream of even texture, purity and loveliness. For general use on the face and body.. .75

THE THREE, attractively boxed in set..... 2.25

CORLISS PALMER BEAUTIFIER—A lotion of the finest quality, for those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute corrector of an oily complexion, a bleacher, an astringent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles..... .60

Impressions Are Lasting—Look Your Best at All Times

We will mail, postpaid, any of the above preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash, or money order. (In mailing coins, wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

RICHARD WALLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

First National First

HAVE you noticed that when you go to a motion picture theatre that the pictures that interest you most, that the pictures that are the most fascinating entertainment and the finest artistry are First National pictures

Watch for this trademark on the screen

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new, simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

Full particulars and Booklet free

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
211 Ryrie Building Toronto, Can.

HAIR ON THE FACE QUICKLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK treatment painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair), without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. **The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment.** No electrolysis or caustics. Praised and recommended as the **only effectual method for satisfactorily destroying hair and root. RESULTS GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE.**

LOURIM CO. Dept. M, Litchfield St., Bay City, Mich.

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH **SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY**

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At drug and dept. stores. **Send 10c for miniature can.**
Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

The Real Adventure

(*Continued from page* 104)

Jack Galbraith took her out to supper and told her that he knew Aldrich would come around eventually, but that it would be a shame, in a sense; because he had two letters for her, which he knew meant large orders, and that she was on the road to making a fortune for herself, not to mention a name.

"If he does 'come around' then," said Rosalind, "it will be all the better. I had rather go back to him as a success than as a failure. It would be sweeter so. I'm human . . ." She laughed, a little shakily . . . Going back, the mere thought of it, was so perilously sweet, too. Was she sacrificing too much for an abstraction? For an ideal?

"Then you *would* go back?" Galbraith's tone was very low.

"Of course," said Rosalind. Her tone was throaty and full.

The day after seeing Rodney, Rosalind returned to New York with the show. Her days on the stage, she knew, were drawing to a close. In a measure, she felt sorry. She had put her foot on the first rung there—such a low rung by which to mount so high! And the contacts had been human and warm. As "Doris Dane" she had had to make good on "her own"; she hadn't been her mother's daughter, nor her sister's sister, nor her husband's wife. She had had no background—nothing but her clever hands, her quick brain, her own slender, steel-like determination. And she had won!

Upon her return, she found a contract awaiting her at a salary commensurate, at least, with the money Rodney had been giving her—more, if anything. The theatrical magnate who approached her on the matter was professionally unenthusiastic, but Rosalind saw his anxiety to have her. And other contracts would follow—of that she was certain. Galbraith had told her that if the great Marcale ever "came across," the lesser ones would inevitably follow. She could have her own establishment—her own business. She could create and direct the creativeness of others. In brain and fingertip and every least ability Rosalind felt the surge of power. After all, she hadn't been wrong—back there in Chicago—when she had burst the frail bondage of a doll's house. She did have powers and abilities; it would have been wrong for her to have frittered them away in pandering to pretty passions, to dilettanteism. If Rodney could only know! If some day it would come to him that it would have been a dearer, greater thing to have had a comrade than a toy. Rodney—curious, the way his face came between her and the contract—dimming its attractiveness a bit—taking some of the warmth from the acknowledgment of her import.

The evening before she was to sign the contract Rodney came to New York. And the instant that he entered the room of her boarding-house, Rosalind knew that a change had taken place—that *the* change had taken place—she didn't know how, nor why—she didn't have time to think, even if her galloping heart, her leaping pulses would have permitted her to.

Rodney was holding her hand in a firm grip. He wasn't patting it with the former, "there, there, little girl," attitude. No, he was gripping it warmly, intensely—in a way he might grasp the hand of a well-beloved *confrère* . . . "I just want to congratulate you," he said.

Rosalind felt a pang of fear, feminine, unreasonable . . . "Congratulate her"? Was that all?

"This is very kind of you," she said.

"It is hard," Rodney was saying, "hard, sometimes, for a man to realize that the woman he loves isn't just—isn't just a—a baby—to be taken care of . . . I'm sorry."

"It's all right." Rosalind was the secure one now. "It's quite all right. It—it was hard for me, too—to have to prove it. But I *did* have to, you see."

Rodney nodded. "I see—now," he said. "Men always have to have things shown them, I guess—have to have the moon in their hands before they will acknowledge that it is not a pretty, silver ball I read about Daris Dane and her costume designing, and all the things they've said about you. Of course, I knew that you were Doris Dane. It's a big thing."

Rosalind went to her dresser, opened the drawer, drew out the contract, to be signed on the morrow—for five years—five busy, profitable, acclaimed years—here in New York . . . she touched it, gingerly . . .

"I like to create the greatest thing of which I am capable," Rosalind went on, a little dreamily, looking, it seemed to Rodney, over his head—remotely beyond him. . . . He wondered why it had needed a newspaper account of a woman's business success to make the little girl, Rosalind, the little viking who had laughed at him thru the storm, into this poised and somehow superior woman, with achievement glowing from her eyes . . . he wasn't generally so bad a reader of character . . .

"Homes," Rosalind was saying, "are, after all, the greatest things a woman can create. But they must *be* homes. There must be solid walls . . . and there must be children . . . *Rodney!*"

"You—you mean . . . my *Dear!* But this . . ." He touched the contract, still in her hands . . . the hands stole back of his neck—thrilling finger-tips caressed him—and he heard the tearing of papers as he kist her—felt them touching his shoulders and arms as they scattered to the floor . . .

Blue Monte

(*Continued from page 75*)

said, "before one can be a real artist. That, of course, has been the trouble and the deficiency of the screen up to the present time. Inflated values—all that sort of thing."

"But," I said, "you believe that 'all that sort of thing' is changing?"

"I do. The screen is narrowing down. It is narrowing down to *the thinker*. A pretty face just as a pretty face has had its day. Youth will always be a triumphant factor, but even youth has got to *think* to be substantially successful now. The surplusage is being gradually and justifiably eliminated, and the residue has got to have a genuine gift to give. An emotion; a thought; a something more than skin-deep.

"With the superficialities gone, there is nothing the screen cannot do; no thrill it cannot give; no lesson it cannot teach. It can, as in 'Orphans of the Storm,' make history to live again. It can reach the most obscure with the most tremendous thought. And, undoubtedly, the superficialities, human and otherwise, are going."

At the time of our talk, Mr. Blue was finishing a picture with Sigrid Holmquist, to be called "My Old Kentucky Home."

After dinner, Mr. Blue went home to "write letters," and I went, still true to the scheme of things, to "The *Blue* Kitten"—not that kittens have anything to do, nor anything in common, with Monte, who has, if anyone has, the quality fondly called "primitive" by our best lady novelists—also our best lady interviewers!

B.V.D. Underwear is Identified by This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

No Underwear is B.V.D. Without It

The "B.V.D." Red Woven Label is the Trade Mark by which The B.V.D. Company assures you the far-famed comfort, long wear and dependable quality of its product.

The B.V.D. Company
New York
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF "B.V.D." UNDERWEAR

"B.V.D" Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A.) Men's $1.50 the suit, Youths' $1.00 the suit.

"B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 85c the garment.

35

Print Your Own cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus book, paper. Press $12. Larger $35. Job Press $150 up. CUTS EXPENSE IN HALF. SMALL OUTLAY. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Print for others, BIG PROFIT. Write factory TODAY for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, envelopes. THE PRESS CO., D-44, Meriden, Conn.

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS

Send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems. Instructive, helpful.

Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE
69 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same glitter, flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including the terrific **acid test.** Even lifetime diamond experts need all their experience to see any difference. That's why people who can take their choice wear Corodite diamonds and are proud of them. **Prove this yourself. Sole Importers of Genuine Corodite Diamonds.**

Wear a Corodite Diamond 10 DAYS FREE

Make this test. You risk nothing. **Wear a Genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 10 days.** If you or your friends can tell the difference, return the Corodite. You won't be out a single penny. If you decide to keep the ring, the price printed here is **all you pay.** No installment catches. Remember, only Corodites have exactly the same cutting as genuine stones. Don't be deceived. **Choose your ring now.**

No. 1—Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring $2.84
No. 2—Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring . . . $3.48
No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Platinum Finished . . $4.27
No. 4—Ladies' Carved Platinum Finished $3.96

All 1 carat size and the mountings are beauties of the very latest and most fashionable design. Either **GOLD** or the popular **WHITE PLATINUM** finish and bear an **UNQUALIFIED 20-YEAR GUARANTEE.** Handsome silk and velvet lined art leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send your name, address and number of ring wanted and size as shown by strip of paper fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 10 days' wear, send it back and your money will be **immediately returned.** Could a Fairer, Squarer offer be made? SEND TODAY.

E. RICHWINE CO., 333 South Dearborn Street, Dept. 154, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed

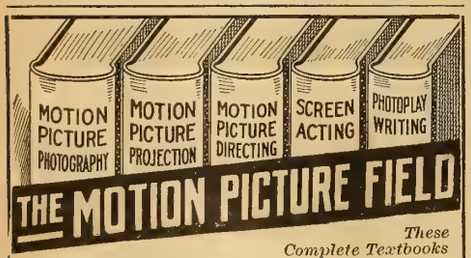
FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will Show Reduction Taking Place in 11 Days or Money Refunded

Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period) return the Reducer at once together with the instruction book that accompanied it and your $5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you wish quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes night and morning. By a gentle manipulation the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines, or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere or will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of $5 plus 20 cents to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance ($5.20 in all).
Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. **Or if you prefer, send for a free booklet.**

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street, Dept. 58, New York



These Complete Textbooks are the result of the most careful work of the following celebrated editors:

Carl Gregory, Dr. T. O'Conor Sloane, Peter Milne, Helen and Inez Klumph, and William Lord Wright,

with the cooperation of

William DeMille, Cecil DeMille, Rex Ingram, D. W. Griffith, Frank Borzage, Thomas Ince, Ernst Lubitsch,

and the advice and assistance of

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Colleen Moore, Mabel Ballin, Mae Murray, William S. Hart, Ruth Roland, also Arch Reeves, of Famous Players Company.

These books are used as Supplementary Texts in New York Institute of Photography, 141 West 36th St., N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY

YOU SIMPLY PAY THE POSTMAN

If not in the U. S., send cash with order

MAIL THIS COUPON

Check the books desired and PRINT name and address plainly.

MOTION PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHY - $6
MOTION PICTURE PROJECTION - - $5
MOTION PICTURE DIRECTING - - $3
SCREEN ACTING - - - - - - - $3
PHOTOPLAY WRITING - - - - - $3

GUARANTEED—If not satisfactory return the book in five days and your money will be refunded.

FALK PUBLISHING CO. Inc.

Dept. 10, 145 West 36th Street, New York

Send me the book (or books) I have checked. Upon delivery I am to pay the postman the purchase price with the understanding that it will be refunded to me provided I return you the book in five days.

.....
NAME

.....
ADDRESS

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 80)

offing calling for his services in feature pictures. Forever is a long word, however, and we hope one day, when George is well rested up, to see him in more of those hectic adventures which keep us in suspense from one week until the next.

There are others besides von Stroheim who consider Vienna a fine place in and about which to make pictures. **"Sylvia of the Tyrol"** and **"On the Blue Danube,"** are two foreign pictures made by Mondial Productions, the largest producers south of Germany, which are shortly to be released in this country, and in these the wonderful scenic and architectural beauty of Austria's capital will be seen to great advantage.

Bobby Vernon and **Vera Steadman** are making a Scotch comedy and a prize-fighting comedy under the direction of William Beaudine as the first of the comedies to be made for the new Educational-Christie organization.

Pauline Frederic's latest R-C production **"The Glory of Clementina Wing,"** adapted from W. J. Lock's famous novel, might almost have been written for this star, so exactly is she suited to this part. Emile Chautard, the noted French director, was responsible for this production.

One by one, the famous authors succumb to the lure of the movies. The latest is **Somerset Maugham,** whose first picture written directly for the screen was a picturesque vehicle for **Agnes Ayres** entitled **"The Ordeal,"** recently seen on Broadway. Remote and aloof, there stands Bernard Shaw who alone has consistently refused the honeyed words and certified checks of producers. He is deaf even to the argument that the screen will assure his plays immortality. In a recent interview he stated that they were already immortal. And there you are.

We doubt very much whether any producer in this or any country can line up so imposing an array of directors as Goldwyn have under contract for their current year. Marshall Neilan, R. A. Walsh, E. Mason Hopper, Maurice Tourneur, Allen Holubar and Rupert Hughes—these are names with which to conjure, and we look to Goldwyn to deliver the goods.

Cullen Landis, Madge Bellamy and Noah Beery, in order to get the correct atmosphere for a story of circus life which Thos. H. Ince is producing, are traveling in the neighborhood of San Francisco with Howe's Great London Circus, and will work under the "big top" thruout the San Francisco Bay district in order to make their circus and mob scenes. John Griffith Wray is directing, and the title of the feature is **"Someone To Love."**

Once find a good title and you get an epidemic of similar ones. Not only have we **"The Sheik"** and all his relations, but now comes **"The Valley of Silent Men"** following the city likewise afflicted in which **Tom Meighan** starred not long ago.

T. Roy Barnes and **George Fawcett** will support **Theodore Roberts,** who is heading an all star cast in Paramount's

(*Continued on page* 118)

Why Are Diaries Always Fascinating?

PERHAPS it is because people are apt to write in diaries their honest opinions — opinions which they would never voice to the world, for one reason or another. Diaries sometimes serve as confessionals.

But be that as it may, the diary excerpts apparently reproduced from the diaries of the various members of a motion picture company, which appear in the September **Motion Picture Magazine** are fascinating.

Milton Howe has written an article which ripples with humor as it passes on pages from the diaries of the director, the cameraman, the extras and the star—all describing the same day on location.

There are sketchy illustrations of the various members of the company from whose diaries pages are reproduced. And they are typical in every instance.

TRADE-MARK REG.

None Genuine Without This Trade-Mark

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

Women tired of experimenting, find that MI-RITA destroys the most stubborn growth. The treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

For sale at leading toilet counters and drug stores, or write direct to

Dr. Margaret Ruppert

Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment

Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

EAT, DRINK and BE MERRY

For tomorrow—your makeup will still be on (unless you remove it with cold cream or soap and hot water)

What would you give for a

ROUGE AND LIP SALVE THAT WILL STAY ON ALL DAY?

No more making up in public! No more plastering of your face many times a day (which is ruinous to the complexion)! No more constant worrying about your appearance! You can go in bathing and still preserve your makeup! Sounds impossible, but it can be done! Corliss Palmer has solved the problem. Her secret formulas, perfected after months of patient study and experimentation are in our sole possession. As for the face powder, it will stay on *most* complexions without the aid of foundation cream; but when the foundation cream is first applied, even a rainstorm will hardly destroy its permanency and beauty.

This foundation cream is truly wonderful! No more shiny noses! It will hide all facial blemishes, too. Even a red pimple or a mole or scar can be entirely hidden by it. It is not white, but the color of your skin, and you can make it as light or dark as you wish by applying more or less. And so with the rouge and lip salve and powder—they can likewise be made to match *any* complexion, whether blond or brunette.

Only try these preparations *once*, and you will never want any other. See our announcement (and prices) on another page of this magazine.

RICHARD WALLACE, Distributors
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD

Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue • • • New York City

Clear Tone FOR PIMPLES

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. **$1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.**

FREE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.

E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 84)

ELAINE.—Yes, I wear sweaters, but it's a sure thing that I dont wear slip-ons. Dont mind me, just a kind of mental dulness. But nearly one-third of the population of the world are Christians. Didn't you think there were that many. Irene Castle is playing in "Dont Weaken."

MAXINE H.—Yes, he is an Italian. I think I would.

N. V. M.—You think that women are falling from the pedestals on which men have placed them. What woman wants to be on a pedestal when she can be in politics. Alaska became a part of the United States when it was purchased from Russia in 1867. You say "It's a stiff neck that has no turning when the short skirt passes by." Now it's my turn.

YVONNE N.—I'm here *faire mon devoir*. Yes, Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay. I dont know who it was who said, "If immortality means merely continuing to live, anyone can have my share who wants it." Sounds like our friend up above. Constance Talmadge is going to the Orient to take some scenes for "East Is West." Mary Pickford has been trying to purchase "Six Cylinder Love" for her brother Jack, but she hasn't been successful thus far.

CLARABELL.—So you think I look effeminate, and you seem to doubt my gender. Well, I'm here from 8:30 to 5:00 every day—come and take a look. Mabel Ballin and Percy Marmount in "Married People." You say you want to see more of Wyndham Standing and Winter Hall. You say Constance Talmadge fills the place in your life that fairies did when you were a little child. What a sweet thought. You say that Norma is wonderful too, but she is more like moonlight and Constance is just dancing sunshine. I'm sure they would both like to hear from you.

MAC.—You call it bold writing to me—I call it a living. That was Conrad Nagel. A trick of course. Betty Compson is playing with Bert Lytell in "To Have and to Hold." Mary Miles Minter in "The Cowboy and the Lady." You're right. Elaine Hammerstein in "Under Oath."

KAY.—I'm afraid you're a little too tall. Better give up the idea. Yes, Oscar Wilde did say, "it is a burning shame that there should be one law for men and another law for women. There should be no law for anybody." Oh what a woild this would be!

NELLIE H.—Here is all I know about the little lady—Lillian Hall—Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1897, and is married. Educated in high school and business college there, and appeared in stock in Philadelphia. She is five feet tall, weighs one hundred pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

RUBYE.—What do I think about marriage—let me whisper it to you. Life is not a speculation. It is a sacrament. Its ideal is love. Its purification is sacrifice. Shirley Mason and Alan Forrest in "Lights of the Desert."

ETHELEE. — Leatrice Joy played in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," "Smilin' all the Way," and "Saturday Night." She is married to Jack Gilbert. Lila Lee is playing opposite Wallace Reid in "The Ghost Breaker." Kenneth Harland and Marie Prevost in "They're Off," for Universal.

FANNIE-FOR-RUDIE.—No, I never had a

(*Continued on page* 115)

Trade Mark Registered
WURLITZER
200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

kles

…will …in- …om- …week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial won't cost you a penny.

Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay for instrument and complete outfit.

Complete Outfit

You get with the instrument everything that you need—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories, extra parts, self instructor, music, etc.—all at direct cost, practically for the cost of instrument alone.

Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments more than 200 years.

All instruments including Pianos and Victrolas, are embraced in the Wurlitzer plan.

Send for New Music Book

No Charge

Every known instrument illustrated with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book is absolutely free. Send the coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Cincinnati, O. Chicago, Ill.
New York, N. Y. San Francisco, Calif.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. C-152
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 120 W. 42nd St., New York
700 Jackson Blvd., Chicago 250 Stockton St., San Francisco

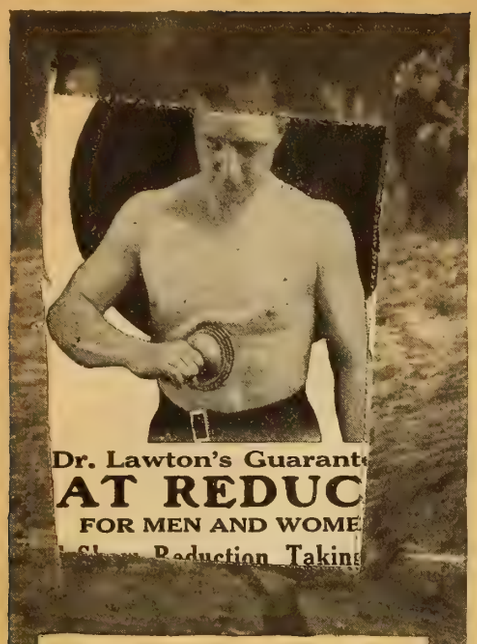
Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name.....

Address.....

State musical instrument in which you're especially interested

Copyright 1921, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.



32 Photographic Masterpieces

Alo Studies is a volume of 32 magnificent photographic creations, portraying the beauty and charm of youth amid the luxuriant settings of Nature.

The Nude in Art

This remarkable work is a serious endeavor in a new development of art, and is recognized by the leading art galleries and academies throughout the world.

From Life

The original way in which Albert Arthur Allen has handled life and nature makes *Alo Studies* a delightful collection to linger over. The models are of the highest type of feminine beauty—typically American, and symmetrical for the age in which we live. The natural scenes are fully in keeping.

In Phenomenal Demand

Alo Studies, Art Edition de Luxe, comes in one of three beautiful bindings. It is a valuable addition to the carefully selected library. It has met with the approval of artists and art lovers everywhere.

Order your Copy at once

Orders will be filled in the order in which they are received. Select the binding you desire, and *send for your copy today—before the edition is exhausted!*

Leather-bound, stamped in gold $4.00
Cloth-bound, stamped in gold . 2.00
Art paper, stamped in gold . 1.00

Write direct to

ALLEN ART STUDIOS
4123 Broadway, Oakland, Calif., U. S. A.

Alo Studies

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 74*)

Galsworthy's play, "Justice," in which John Barrymore played on the stage several seasons back; Eugene Walters' "The Easiest Way," and "Rupert of Hentzau."

Jack Pickford is not the only star who selected a racing story with big scenes, to be filmed on the famous tracks of Lexington, Kentucky. Universal has sent a big company, under King Baggott as director, to Kentucky to film the old melodrama, "The Suburban Handicap." Reginald Denny plays the lead, with Lillian Rich, Lionel Belmore, Gertrude Astor and others in the cast. Kingsley Benedict plays the stable-boy, which he created in the original stage play, twenty years ago. He was then fourteen years old. An old program of McVicker's Theater shows the names of William S. Hart, J. H. Gilmore and Henry Woodruff in the cast.

Bert Lytell's successful work in "To Have and to Hold" has apparently determined his fate with Famous Players-Lasky for some time to come. He plays the lead in Willard Mack's drama, "Kick In," which George Fitzmaurice has just finished directing.

J. Stuart Blackton's experiment with a picture, all in color, featuring the English beauty, Lady Diana Manners, has tempted others. Fox Films has decided to follow in the Commodore's footsteps by putting on an all-color version of Salome, with an all-star cast.

Priscilla Dean has finished "Under Two Flags," which is one of the most elaborate productions in which she has ever appeared. Her next picture will be "Trimmed in Scarlet," from the story by William Hurlburt.

Eric von Stroheim's inherent love for accuracy has again sent forth assistant directors and prop men in tears and agony. This time they are searching for a certain carriage which belonged to former Emperor Franz Josef, and which only recently was purchased by an art collector in New York. Von Stroheim yearns to use the respectable but mysterious vehicle in a Viennese story laid in the time when the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs were blooming in full glory. Nobody, at this writing, seems to have found the scent; so it is a case of "Buggy, buggy; who's got the buggy?"

Carmel Myers, starring in special productions for Walter Hast, former London stage producer, has met a bitter sorrow in the death of her father, Rabbi Myers, who was killed by a street accident, in which he was struck by a taxi.

Constance Talmadge has given up her contemplated trip to the Orient; it having been decided to film the "love boat" episodes of "East Is West" here in California instead of Japan, as she originally intended. "Connie" will be adorable in the part of the little sing-song girl, Ming Toy, played by Fay Bainter on the stage. Edward Burns plays the rôle of the American, Mr. Louie Benson. His last appearance was with George Arliss in "The Ruling Passion."

Miss Talmadge has been filling in her time by getting a divorce from her Greek husband, John J. Pialoglou, the New York cigaret importer, whom she charges with cruel and inhuman treatment.

The divorce bug also bit Gouveneur Morris, one of the most successful novelists writing for the screen. He has filed suit against his wife, Elsie Morris, for divorce, on the ground of desertion. They were married in 1905, and have two children.

Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese cinema star, has sued Robertson-Cole Pictures Corporation for ninety-two thousand dollars, charging breach of contract. Hayakawa claims his contract with R-C called for the making of six pictures, for which he was to receive $20,000 each. Only two features, "The First Born" and "Black Roses," were completed, so he asserts, when he was discharged.

"Joe," the horse ridden by Tom Mix in nearly all of his Western thrillers, figures in a heavy lawsuit, brought by George Walsh, who claims the horse is his, and he wants it. It appears that Walsh, at Mix's request, left the horse with Mix when he went to New York to film a picture. When he came back, Mix refused to give the nag up. Hence a twenty thousand dollar lawsuit.

Following "The Age of Chivalry," which will be Douglas Fairbanks' greatest picture, Doug will spend the winter with a film version of "Monsieur Beaucaire," from the pen of Booth Tarkington.

Rodolph Valentino is soon to begin shooting on his new picture, "The Young Rajah," adapted for the screen by June Mathis from D. A. Mitchell's novel, "Amos Judd." With a thread of Yogi philosophy running thru the story, Valentino will undoubtedly find a most attractive rôle.

Preliminaries have started on "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," which is to be Gloria Swanson's biggest and most ambitious picture.

Dorothy Dalton is going to be seen in another Alaska dance-hall picture, "The Siren Call." David Powell and Mitchell Lewis play the masculine leads.

All rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, Mary Miles Minter will remain with the Lasky organization indefinitely. Upon her return from Honolulu, she started production on "The Cowboy and the Lady."

That good old melodramatic tear-inveiker, "The Old Homestead," will feature Theodore Roberts as Uncle Josh Whitcomb. Fritzi Ridgeway plays the part of Rickety Ann, with T. Roy Barnes in the role of Happy Jack.

Rupert Hughes is going to make a picture of his motion picture novel, "Souls for Sale." His picture, "The Bitterness of Sweets," will probably be shown without sub-titles. For once, Colleen Moore will probably be absent from the cast of the next Rupert Hughes picture; she is playing the lead in "Broken Chains," the ten thousand dollar prize story which won honors for Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Fla., out of a field of thirty-seven thousand manuscripts submitted in a Chicago newspaper competition.

That Goldwyn has changed the title of Elinor Glyn's play from "Six Days" to "Five Days" is no reflection upon Elinor's calendar; the trouble was a conflict with a religious film recently released under the title, "After Six Days."

Whenever a new star appears, it seems the proper thing to look up the roster of the "Follies." Metro's new star is Billy Dove, late of the pulchritudinous girl show.

Bing: Gee, what's wrong with your face?

Bang: I was getting shaved in that barber shop scene by a nervous barber when the director yelled, "Cut!"

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures in New York City

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 B'way.
Alpha Pictures, Inc., 126 West 46th St.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 West 42nd St.
Astra Film Corp., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio.)

Ballin, Hugo, Productions, 366 Fifth Ave.
Bennett, Whitman, Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave.
Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St.
Bray Studio, 23 East 26th St.
Bulls Eye Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.

Character Pictures, 17 W. 42nd St.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmopolitan Prod., 2278 Second Ave.
Crest Pictures Corp., Times Building.

Edison, Thomas A., Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave. (Studio.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Exclusive Pictures, 126 West 46th St.
Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.

Famous Player-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave.
Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Film Market, Inc., 1482 Broadway.
First National Exhibitors', Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Fox Film Co., Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Frohman Amusement Corp., Times Bldg.

Gaumont Co., Congress Ave., Flushing, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1540 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W. Films, 1476 Broadway.
Studio, Orienta Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Hampton, Hope, Productions, 1542 B'way.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 527 Fifth Ave.

International Studios, 2278 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 West 46th St.

Jans, Herman, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 West 42nd St.

Kane, Arthur S., Prod., 25 West 43d St.
Keeney, Frank A., 1493 Broadway.
Kleine, George, 729 Seventh Ave.

Mayflower Prod., 1465 Broadway.
Metro Pictures, Loew Bldg., Broadway and 45th St.
Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway.

Outing, Chester Pictures, 120 West 41st St.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St.
Physical Culture Photoplays, Inc., 113 West 40th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Pioneer Feature Film Corp., 126 West 46th St.
Prizma, Inc., 71 West 23rd St.

Raver, Harry, 1402 Broadway.
Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Ave.
Robertson-Cole Co., 723 Seventh Ave.

S. L. Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
Seitz, Geo. B., 1990 Park Ave.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Studio, W. Fort Lee, N. J.
Stewart, Anita, Prod., Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 West 44th St.

Talmadge, Film Co., 318 East 48th St.
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 B'way.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 B'way.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway.

Vitagraph Co., 469 Fifth Ave. Studio, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn.

Warner Brothers, 220 West 42nd St.
West Roland Film Prod., 260 West 42nd St.
Wilk, Jacob, 1476 Broadway.
Williamson Bros., Inc., 1482 Broadway.

Young, Clara Kimball, 33 West 42nd St.

The World is Watching Our Ankles

By Marjorie Manor

You, too, can have beautiful, neat, trim ankles. Simply tell me that you are sincere.

In your home, **through private exercise,** you can secure the same results that Society Folk obtain from mountain climbing. The same forward-step resistance provided by mountain climbing and which is necessary to reduce your ankles and shape your limbs is provided by the Hilbar Exerciser.

Simple—Effective! Ten minutes of pleasant exercise each morning (photograph illustrates simplicity) will make your dream a reality—in remarkably short time. The exercise will benefit you from head to foot. But most important of all, it will give you neat, trim ankles and shapely limbs which you have so long admired and wished for.

Inexpensive—Enduring

The Hilbar Exerciser is made of the very best materials. Mailed postpaid in **plain package** complete as illustrated ready for attaching to baseboard, $2.50. Directions for using and attaching the Exerciser furnished with each set. Add ten cents for exchange with personal check. Mail order today—start your exercise immediately.

THE HILBAR COMPANY
2822 Second Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

HILBAR Calf Developer

Watch For The
New Shadowland

With regret we announce the resignation of **Mr. Frederick James Smith** as managing editor of the Brewster Publications, and as editor of SHADOWLAND.

We also announce that

MR. EUGENE V. BREWSTER

President and editor-in-chief of Brewster Publications, Inc., pioneer editor and designer of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND and BEAUTY, will resume the active editorship of **SHADOWLAND,** assisted by an able staff of artists, editors and writers that he is now gathering around him.

You may therefore look forward to a

New Shadowland
a
Different Shadowland
and a
Better Shadowland

While Mr. Smith has given us a most artistic publication, and one that is universally pronounced "the handsomest magazine on the stands," we feel confident in saying that there is nothing so good but that it can be better! We ask your support and patronage for the NEW SHADOWLAND.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Brewster Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Representatives Wanted
Sparetime Work—Good Pay

For particulars, write to Subscription Department, Brewster Publications, Brewster Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIAMONDS

FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY

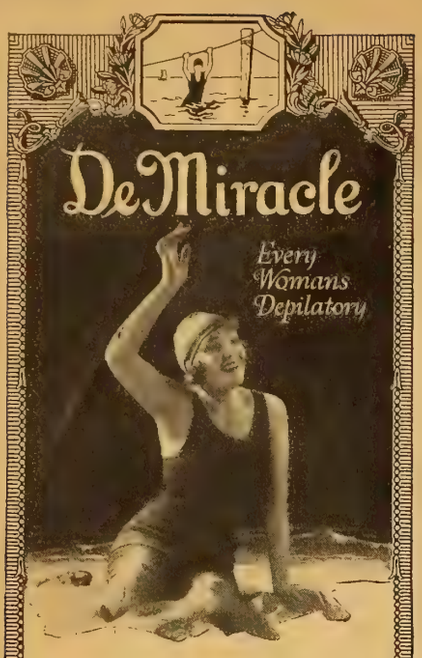
$1.50 a Week
SEND NO MONEY
Looks like $350.00 Solitaire
No. 152C
only $59.50
We Trust You
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Don't send a single penny. Ten days *Free Trial.* When the ring comes, examine it—if you are not convinced it is the *Greatest Bargain in America,* send it back at our expense. Only if pleased, send $1.50 weekly--at the rate of a few cents a day. This Bargain Cluster Ring with 7 Blue-White Perfect Cut Diamonds can be yours. No Red Tape. No Risk.

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

Million Dollar Bargain Book FREE Send for it today. It pictures thousands of Bargains. Address Dept. 152C

J.M.LYON & CO.
2-4 Maiden Lane N.Y.



Before Your Dip

YOU should remove unsightly hair from arms, underarms and limbs. The nicest, quickest and most simple way to remove it is with De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid.

You need not risk a penny in trying De Miracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the De Miracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of price

De Miracle

Dept. L-29, Park Ave. and 129th St. New York

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material. Submit ideas in any form at once for our immediate examination. Or write for FREE PHOTOPLAY BOOKLET and details of our service to Authors.

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS
Suite 602 N Bristol Building, New York

YOUR CLEVER PHOTOPLAY IDEA SOLD when revised in vivid, colorful word pictures, reconstructed into tense, brilliant, forceful Screen-Play by **STUDIO EXPERT.** Formerly Critic and Reviewer Universal S. Corp., Goldwyns, etc. Revision $15, Constructive Criticism, $5. **THE SCREEN STUDIO, S., 358 West 58th Street, New York City. Plays, stories, books reviewed.**

This is the Life

You can get anywhere on the strongly made, easy riding and most comfortable wheel built

BLACK BEAUTY—$1 A Week

and a small deposit brings this superior wheel to you at new low factory prices. Delivered free. Five year guarantee. Six month accident insurance.

Catalog illustrating 40 styles Tires and Accessories **Free**

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO., Dept. 298, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

AN EVIL INFLUENCE

By Gwendolen Cumnor

I used to scoff at censors, but the other night I saw
That they are not so culpable for laying down the law.
A certain passioned picture shone upon the silversheet,
And shadowed many close-ups of fond love's caresses sweet.
I found myself excited, as I watched this ecstasy;
But oh! you should have seen the poor young man in front of me!

For there he sat and stared and stared, with eyes nigh popping out,
And every time the two stars kissed he'd wheel himself about
And throw his arms around his own especial lady fair,
And, with a cry of rapture, he would kiss her then and there!
The people gaped and gasped, and saw the film's corruption clear,
As this three-year-old young gentleman embraced his "Muvver, dear!"

FADE-OUT

By Gwendolen Cumnor

I want a thrilling kiss like that divine
One in the fade-out in the final reel!
That little girl must think the world is fine
When that young giant murmurs, "Now! Dont squeal!"

When she can stare, while I shy glances steal,
And in his wavy hair her fingers twine.
I want a thrilling kiss like that divine
One in the fade-out in the final reel!

I know it's wrong for me to pout and pine
And wish my own dear Tommy's lips would seal
His fervent love as recklessly on mine.
But oh! when censors sleep and planets keel!
I want a thrilling kiss like that divine
One in the fade-out in the final reel!

WHAT HOUR, MY LORDS?

By J. R. McCarthy

I've reached my movie seat when Joe
Was being saved from certain sinning,
But never have I reached a show
Exactly when it was beginning.

I've entered when the heroine
With gaudy gowns was being tempted;
I've entered when with rolling-pin
A husband-murder was attempted.

I've reached my seat and viewed the screen
When love was crowned with final kissing;
I've entered earlier and seen
A dead man, with the pistol missing.

We look unto the movie men,
As pupils look unto their teacher,
To tell us just exactly when
They're going to start the evening feature!

IN THIS CASE, THE LESS, THE BETTER

By Frank V. Faulhaber

Interviewer: I s'pose you "extras" require large wardrobes, dont you?

"Extra": Well—not always. A wood-nymph, for instance, only needs a square yard of flimsy gauze.

At Last!
All the Beauty and Charm of
BOBBED HAIR
is Yours
Without Cutting Your Own Hair
Fashion Decrees Bobbed Hair

The National Bob
Patented

—gives you the beautiful desired effect of Bobbed Hair without cutting off your own precious hair, or ruining it by curling and burning. If your hair is already cut and you want it to grow without any unpleasant annoyance, wear a National "Bob." Blends perfectly with your own hair. *Positively* cannot be detected.

HOW TO ORDER: Simply send strand of hair with $10.00. "Bob" will be shipped at once, or send strand of hair alone and pay postman. Satisfaction *guaranteed* or money refunded. **Send for FREE catalogue.**

Artificial Eye-Lashes $1.50 Pr.

Agents wanted

National Hair Nets
Ask your dealer, or send 65c for Boudoir Box of 6. Guaranteed perfect, extra size, real human hair. State color and style (cap or fringe).

65c

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS COMPANY
Dept. 48 368 Sixth Ave., New York

LEARN
Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

AGENTS—$5 to $15 DAILY

Introducing NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY—latest modes and shades—Nude, camel, silver, etc. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—WE DELIVER AND COLLECT. Experience unnecessary. J. R. Sutton made $14.60 first day. Lee Higgins $21.45 first day. (Sworn proof furnished). You should do as well. Outfits contain all colors and grades including full fashioned silks.

MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO., Desk 898, Cincinnati, Ohio

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE "Solvent." New way. Pain immediately vanishes. Acts like magic on worst Bunions, Hump gradually disappears.

SENT ON TRIAL

To introduce we will gladly arrange to send you a Box of "Solvent" to try for your own Bunion. Thousands are sending. Simply write and say, "I want to try *PEDODYNE*."

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. A-360
186 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 68)

explain her by saying that she enjoyed a vicarious pleasure from self-pity. To us she seemed a doll of sawdust, unworthy of the effort eventually expended in her behalf. We doubt if real people, people worthy of any consideration, act in such a manner.

Agnes Ayres is starred in this impossible rôle. However, she does not invest her portrayal with any excuse for being. Perhaps no one could.

Conrad Nagel does his best in the rôle of the surgeon.

Certainly this does not savor of W. Somerset Maugham. What has happened is beyond our comprehension. But it has taught us a lesson. We will stay away from the screen productions of our favorite authors in the future, unless we make reassuring investigations beforehand.

Summer months are not propitious for the release of productions which are considered anything of an event. Perhaps that is why "Grandma's Boy," the first five-reel Harold Lloyd comedy, will not be released generally until the early fall. It is true that it has been shown in a few large cities, but these were only preview performances.

In the past the comedies of Harold Lloyd have won their reputation because they have kept the audience at a high tension thruout. There have always been thrills and laughs following fast upon one another. There have been no interims in the action. Naturally, such a state of affairs could not exist in "Grandma's Boy," which runs a little over an hour. It would be practically impossible to keep any audience on edge for that length of time. Emotions are ever transitory.

Therefore, "Grandma's Boy" is not so amusing as the Lloydian comedies which have gone before. There are episodes as funny and even funnier than any which have been screened before—there are laughs galore and thrills aplenty. But there are interims—interims which have previously been conspicuous by their absence.

The theme deals with a youth, Harold by name, who is a frightful coward. He is terrorized a good part of the time and mortified because of his fear the rest of the time. His grandmother realizes his despair and tells him a story of his grandfather who overcame a similar cowardice during the days of the Civil War. Harold takes the charm which his grandmother explains cured his grandfather of his fear and goes forth to conquer the multiple things which terrorized him in the past. Thanks to the charm—or fortuitous circumstances—he inevitably becomes the hero of the town——

Above everything else in the picture we remember the episode in which Harold mistakes a camphor ball for a candy——

Often Harold Lloyd's comedies have been compensation for the mediocre feature production on the same program. For this reason, if not because we think they adapt themselves better as short subjects, we hope that Mr. Lloyd will not continue making long subjects.

At the present time there is a mode for the simple, homely story of the Hebrew and his family. They are quite as popular in fiction as upon the screen. And Fannie Hurst who specializes in this sort of thing is responsible for "The Good Provider."

It is a story of a conservative Hebrew family who have finally attained a semblance of success in a country town. When the children grow up, there is a conflict between the two generations. They wish to move to the city, resenting the surburban home and the little store. And the mother, understanding the ambitions of her children, persuades the aging father to humor their desire.

Thruout there is humor intermingled with the pathos. Vera Gordon is featured in the rôle of the mother, and while it is true that she invests her rôle with feeling and understanding, it is Dore Davidson as the father who finds his way to your greatest interest and sympathy.

Without attempting great things, "The Good Provider," manages to be an interesting picture—one that is something of a relief after the hectic and superficial affairs in which so many producers specialize. At least you did not find it difficult to believe that somewhere such people live, and living laugh and cry.

"Trouble," on the other hand, finds its chief claim to prominence lying in its star rather than its story. Recently Jackie Coogan has been cast as something of a junior Horatio Alger hero. Always he has been the poor, poor youth who has won happiness or wealth thru his complete conformity with all of the rules governing perfect children. And "Trouble" is similar to those which have gone before.

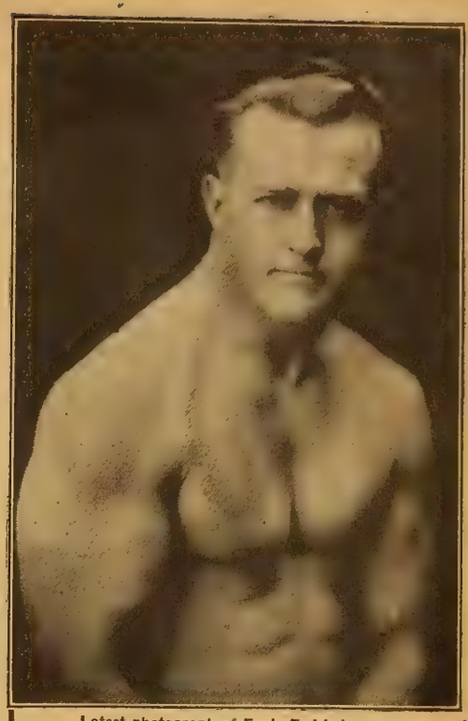
Nevertheless, this does not daunt Master Coogan. He takes what story is given him and calmly invests it with a rare charm. He endows the simplest incidents with a poignancy and intersperses heart-beats generously.

Perhaps there is no finer actor on the screen today than Jackie Coogan. We say this too, not in a burst of enthusiasm, but after long consideration. In his face may be found all the commiseration and all the understanding of the ages. And, so there may be no monotony, laughter mingles with the tears——. "Trouble" is worth while if only because of the court-room scene, when Jackie takes the stand and tells the Judge and the Jury of the impossible man who made the days of his adopted mother and himself miserable affairs.

We cannot help deploring the fact that someday Jackie must, of necessity, grow up. We cannot help wondering if adolescence will rob him of the rare qualities with which he is now possessed. This ordinarily happens. Yet these qualities—particularly the understanding—seem so integral a part of Jackie Coogan that it would not surprise us if he took them along with him thru the years.

Last we mention Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Lover." It tells of a girl craving the romantic above all else. In spots it is amusing satire, and in others it is far-fetched comedy. Miss Talmadge as the girl who learns that some things read better than they seem in reality is the same delightful comedienne we have always found her to be. And Harrison Ford invests with a definite charm the rôle of the divorced husband who is forced to prove to his ex-wife the fallacy of many of her beliefs by the means of a well-staged game.

It seems to us that "The Perfect Lover" is two or three shades better than the recent Constance Talmadge productions. Nevertheless, we are waiting anxiously for her forthcoming "East is West."



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

A wild man once lived in the forest. He had no fear of man or beast. He carried a mighty club with which he fought his enemies of the jungle. His rough and active life in the open gave him the strength of the beasts themselves. He was a superman in health and strength. But who wants to be a wild man?

The Modern Man

There are men in our midst today enjoying the same abundance of health and strength. They are not of the wild man type, however. They are men of intellect, who have become leaders of industry. They realize that brains are essential, but of little value if placed in a weak body with sluggish blood circulation, or troubled with various disorders of the vital organs.

The Miracle Man

The wild man took years of active out-door life to attain his strength. How then can a business man acquire this same strength when his days are spent in an office?

One year ago a famous musician traveled from Toronto, Canada, to see Earle E. Liederman. This musician was most popular throughout Canada. People came miles to hear him. He was wealthy, but he was unhappy. He was a physical weakling. He worked nine hours a day, so he had no time for athletics. He asked Mr. Liederman to help him. Mr. Liederman asked him to give twenty minutes time each day for three months in his own home. The musician went back with Mr. Liederman's famous apparatus and one week later the first lesson in "Progressive Muscular Development" followed him. Today he is the champion weight lifter in his county and his earning capacity has almost doubled.

What Kind of a Man Are You?

Do you arise in the morning full of ambition for the day before you? Do you feel the thrill of life pulsing through your veins? Can you finish a hard day's work still feeling full of pep and vitality? Do you have the deep, full chest and the brawny arms of an athlete? If not, you are not the man you were meant to be.

How would you like to increase your arms one full inch in just 30 days, and your chest two full inches in the same length of time? But that's only the foundation. From then on you build up an armour plate of muscle both inside and out that will fire you with ambition, giving the spring to your step and flash to your eye that only an athlete can know. This is what I promise to do for you. Come on then and make me prove it.

Send for my book—

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is chock full of photographs of myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. Don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
305 Broadway, Dept. 308, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, Dept. 308,
305 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c. for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Corliss Palmer Powder

CORLISS PALMER

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in BEAUTY and in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, One Dollar a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that *does not look like powder*—"art that conceals art."

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send One Dollar or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps, and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

I AM THE MOVING PICTURE OPERATOR

By A. J. McCOSKER

I AM the Moving Picture Operator. You vast army of picture lovers to whose enjoyment my life and work is dedicated seldom have occasion to note my existence. I am the Exhibitor's ally in the oppressive booth, high up near the rafters. Hour on hour my solitude is unbroken save for the clicking of my projection machine. Into my hands come endless miles of film, representing millions of money, long days and nights of hoping, planning and striving. The Authors' dreams, the Financiers' rewards, the Directors' artistry, the Actors' ambitions, the Exhibitors' prestige—all these are in my keeping; to make secure by proper presentation on the screen and reflected there to beguile, amuse, excite or sadden you. I am the contact with the multitude and the custodian of your safety. I am the Moving Picture Operator.

A SCREEN ROMANCE

By J. R. McCARTHY

I met a lady on the screen,
Sedate and youthful, mild, serene,
  Yet when I smiled into her face
  The lady made a slight grimace.

My honesty and worth to prove,
I told the lady of my love;
  Yet when I told her this, I fear me
  The lovely lady did not hear me.

And tho I did my best to woo her
And sent my finest glances to her,
  She did not heed my fervent call—
  She never glanced at me at all!

She had a shadow lover there,
A brainless sport with parted hair—
  That smirking beggar lived in clover:
  They married e'er the show was over!

HEAVY STUFF

By E. C. DAVIS

The villainess in movie shows
  Is always making life a mess.
Reel one: A storm at night; in blows
  The villainess.

  After one tiger-like caress,
    The simple hero simply glows.
  He wonders when she will say "yes."

He clutches, thru five reels, a rose
  She tossed him. But at last, redress!
The ingénue! Rescue! Out goes
  The villainess.

SATURDAY PAY DAY

By MARJORIE CHARLES DRISCOLL

Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,
  Under the Klieg lights' glare,
Rode the six hundred.
Not for the glory they
Rode, nor the victor's bay.
But for five bucks a day—
Extras—six hundred.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 109)

desire for wealth. Unjustly got wealth is like snow sprinkled with hot water, and I never could get it justly by answering questions. He is twenty-seven. Marie Walcamp is married to Harland Tucker.

SOPHIES.—Say, what do you think I am—I dont read character from handwriting. It's all I can do to keep track of these movie stars. No, Elsie Ferguson hasn't bobbed hair. How do you pronounce "De Mille?" De Mill. How do you pronounce fish?

REBA H.—When one sees how much a man has, they envy him; could they see how little he enjoys they would pity him. John Sainpolis was Jean and Claire Adams was Sonimo in "The Great Lover." Yes, it is true.

OLD IRON SIDES.—*Cela est bon.* Betty Compson is with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Milton Sills and Casson Ferguson in "Borderland," with Agnes Ayres. Gloria Swanson will do "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew" when she returns from Europe.

WALLY AND BEB'S FAN.—Space forbids, my child. Bebe Daniels is five feet five inches high. Arabic figures were invented by the Indians—we owe a lot to them. Zazu Pitts and Tom Gallery are the proud possessors of a baby girl. Much good luck to you.

CURIOUS AL.—A person between eighty and ninety years of age is said to be an octogenarian. That's me. Why dont you write direct to Famous Players? Buster Keaton, in "My Wife's Relations." He has some pretty famous ones.

MARGARET S.—So this is your début, is it? I hope you will call again. It is very vulgar to talk like a dentist, when one isn't a dentist. It produces a false impression. Drill on, Margaret. Corinne Griffith, in "Island Wives." Yes, Betty Blythe played in "The Rose of Sicily," and some of the scenes were taken in New Orleans. No, Carol Dempster is not playing now.

PEARL B.—You say I am a very-much-talked-about person in your town. Well, there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. Yes, Jane Novak, in "The Snow Shoe Trail." Katherine MacDonald, in "The Woman Conquers." Otis Skinner, in "Mr. Antonio." I dont know when Rodolph Valentino became a U. S. citizen—if he ever did—but I'll try to find out.

BILL HART'S DOUBLE.—Address William Hart, Hart Productions, Bates Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

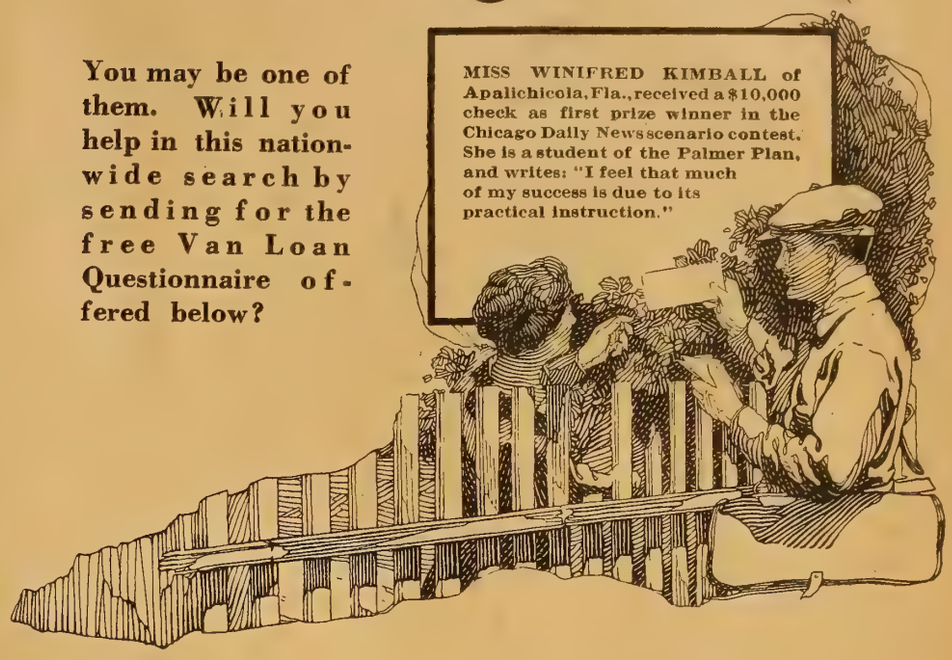
BETTY.—My, that's a pretty old film (one of the advantages of having an octogenarian as our Answer Man). Blanche Bates was Joan, Eugene Strong was Jim, and Hobart Bosworth was Kells, in "Border Legion." Norma Phillips was the original Mutual Girl.

PATSY.—I have no mortgage on my hall-room furniture. "Mortgage" is from the French, and means literally a "dead pledge." When I have shuffled off the coil, perhaps they will put one on to pay funeral expenses. Robert Bridges is the poet-laureate of England. Charles Meredith, opposite Vidor, in "Woman, Wake Up." Dont encourage them, they are doing nicely.

HELLO, SIR.—How do you do? That's very interesting. They say that the tongue of a woman is her sword, which she seldom lets rust. A friend of mine has one who even talks in her sleep. When your wife drinks, "licker." Only, next time you write, please dont use red ink. It makes

Missing Heirs

You may be one of them. Will you help in this nation-wide search by sending for the free Van Loan Questionnaire offered below?


MISS WINIFRED KIMBALL of Apalichicola, Fla., received a $10,000 check as first prize winner in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest. She is a student of the Palmer Plan, and writes: "I feel that much of my success is due to its practical instruction."

THE Palmer Photoplay Corporation is in the position of a lawyer who has been commissioned to find the missing heirs to a great estate.

The motion picture industry *must* have new scenarios. It *must* have them if it is to continue to hold its vast audiences. It *must* have them if its great studios and investments are not to become worthless. It is willing to pay fortunes for these stories; it is ready to crown the successful scenario writers with fame and maintain them in luxury. Who are these people who can tell a story? Where are they?

To find an answer to these vital questions the industry has commissioned the Palmer Photoplay Corporation to conduct one of the most exciting searches ever undertaken.

We use the words "exciting search" advisedly. Can you imagine anything more exciting than to find the talent that won the $10,000 prize in a nation-wide scenario contest? To discover in a Montana housewife the power to tell a story and to hand her the producer's check as the reward of a talent which she did not know she possessed? Can you picture the surprise and delight of a Utah reporter, a private secretary in Pennsylvania, a Chicago Red Cross worker, when lifted suddenly to an earning power beyond their wildest dreams? Or of the inmate of a penitentiary whose scenarios are eagerly sought? These are actual incidents in the combing of the country for men and women with story-telling power.

And still the search goes on. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the Van Loan Questionnaire must be distributed this year; will you send for your copy? You may be one of the thousands (out of the hundreds of thousands) for whom the rewards of this new era wait.

The Van Loan Questionnaire—
a big new invention

Not every man and woman can write stories for the screen. In the past many who had no real talent or chance for success have wasted time in fruitless trying. Such waste of time and money is no longer necessary. By an interesting new development it is now possible for you to know almost at once whether you have any gift of creative imagination and whether it will pay you to develop that gift.

The invention is a Questionnaire such as was used by the United States Army in establishing the qualifications of officers and men in the war. This Questionnaire has been created with special reference to the needs of the motion picture industry by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated Photoplaywright, and Professor Malcolm MacLean, formerly of Northwestern University.

We invite you, without obligation, to send for your copy of this Questionnaire. We ask you to co-operate with the new forces in the motion picture industry by making this free test of your creative talent in your own home.

We shall be frank with you

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is the largest seller of motion picture scenarios in the United States. It is in business to secure scenarios for which producers will pay large sums.

The Educational Department of the Corporation is organized to train men and women of talent to a point where they can produce such scenarios. Therefore the Educational Department must and does deal very frankly with those who fill in the Questionnaire. If your talent is not sufficient to justify you in going on, you will be promptly notified.

If, on the other hand, you should be one of the thousands now unknown who are to be important factors in this second era of the motion picture industry, the facilities of the Educational Department will be placed at your disposal if you choose to take advantage of them.

At least test yourself—the test is free

Surely this simple test is worth trying. Failure to attain high rank in it involves you in no loss. You have merely invested a stamp and a pleasant hour of mental discipline. On the other hand, success with the questionnaire may open the way to fame and immense reward.

Do not pass by lightly the chance to share in this second era of the motion picture industry. Send today for the Van Loan Questionnaire.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation
Dept. of Education 124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name.....
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address.....

M-8

Copyright, 1922, Palmer Photoplay Corporation

Bebe Daniels and Priscilla Dean Use It

because it is so handy. One filling lasts a long while. Of finest, softest eiderdown. Pat your face; powders evenly. Locks tightly; won't sift out. Comes filled with Mavis, Mary Garden, Djer Kiss, Coty's L'Origan, Azurea, etc. At your dealer's or sent you for 25c and your dealer's name. Genuine Lambskin de Luxe, 50c. Mention favorite powder.

C. & K. MFG. CO. INC., Dept. M.
New Haven, Conn.

ROSE Refillable Powder Puff

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 88-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Ride a Ranger

The Finest bicycle ever built. 44 Styles, colors, sizes; made in our new factory. SAVE $10 to $25. Cash or easy payments. Delivered free on approval, *express prepaid*, for 30 Days' Free Trial. No charge unless you are satisfied.

Tires Best quality at factory prices, *express paid*. Lamps, wheels, equipment, low prices. Write Today for low factory prices and marvelous offers and terms.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. L-39, Chicago Write us today for free catalog

Shapely Ankles

Are your ankles thick and unattractive? FLEC Ankle Reducing Cream will reduce and improve them. Are they shapely but slightly overplump? FLEC will slenderize them. This unique cream was created specially for YOU.

During sleep this harmless preparation reduces large ankles. Users of FLEC wear present-day modes with assurance.

$1.00 the large tube, postpaid
THE FLEC COMPANY
Dept. B New Rochelle, N. Y.
Send 2-cent stamp today for attractive folder

EYETINT—*A Corliss Palmer Preparation*
EYES EXPRESS WHAT THE VOICE CANNOT

Your eyes are the greatest of all nature's gifts. Nature can always be helped. EYETINT will improve the eyelashes and eyebrows, and thus add charm and a distinctive look to the eyes.

Moisten the brush, rub it lightly over the EYETINT and apply to the eyelashes. It will darken them and make them look thicker, longer and glossy, improving your personal charm a hundred-fold.

EYETINT is entirely harmless. It contains ingredients to stimulate the growth of the eyelashes and brows. It makes them dark, glossy and fine, and when carefully applied defies detection.

PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER YOU BY YOUR EYES
So, Make Them Look Their Best By Giving Them a Fine Setting

We will mail, postpaid, a neat box of EYETINT containing brush, on receipt of 50 cents in stamps, cash or money order. (In mailing coins wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

me think of anarchists, Bolshevists, Mephistopheles, and things like that.

MABEL 17.—So you really liked Alexander Clark. He is only twenty-one years old.

CANADIAN RAY.—Oh, you're all wrong. Richard Barthelmess is playing in "Sonny." Hope Hampton, in "The Light in the Dark." You say, "Dont buy steak of a butcher who has a horseshoe nailed over his door; it is too suggestive." Now, Ray, this might have been a brilliant joke years ago, but hoss-flesh is now as rare as venison.

ELSIE J.—Well, his real name was Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn, and he was a famous Dutch painter and engraver who lived in the seventeenth century. Our so-called "back-lighting" really comes from Rembrandt. So you really liked Joseph Schildkraut. He has an important part in "Daughters of the Night." The story is about the Russian revolution. Pauline Frederick is playing in "Glory of Clementina."

WILRUNA O.—I should say I did read every word of your letter. Harry Carter was Dan in "Reputation." Your letter was very clever, and I hope you will write me again.

JACQUELINE.—Every bug has its bugaboo. No, Jean Acker has not played in pictures for years. She used to be with Lubin, about ten years ago. There were lots of Drakes. Sir Francis Drake was a famous English admiral, conspicious for his defeat of the Spanish Armada.

JOAN D.—Henry King, in "Help Wanted, Male." William Carleton, in "Straight from Paris." Also in "Prudence on Broadway." He also played in "The Spark Divine." Charles Clary, in "The Black List." Gladden James, in "The Social Secretary." Is that all? Going so soon?

HELEN H.—You're right; but every person, however imbecile, has some kind of talent: one for music, another for drawing, another for some mechanical art. No, Holmes Herbert is not over forty. Agnes Ayres has brown hair and brown eyes.

NAOMI LOVE.—One should absorb the color of life, but never remember its details. Details are vulgar. On the other hand, they say that genius is merely mastery of details. No, child, I am not married. In the first place, I'm too old, and in the next place, I cant find a wife who will support me. John Bowers played in "Poverty of Riches," as Tom.

MARGARET H.—All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his. No, I haven't been thinking of having my beard bobbed. I would have to have a permanent wave put in it if I did. Yes, Grace Darmond was seriously injured during the filming of "Shadows of the Jungle." Pathé is to revive some of the Marie Osborne comedies.

TINSY.—You just bet, I have the grandest variety of stationery in the country. I get letters on wrapping paper, writing paper, tissue paper and all other kinds of paper, except fly-paper. Yes, indeed, I like my work, and I work hard. I dont say it's hard work, not like shoveling coal, but it's interesting. Pearl White, in "The Broadway Peacock."

ALICE.—Put your courage in your pocket, Alice, and write me any time. The last time I read the papers, Moscow was still the seat of the Russian Soviet Republic. I'll tell you next month where it is then. Norma Talmadge, in "The Duchesse of Langeais."

E. L., Louisiana; KISSES AND HUGS, VERY, VERY INQUISITIVE, GERTIE F., P. H. W., FLOTSAM, JAZZ-'EM-UP, BOBBED-HAIRED TWINS, J. C., Brooklyn, EGYPT

(*Continued on page* 119)

AUGUST SHADOWLAND

WITH this number begins the NEW SHADOWLAND, new editor, new writers, new artists, new managing editor, new policy. While everything new cannot be put into effect all in one issue, you will see a change at once. Among the notable writers who will write for SHADOWLAND are:

Benjamin DeCasseres
Willard Huntington Wright
Frank Harris
Louis Raymond Reid
Sheldon Cheney
F. H. Herbert
Edgar Holger Cahill
Harriette Underhill
J. George Frederick
Ruth Varney
Catherine Beach Ely
Marguerite Tucker
Charles Divine
Walter Prichard Eaton
Pitts Sanborn
W. G. Bowdoin
Oliver M. Sayler
Gladys Hall
Carol Bird
Frank J. Wilstach
Sydney Munden
Phillips Russell
Dorothy Donnell Calhoun
Eugene V. Brewster

Each month SHADOWLAND will continue to reproduce, in all their original colors, paintings by the world's leading painters; and the two-color section will contain the choicest of photographs by the world's leading photographers.

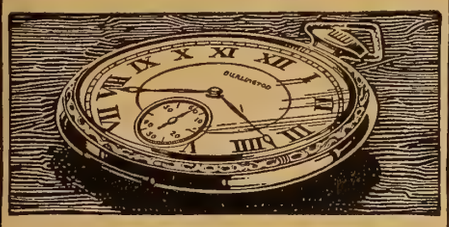
"Expressing the Arts"

All the arts, including painting, photography, music, mural decoration, ceramics, opera, batiks, tapestry, dancing, rugs, porcelain, books, sculpture, carving, the stage, etc., will be represented in nearly every issue; and special attention will be given to the COLLECTING FAD, including first editions, cameos, snuff boxes, pipes, watches, curios, etc., etc. In short, everything new, original and unique will be noticed by the new SHADOWLAND, and such interesting characters as Nazimova, Bernard Shaw, Cohan, Petrova, Markham, Pavlowa, Belasco, Maxim, Canessa, Mary Garden, and the Barrymores, will frequently write or be written about or pictured in the new SHADOWLAND.

The price will still be 35 cents a copy, or $3.50 a year, and it will still be—more than ever before—THE HANDSOMEST AND MOST ARTISTIC MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. Since SHADOWLAND is not sold on every newsstand, please order your copy in advance. And remember that SHADOWLAND is

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

21 Jewel Burlington



Adjusted to the Second *21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels*
Adjusted to Temperature *25 Year Gold Strata Case*
Adjusted to Isochronism *Your Choice of Dials*
Adjusted to Positions (Including Montgomery R. R. Dial)
New Ideas in Thin Cases

Only $1.00 Down

Only One Dollar Down will buy this masterpiece of watch manufacture. The balance you are allowed to pay in small, easy, monthly payments. A 21-Jewel Watch—is sold to you at a price much lower than that of other high-grade watches. Besides, you have the selection of the finest thin model designs and latest styles in watch cases. Write for FREE Watch Book and our SPECIAL OFFER today.

Write While This Special Offer Lasts

Get the Burlington Watch Book—write today. Find out about this great special offer which is being made for only a limited time. You will know a great deal more about watch buying when you read this book. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Write for watch book and our special offer TODAY!

Burlington Watch Company
Dept. C 126, 19th St., and Marshall Blvd., Chicago

Perspiration

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. **Destroys all bodily odors.**
2. **Checks perspiration without discomfort.**
3. **Absolutely harmless.**
4. **Actually benefits the skin.**
5. **Serves as a vanishing cream.**
6. **A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.**

"WONDER"

is made from this secret formula, and *the only one*. You will use no other after once trying *Wonder*. Only 25 cents a tube, and one tube might save an expensive gown from being ruined by perspiration at the dance—also much embarrassment.

Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

E. FRANK & CO.,
34 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

INSIDE FACTS

By Blaine C. Bigler

"Tears, tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."
'Twas evident that Tennyson had never seen the screen,
Or he'd know they meant an onion or some glycerine, I ween—
With a wailing, sobbing trombone just to aid the weeping scene.

"Leave but a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine."
Oh, poet of the olden time, what prophecies were thine!
For, take a star with ruby lips, all painted up so fine,
She'll leave a kiss within the cup—at least she did in mine.

"When Freedom from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air,"
She couldn't tear the robe of night, for censor folks were there;
They said it was suggestive just to mention slumber-wear,
So robe of night was banished, but I cannot tell you where.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."
'Twas evident Gray didn't mean the ones upon the screen.
Their dresses are so low, so short, there's not much room between
Where they could hide away a blush without its being seen.

The December number of *The Scrollogram* contained the following interesting comment:

"One morning in our mail was a large card, inviting us to a private showing of Corliss Palmer's pictures. You know, she won last year's Fame and Fortune contest. It was given at the Projection Room, Seventh Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. Miss Palmer was there in person, and is a dear. She is very pretty, and a really good actress. I'm rather skeptical of these prize-winners, but we will soon see Corliss Palmer as a star. The first picture was a one-reeler, taken after she was proclaimed winner, with many other contestants in the cast. It was 'From Farm to Fame.' The story was not much, and was only filmed to see how Miss Palmer would take. She 'took' O. K. The other film was a five-reeler, 'Rose and Thistle,' and was strictly amateur, friends of Mr. Brewster composing the cast. It gave Miss Palmer a chance in a dual rôle, and she did splendid work. As Rose, she was without make-up, portraying a spoiled darling, a wealthy ennuied lady. As Thistle, she was tousled, uneducated, spit-fire; a regular tomboy, and when they dressed her in nice clothes and tried to make a lady of her, she was a scream. You will all love her when you see her. Mr. Brewster was there, and spoke a few words before and after the film. He had a tiny part in it himself. Mr. Brewster is a very talented young man. Does the 'young' surprise you? When I saw him, I nearly fainted, as I had an idea he was older. But he isn't. You know, he is a wonderful artist, and we had the great pleasure of viewing his painting the day we were in the office.

(Signed) "Flo Flo."

SAW A KICK COMING

By Frank V. Faulhaber

1st "Extra": That was some part you played in that last scene. Weren't you nervous at the start?

2nd "Extra": No, it was at the end when the director glared at me that I was nervous.

A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

Banish
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Pimples
Freckles
Superfluous Hair
Oily Skin

I tell you how to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Beautify the Lips; Banish Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots Blotches, Sallow and Oily Skin; Beautify the figure, by building up or reducing; Remove Superfluous Hair; Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the skin of Pimples; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.

Send for My Booklet—FREE

Just clip this coupon, write name and address and mail to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Investigate! It costs you nothing to write and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to EVERY WOMAN LIVING, whether homely or beautiful.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 408, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Remove Annoying Hair Growth Easily

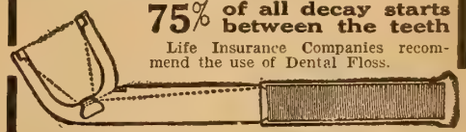
by using a little Zé-Pé HAIR REMOVER. Quick, Clean and Sanitary. Insist on having genuine Zé-Pé. At your dealer or direct from us on receipt of $1.00.

R. N. EBERLY CO., 2601 Columbia Ave., Phila., Pa.

KEEP YOUR TEETH AND GUMS HEALTHY

75% of all decay starts between the teeth

Life Insurance Companies recommend the use of Dental Floss.



The Baxter Dental Floss Holder

cleans between the teeth where the tooth brush cannot possibly reach and prevents decay, and bad breath. Its use after eating will prevent pyorrhea. A health necessity for men, women and children. Made of nickel silver—will last for years. Actual saving of dental floss will pay for holder. At drug stores or by mail 35c, gold plated, 75c. Extra bobbins of dental floss 10c.

Baxter Mfg. Co., 11 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

Now Sweeping the Country

because it gives long-desired and amazing results. From its original orange color it turns to a beautiful, delicate, natural blush as soon as applied to skin. Easily blended to any tint to suit any complexion. Won't rub off—lasts all day or evening. Bathers are wild about its ***waterproof*** qualities. And this success will be duplicated by the wonderful new

Mad Cap Face Cream

Softens and cleanses skin—penetrates pores, removing blackheads and all foreign matter—immediate relief for sunburn. Keep your skin youthful with this snowy white, cooling, soothing, delightfully scented face cream. Try both these toilet necessities now on our

Special Trial Offer

Everyone testing Mad Cap becomes enthusiastic and a permanent patron. For that reason we make this reduced price special trial offer—a regular 75-cent jar of Mad Cap Rouge and a 50-cent 2-ounce jar of Mad Cap Face Cream for only $1.00. Just pin a dollar bill to this coupon and mail today.

----------COUPON----------

KOLAR LABORATORIES,
4 South Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send me, postage prepaid, your special offer in "Motion Picture Magazine."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

WHY DONT YOU BUY

CLASSIC

The picture book de luxe of the movie world

Why Cartoonists Earn More Than $200 a Week

THINK of the amazing increase in the use of cartoons in Newspapers, Magazines, Advertising, Movie Industry, etc. New cartoonists are needed to meet this ever-increasing demand. In this fascinating uncrowded profession, YOU can find a glorious high-salaried opportunity.

Easy to Learn at Home

Men who never before had touched a drawing pencil, have easily become cartoonists by our wonderful original method of teaching Cartooning. Regardless of your past experience or education, you too can quickly learn to draw the comic strips, political cartoons, animateds, comics and other cartoons which bring such splendid salaries to cartoonists.

Send for FREE Booklet

Just published! It explains the wonderful opportunities open to you in this fascinating big-pay business; it gives up-to-date interesting life stories of famous cartoonists, explains why they receive their enormous salaries, and describes in detail how this new method can easily develop you into a good cartoonist. Sent to you upon request. No obligation. Write today to

Washington School of Cartooning
Room 1052
Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 108)

version of **"The Old Homestead."** A cyclone which destroys an entire village, with the exception of the old homestead, and also a trip to China are among the attractions promised for this picture.

R. A. Walsh, whose new contract with Goldwyn calls for the incorporation of his producing units with the Goldwyn Culver City Studios, has chosen **"Captain Blackbird,"** an original screen story by Carey Wilson for his first production.

Helen Jerome Eddy is to be featured in a series of four productions at the Robertson-Cole Studios. The temporary title of the first will be **"A Slice of Life."**

"The Mirage," Florence Reed's well-known stage success, has been purchased by **Norma Talmadge**, for production in the early future.

"Silver Wings" in which **Mary Carr** is featured at the Apollo was made under the working title "Blind Love." After sometime it was officially announced that this would be changed to **"Across the Rainbow."** Who are the geniuses who think of such things? And what do they mean, anyway?

William Desmond is now at work with his own producing unit making a Northwest Mounted Police story as his first offering. Marceta von Kunitz, a well-known stage actress from Toronto, is his leading lady.

Hoot Gibson is back again at Universal City after his honeymoon, and has been working on Ralph Cumming's magazine story **"The Cherub of Seven Bar."** Harry Pollard is responsible for the direction and Gertrude Olmstead and Eddie Sutherland are prominent in the cast.

Reginald Denny, whose consistently good work in leading rôles, culminating in his stardom in Universals **"Leather Pushers"** series has made him a great drawing card, is playing the lead in the production of **"The Kentucky Derby"** for which a notable cast has been assembled.

Lloyd Hamilton has been to Sing Sing—but not as a guest of the United States Government. He was making a picture which called for prison scenes, and at the warden's invitation was permitted to take shots of the cells thruout the grounds. Scenes of the visit are shown in a recent issue of Kinograms.

In **Marion Davies'** forthcoming Paramount picture, **"The Young Diana,"** she plays the part of a prim and faded old maid who is transformed into a beautiful young girl by a famous scientist. The transformation part of it we can easily understand, but we are anxiously waiting to see how the radiant Marion will make up to look prim and faded.

Buster Keaton's new feature for First National, **"The Electric House,"** ought to be a pretty wild affair. So far the mournful comedian has sustained a sprained ankle, an abscess, a black eye and two fingers damaged, in spite of his collection of good-luck mascots.

You Can Buy a Home
Purchase Furniture
Drive Your Own Car
Pay College Expenses
Be Better Dressed
Take Pleasure Trips
Have a Permanent Income

And a lot of other things, all thru a plan which hundreds will testify is the easiest, quickest and most enjoyable way imaginable, of earning money either as a spare time or full time occupation.

IF YOU CAN USE
$5-$10-$50-$100
extra a month, there is a way for you to get it, provided only you are ambitious, are not afraid to work, and have one or more hours a day at your disposal.

We will welcome to our Staff of Subscription Representatives any man or woman of good character (no matter what age) who has a need for more money. We will show all who join us, a sure route to an independent income.

You Do Not Need Experience

to make money right from the start as our Representative. The average newcomer earns from $1.00 an hour up. Of course, as you gain in experience, your earnings per hour will also increase. We have men and women on our staff earning as high as $100 a week.

A lot of money is going to be made during these next few months. Do you want some of it? You can have it, if you do. Just sign and mail the coupon below, and we'll gladly tell you of our money making plan.

Working outfit furnished free.

------CUT HERE------

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS
Desk M-8. 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Please send particulars of your Money-Making Plan for Representatives.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....

State.....

Ethel Clayton, Photoplay Star, one of the many famous American Beauties who know the value of "MAYBELLINE"

Maybelline

Adds Wonderful Charm, Beauty and Expression to Any Face

More than all else, well defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Unlike other preparations, absolutely greaseless, will not spread or smear on the face. Perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two shades, *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes*. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured.

MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-54 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO

A Slim Figure—

One safe and sure way to obtain it

Reduce your superfluous flesh Externally thru your daily bath with fragrant

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

The One and Only external reducer. Safe and Harmless. GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epsom salts or harmful ingredient.

No violent exercises, no deprivation—Just Bathe and Grow Thin.

Fourteen Treatments, $3.00. Thousands testify to almost miraculous results.

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 plus 25c for postage and packing. ($4.00 in Canada) direct to

Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co., Inc. Dept. H-7., 49 E. 102d St., New York

SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring. (Cat. price $5.26) for **Half Price to introduce, $2.63**, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for **$3.25**. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for **Free catalog. Agents Wanted.**

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA, Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.

WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. D
64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 116)

13, Ever Hopeful, Dolly Dimple, Aunt Jemima, Fern S., Martha Washington, Blue Eyes, Carolyn Reid, Mistletoe, Hazel, Des Moines, Ma's Housekeeper, Two Small-Town Vamps, Mary D., A. N., Bee H., George W.—Glad to hear from you. Hope you write me again, and that you'll stir my blood somehow, and ask me something new and hard and interesting.

Mush.—Spring chokes eternal (infernal) in the human chest. No, I didn't get a new Easter suit. I'm saving up for the Fourth of July. Didn't see "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Yes, it was a ten-reel, State-rights feature. John Lowell had the lead. Lowell shines in the big physical features, and his type of work is much like Hart's. That is Gaston Glass' right name.

Brown Eyed Twins.—Not yet—my beard isn't one of the seven wonders of the world. Give me time. I'm nice enough for you to watch—but you must have "vision." No, I am not related to the Hall-Room Boys. I have no poor relation.

Ana Setic.—You write me any time you feel like it. I hope you wont mind if I fall asleep—anasetic? Elaine Hammerstein and Myrtle Stedman, in "Reckless Youth." I wasn't reckless with my youth, but I made an awful mess of it—look at me now, answering questions. Any time; dont forget.

Rudolph.—Well, I'm glad you have agreed that "The Sheik" is Valentino's best picture. That's settled. Next——

Anna T.—You surely are an interesting writer. Clara Kimball Young is five feet six inches high. Victory Bateman can be reached at 420 West Second Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Pauline Frederick is out West, and she is playing in "Glory of Clementina." Write to me again, wont you?

Salitros, Sydney.—Your Australian note was very funny. You refer to Barbara Bedford. *"Fleur-de-lis"* literally means "flower of the lily." Carol Dempster, in "Sherlock Holmes." Mabel Ballin, in "Other Women's Clothes." We still have that here, you know.

Rodolph Valentino Fan.—Still they come. You say that "men sometimes think that they understand women, but men are sometimes fools." I quite agree with you. Here is the last bulletin of engagements as reported: Snub Pollard to Marie Mosquini, Larry Semon to Lucille Carlyle, and Marjorie Daw to John Harron, the late Bobbie's brother. Not so bad for one sitting, is it?

Q. S. E. D.—Myrtle Stedman, in "Sowing the Wind."

Aline S.—So you really enjoy this department? Thanks. Yes, Constance Talmadge is going to play in "East Is West." Remember what Napoleon said: "Man is, spiritually, a long-sighted creature; he sees clearest at a distance; details confuse him; he must get away from that which he would judge; one describes summer best on a winter's day."

Rosamond B.—Yours was a *bonne bouché*. Elsie Ferguson does not tell her age. Marguerite Clark is not playing now. She is in New Orleans with her husband. There was an interview with Elsie Ferguson in the October, 1921, issue of the Magazine.

Elizabeth H.—All battle is misunderstanding. Revenge is an expensive luxury. Forget it! Thomas Meighan is playing in "The Bachelor Daddy" and "Manslaughter." Peggy Hyland is not playing now.

Bee.—No, I dont see your point. Arthur

Make Your Marriage A Success

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Marriage always means misery to the unfit. Ask yourself—before you propose to some pure, innocent girl, whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both or sickly, defective little ones; a constant reproach to you as long as you live. What you are your children are bound to be and your weaknesses will be increased as you pass them along to your children, who may live to curse you for their inheritance of woe. This is the inflexible law of Heredity. You cannot avoid it. You dare not overlook it. THINK now before it is too late and resolve to

Fit Yourself For Matrimony

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if Youthful Errors, Bad Habits or Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's basic Laws. She will never fail you if you will sit at her feet and learn her ways.

My Methods Restore Men

My entire life has been dedicated to a study of Nature's Laws. I have applied her wonderfully effective principles to my own person and have gained the world's award as the most perfect specimen of physical and health attainment. These are the same marvelous, restorative, uplifting elements that I want to apply in your case and fit you for the Responsibilities of Marriage and Parenthood. I want to help you—I can help you with

STRONGFORTISM

The Modern Science of Health Promotion

Strongfortism—Nature's first Assistant, has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, discouraged men out of the bog of despair and placed them on the Straight Road to Health, Happiness and Prosperity. **Strongfortism** has restored the manhood they thought lost forever and has given them renewed confidence, vitality, success and fitted them for the joys of life. It can do the same for you irrespective of your age, occupation or surroundings.

Send For My Free Book

The experience and research of a lifetime are contained in my wonderfully instructive book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It will tell you frankly how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of vital manhood. It will teach you how to fit yourself to be a Father and be a credit to your wife and family. Just mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want **special confidential information** and send to me with a ten-cent piece (one dime) to help pay postage, etc. It's a man-builder and a life-saver. Send for my free book **Right Now—TODAY.**

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
Dept. 922 *Established 1895* **Newark, N. J.**

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 922, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** for postage on which I enclose a 10-cent piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Blackheads	..Female Disorders
..Catarrh	..Insomnia	..Increased Height
..Asthma	..Short Wind	..Youthful Errors
..Hay Fever	..Flat Feet	..Manhood Restored
..Obesity	..Stomach Disorders	..Falling Hair
..Headache	..Constipation	..Gastritis
..Rupture	..Biliousness	..Heart Weakness
..Lumbago	..Torpid Liver	..Poor Circulation
..Neuritis	..Indigestion	..Skin Disorders
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Lung Trouble
..Deformity (Describe)	..Vital Losses	..Stoop Shoulders
..Successful Marriage	..Impotency	..Muscular Development
..Rheumatism	..Weak Eyes	..Great Strength
..Pimples	..Despondency	..Prostate Troubles
	..Diabetes	..Neurasthenia
	..Weaknesses	..THINNESS

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Street.....City.....State.....

Start a Beauty Parlor

In Your Own Home and

Make Money

Wherever you may live, whether in a small town or a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an *Electrolysis Outfit* and learning how to operate with the simple directions accompanying it. *Anybody can learn to do it.* It requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can operate in your own home, because all you require is good light, two chairs and a table. Or you can operate in the homes of your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The usual charge for removing superfluous hair is $5.00 for half an hour's treatment, and there are very few places in this country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an Electrolysis Outfit, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, $20.00.

If you wish to take up other branches of Beauty Parlor work, I will undertake to teach by correspondence the following courses on receipt of price:

Facial Massage	**$2.00**
Shampooing	**2.00**
Eyebrows and Lashes.	**1.00**
Reducing	**2.00**
Wrinkles	**1.00**
Facial Mud Bath	**1.00**
Manicuring	**3.00**
Pimples, Blackheads, etc.	**1.00**
Double Chin	**1.00**
Body Massage	**1.00**

All Ten Courses for $10.00

Each course includes complete directions in simplified form. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as tweezers, bowls, saucers, witch-hazel, glycerine, cold cream, etc., except the mud bath, which is my own secret preparation; but I will make a special price on this and on all my preparations, if my pupils prefer them to others.

This is an Age of Beauty

In a few years you will see Beauty Shops everywhere. Learn the business now! Start in a small way, and some day you may own a handsome Beauty Parlor on the main street, with dozens of girls doing the work for you. *There's Big Money in it!*

CORLISS PALMER
177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rankin was Tommy. Cullen Landis is playing in "Gay and Devilish," with Jacqueline Logan, Bull Montana and Doris May. Address him, Goldwyn, Culver City, Calif. You know, a man is never too old to learn.

FLORENCE.—Yes, I saw "Hamlet," but it wasn't the Shakespearean "Hamlet." No, I have never been to Europe. I should like to go to Paris. Alexander Black says, "When we go to the foreigners, they are elevating; but when they come to us, they are degrading." But that is no argument against immigration—it all depends on the kind of immigrants.

LA BELLE.—Dont expect too much of the self-made man, because it's his first attempt in the creative line. Richard Barthelmess is playing in "Sonny." He is married to Mary Hay.

FATTY.—Let me tell you—marriage! Nothing else demands so much from a man! You wait and see—but you have my permission. There are a few honest women who are not tired of their trade. Yes, Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Harrison Ford is not married.

FLAPPER.—Lazy people are always anxious to be doing something. Hobart Bosworth was not in "The Sea Wolf," but Noah Beery was the Sea Wolf in that picture. I have seen other pictures I liked better. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt is not playing in pictures.

DENVER H.—And they have flappers in Denver!

HELEN S. C.—But "Ivanhoe" has been done in pictures. Well, I love everything that is old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books and old wines. Frank Keenan, Madge Bellamy and John Bowers are playing in "Lorna Doone." Conway Tearle, in "A Wide-Open Town," with Faire Binney opposite.

GLADYS E. C.—The United States entered the World War April 6th, 1917. Cullen Landis, in "Snowblind."

YOURS HOPEFULLY.—I'm rather optimistic, too. Billie Burke is playing on the stage. Also the Bushmans. So you want to see them back in pictures. There are no women to whom virtue comes easier than those who possess no attractions.

WILMA E. K.—I'm sorry, Wilma, but I haven't looked up the history or family-tree of the Farrar family. I cant say whether Geraldine has a sister. George Le Guerre is playing on the stage now.

JEAN.—Unfortunately, I am myself so neglectful of the little courtesies that I have no right whatever to expect them from others, and therefore I am doubly pleased and surprised when I am kindly remembered. Agnes Ayres is not married. Jackie Coogan, at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

TAHOMA.—Yes, there was an earthquake at Charleston, S. C., in 1886, which almost destroyed the city. It hasn't quite come to life since. Gladys Hulette, in "Hearts of the World."

FLORENCE B.—Well, a great career is a dream of youth, realized in mature age. Thomas Meighan, in "Manslaughter," a Cecil de Mille picture, and William Duncan, in "The Silent Vow." Thanks for the picture. It looks just like you. Better stay at home for a while longer.

LORNA D.—Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs?

F. J. T.—Well, I am glad to know the names of the players you are fond of. Are you sure you didn't leave anyone out? As Oscar Wilde said, "Personality is a very mysterious thing. A man cannot always be estimated by what he does." Write to me again.

(*Continued on page* 122)

HANDS UP!

For Next Month's

Beauty

UNANIMOUS? Then we'll tell you all about it. **"Hands Up"** is the appropriate title of an article by **Harriet Works Corley,** appearing in the next issue, dealing with the correct care of the hands and it's as full of good advice as the proverbial egg is of meat!

VIOLETS AND SPICE

Doesn't that sound nice? It's the attractive title of the fascinating new serial, by **Montanye Perry,** now appearing in **BEAUTY,** and well sustains that noted authoress' reputation for charming and dainty romance. Are you among the thousands who are following the adventures of the mysterious masked dancer, the sweet scent of whose violets prove so fascinating to her partner? You will be as intrigued as he was when you have met her in these pages.

Last, But Not Least, THE FLAPPER

This time it's **"The Whyness of the Flapper,"** discussed by **Lillian Montanye**—and if you want to know the whyness of the last young thing who sailed serenely past you in her lavender suit, you'll read this very entertaining and sympathetic article.

And this is but a selection of the good Fare prepared for you in

Beauty

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS, JULY 8th
ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

A JAPANESE GARDEN

(The Bernheimer Estate)

By Lesley Bates

Fat temple Buddhas squat in still
And shadowy recesses.
With goldfish tall cranes long to fill
Their bronze-throat wildernesses.

On tiny trees of old Japan
Bronze birdies perch for singing,
And porcelain dogs prevent rude man
The temple doors from swinging.

Far-gleaming with blood-red and gold,
A brave Samurai dwelling
Surmounts a hill long ages old
And reverence compelling.

Fish-dragons leap in painted wood.
Gold flowers border portals.
Perhaps here had the Master stood
And taught adoring mortals.

At night the stars come strangely near
And set the goldfish leaping.
But there's no sign of joy or fear
In temple Buddhas, sleeping.

The porcelain dogs still sit and stare
The wind starts toy trees swishing.
Yet, ten to one, when no one's there,
The tall bronze cranes go fishing!

THE TWAIN MEETS

By W. J. Holliday

"For East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."
But, Kipling, when you penned these lines,
You hadn't seen our street.

For West meets East most every night
Upon the silversheet;
While "Caravans" and "Desert Sands"
Are common as "The Sheik."

I may not know your lingo,
And I haven't traveled far,
But I've shaken hands and met you
Thru a Californian star.

And you, too, East, have met us,
Tho you haven't traveled far;
There's no card of introduction like
A first-class movie star.

So, Kipling, when you write again,
Have a care what words you choose;
For East meets West, and West Meets East,
And *"never"* is never used.

PATCHWORK

By Clarence E. Flynn

A bit of cloud and a bit of blue
Make the wide and mighty sky.
A touch of drought with the rain and dew
Make the seasons passing by.
A bit of black and a bit of white
On the canvas make the scene.
A bit of shade and a gleam of light
Make the drama on the screen.

A bit of toil and a bit of rest
Make our winding human way.
The rosy East and the flaming West
Make the glory of a day.
A bit of hope and a bit of fear
Make the heart's eternal strife.
A song of joy and a falling tear
Make the daily round of life.

Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

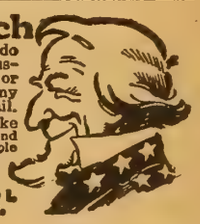
"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY Dept. 205 CLARINDA, IOWA

IT IS TO LAUGH!
She's all dolled up and looks like she had a black eye. **HER MAKE-UP RAN.** Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid **COL-Y-BROW.** For eyebrows and eyelashes. **WILL NOT RUN.** Absolutely harmless. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail $1.00.
HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A, 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK

Copy this Sketch
and let me see what you can do with it. Many cartoonists and illustrators earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail. **Landon Picture Charts** make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what you can accomplish. *Please state age.*



THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

SPECIAL SIZES
FOR CHILDREN
BEFORE AFTER
SEND NO MONEY

ANITA-*The Original*-NOSE ADJUSTER
PATENTED

If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER.** In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations. **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER** shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. There are many inferior imitations, but the **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER** is the **ORIGINAL and ONLY** comfortable adjuster, highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Self adjustable—no screws. No metal parts. Gentle, porous, firm and perfectly comfortable. Write today for FREE book, "Happy Days Ahead," and our blank to fill out for sizes. Return blank to us and your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you.
THE ANITA COMPANY, 832 Telephone Bldg., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

OPPOSITE is a reproduction of our prospectus which we will gladly send at your request. This booklet explains fully our correspondence courses in Short Story and Photoplay Writing, Poetry, Journalism, etc.

Why not utilize your spare moments and acquire a new profession?

Send in this coupon TODAY→

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF LITERARY ARTS AND CRAFTS
173-175-177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Name .....

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

Superfluous Hair

Can be permanently removed and

DESTROYED BY ELECTRICITY

But it can be done at your own home,

BY YOURSELF

I have perfected a portable electric battery and full equipment, whereby any person can learn in ten minutes how to use the electric needle with ease and success. Full directions with each battery. You cannot fail. Even if you do, you can do yourself no harm. No danger whatever. My method is simplicity itself. You can remove hair from any part of the body, and when you once destroy the roots, the hair can never grow again. Electricity is a method known to science which

Permanently Destroys Hair Growth

A child, almost, can operate this battery without danger. It cannot possibly go wrong. A good operator can remove over 100 hairs an hour without leaving the tiniest scar or discoloration.

Price complete, with full directions for use, $20.00, prepaid.

EDWARD BRUESTEL
Jamaica - - New York

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 120)

IGNATZ.—No, indeed. Douglas Fairbanks is not Jewish. What made you think he was? Every evil comes to us on wings, and goes away limping. Think it over. Seena Owen, Matt Moore and Gladys Leslie, in "Sisters." Crauford Kent is playing opposite Mabel Ballin, and Eileen Percy is with Fox, in "Elope If You Must."

BROWN EYES, PATSY, A. B. C., M. H. D., TWO HICKS FROM HICKSVILLE, J. V. D., Ft. Smith, Ark., MARJORIE S., LONG ISLAND DUCK, MILLY, I'M NOBODY'S BABY, SULTANA, FILL, MARGIE, RUDOLPH, MARY MACLAREN FAN, INFORMATION WANTED, BLACKEYED SUSAN, FLORENCE E., MARGE, BILL AND CHRIS, H. A. B., E. H., TESSIE, LENA S., CORKSCREW, CONSTANCE O., VINCENT G.—Sorry to have to put you in the alsorans.

A MODERN EVE.—You have that player pat. So you like Bebe Daniels better than Gloria Swanson. Matter of opinion. Yes, some people believe that when you get off the train at Hollywood you will be hit by a custard pie. Well, it's not so. No, I have never been there.

SAN MARCOS.—You sure have a talent for drawing. Run in and see me sometime. Well, the home seems to be the proper sphere for man. Colleen Moore, in "The Bitterness of Sweets," opposite Antonio Moreno, for Goldwyn.

LENA G.—No, I dont mind this weather. When it gets too warm, down to the beach for mine. I'm very fond of bathing, especially on a hot day, when the water is warm. Lew Cody is making personal appearances now. No, I cannot tell you what kind of perfume and what brand of cigarets Gloria Swanson uses. That was some story of yours. Write me again.

C. W. C.—My old friend, shake! Glad to see you again. You said Mark Twain said, "Be good, and be lonesome," and you are lonesome. When you come to New York, we will have to take in the sights—let me see, you said you were eighty-five years old.

EDITH E. R. G.—That is not a real guillotine they use in "Orphans of the Storm." You know, it is the instrument of capital punishment in France, in which a weighted knife falls and beheads the victim. So you liked Betty Compson in "The Little Minister" very much.

MARY.—Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old. You say, "Just when they begin to star Jack Holt, he begins to get bald." Things to worry about! That was a clever letter of yours. Write me another just like it. Dustin Farnum, in "Vows to Be Broken."

ELIZABETH ANN.—Well, they say two-thirds of life is spent in hesitating, and the other third in repenting. I really dont know who is going to marry Charlie Chaplin—Claire Windsor or May Collins. Guess Charlie isn't ready yet. Mae Busch is playing in "Brothers Under the Skin."

H. R. H.—Learn a craft when you are young, that you may not have to live by graft when you are old. Well, you know the voyage of Columbus, which resulted in the discovery of America, cost about seven thousand dollars, in terms of our present currency. So you see what you can do with seven thousand dollars. Get out and discover some fine, big new country and get famous like Columbus. Theda Bara, it is reported, will be back in pictures—in more "vamp" pictures—produced by her own company.

DOROTHY P.—Rodolph Valentino is playing in "Blood and Sand."

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents*. Think of it, only *10 cents!* It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS
Brewster Bldg., - - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Vacation Money

Can you use $5—$10—$50—$100 extra this Summer? There's a way for you to earn almost any amount you may want by taking subscriptions among your friends for our four well-known Periodicals. Drop us a line and we'll tell you all about it.

Address Subscription Dept. A BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Brewster Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.
Waterman Piano School 253 Superba Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

Salesmen Sell our wonderful tailored to order, $29.50, virgin wool suits and o'coats direct to wearer—all one price—$20.00 cheaper than store prices. You keep deposit. Everything guaranteed. Big swatch outfit free; protected territory for hustlers.
J. B. SIMPSON, Inc., Dept. 121, 831 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO

Cuticura Soap IS IDEAL For the Hands

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Remember the gay cover of Harold Lloyd on the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. You liked it? So did Harold Lloyd. Here is the telegram he sent after seeing it:

My sincerest thanks to you for cover which is wonderful. I never have had any picture printed that pleased me so much as this. Please accept my deepest appreciation.

HAROLD LLOYD.

TO A MOVIE STAR

By L. D. REESE

I saw upon the movie screen
  Your lovely face last night,
And thought my heart would burst its bonds
  In wonder and delight.
Tho nearby youngsters chattered on
  And music rose and fell,
All was unshared, I sat and stared
  As one beneath a spell.

It scarcely seems a twelvemonth since
  Those glad vacation days
When first upon a village street
  You met my idle gaze.
I deemed you but a country lass,
  With ways devoid of art—
Behind your mask, it was no task
  To creep into my heart.

What memories! O trysts of love!
  O Beauty's budding charms
That on those mystic moonlight nights
  I held within my arms.
How fair this old world looked to me,
  Until, at last, one dawn
Flushed with desires from Dreamland's bowers
  I came—to find you gone.

Ah, now I know how well you played
  Your part with skill innate,
And yet, because I love you still,
  I have no soul to hate.
'Tis true—I cannot drive you from
  My aching heart's demesne;
All I can do is worship you
  At night upon the screen!

YESTERDAY

By H. E. JUNG

Sittin' here in the movies, watchin' the silver screen, reckon the folks on either side would laugh at me or begin to chide, if they thought for a minute that this old guy was dreamin' a foolish dream. But I dont know as I'd care a lot, for a heap of pleasure I've always got in sittin' here real quiet-like—a-watchin' the silver screen. Now, the thing that caught my eye today and started me off in a wishful way, was a view of a trail, just leadin' on to almost anywhere at all, and a prairie schooner lumberin' by with a bumpin' lurch that caught my eye, and, gosh-a'-mighty, I seemed to feel the crunch of the wagon's thumpin' wheels go plumb across my heart. Now, I realize that times have changed, and a fellow like me should not complain; but a sort of an ache comes now and then, tho of course it passes away again when I think of the trails of yesterday, and I seem to feel in the very air a breath from the long ago. So I sort of love to sit and dream, when I see these things on the silver screen—of a day that is rusty and gone.

IN INTERVIEWS, WHY ARE STARS ALWAYS

By M. POWELL FOHN

Taken for someone else, as they "did not in the least look like you would expect an actress too"—— (Wonder what an interviewer thinks an actress looks like, anyway.)

Leaving a book somewhere in sight with an unpronounceable, foreign title conveniently showing—— (And a Spicy-Story Magazine conveniently hid.)

Having a "real" parent in the background —— (Must think the rest of the players are orphan home products.)

Wanting to play Juliet—— (No wonder the River Styx is ebony colored, with the black looks Shakspeare must be throwing the world over the rail of the House-boat.)

DO YOU KNOW

By M. POWELL FOHN

That Mack Sennett played the part of Mary Pickford's husband in "The New York Hat," her first appearance on the screen? (Makes Mary a sort of step-mother of the Bathing Beauties, eh, what!)

That Richard Barthelmess made his cinema début as a Keystone cop?

That Donald Crisp, "Battling Burrows" of "Broken Blossoms," played the part of General U. S. Grant in the "Birth of a Nation"?

That "Phil Cameron, the Little Colonel's brother" of the same picture was Elmer Clifton, who now direct's the Dorothy Gish Comedies?

THE MILKMAID

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

The question seemed so very old and trite,
  And yet her manner urged me to address;
She was a pretty milkmaid in her flight,
  To draw the fluid lacteal from Bess,
  Or, rather, Bossy, and I must confess
She seemed a spirit of the sunset light;
  Her sweet demeanor and her rustic dress
Quite won my interest as she loomed in sight.

And so I asked her as the twilight streamed,
  "Where are you going now, my pretty maid?"
The question brought amusement, so it seemed.
  "I'm going in the picture, sir," she said;
"And what I tell you is no jest or hoax,
I'm on location with the Great Film folks."

YOUR ANKLES MARK YOU

Wherever you go, whatever you do, the eyes of the world follow your ankles. Your ankles mark you. Are you proud of them? If not, you need

BONNE FORME

Ankle Reducers

Bonne Forme, easily worn at night, in a surprisingly short length of time produces splendid results. It gives definite rest and comfort to tired, aching feet and ankles.

Marion Davies says:

"I am glad to give my endorsement of your BONNE FORME ANKLE REDUCERS. One can achieve graceful ankles with these reducers."

Just send us **$5.00** by mail, and we will forward to you Bonne Forme; also send for our Free Illustrated Booklet.

L. R. TAYLOR CORPORATION
Dept. A-3, 18 West 34th St., New York

Don't Watch Others Dance!

Let others watch you. Professor Toppan, famed New York Dancing Master offers you a lifetime's dancing experience condensed into few amazingly *simple lessons.*

With his remarkably simple and complete Waltz, Fox Trot and One Step Home Lessons—you can learn in a *few hours,* become a finished dancer in a *few weeks.*

Decide today to become a good dancer. Professor Toppan will mail you the first lesson and outline of the other lessons showing how easily he teaches you all types of dances, poise, lightness of foot and *superior dance manner.* Send stamps or quarter to cover mailing cost of first lesson in cardboard now—this is your *one opportunity* to become a finished dancer in a month's time.

BROADWAY DANCE STUDIOS
Dept. H, Room 829, Marbridge Bldg., Broadway at 34th St., New York City

CUT ME OUT

I'm only a coupon, BUT if you treat me right, I'll show you how by becoming a Subscription Representative for ***Motion Picture Magazine*** you can turn your spare time into money. Just sign below and mail —I'll do the rest.

Name .....

St. and No. .....

City ..... State .....

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Brewster Building Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAIL THE WOMAN!

An Announcement

The Brewster Publications take great pleasure in announcing the appointment of

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

to the position of Managing Editor of their magazines.

Miss Fletcher, who has been associated with us for over three years in active editorship of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE enjoys a reputation second to none in the realms of Motion Picture journalism.

In her new position the virile ideas and keen pen, which have made the MAGAZINE so outstanding a literary and artistic success, will dominate all the Brewster Publications, and we feel confident that the daily increasing numbers, who swell the tide of our subscribers, will approve the innovations and new policy which she will direct.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Perfumes

JEANNE JACQUES begs to announce a series of new perfumes for the American market. Perfumes have again come into fashion, and the present demand for a dainty, delicate fragrance for milady's kerchief, wardrobe and person has stimulated and hastened my cherished resolve to supply that demand. All of my perfumes are made from the finest essential oils of France, Persia, Arabia and England, and are so blended as to give not only an enchanting fragrance, but a permanence not often found even in the best makes. Among these are the Corliss Palmer formulas. It is no secret that Miss Palmer has been working daily for over a year on the perfecting of a perfume for her own use. Daily she placed her several experiments in similar numbered bottles, and passed them around on a tray, asking twenty friends to vote on them. Over 100 different combinations or formulas have thus gone the rounds, and each has been changed, drop by drop, until all were agreed on its superiority. To compare her best with standard makes, she would frequently put in a famous French make, and not until her own blends received higher votes than these French makes (which were of course disguised by placing in new bottles) was Miss Palmer satisfied. Her laboratory has been enlarged, and I am now prepared to supply perfumes of exquisite excellence.

CORLISS PALMER

A delicate, exquisite blend. Miss Palmer's favorite. People say it has that alluring "come hither" aroma—that draws you to it, and you want to smell more. Put up only in 2-oz. cut-glass bottles (the bottle alone is worth $1.00). Price $5.00 a bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

PERSIAN VIOLET

Very few perfumers have ever succeeded in making a successful violet. We have here a dainty blend of delicious fragrance, sure to please all who like the aroma of this exquisite flower. Price $2.00 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

ARABIAN FLORE

This odor is a blend in imitation of the finest perfumes of Arabia, that the poets have sung about. It may not please all, but those who do like it will love it so much that they will have none other. Remarkable lasting qualities. Price $2.50 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

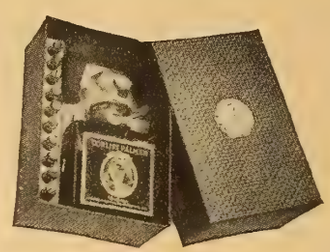
TURKISH BOUQUET

For those who prefer a distinctive aroma, savoring of the Orient, this delightful blend will surely please. An entirely new odor—something different. Quite enchanting to those who like the sweet odor of the magnolia and honeysuckle. Price $3.00 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

$10.00 Will Bring All Four to You

The Latest in Perfumery

Babettes



Take one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, is only obvious for a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat will revive the aroma so that it can be detected without placing the fabric close to the nostrils. The perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination —the place it was intended for. Babettes overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Babettes, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

Corliss Palmer

named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, illusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only $6.00 a box, complete.

Jeanne Jacques

(Sole Distributor)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

What is the matter with your hair?

Falling? *Dandruff?* *Oily?* *Dull?*

All largely due to a single cause
Make this free test—A way to correct it

This is to men and women who wish to care for their hair in a more scientific way. To keep or restore its beauty, its health, by methods right and modern.

There is now an ideal method. It deals effectively with the cause of hair troubles, present or impending. It embodies the best that men know.

THERE is an oil in the scalp called Sebum, secreted by the glands of the hair. It lubricates the hair—gives it lustre and softness. It keeps the scalp flexible, or should. It is the hair's chief friend.

But, like all skin secretions, there is often an excess. Then the hair becomes too oily. The surplus Sebum decomposes on the scalp. It forms fatty acids which inflame the scalp.

Scales and dandruff often follow. The scalp outlets are choked, the oil is suppressed. Dryness and scale may kill the hair roots, so the hair falls out. Then Sebum becomes the hair's great foe—the cause of most hair troubles.

Cleanliness the first essential

The first rule is the same as with any skin surface: Remove the excess, cleanse the pores. Think what would happen to any skin if you failed for a time to do that.

But you must aim at Sebum—that particular scalp oil. Dissolve it, remove it, then get into the pores. Not with ordinary soaps or shampoos, but with studied, tested, scientific methods.

Our experts have embodied in Palmolive Shampoo the best ways known to do that. It combats the Sebum—Sebum only—correctly and efficiently.

That is the first essential. Don't rely on guesswork, on ignorance, on non-scientific means. Your hair is too important.

Beauty—softness—luster—health

The next thing is to treat your scalp as you would your cheeks. Apply a soap based on palm and olive oils. Do what millions do with Palmolive Soap to foster fine complexions.

Palmolive Shampoo does that. It is based on the oil blend which for ages has held supreme place for the skin. The purpose is to give to the hair luster, softness, beauty. And to fit the scalp to maintain healthy hair roots.

Those are results which you want and need regularly. The other helps are told in our book.

A home demonstration—free

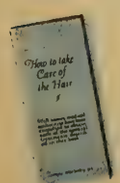
To show these effects we will send you a treatment to try. We will send you the oil blend and the Sebum combatant combined in Palmolive Shampoo. It will show you the ideal way to give your hair care, beauty and protection. You will know that in an hour.

With it we will send a book—"How to Take Care of the Hair." That will tell you just what to do for any wrong condition. For dry hair, for dull hair, for falling hair, for dandruff. The advice is up-to-date and authoritative. It will tell you how to deal with damage already done.

Think what your hair means to you. Let us show you how to beautify it, how to preserve or restore it. Send this coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

New Booklet Free



Be sure and send for this new booklet on the care of the hair, which explains authorized scientific hair treatment, supplied by leading specialists.

PALMOLIVE
SHAMPOO

Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Company 1582

Trial Hair Treatment Free

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Dept. B 311 Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Please send me the trial hair treatment and free booklet, "How to Take Care of the Hair."

Name.....

Address.....

"... and she took out a slim gold box."

THINK how many times a day people see your face powder Compact! A beautiful box is an evidence to your friends of your good taste.

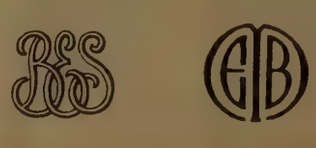
This new large Colgate Compact is a thing of beauty—exquisite enough to be the product of an exclusive jeweler. Its polished gold-colored case is almost as thin as a watch. The cover is bordered with a delicate Greek design, and your monogram or initials in the center give a personal touch and added distinction. The box will outlast many refills.

This Compact fits your purse without bulking it. It has a large round mirror in which you can really see your face, and a soft flexible pad that spreads the powder smoothly and evenly. The powder comes in three shades—white, flesh and rachel.

A refill with a new puff can be purchased for considerably less than the complete Compact.

COLGATE & CO. *Est. 1806* NEW YORK

These four monogram styles have been designed by a well-known New York jeweler, after careful study of the box, as being particularly appropriate for this new Colgate Compact.



Brett Litho. Co. N. Y.

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE.

SEPTEMBER

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

Wesley Barry

Every Superfluous Hair You Have Is There With Your Full Permission

Why Famous Beauties Are No Longer Troubled With the Problem of Superfluous Hair

No longer need you suffer from the embarrassment of superfluous hair, nor are you obliged to resort to painful electricity for attacking the roots. The discovery of ZIP has solved—without question—the most serious and obstinate of personal problems with which you must contend. By simply applying ZIP and easily removing it, ***the roots are eliminated*** as if by magic, and in this way the growth is ***destroyed.***

Ladies everywhere are recognizing how far superior to ordinary depilatories is this simple process. They are rapidly discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP.

Ordinary depilatories or shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser, but ZIP removes hair in an entirely different way.

ZIP temporarily opens the hair ducts, gently lifting out the roots, and in this way ***destroys the growth.***

Not only is ZIP ***guaranteed*** to be absolutely harmless, but it is fragrant, painless, quickly effective, easy to apply and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Three Dangers to Avoid

This modern method overcomes the usual dangers of hair removal: the danger of marring the skin with the razor, the danger of burning the skin with sulphide preparations, and the danger of scars from the electric needle. Avoid imitations, many of which simply pull the hairs out, just as tweezers do, and thus strengthen the growth. Be certain to get genuine and original ZIP.

At All Good Stores or by Mail.
Use It at Home or Ask at Your Beauty Shop.

Leading Actresses *KNOW!*

WILDA BENNETT—Music Box Revue:
I am delighted with ZIP. It is wonderful; so much better than depilatories, electrolysis or shaving.

MARIE PREVOST:
ZIP is marvelous for clearing the skin of superfluous hair and destroying the growth. I am truly grateful to you for it.

CARMEL MYERS:
ZIP is certainly the best in its line, and nothing can take its place.

MITZI—Of Lady Billy Fame:
ZIP is delightful—a method every woman has been waiting for. I am pleased to commend it.

RUBYE DE REMER:
After using ZIP, I am happy to say it is the only remedy that actually clears the skin and destroys both the hairs and the roots.

DESIREE LUBOVSKA:
A skin free of hair is of paramount importance to an actress. ZIP destroys superfluous hair. I have found it most successful.

Prepared With the Same Care, Worthy of Similar Praise

Madame Berthe's Massage and Cleansing Cream—Cannot promote hair growths .....60¢
Antiseptic Talc—Delightfully fragrant. 25¢
Antiseptic Solution .....25¢
Emollient Balm—For the hands and face, softens the skin. Excellent for Sunburn and as a base for powder. 50¢
Lash-Life—Cleanses lashes and makes them long and lustrous.....50¢

AT ALL GOOD STORES

ABSCENT
The Ideal Liquid Colorless Deodorant Remedies Excessive Perspiration
Harmless
Cannot Irritate
(Contains no staining artificial colors)
Large Attractive Bottle
50c

Which of the Three Types of Superfluous Hair Have You?

There are three distinct types of embarrassing hair: The fine type, which is very noticeable because shiny; the second is much coarser and should be removed with extreme care; the third type is a stubborn one and accompanied by a tender skin.

Send for **FREE Book** enabling you to describe each type for yourself and learn how to successfully treat it today. With each book is sent a liberal sample of my Massage and Cleansing Cream, which is guaranteed not to grow hair.

If you are in or near New York, do not neglect to take advantage of my offer to give you a free demonstration, showing you just what ZIP will do.

Madame Berthé

Specialist With

JEAN JORDEAU INC.

Dept. 642, 562 Fifth Ave. (46th St.)
New York City

MADAME BERTHE,
Dept. 642
562 Fifth Ave.,
New York

Please send me your FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling of the three types of Superfluous Hair; also a sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to promote the growth of hair.

Name .....
Address .....
City and State.....

Face Pores Give Up Their Poisons To New Magnetic Clay!

Men and Women Amazed as New Discovery Almost Instantly Reveals a Hidden Beauty.

NEVER before has the attainment of a smooth, clear, beautiful complexion been as simple, as inexpensive as now. Anyone can now have a fine-textured skin, radiant with the fresh coloring of youth, smooth and firm as a child's. In only 30 minutes, mind you! In one short half-hour you can have a brand-new, beautiful complexion!

It seems almost magical. Tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimpleheads are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

What Is This New Kind of Magic?

It's all very simply explained. The face is covered with millions of tiny pores, through which Nature intended impurities to be expelled. But when dust, bits of dead skin, and other harmful accumulations clog these tiny pores, the impurities cannot escape. The skin becomes dull, coarse, colorless. Soon poisons form in the stifled pores, and blackheads and pimples make their appearance.

Ordinary methods cannot relieve this condition. Water clears the surface of the skin, but cannot get at the tiny mass of impurities and accumulations *beneath the surface*—the bits of poison that are hidden away in the pores and that are causing all the trouble. Massage may help temporarily, but stretches the skin and eventually causes wrinkles.

Only now, after years of research and experiment, has the positive, natural way been found to relieve the condition of clogged pores *at once*. Certain elements, when combined in just-right proportions, have been found to possess a remarkable potency which acts on the face pores as a magnet acts on a bit of steel. These elements have been blended into a fragrant, cream-like clay which is as easy and pleasant to use as a face powder.

Each particle of this amazing new kind of clay is like a tiny, invisible magnet. When you apply the clay to your face, it seems almost as though millions of tiny magnets were drawing the pore-poisons and accumulations to the surface, absorbing them, lifting away the blackheads and eruptions. The feeling is one of physical relief—refreshing and invigorating.

Gentle as the touch of a fairy's wand, powerful as the influence of a magnet, is the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay. As though the fairy-wand had touched each clogged-up pore, the poisons and impurities are released. When the clay is removed, all blemishes and impurities are removed with it—and a radiant, clear, new complexion-beauty is revealed!

How to Use Domino Complexion Clay.

That's what it is called, this remarkable discovery—Domino Complexion Clay. It is applied with the tips of the fingers, just as an ordinary cream would be applied. You may read or relax while it is doing its wonderful work. In a few moments it will dry and harden into a fragrant mask. There will be a cool, tingling feeling as the tiny pores awaken, and as the magnetic clay draws the clogged-up impurities to the surface.

In a half-hour, remove the clay. With it you will remove every blackhead and pimplehead, every pore-poison and impurity, every bit of dust, dirt and dead skin. Your complexion will be transformed!

It will have the soft texture, the fine, delicate coloring of youth. You will declare that a fairy must have touched your face, gently removed the blemishes and impurities, and revealed a new beauty!

Our Million Dollar Guarantee

The wonderful beautifying effects of clay have long been known to beauty specialists. Indeed, many kinds of clay have been used in beauty parlors for years. But only now have the just-right elements been found which, when combined, create a **magnetic clay**—a clay that **draws the impurities to the surface and lifts them away.**

Domino Complexion Clay is guaranteed to be absolutely harmless. It acts alike on all skins, because it is natural. Our guarantee, backed by the million-dollar State Bank of Philadelphia, protects you.

Introductory Offer No Money in Advance

To enable everyone to try Domino Complexion Clay, we are making a very special introductory offer. If you act at once, a full-size jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you direct from the Domino Laboratories, without any money in advance.

ONLY $1.95

If You Act at Once

When it arrives, simply give the postman $1.95, plus postage, in full payment, instead of $3.50, which is the regular price. If, within 10 days, you are not delighted with Domino Complexion Clay, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

Mail this coupon now. A post-card will do, if you prefer it. Don't miss the special introductory offer. Tomorrow may be too late—do it **today!** Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no marks to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 259, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 259
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of your Domino Complexion Clay. I will pay the postman $1.95 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first jar with the absolutely guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

If you wish you may send money with coupon. Price outside the U. S., $2.10, cash with order.

State Bank of Philadelphia

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE has deposited in this Bank Ten Thousand Dollars. Out of this special fund this Bank is authorized and does hereby guarantee to return to any customer of DOMINO HOUSE the total amount of his purchase at any time, within thirty days, if the goods purchased are not entirely satisfactory in every way, or if DOMINO HOUSE fails to do as it agrees.

Very truly yours,

H. H. Brawley Pres.

The touchstone of success in the world's new art!

A single artist can produce a masterpiece in painting, in sculpture, in architecture.

A small company can stage a great play in the theatre. A poor man can write and have published an undying work of literature.

But in the art of the motion picture, $100,000 is as $10 in any other art. There can be no success without the power of intricate organization, organization so highly developed that it can command the services of acknowledged genius, and this much be backed by the money power that means absolute freedom of scope in producing motion pictures that will satisfy the discriminating public of today.

Such an organization is Famous Players–Lasky Corporation, producers of Paramount Pictures.

Independent effort, diffusion of power, scattered attempts to win public approval, can never match the work of an organization that holds to the ideals that have been and continue to be the inspiration of Paramount.

That's why "if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

SEPTEMBER
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
3 5 6 7 8 9
1922
fifth annual Paramount WEEK

More than 10,000 theatres celebrate Paramount Week, Sept. 3-9

September RELEASES

'Phone your theatre for date of showing

Jesse L. Lasky presents
Gloria Swanson in "Her Gilded Cage"
A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION
Scenario by Elmer Harris and Percy Heath. Based on the play by Ann Nichols. Cast includes David Powell, Walter Hiers and Harrison Ford.

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS A
William de Mille Production
"Nice People"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel & Julia Faye
Screen play by Clara Beranger. From the play by Rachel Crothers.

JESSE LASKY PRESENTS
Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand"
A FRED NIBLO PRODUCTION
Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi. From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and the play by Tom Cushing. Adaptation by June Mathis.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION *presents*
"The Valley of Silent Men"
with
ALMA RUBENS
From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by Frank Borzage.
A COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS
"The Siren Call"
with
Dorothy Dalton, David Powell & Mitchell Lewis
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis. An Irvin V. Willat Production. By J. E. Nash. Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn.

Jesse L. Lasky Presents a *Peter B. Kyne Special*
Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps"
Adapted by Albert S. Levino from the novel, the "Parson of Panamint." Directed by Joseph Henabery.

Jesse L. Lasky *Presents*
Cecil B. De Mille's *Production*
"Manslaughter"
With ***Thomas Meighan*** *Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson. From the novel by Alice Duer Miller. Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.*

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, *President*
NEW YORK CITY

Motion Picture Magazine

The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

SEPTEMBER

THE CONTENTS

Wesley Barry, Cover Design ..... *Ann Brockman*
Painted from a photograph by Lumiere

FEATURE ARTICLES

PAGE

Why Write Scenarios? ..... *Ted LeBerthon* 31
Memoirs of a Movie Company ..... *Milton Howe* 40
Page excerpts from several interesting diaries
That Indescribable Something ..... *Frederick VanVranken* 46
Analyzing the quality which makes stars popular
The Extra Man ..... *Helen Carlisle* 58
Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffmar

NOVELETTES

The Bonded Woman ..... *Peter Andrews* 33
Fortune's Mask ..... *Janet Reid* 51
Oliver Twist ..... *Norman Bruce* 66

PICTURES

Our Portrait Gallery 11
Gravure portraits of Rodolph Valentino, Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan, Virginia Valli, Mary Philbin, Corinne Griffith, Betty Blythe, Irene Castle and Claire Windsor
Enchantment, Posed by Colleen Moore 20
Norma Talmadge, a Portrait 26
Flappers and Romance, in "Nice People" 27
Tess, Portrayed by Mary Pickford 30
In Days of Old When Knights Were Bold 44
The Staff Is the Thing—— 48
Out From the Dead Years, Posed by Priscilla Dean 72
They Thought He Was John Barrymore 78

INTERVIEWS

Meet Miss Chalupez ..... *Glendon Allvine* 21
And Learn the Truth Regarding Pola Negri——
Bill Hart Comes Back ..... *Harry Carr* 24
The Hive of Murray and Leonard ..... *Gladys Hall* 28
The Boy You Used to Know ..... *Grace Lamb* 38
Glenn Hunter Symbolizes Him
Mr. Hughes and the Photodrama ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 43
She Wears New Hair ..... *Richard Bishop* 56
Really Top-Hole, You Know! ..... *Malcolm Oettinger* 64
Being English is not an obsession with Percy Marmont——

DEPARTMENTS

The Editorial Page 9
That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 50
We Seek the American Beauty 60
Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 6
Health and Beauty ..... *Corliss Palmer* 71
The Juvenile Critic ..... *Dorothy Whitehill* 73
On the Camera Coast ..... *Harry Carr* 74
Letters to the Editor 76
Greenroom Jottings 80
The Answer Man 82

Copyright, 1922, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., (A NEW YORK CORPORATION) AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, Brewster Buildings, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada and foreign countries $3.50 a year. Single copies 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief — Guy L. Harrington, Vice-President and Business Manager
E. M. Heinemann, Secretary, and L. G. Conlon, Treasurer
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Managing Editor
Harry Carr, Pacific Coast Representative — Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Director of Advertising

Also publishers of the CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month; SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third and BEAUTY, out on the sixth.

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

5
PAGE

You Can Be a Star Like This Lady and Earn Big Money in Spare Time

Introducing MRS. FANNIE H. JONES, a "Star" Subscription Representative, now on our staff.

Everywoman can have an independent income. Whether you are a Busy Housewife, a High School or College Girl, a Stenographer or Clerk, if you can use more money at once or desire a permanent income, you can get it thru a plan that has stood the extreme test of time.

Mrs. Fannie Jones heartily endorses our plan because it has been the means of her realizing her ambition of an independent income. What she has done, others can do.

EARN $100.00 A MONTH IN SPARE TIME

Both spare time and full time representatives are wanted at once to collect renewals and to interest new subscribers in our four popular magazines, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, and BEAUTY. Experience is not necessary, as we will tell you how to do the work and furnish free everything you need.

If you can use more money, it will pay you to look into our offer. You will not be obligated if you write us for particulars. Send a letter or use the handy coupon below.

CUT HERE

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
Desk M9, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can make money as your representative.

Name.....

St. No.....

City..... State.....

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$10-$15 daily; every honor wants gold initials on side door of automobile; applied while waiting; profit $1.38 on sale of $1.50, or sell him set that he may apply our monogram; write for agency; free samples. Monogram Letter Co., Desk-D, 196 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Agents—$60 to $200 a Week; Free Samples; Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 F, No. Clark St., Chicago.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

By coloring and selling our line of black and white Greeting Cards and Folders. Beautiful designs—Fascinating work—Big profits. Our 1922 Christmas and everyday line is in stock. Our illustrated catalog "Pleasant Pages" gives all information. It's free. Or send $1.00 for sample box of cards and folders. When colored will retail for $4.50. Little Art Shop, Inc., 622 F Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LAND SEEKERS. $10 to $50 down starts you on 20, 40, or 80 acres near thriving city in Lower Michigan. Balance on long time. Investigate. Write today for FREE booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., A-1263 First Nat'l. Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Trial Order—Mail us 20c with any size film or six negatives for development and six velvet prints. 24-hour service. Get premium list. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 206 Bell, Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lots, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40 to $75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

HELP WANTED—MALE

BE A DETECTIVE—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

Will Pay Fifty Dollars Cash for nickel of 1913 with Liberty Head. Watch your change. We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 48, Ft. Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Photoplays Wanted for California Producers—Also want Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. Submit MSS., or, if you are a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and Details. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

Successful Photoplays Bring Big Money. Send for our free book, "Successful Photoplays," which gives full instructions on photoplay writing. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Ia.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three to six months' course. Modern equipment. Day or evening classes. Easy terms. Ask for **Catalog No. 29.**

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	BROOKLYN
141 W. 36th St.	630 So. Wabash Ave.	505 State St.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects. Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-658, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway.
Alpha Pictures, Inc., 126 West 46th St.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Astra Film Corp., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio.)
Authors' Film Co., Times Building.

Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St.
Blackton, J. Stuart, 25 West 45th St.
Bray Studio, 23 East 26th St.
Bulls Eye Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.

Callaghan, Andrew J., 25 West 43d St.
Character Pictures, 17 West 42d St.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmofoto Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Cosmopolitan Prod., 2278 Second Ave.
Crest Pictures Corp., Times Building.

Edison, Thomas A., Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave. (Studio.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Exclusive Pictures, 126 West 46th St.
Export and Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.

Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave.
Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Film Market, Inc., 403 Times Building.
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Foursquare Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Fox Film Co., Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Frohman Amusement Corp., Times Bldg.

Gaumont Co., College Point, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 509 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway.
Studio, Orienta Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Hemmer Superior Prod., 137 West 48th Street.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 527 Fifth Ave.

International Studios, 2278 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 West 46th St.

Jans, Herman, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 West 42d St.

Kalem Co., 1482 Broadway.
Kane, Arthur S., 25 West 43d St.
Keeney, Frank A., 1493 Broadway.
Kleine, George, 729 Seventh Ave.

Macauley Photoplays, 516 Fifth Ave.
Mayflower Prod., 1476 Broadway.
Metro Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
Studio, 3 West 61st St.
Moss, B. S., 1441 Broadway.

Outing Chester, Pictures, 120 West 40th Street.

Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th St.
Physical Culture Photoplays, Inc., 113 West 40th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Pioneer Feature Film Corp., 126 West 46th St.
Prizma, Inc., 21 West 23d St.

Raver, Harry, 1402 Broadway.
Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Ave.
Robertson-Cole Co., 1600 Broadway.

S. L. Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
Seitz, Geo. B., 1990 Park Ave., New York.
Select Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Studio, West Fort Lee, N. J.
Stewart, Anita, Prod., Inc., 6 West 48th Street.
State Right Distributors, Inc., 1600 Broadway.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 111 West 42d St.
Talmadge Film Co., 318 East 48th St.
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway.
Tyrad Pictures, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway.

Vitagraph Co., 469 Fifth Ave.
Studio, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Warner Brothers, 220 West 42d St.
Wilk, Jacov, 1476 Broadway.
Williamson Bros., Inc., 1476 Broadway.

Young, Clara Kimball, 33 West 42d St.

OUT OF TOWN

American Film Co., 7227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.
American Studios, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Bear State Film Co., 220 South State St., Chicago, Ill.
Brunton, Robert Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Charles Chaplin Studios, La Brea and Delongpre Aves., Los Angeles, Calif.
Christie Film Corp., Sunset Blvd. and Gower Sts., Los Angeles, Calif.
Commonwealth Pictures Corp., 220 South State St., Chicago, Ill.

Essanay Film Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill.

Fairbanks Studio, 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Ford, Francis, 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Ince, Thomas H., Culver City, Calif.

Kleine, Geo., 166 North State St., Chicago, Illinois.

Lasky Feature Film Co., 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.

MacDonald, Katherine, Prod., Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.

Neilan, Marshall, Studios, 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Pathé Frères, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J.

Ray, Charles, Studio, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Rolin Studio, 406 Court St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

Selig Polyscope Co., Garland Building, Chicago, Ill.
Sennett, Mack, Studio, 1712 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Tourneur Film Co. Prod., Inc., Universal City, Calif.

Universal Film Co., Universal City, Calif.

Vidor, King, Studio, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge St., Los Angeles, Calif.

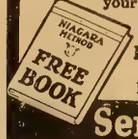
Walleene Film Comedies, 25th and Lehigh Avenues, Philadelphia, Pa.
Wharton, Inc., Ithaca, N. Y.

Play PIANO By Ear

No matter how little you know about music, if you can just remember a tune, I teach you to play Jazz, Ragtime, Popular Songs *BY EAR, easily, quickly.* Why spend years studying tiresome scales and finger exercises when, in 90 days you can

Be a Master of JAZZ and RAGTIME

and play any tune you can remember, by ear—without notes. Original method, wonderful, easy. No do-re-mi, no scales—just a few simple rules, a little practice—the results are amazing. Names and letters from hundreds of enthusiastic pupils and interesting book SENT FREE. Simply write me your name, address, age—and state if you have ever taken piano lessons; if so, how many. Write TODAY.



RONALD G. WRIGHT, Director.
Niagara School of Music,
Department 467, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book

$EARN MONEY$ AT HOME

Be your own Boss. Make 25 to 75 Dollars a week at home in your spare time. We guarantee to make you a Show Card Writer by our New Simple Method. No Canvassing or Soliciting. We sell your work and pay you cash each week, no matter where you live.

Illustrated booklet and terms free

THE DETROIT SHOW CARD SCHOOL

U. S. Office
216 Lohrman Building
Detroit, Michigan

Canadian Office
16 Land Security Building
Toronto, Ontario

EAT, DRINK and BE MERRY

For tomorrow—your makeup will still be on (unless you remove it with cold cream or soap and hot water)

What would you give for a

ROUGE AND LIP SALVE THAT WILL STAY ON ALL DAY?

No more making up in public! No more plastering of your face many times a day (which is ruinous to the complexion)! No more constant worrying about your appearance! You can go in bathing and still preserve your makeup! Sounds impossible, but it can be done! Corliss Palmer has solved the problem. Her secret formulas, perfected after months of patient study and experimentation are in our sole possession. As for the face powder, it will stay on *most* complexions without the aid of foundation cream; but when the foundation cream is first applied, even a rainstorm will hardly destroy its permanency and beauty.

This foundation cream is truly wonderful! No more shiny noses! It will hide all facial blemishes, too. Even a red pimple or a mole or scar can be entirely hidden by it. It is not white, but the color of your skin, and you can make it as light or dark as you wish by applying more or less. And so with the rouge and lip salve and powder—they can likewise be made to match *any* complexion, whether blond or brunette.

Only try these preparations *once*, and you will never want any other. See our announcement (and prices) on another page of this magazine.

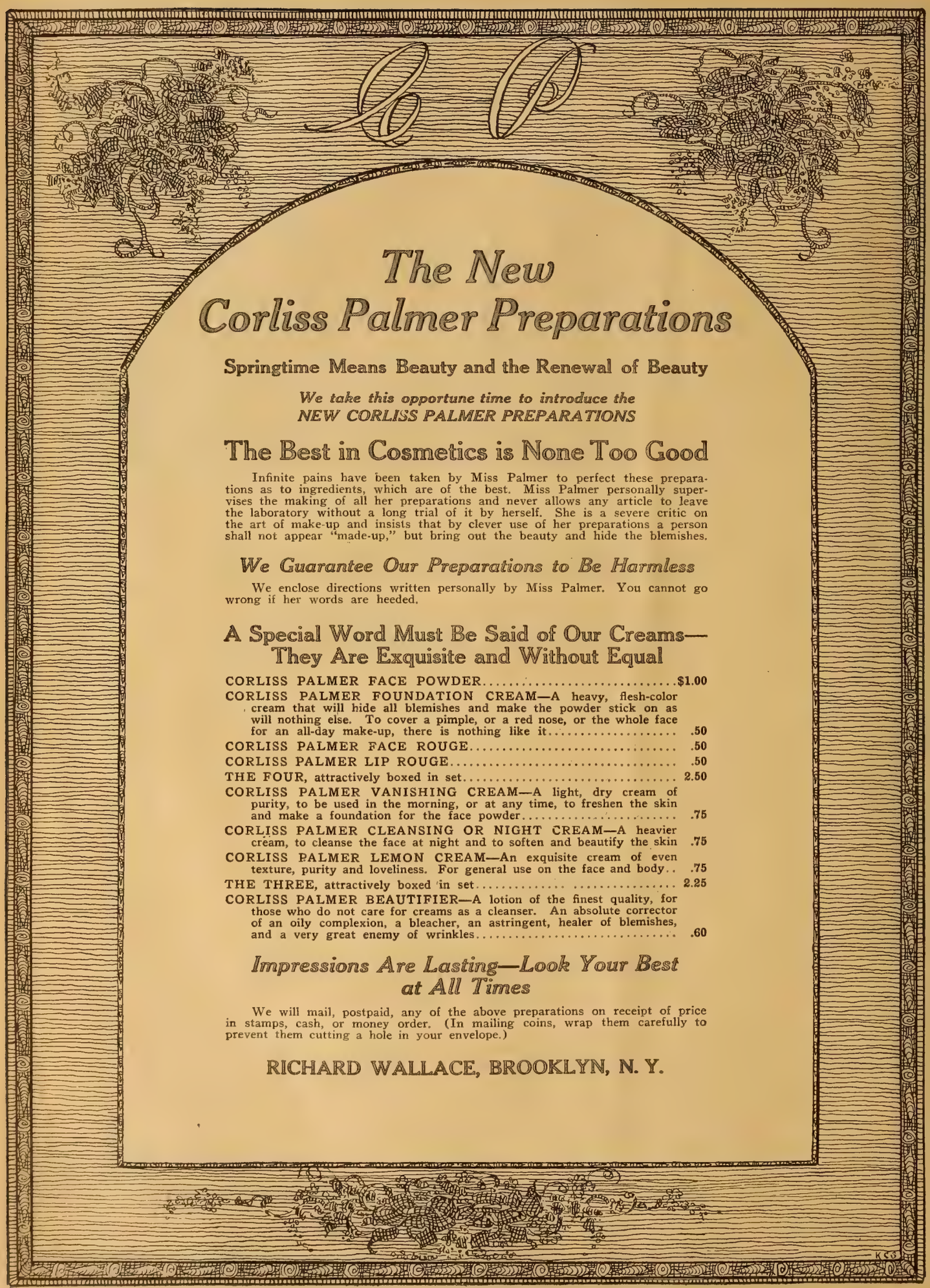
RICHARD WALLACE, Distributors
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new, simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

Full particulars and Booklet free

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
69 Ryrie Building Toronto, Can.



The New Corliss Palmer Preparations

Springtime Means Beauty and the Renewal of Beauty

We take this opportune time to introduce the
NEW CORLISS PALMER PREPARATIONS

The Best in Cosmetics is None Too Good

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows any article to leave the laboratory without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of make-up and insists that by clever use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

We Guarantee Our Preparations to Be Harmless

We enclose directions written personally by Miss Palmer. You cannot go wrong if her words are heeded.

A Special Word Must Be Said of Our Creams— They Are Exquisite and Without Equal

CORLISS PALMER FACE POWDER	$1.00
CORLISS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM—A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all-day make-up, there is nothing like it	.50
CORLISS PALMER FACE ROUGE	.50
CORLISS PALMER LIP ROUGE	.50
THE FOUR, attractively boxed in set	2.50
CORLISS PALMER VANISHING CREAM—A light, dry cream of purity, to be used in the morning, or at any time, to freshen the skin and make a foundation for the face powder	.75
CORLISS PALMER CLEANSING OR NIGHT CREAM—A heavier cream, to cleanse the face at night and to soften and beautify the skin	.75
CORLISS PALMER LEMON CREAM—An exquisite cream of even texture, purity and loveliness. For general use on the face and body	.75
THE THREE, attractively boxed in set	2.25
CORLISS PALMER BEAUTIFIER—A lotion of the finest quality, for those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute corrector of an oily complexion, a bleacher, an astringent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles	.60

Impressions Are Lasting—Look Your Best at All Times

We will mail, postpaid, any of the above preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash, or money order. (In mailing coins, wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

RICHARD WALLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AUG -4 1922 ©CIB532680

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXIV SEPTEMBER, 1922 No. 8

Good Measure

A good measure of good things!

It is a fact that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE offers more editorial pages than any other magazine in its field.

And the editor and staff are devoting thought, consideration and experience that the generous measure may be comprised entirely of good things——

——The staff has been increased; special features are obtained constantly; we have contracted for beautiful and exclusive photographs; and writers of renown will contribute frequently.

Nothing will be left undone that will make the magazine even finer than heretofore.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—verily, a good measure of good things.

His unspoken thoughts when he looks into your face —*what are they?*

If you could read his mind—would you find there only pleasure and satisfaction?

DOES he think only pleasant, flattering things? Or does some fleeting dissatisfaction underlie his thoughts of you?

Don't allow your skin to be the subject of even momentary criticism. Any girl can have a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right care you can make this new skin what you will!

Begin today to give your skin the special treatment that will meet its special needs. Remember—skins differ widely, and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fail to benefit another. That is why the famous Woodbury treatments for *each different type of skin* have been formulated.

Two of these famous treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin are contained in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and see what a difference in your complexion just a week or ten days of the right treatment will make.

A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing samples of:

Woodbury's Facial Soap

The new Woodbury's Facial Cream

Woodbury's Cold Cream

Woodbury's Facial Powder

The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1309 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

Use this treatment for a very sensitive skin

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch"

A skin that is subject to blemishes should be given this special treatment

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Copyright 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Photograph by Rice

Our Portrait Gallery

RODOLPH VALENTINO

Scarlet mantles . . . warm sunshine . . . tasseled *muletas* . . . charging bulls . . . cheers and applause . . . and Rodolph Valentino, the brave toreador. "Blood and Sand" brings it all to the screen within the next month or two

BETTY COMPSON

Many achieve stardom. Some retain it as their own. This Betty Compson has done thru her consistently intelligent portrayals—portrayals enhanced by her delicate beauty. She is now playing the leading rôle in the Fitzmaurice production "To Have and To Hold"

Photograph by Freulich

MARY PHILBIN

We call Mary Philbin to your attention. A contest brought her to Universal City. There is an appeal in her fragility. There is a rare pensive note in her manner. Then Eric von Stroheim began to cast his forthcoming picture—and he entrusted her with one of the principal rôles

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Corinne Griffith stands forth surely as one of the most beautiful of the screen's silken women. Always she has been with the Vitagraph Company. But now her contract is drawing to a close and there are whisperings of a new affiliation

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

BETTY BLYTHE

Betty Blythe, regal, with queenly grace! She is the occupant of the star dressing-room at the Whitman Bennett studios these summer days. And Kenneth Webb is now directing her in "How Women Love"

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

IRENE CASTLE

Europe for the summer and the motion picture studio again in the early autumn. These are the plans of Irene Castle. Whether or not she will resume her dancing activities upon her return is not yet known

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

CLAIRE WINDSOR

Claire Windsor finds that life means one motion picture after another so far as she is concerned—despite the fact that she is under contract with no particular company, but a free-lance. At present she is working under the direction of Louis Gasnier in "Rich Men's Wives"

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Enchantment

Posed by Colleen Moore in "The Bitterness of Sweets"

Meet Miss Chalupez

And Learn the Truth Regarding Pola Negri

By
GLENDON ALLVINE

THIS is the story of Apollonia Chalupez. Does any little girl or boy know Apollonia? What's that, Maybelle? Your uncle always drinks it at dinner? Why, child, you must be thinking of Apollinaris. But teacher will give you a passing mark for that answer, because Apollinaris, like Apollonia, comes from Germany.

There's a famous spring at Apollinarisburg, near Bonn, from which there effervesces the sparkling

Photograph by Carl Schenker, Berlin

Above, is a new camera study of Pola Negri; at the left, she is photographed with her favorite mount; and below, she is seen in her apartment at a Berlin hotel

Photograph (below) by Rembrandt Studio, Berlin

All the fantastic stories you may have heard about Pola Negri are the imaginings of Americans who had to write something about a mysterious and inaccessible personage. Some said her name was Swartz; some said she was a shop-girl; others that she was a countess. But her name is really Apollonia Chalupez. And she has been on the stage since she was sixteen

Photograph (below) by Karl Schenker, Berlin

alkaline water your uncle drinks. And the other sparkling, effervescent thing we get from Germany is Apollonia Chalupez.

And here's where teacher tells you a secret—a secret that nobody else in all America knows. Apollonia Chalupez is Pola Negri's real name.

All the current history books have been wrong about Pola Negri. All the fantastic stories you may have heard about Pola are the imaginings of Americans who had to write something about a mysterious and inaccessible personage. Some said her name was really Swartz, which is German for Negri or Black. Some said she was a shop-girl; others that she was a countess. For the truth I went straight to the mysterious personage known as Pola Negri.

Pola Negri does not speak English, and I do not speak Polish or German, so an interpreter answered the questions I

Pola Negri says: "I cannot overstate my debt to Max Reinhardt for the training received from him before the Germans put an end to theatrical activity in Warsaw. It is from him I learned to act, just as Ernest Lubitsch learned to act and direct under his tutelage." Three additional new and exclusive portraits of the vivid and colorful Pola

Photograph (above) by Sandau, Berlin

Stories galore have been written regarding Pola Negri. Nevertheless the majority of the information offered has been inaccurate. The above interview was secured from Miss Negri while she was at work on her forthcoming production in Germany. It arrived by a special messenger, together with the new photographs, on one of the recent steamers. We vouch for its authenticity.

put to her. But here are her own answers to questions about herself, and certainly she knows, better than anyone else, the story of Pola Negri.

This is what she has to say about herself:

"My father, Ian Chalupez, died in 1905 at our home in Bromberg, Poland, during the Polish revolution against Russian rule. He had a good fabric business, but very little money was left for my mother and me when we were left alone in the world. I was six years old when father died.

"After several years my mother managed to scrape together enough to send me to Countess Platen's school, which at that time was considered the best school in Warsaw. While at school there I developed a taste for poetry, particularly for the Polish translations of the Italian verses by Ada Negri. Impressionable girl that I was, I used to read over and over again the verses of Ada Negri so that I could recite by heart most of the things she had written. Ada Negri seemed to me the most wonderful woman in the world, and I love her still, but not with the impulsive ardor that only a young girl can experience.

Photograph © by Binder, Berlin

"When I was about ten years old I decided that I wanted to become an actress. I used to read every word I could find about the women who were popular in the European theaters. When I reached the age of sixteen I arrived in Warsaw for the first time, and saw across the footlights some of the actresses I had been adoring.

"I decided to study for the stage, and entered a dramatic school in Warsaw, where, within one year, I completed what is usually the three-year course.

"I made my professional début at the Kleines Theater in Warsaw, playing an important rôle in 'Sodom's End,' a play written by Hermann Sudermann, who is one of my favorite authors. This, my first engagement, lasted for one year.

"Next I was engaged as a lyric dramatic actress at the former Imperial Theatre in Warsaw, where I continued playing until the German occupancy in 1916. It was while I was playing here that Max Reinhardt, greatest of all European stage technicians, saw my performance and engaged me for the leading rôle in 'Sumurun,' a pantomime play in which I was enthusiastically received. I think it was my ability to act without

(*Continued on page* 104)

"Several years ago in Warsaw," explains Miss Negri, "I became the wife of Count Dombski, one of the Polish nobles. Our married life proved unhappy, I am sorry to say. After living with him a year, I decided to secure a divorce. Preferring not to retain as my name Countess Dombski, I was inclined to resume my maiden name. But Appollonia Chalupez seemed both too long and too difficult. So I decided to shorten Appollonia to Pola. As to the Negri part of it, the verses of Ada Negri live in my memory as one of the loveliest things in my life. So I took the name Negri for my own. I like it, and so, I hope, do my many unknown friends, who know me as Pola Negri"

Bill Hart Comes Back

By
HARRY CARR

Sketch © by William S. Hart

I REALLY went out with the intention of talking to Bill Hart about married life, being that he is more or less a bridegroom.

But I discovered that the conditions were not right. Bill had just received a billet-doux from Uncle Sam informing him that he had to dig up a trifle of $300,000 income tax. Also a reporter from an evening paper had just arrived with a long press telegram on yellow "flimsy" telling him the glad tidings that an agitated preacher in Des Moines had held up Bill's latest picture as a horrible example of the iniquity of the fillums.

Something in my inner consciousness told me that this was no time to indulge in gentle poesies about the silver light of the honeymoon.

So from the general cussedness of sensational preachers who try to break into the lime-light by leaping upon the movies, and the outrages of the income tax, Bill and I got to talking about the hard struggle of life in general.

Of all the men I ever met in motion pictures, Bill Hart is by long odds the most interesting talker.

Bill is a "he" man. No cathedral windows and incense in his office. His sanctum looks like a cross between a theatrical store room, a New England garret and the office of a country lawyer. Bill sits in one end at a little dinky roll-top desk: somewhere amidships sits a severe-looking young lady stenographer, while the other end of the big room is piled with aged Klieg lights, filing cabinets and junk. Chiefly junk.

Bill is a "he" man. No cathedral windows and incense in his office. His sanctum looks like a cross between a theatrical store room, a New England garret and the office of a country lawyer. Bill sits at one end at a little dinky roll-top desk. Beneath, Bill Hart is snapped with his famous pinto during a morning on the ranch

Bill told me of his intention to go back to the screen this fall. He retired about a year ago; but he couldn't stand it. To show that no man can settle down to idleness after he has led a hard life, Bill told me his hard life.

Retirement Bored Bill and He Will Return to the Screen in the Early Fall

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Photograph by La Pine, Seattle

We asked Bill Hart if he ever thought of going back to his beloved prairies. "Nope," he said and shook his head. "You cant go back to those things. The life on the frontier is a great memory to me to think back to, but I wouldn't want to go back to it"

"I came from a family of English lawyers," said Bill. "But my father broke the line. He was an engineer. He was one of the pioneers in the work of reclaiming the waste land of the West. My earliest recollections were of border life on the prairies.

"When I was a little boy, all my playmates were little Sioux Indians. I learned to speak their language and to play their games. I can still shoot with a bow and arrow. As a child I could speak Sioux better than English. Of course it is slipping away from me now.

"It is a beautiful language, more expressive than French.

"One time I was making a Liberty Loan speech in City Hall Square, New York. An example of war's cruelty was carried to the platform. One of the committee informed me 'Here's a poor mangled guinea.' I saw at once that he was an American Indian and they did not know.

"There are many different Indian languages, but I took a chance. I spoke to him in Sioux, the language of the Dakotas. He straightened his bent body. His blue, sweated, trembling chin stood still. Tears flowed down his cheeks.

"I asked him in English if he was in pain. He replied with a pitiful attempt at smiling. 'She feel better—sometime—when she stop hurtin'.

"I could not speak. My hand gripped his shoulder. He looked at me and saw my weakness. And to this broken soldier of the trenches must have come a vision of the far-away prairies and the stoicism of his people, for he said in Sioux—slowly, deliberately, proudly 'A ta, nena O he ta ka' (Our fathers were brave men.)

"I went to school in a funny little district school where the teacher was a rancher's young daughter, who could barely read and write herself.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Photograph by Abbe

Norma Talmadge

A New Camera Study of the Charming Cinema Star

The story of "Nice People" tells of the younger set of today, sufficient unto themselves—of young people who accept little or no advice from their frantic and worried elders, but who dance thru their youth, extravagant and carefree

All photographs by James N. Doolittle

Flappers and Romance

Herewith we present four previews of "Nice People." The cast is, in truth, all-star. There is Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Julia Faye and Conrad Nagel

William C. de Mille has brought the popular Rachel Crothers stage play to the shadows. The selection of Director de Mille for this task was a wise one, for he has the rare faculty of causing his characters to act as human beings——

The Hive of Murray and Leonard

a scene in which Mae, guiltless of mascaro, wept silver, solvent tears and waved immensely moving farewells to an immensely moved audience—Ourself.

Of course we had to keep our mind upon the fact that it was Bob Leonard, *Director*. As Bob Leonard, Husband, we would have felt constrained to interfere. He would have been an unmitigated brute, a Hairy Ape—to make Mae weep so wistfully and charmingly. Mae weeps well. She weeps better than most folks laugh. Greater tribute has no fountain pen than this!

We had a lump in our throat all afternoon. If they had changed scenes, it might have

There is no droning in the hive of Murray and Leonard. Ever since they began their own producing company, about a year ago, they have been going it steadily, one picture merging into another

WE always interview Mae Murray in the studio. In so far as we have been able to ascertain from patient and persistent effort, she always is in the studio. Yesterday we heard her threaten a six-weeks' vacation at Great Neck, during which period of time she purposed to do nothing but loll—but we suspect occasional intrusions of stories-to-be-read, continuities-to-be-begun, subtitles, castings, et cetera. There is no droning in the hive of Murray and Leonard. Ever since they began their own producing company about a year ago they have been going it steadily, one picture merging into another. The six weeks is due, we concede, altho, as a rule, we detest to see anyone get a rest . . . we're like that . . .

Yesterday, the studio was converted into a mammoth stage. The stage was "propped" with imitation floral pieces and a gigantic star effect of silver . . . tiers of boxes embraced the stage in fashion realistic.

We occupied one of the boxes—the stage one—and clapped with enthusiasm at the end of the scene being taken—

By
GLADYS HALL

made it easier for us. But no . . . they took the *en-tire* afternoon for the filming and re-filming and filming again of the tears of Mae! If her lacrimal glands dont suffer a complete nervous collapse, I congratulate her lacrimal glands. They are destined to function forever!

In between scenes and sobbing suchlikes we talked—Mae ensconced upon the pseudo stage, repairing ravages to her make-up, we ensconced with equal excellence, but no repairs, in our box. Novel, wasn't it . . . ?

Someone said to me once, "Mae Murray has yet to give her Big Interview. She's a lot more serious than she looks, and more serious than she generally talks—for publication. She's got a Big Story in her!"

Photograph by Royal Atelier

Said Mae Murray: "I shall never ban love-making from my pictures. Love and passion are the great factors of life . . . why shouldn't they be shown?"

Well, you couldn't expect a lady whose husband had been making her sob for three hours to have vitality enough for her Big Story—but she did talk seriously, if that's any help.

She talked about her audiences . . . her Public . . . her fans . . . her what-you-will . . . she probably talked about *you* . . . !

"The fan public," said Miss Murray, "are the dearest, sweetest things in all the world. They come to see me . . . and that means all of us, of course . . . *loving* us. They dont come with the foreordained intention of 'picking' or criticizing—they come, prepared to be pleased—and if there is the least earthly reason for it, they *are* pleased.

"They are appreciative to a degree. No group of people in the world are quite so enthusiastic, so interested, so encouraging. Their feeling is the feeling of 'This is our Mae' . . . their interest is the interest of home folks. Of course this doesn't mean that they have no discrimination. They have. They know when a thing is poor quite as well as they know when it is good, and they write and tell me so. But the point is that their praise and blame are, alike, in a spirit of helpful friendliness. Their criticism is constructive criticism . . . I love them all."

"What will censorship do to pictures?" we asked . . . that being the most serious matter we could think of, off-hand.

Mae shook her pearl-encrusted, golden head.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Tess

The first photograph taken of Mary Pickford in the character of Tess of the Storm Country

Why Write Scenarios?

By
TED LeBERTHON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*For years the motion picture screen has been regarded as a field for every story ever written. Therefore, the* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE *selected Mr. LeBerthon to write the following article concerning the scenario market. Mr. LeBerthon, who was editor of "The Photodramatist" and, at one time, a reader for one of the larger motion picture companies, deals in facts—facts concerning which he is well qualified to speak.*

"THIS world is a hall of illusions," declared that master-thinker who, in the dim past of Eternity, inscribed this and other profound conclusions in the upanishads. A decade ago this theory was substantiated by Barnum. Today, clever publicists and ad writers rear bubbles of prodigious dimensions; the United States is flooded with foaming seas of all-enveloping *maya.* And all too rarely is a bubble pricked, or a sea evaporated under the fierce, scorching sun of pitiless investigation.

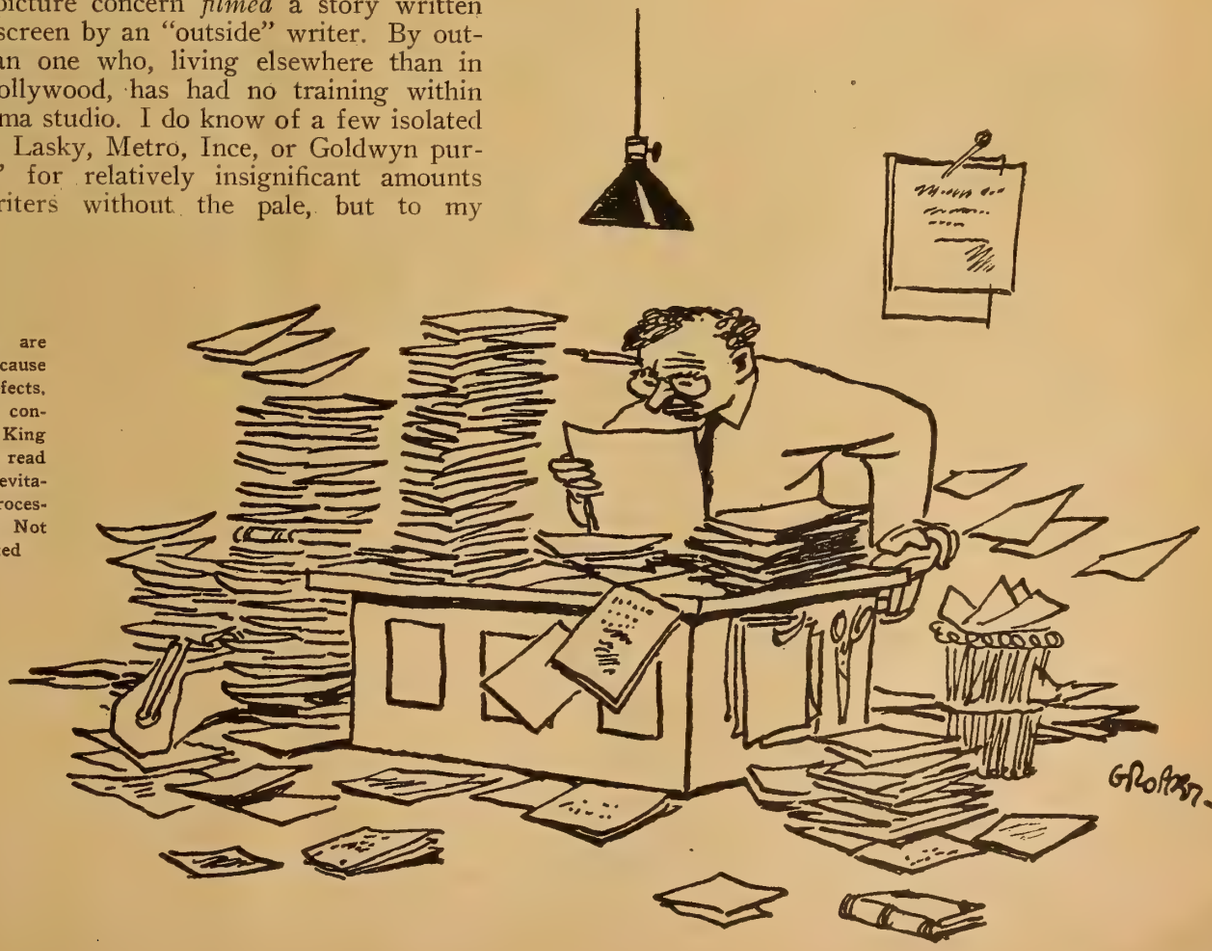
Intensive advertising campaigns have flung net-like over the land of the free the legend that practically any adult person can successfully write and sell scenarios to motion picture concerns. The psychological public reaction is expressed in a besieging of the studios by well-meaning mediocre folks who would never attempt a novel, short story or play—on the grounds that such literary achievement requires complex and esoteric talents.

As editor of *The Photodramatist,* during a period when that publication was the official organ of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America, I was brought into intimate touch with the motion picture scenario market, and with those whose yeas and nays decided the fate of submitted stories.

I do not know of a single instance in which a representative motion picture concern *filmed* a story written expressly for the screen by an "outside" writer. By outside writer I mean one who, living elsewhere than in New York or Hollywood, has had no training within the walls of a cinema studio. I do know of a few isolated instances in which Lasky, Metro, Ince, or Goldwyn purchased "originals" for relatively insignificant amounts from obscure writers without the pale, but to my knowledge not one of these stories ever reached the screen. They were undoubtedly bought for ideas they contained, later to be woven into some screen production.

The original scenario has little or no chance of competing with the popular play or published fiction. I empirically state that the scenario staff of any first-rate studio is primarily engaged in the sedulous culling of current plays and fiction, and that the scenario editor usually holds that if a magazine editor has already accepted and printed a story, or a play has attracted large and enthusiastic audiences for a season—it's good enough for him; it simply must, by force of logic, possess the wide appeal essential to a screen success.

Very few "originals" are even read thru, not because of salient technical defects, but because of hollow content. While with the King Vidor organization, I read reams of such stuff, inevitably dreary, tortuous processions of plagiarisms. Not one was ever accepted. I dont know of any studio staff reader who is under any illusions as to the merits of the jejune piffle composed in trite, inadequate language, with which he is assailed. At the time I was obliged to peruse submitted scripts for



Very few "originals" are even read thru, not because of salient technical defects, but because of hollow content. While with the King Vidor organization, I read reams of such stuff, inevitably dreary, tortuous processions of plagiarisms. Not one was ever accepted

my daily bread and butter, my perspective on life was distorted: I began to labor under the horrible delusion that all the half-baked, feeble-minded and illiterate of the nation had unanimously agreed to write for the screen.

Original scenarios are being purchased right along by the sort of film concerns that produce "cheap 'uns for the cheap 'uns." There is a demand in this quarter for "westerns"—of the banal, quixotic, gory type eventually seen on the screens of cheap neighborhood movie palaces which cater to an exceedingly low taste. Hardly any such story would bring its author more than two or three hundred dollars. And even the producers of this sort of "art" accord preference to the "literature" that appears in *Top Notch, Adventure,* or *The Railroad Man's Magazine.*

In the entire motion picture industry the number of screen plays filmed from original scenarios against the number filmed from novels, short stories and plays is pitifully negligible. And most of the produced "originals" are written by scenario staff members or experienced free lances.

The screen rights to plays and published stories have brought as high as $100,000—in the case of "Way Down East," while even a comparatively unknown published work will command several thousand dollars. King Vidor paid $13,000 for the screen rights to Ellis Parker Butler's "The Jack-Knife Man," a novel which caused scarcely a ripple or a murmur on the literary market.

There is deep pathos in the fruitless struggle first to write and then sell a scenario. Here is life at its most ironic: the futility of pursuing a mirage or writing to a girl who doesn't exist—the much ado about nothing. But there is an even more tragic element to be disclosed, if I may be permitted to loose the driving wind of logic upon the thick-laying leaves of illusion: The endeavor to learn something which is at best not worth learning, from either an intrinsic or extrinsic viewpoint.

Surely, from an artistic perspective, high success as a scenario writer connotes intrinsic failure. Los Angeles is full of disillusioned scenario continuity writers; in actuality mere clerks who hack away at small salaries adapting other men's dreams to the screen idiom. In most cases, their own creative powers—if they ever had any—have long since atrophied, and any erstwhile capacity for beautiful expression dulled and warped beneath the mechanics of continuity technique.

For the professional scenarist, a cramping of vision follows fast upon a cramping style. Any attempt on his part to weave poetry, subtlety or profundity into his work is instantly stigmatized—or rather astigmatized—as high-brow, and duly frowned upon. After sundry squelchings, higher æsthetic and artistic impulses disappear and before many more moons are buried in the abysses of the night, the *photodramatist* appears!—one who chants and prates about "art" and thru devious ratiocination convinces his associates and himself of his "artistry." The Hollywood metamorphosis induces a flagrant "taking the name of Art in vain." This "Athens of America" is truly the incubator of the pseudo-æsthete.

One of the men high up in the councils of the Screen Writers' Guild religiously holds that the first and last words in Art have been expressed by D. W. Griffith, and woe to the heretic who comes within his aura. This same man once derisively spouted, apropos of Theodore Dreiser's articles in SHADOWLAND on "Hollywood, its Manners and Morals"—"Who is this feller Drysler? I've been hearing about *them* articles. What did he ever do?"

The screen writer is circumscribed at every turn of his pen or jog of his typewriter. In most cases he is simply an adapter and interpolator; he must ever bear in mind the censorship restrictions, no matter to what extent these arbitrary rulings subvert or cloud a representation of life; and he must salaam to popular taste. Our photodramatist resides in a cosmos that is an inverted bowl, his sky is opaque and he must read the meaning of the earth in the interpretations of righteous and proper men. Never may he thrust his arms thru the firmament or penetrate enchanted beyondnesses. He is obliged—on pain of being branded a high-brow—to

> Measure mountains with a foot-rule
> And plumb the ocean with a pudding-string.

For those who would make writing a business rather than an art, there is more money—particularly for the beginner—in the fiction field than in cinema realms. The obscure writer with little chance of disposing of a scenario may still write a magazine story with movie possibilities. By accepting a slightly lesser sum, he may reserve the screen rights. And he will receive five times

(*Continued on page 89*)

A few noted writers of popular fiction, conspicuously the Goldwyn eminent author group, command high remuneration for their original screen plays, but this is because these writers were, first of all, huge successes in the world of popular books, plays and magazines

By
GRACE LAMB

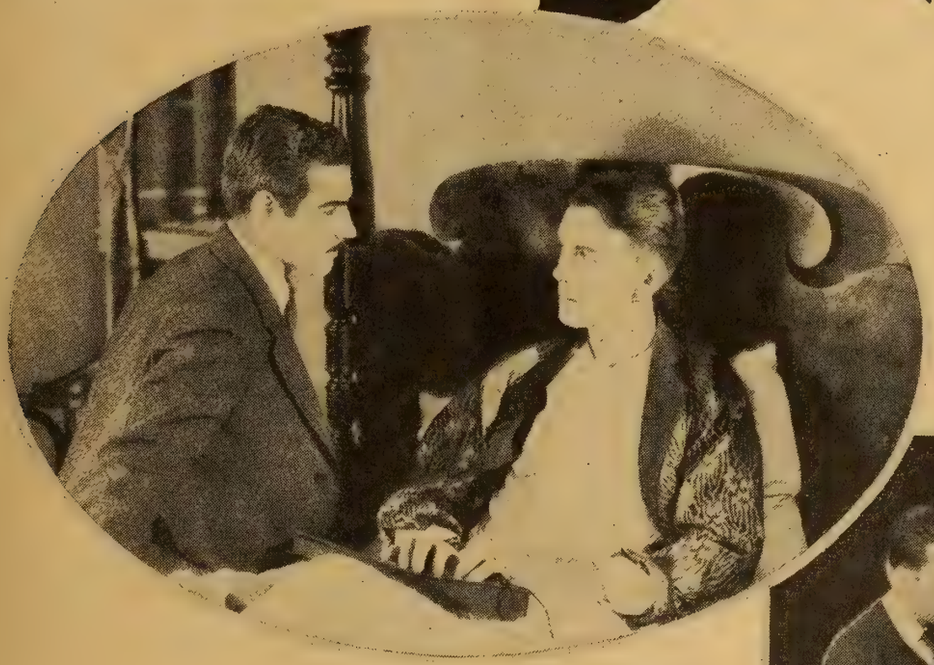
"Dont you like to be recognized?"

"Oh, I should *say* not! Do you know, one time last winter, while I was playing in 'The Intimate Strangers,' my father came down to see me, and while we were lunching together in a New York restaurant some people at the next table recognized me and what they *didn't* say about me . . .!"

"Not *nice* things?"

"Well, I should *say* not! Not *much!* My father tried to take me home with him. He thought I might as well leave, I guess. I suppose it sort of scared me. I feel like ducking if I see anyone staring at me now . . . I'm afraid of 'em, I am . . ."

Glenn was thoughtful.



"Real folks," Glenn said, and he was eager, "and you can tell when they're real, cant you? They're simple and unassuming when they're real. They're like home-folks, you know. That being real, I guess. That's how *that* is." Above, Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor in a scene from "Second Fiddle." At the left, Mr. Hunter confers with Director Frank Tuttle between scenes; and below, Marguerite Courtot participates in another discussion regarding a bit of business in "The Cradle Buster"

"Sometimes I wonder," he said, "what it's all about. Maybe I dont fit very well . . . but people have been simply wonderful to me. You see, I've got ideals. I want to play the kind of pictures parents can take their children to see and never feel ashamed or as if they shouldn't be there. I want to make the sort of stories that will give people some happiness, some hope. I dont like this sex business. I think we've had enough of it, and it isn't the whole of life, not by a long shot. Of course, I dont want to keep on playing juveniles indefinitely. What is worse than a juvenile who isn't a juvenile? But it seems to be the type of thing I'm scheduled for just at present . . ."

Dinner was over. We strolled out into the lilac-scented night. Lilacs . . . they mean Spring . . . And Youth . . . We became abstract. Silences were longer than speeches . . .

Glenn said, "Sometimes it's lonely . . . being an actor. You know, I dont think we're real to most folks. I mean . . . it's this way . . . folks go to a play, for instance, and they're awfully amused at you and the character

(*Continued on page* 88)

Memoirs of a Movie Company - - - - -

Excerpts From the Diaries of Movie Artificers

The director, penciled at the left, writes:

"Worked on the 'script until two o'clock this morning. Got up at five in order to be on location at ten. As usual, that stubborn assistant of mine did not show up until eight o'clock . . ."

EVER since Pepys told the world he had a diary, and was not afraid that others should read it, people have been bickering with one another to see who could publish the most amusing exposé of their private affairs.

As yet, no one in the motion picture industry has given over his almanac for the general delectation of the public. After some clever maneuvering, I managed to secure the following leaves, which I clipped from the journals of several members of a movie company.

THE DIRECTOR

January 8.—Worked on the 'script until two o'clock this morning. Got up at five in order to be on location at ten. Think this scene will be the knockout of the whole picture. The villain's car dashing off the end of the dock should provide a big "punch." As usual, that stubborn assistant of mine did not show up until eight o'clock. "Extras" are the only ones on time. I think if the assistants drew less money they would be more efficient. Wonder what's happened to the cameraman? Where is Miss Dimples—Props—the stunt man? Get these people together. Let's go. We arrive on location at the docks.

My God! More trouble. Dock owners refuse to let us use the dock. I told that simple assistant of mine to attend to that. Where are all the members of the company now? I never had such an assistant. Cant keep a company together ten minutes. Well, everyone is here but the cameraman. Wonder what they expect me to do—grind the camera, act, direct, and fix stunt cars? Now they all want to eat. Props, bring out the lunches and feed this mob, while I hunt for the cameraman. Crank-twister shows up just as we finish lunch. He spends thirty minutes getting a good line-up. Says light is getting poor. Dont believe he knows how to shoot anyway. Fishing smack coming into port. Want to hurry so we can catch it in background. Everything ready? Stunt man climbs in car and Miss Dimples prepares to chase after car as it plunges off dock.

What's the matter, Props? Thought you had that car in running order. He gets it started just as fishing smack glides out of scene. All right. This is the picture, everybody. Let'er go! *Camera.* Car starts down dock. Wave your arms, Miss Dimples! *Give me some pep!* Great Jehovah! The car's stopped half way down the dock. What's the trouble? Go on. Keep her going. What? Out-a-gas? Why wasn't there any gas in that car? Put some in, and be quick about it. All lined up again. Cameraman says light is gone—sun is too yellow. We'll have to quit. Come out again tomorrow. Everybody have everything ready. Be at the studio at eight in the morning. What an awful day! But what can you expect from a bunch of chumps?

THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

January 8.—Can you beat that! I forgot to call the stunt man last night. Wonder if I can get him now. Hope so, or the director will want me to risk my neck. I got him. Says he will be at the studio in ten minutes. Director all peeved because nobody is here until late. Jumps on me. I cant get them up and dress them in the morning, can I? Hope the stunt man hurries.

The extra girl says:

"Miss Dimples simply cant emote correctly nowhere. She's the bunk. Why, I know a girl that's got her beat a mile."

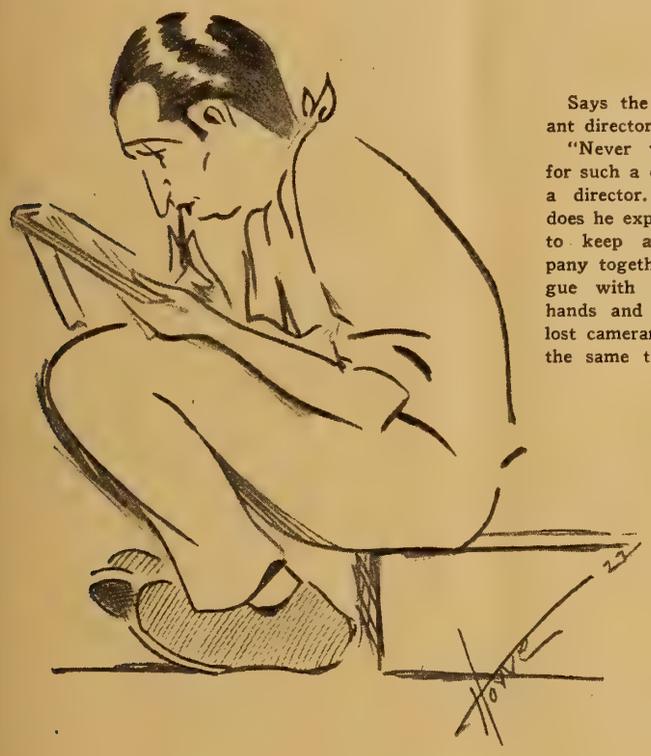
Penned and Penciled

By

MILTON HOWE

Props says stunt car is wet and wont run. Why didn't he cover the engine last night? I'll start it for him. All ready to go. Ah! Here comes the stunt man. Director starts bawling me out for the delay. Pass the buck to the stunt man, saying that he was here but had gone to eat breakfast, which might be his last one. Never worked for such a crab of a director. We arrive at the dock.

Argument with some goof of the steamship company.



Says the assistant director:
"Never worked for such a crab of a director. How does he expect me to keep a company together, argue with dock hands and find a lost cameraman at the same time?"

I have to go the company office. Superintendent there says that he didn't know anything about the Acuteangle Photoplay Company, and what's more didn't want to know anything about them. All's they can do is get off'n his dock. He wouldn't listen to a fifty dollar compromise. Best I could do was to pay him a hundred berries and make sure that the sign, "California Red Lemon Shipping Co.," would occupy a prominent place in the scene.

How does this bozo of a director expect me to keep a company together, argue with dock hands and find a lost cameraman at the same time?

The gang wants to eat. Props cant find the lunches. Carpenter finds them squashed under a couple of reflectors. Props didn't bring forks for the pie. That means I'll have to put a new make-up on all the extras. Cameraman arrives and we prepare to shoot. Stunt man says he would like to jump before the car hits the water. Persuade him to stay in. Start shooting. Car stops. Prop's fault. Cameraman says light is gone, and cant expect him to shoot in the dark. Have to call it a day. Tomorrow studio manager will call us on the carpet and lecture on "overhead."

Props found life a pleasant affair and scrawled in his diary:
"Gee! This is great. Two swell little extra Janes ridin' with me. Guess I'll go for a spin with these two good-lookers."

Falsetta Dimples confessed in her diary:
"If it were not for our director being such an old dear, I would refuse to work. But he is such a lovely, sincere man. He understands that he can get more from an artist by not interfering with her natural abilities."

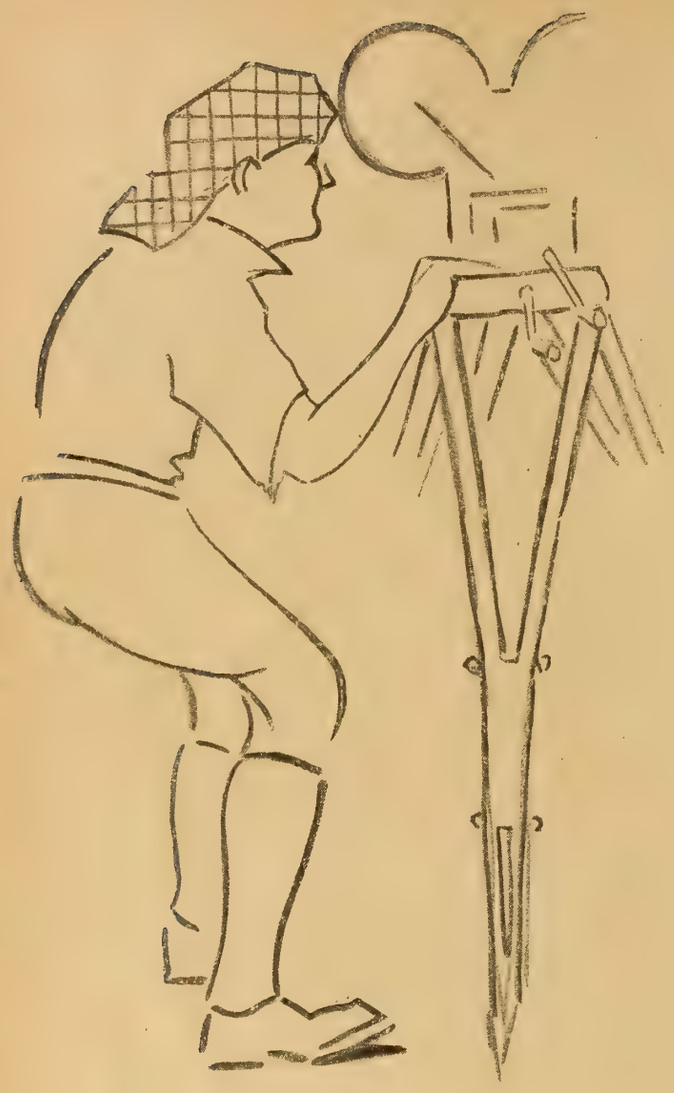
PROPS

January 8.—I gotta hunch this is goin' to be a tough day for me.

Gee! That car run pretty last night. She doesn't budge this morning. Ain't that a swell mess? One of those jazzbeaus workin' with that other company on a rain set last night squirted a fire hose all over the engine. No wonder it wont start. They expect a guy to make some old piece of junk that they have rescued from the scrap-pile run like a Rolls-Royce. I finally got it started. Well, we're ready to go. Not enough room in the cars for all the extras.

Gee! This is great. Two swell little extra Janes ridin' with me. Pretty keen dames. Guess I'll go for a little spin with these two good lookers. Wonder if she's got a date tonight? Gee! Didn't realize it was gettin' so late. Get to location, and they all bawl me out. Told them the car stalled — they weren't ready anyway—just wanted somethin' to holler at.

Got to talkin' with one of



The cameraman was short and to the point in his last paragraph for the day. He announced:
"I think the whole company is N. G."

the cuties I brought out. She sas she's from Detroit, and that her old man and Henry Ford are great pals. Her old man is president of the Asbestos Cylinder Company. She's just doin' this extra work because it's so fascinatin' and a lot of fun. She says her old man and old lady are winterin' at the Ambassador, and she thought it would be intriguin' to do picture work. Ain't it funny all these dames have that same line. I wish they'd think up somethin' new. I dated her for the beach next Sunday—roller coasters, penny dances and everything. Hope it dont rain.

Director shouts somethin' which means that he wants somebody to go to work. Oh! They're ready to shoot. Now they blame me for the car's stoppin' in the middle of the scene. I could prove it by any of the guys that some "skivvie" drained the gas tank when I wasn't lookin'.

We leave for home. Wasted a whole day, just because that dumbbell assistant cant never get nothin' straight.

THE CAMERAMAN

January 8.—They bawl me out as usual this morning. This assistant director thinks he's a wise bird. Us cameramen are the only ones who are always on time.

If that assistant thinks that he is going to pile a bunch of "extras" in the camera-car he's got another think coming. They broke my iris the last time he let them sit around on the cameras. On location at last. I want to get thru early. Am invited out to dinner this evening. Wrangle, wrangle, wrangle. I wish these guys would make arrangements before they come out here. Guess I'll get something to eat while this bunch argue with the natives.

The director wanted me to shoot into the sun. I wonder where he directed before? The light turned yellow, and we quit without getting a foot of good film.

I think the whole company is N. G.

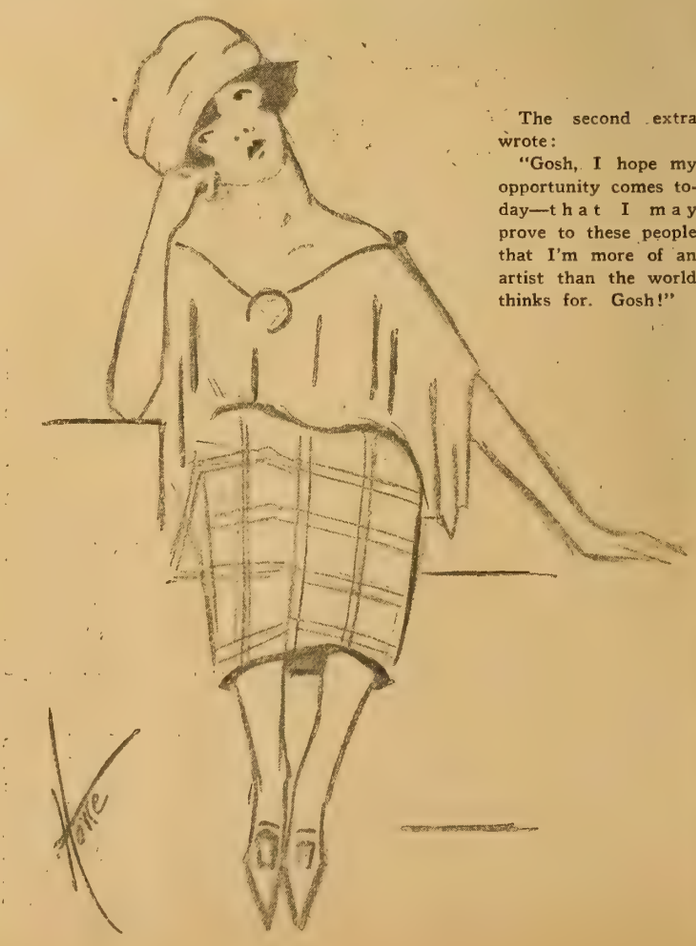
FALSETTA DIMPLES
(THE STAR)

January 8.—That assistant director is certainly an impossible creature. He'll be asking me to punch a time clock before the picture is finished. It is greatly perturbing to the sensitive nerves of an artist to have such fools around. He called me last evening and said that I must be at the studio at eight in the morning. I *must*. If it were not for our director being such an old dear, I would refuse to work. But the director is such a lovely, sincere man. He understands that he can get more from an artist by not interfering with her natural abilities. I got to the studio at nine and sat around until ten. Why couldn't they have called me at ten? At last we leave for location down on some horrid, old, fishy-smelling dock. I told the assistant that I positively would not eat in that atmosphere, so I went back to town for my lunch. On my return I find they are having trouble with some obdurate old fisherman. I'll just sit in my car and read some of these horrid criticisms of my latest picture.

Wish they would hurry with this scene. *Enfin!* They are ready for me. The stunt did not work. Dear me. Why couldn't they have told me that. I would have kept an appointment with Madge and the dressmakers. I so wanted to play golf with Artie tomorrow but the assistant says we will have to go out to the dock again.

And I took a five-hundred dollar cut in salary!

(*Continued on page* 91)



The second extra wrote:
"Gosh, I hope my opportunity comes today—that I may prove to these people that I'm more of an artist than the world thinks for. Gosh!"

Mr. Hughes and the Photodrama

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

NO man with the imagination of Rupert Hughes could enter upon a new field of endeavor so wide as that of the cinema without at once toppling over traditions and establishing precedents.

Under the Goldwyn banner he has routed the Old Guard and set for himself an individual standard.

Rupert Hughes is not primarily a dramatist. But he is an apt observer. In his characters one finds old friends. Recognition, not surprise or curiosity, is the reaction he produces. Above is a typical portrait of Mr. Hughes, thanks to the cigar. At the left in his Hollywood home with Mrs. Hughes, who is also a writer of note. Below between scenes with Colleen Moore

I recall that Carey Wilson, young but erudite member of the Goldwyn editorial staff, passed several illuminating remarks upon our highest paid author during a comfy little dinner party at the Bebe Daniels home. Somewhere between the fruit cocktails and the fried chicken, Wilson said:

"Hughes regularly astounds us by bringing in ideas, themes for photoplays which we of the editorial board unanimously declare impossible. 'Great idea!' we say. 'Corking! For fiction. But a photoplay? Never!' And as

(*Continued on page* 104)

The early autumn will witness the première of "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood." Make a mental note of the wording—that is the manner in which this particular production will be advertised and announced. There is no copyright on the tale of Robin Hood, and it is not unlikely that others will trade upon the merits of this production in order to exploit less worthy versions of the same story

Those who have been privileged to witness the filming of the scenes declare this will be another screen masterpiece. And the episodes here pictured give some conception of the exactitude with which early England is reproduced

"In Days of Old, When Knights Were Bold"

Enid Bennett plays Maid Marian opposite the dashing and romantic Robin Hood of Mr. Fairbanks. This should be a charming note indeed!

That Indescrib

Players Find Stardom When They

By FREDERICK

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

EVERY human being differs from every other human being both physically and mentally; but it is "personality," more than anything else, that accounts for individual identity and distinguishes one person from another.

This "personality" is one of the most difficult things in the realm of human psychology to analyze and define. So subtle and elusive is it that it has come to be spoken of as "that indescribable something."

This phrase, when applied to screen stars, does not refer merely to their physical appearance, histrionic ability and mental capacity. Very often, in fact, it is not the most talented or the best-looking actor who appeals to us the most. What attracts and holds us is some inner psychological magnetism, which we ourselves, as a rule, are unable to explain or describe.

Did you ever stop to think that all the great motion picture stars are unlike one another in nearly every respect, and that we like each one for a different reason?

The explanation for this lies in the fact that every one of them possesses an "indescribable something" which

THE COMRADE

The appeal of Wallace Reid is that of the gay companion. He is always pleasant and buoyant—he knows how to enjoy himself and to make others about him happy also; and his light-heartedness acts as an antidote to gloom and sorrow. He has about him the air of devil-may-care youth—nothing depresses him or subdues his bubbling spirits. He is not concerned with the deeper and more serious problems of life, and he lives but for the moment, snatching the evanescent joys from the world as he passes happily along. On his lips is ever the old dictum: Let us be happy today, for tomorrow we may be dead. He is ideal company—"the life of the party"—charming, genial, ingratiating and magnetic. Every woman—and man, too—desires a comrade like Reid; and so he has come to be the symbol of friendship and *camaraderie*.

THE HUSBAND

Thomas Meighan is the type of man with whom every woman feels a sense of security and protection. He is what is termed a safe, all-round man. One feels that he is truthful and honorable, and one trusts him instinctively. He also impresses one with his staunchness and loyalty; and despite his sympathetic nature, he is virilely masculine. He is neither fickle nor flighty; and he is genuinely and impulsively fond of children and dumb animals and the homely things of life. About him is an atmosphere of domesticity, solidity, permanency and reliability. Nor is he lacking in the manly traits. Altho he is sentimental, considerate and tender, women know they can lean on him, and that he would fight for his own. In brief, he is the symbol of the ideal husband, and thus he makes a powerful appeal to every woman's homing instinct.

THE BROTHER

Every girl likes a younger brother—one whom she can mother, admire, scold, confide in and advise. And this is exactly the type of young man that Charles Ray represents. He is earnest, honest, straightforward, and a trifle unsophisticated; and he is possessed of that slight bashfulness which makes him lovable and sympathetic. There are few girls who would not be proud of him as a brother. In fact, he appeals directly to their sisterly instincts, and arouses in them that girlish love which is both maternal and doting, both domineering and self-sacrificing. Charles Ray is the typical family boy, concerned with the simple, homely things of life. Mothers consider him an ideal companion for their young daughters, and wish he was their own son. Because of this appeal, he has come to be the accepted symbol of the young brother.

able Something

Symbolize Strong Instinct of Humanity

VAN VRANKEN

appeals directly and intimately to some specific fundamental instinct or desire within us.

It is not altogether the person himself or herself that accounts for this appeal. The cause goes far deeper than mere individual attraction.

Why is it, then, that certain stars hold us, when other actors, apparently as deserving, do not?

It is because each star represents some great human ideal. Each one has become a symbol of some powerful instinct in the race. Each one stands for some strong hidden impulse in the heart of mankind.

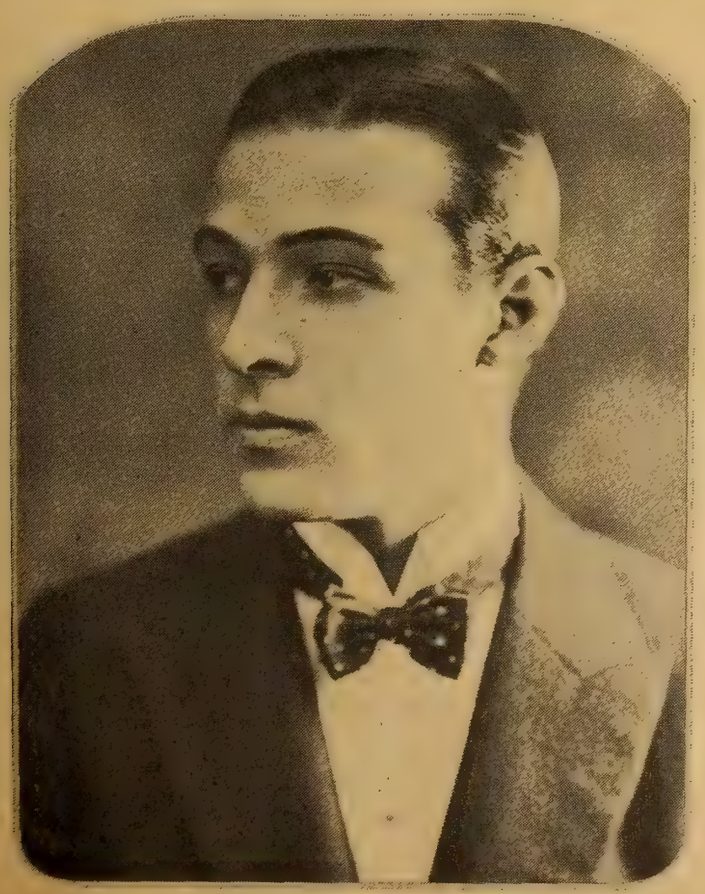
Herein lies the secret of their power and lasting popularity. And herein we have an explanation of why other actors—often more competent and better-looking—fail to grip us.

This month I have chosen six radically different types of male stars, and have analyzed their appeal, showing how each one is a symbol of some specific universal instinct in humanity.

Next month I shall select six totally distinct types of women stars, and shall point out how each one of them, likewise, embodies a fundamental human impulse.

THE LOVER

All the world loves a lover; and Rodolph Valentino epitomizes the feminine ideal of the amorous and romantic Prince Charming. In every woman's heart is the dream of colorful adventure—the image of a phantom lover, who is the one dangerous rival of every flesh-and-blood husband and sweetheart. The dazzling, magic romance in which the Prince of the Royal Blood rides out of the shadows on a milk-white horse, steals away the trembling, happy Princess, and carries her off to some distant land where they live happily ever after—this is the girlhood dream which Valentino calls into being. He is the one indisputable Romeo of the screen; and every woman, for the moment, becomes a daughter of the Capulets. Valentino represents the world-old lure of sex and the ideal of perpetual romance. He is the symbol of the eternal lover.



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

THE BELOVED VAGABOND

Will Rogers represents the call of the open road. He stirs up the *wanderlust* which is in us all—the romance of the haphazard, happy-go-lucky existence. Moreover, he is helpless and unaggressive, and he arouses that deep sympathy and sense of justice which the whole world feels for the underdog when he doesn't growl. Rogers—heavens knows!—is no Adonis. Nor is he what is technically meant when one speaks of a "great actor"—like Mansfield or Booth, for example. His wistful loneliness, coupled with his good nature, evokes the mothering, administrative instinct in woman; and in his capacity of the poor and amiable "beloved vagabond," he is the symbol of all which that phrase implies.

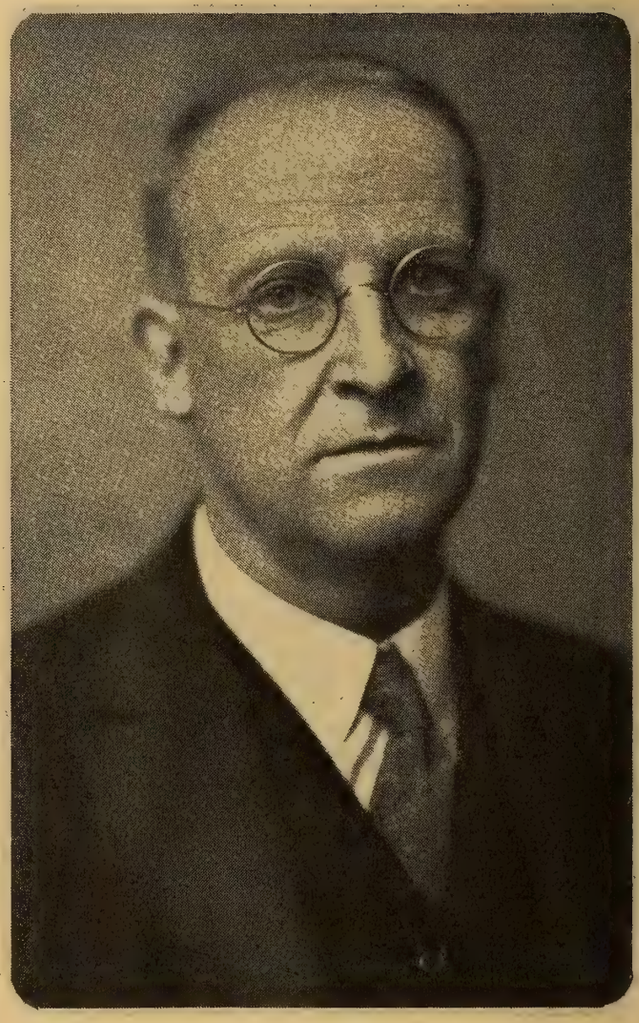
Photograph © William S. Hart

THE FIGHTER

The whole world loves a fighter, especially when he is fighting for the right; and William S. Hart stands for the spirit of knighthood in modern life. He is a Western Don Quixote, a cavalier of truth and honor—an intrepid slayer of dragons. And with this fearless and ever-ready belligerence he combines the simple lusty passions and the grim brute force, which—however deeply hidden—are in all of us. It is thus that he arouses both our sympathy and our admiration, for he represents the hot blood and the courageous action which men strive for, and which women glory in because it gives them a sense of security and protection. Furthermore, Hart possesses a silent strength and poise, and a sense of power—which are instinctive ideals of mankind. In short, he is the symbol of the strong, primitive man and the fearless fighter.

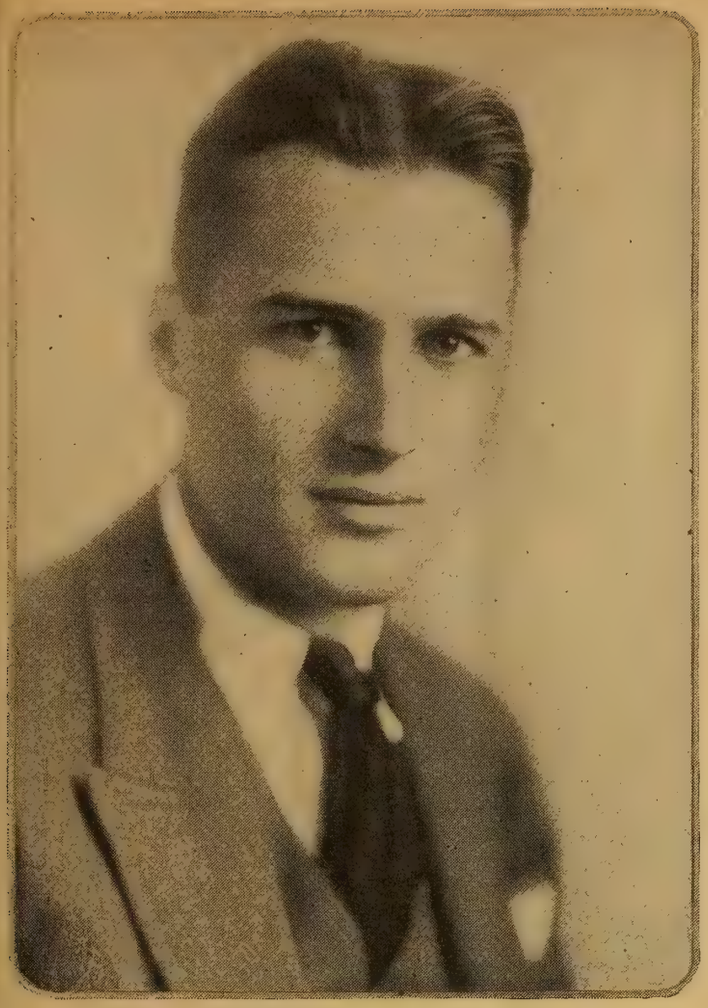
The Staff Is The Thing - - -

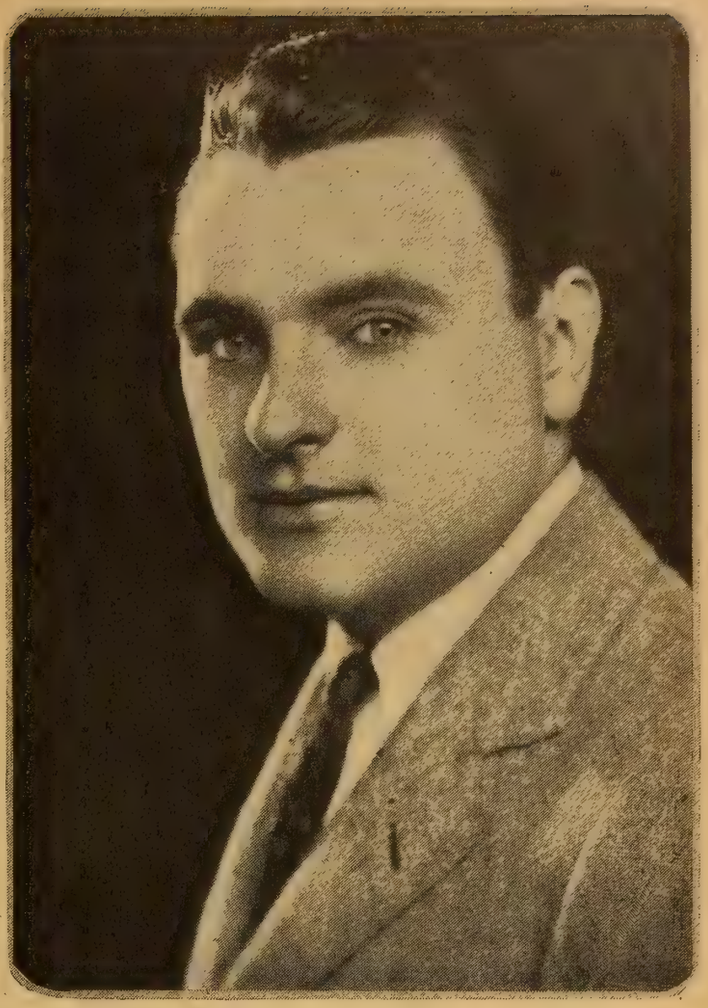
Photograph by Kenneth Alexander



At the top of the page is Adele Whitely Fletcher, the magazine's editor. Miss Fletcher has won her popularity thru her interviews, which abound in human interest, and thru her criticisms, in which she discusses the new films with a keen pen. Above is Harry Carr, the Pacific Coast representative. And whether it be his news of the month or one of his analytical articles, you never doubt the truth of his statements. His is an authoritative viewpoint. At the left is Gladys Hall. Miss Hall has been with the magazine almost since its inception. And her reader audience has steadily increased because of the individuality and color with which she endows her work

Photograph (left) by Nickolas Muray





Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

We believe that a magazine is as great as its editor and its writers. We believe that you believe this, too. Therefore, we have gathered together the most representative journalists in the world of motion pictures — collectively they comprise the staff of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and cause it to remain the foremost magazine of the screen. And because we have received scores of requests for photographs of the magazine's staff, we take pleasure in presenting them at this time

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

In the upper left-hand corner is Willis Goldbeck. Mr. Goldbeck contributes interviews which are always fascinating and articles which are always enlightening. Facing Mr. Goldbeck, from the right-hand corner, is Tamar Lane. Thinking of Tamar Lane, you immediately think of "That's Out." It is one of the most delightful and entertaining comment departments published. At the left, is Helen Carlisle. Miss Carlisle contributes the sketches of the various motion picture types which are written with such inimitable skill and humor. Incidentally, she is the sister of Lucille Carlisle of Larry Semon comedy fame.

THERE are plenty of books on How to Break into the Movies. Why doesn't somebody write one on How to Get Out of the Movies. Some persons could use it to good advantage.

Film Facts

28 boats were shipwrecked this month in studio tubs.

74 shirts were torn off heroes.

16 hogsheads of glycerine tears were shed by oppressed heroines.

There were 33 close-ups of babies being bathed.

97 persons shot in the arm fell to the ground and appeared a few scenes later with their heads bandaged up.

145 sunset fade-outs were effectively presented.

Our Favorite Recipe

Chicken *à la* Viola Dana, South Sea Islands dressing.

A movie director is a person who improves Ibsen, peps up the works of De Maupassant and puts a little humor into O. Henry stories.

Our Own News Monthly

Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien are to play together again on the screen, and millions of hearts will be gladdened by the news.

Rex Ingram has uncarthed a new leading man in the person of Ramon Samaniegos, who we predict will be a sensation, if anyone could succeed with a name like that.

A film was released this month which had a title that fitted the story.

Speculation is rife as to whether Rodolph Valentino will be "killed" as a box-office attraction by putting him in too many he-vamp stories.

It is pleasing to note that Ethel Clayton is with a new company. Famous Players-Lasky didn't seem to realize what a good star they had.

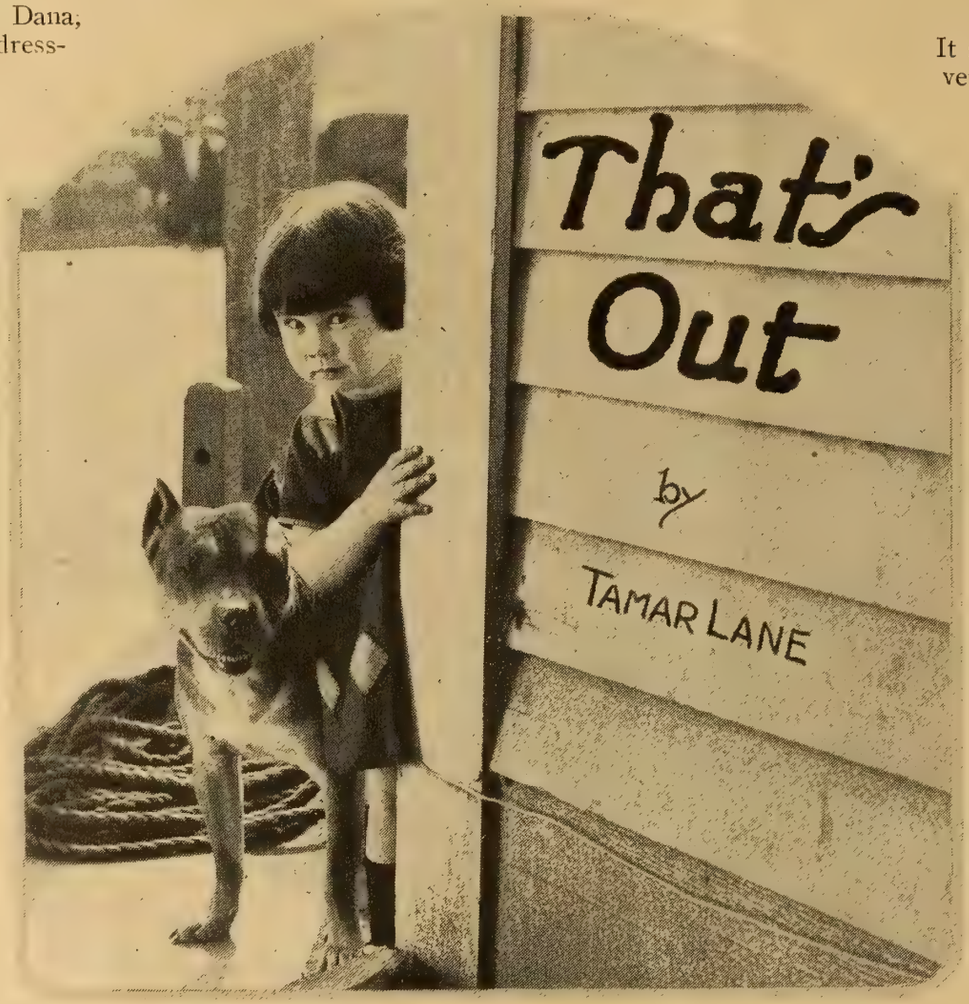
Whenever we view one of our fair favorites on the screen, we are at first thrilled, then we begin to reflect, and wonder . . . and recall the many advertisements we have read . . . they flash before our view—"She uses Watkins Salts for reducing" . . . "Her hair is tinted with Rubifoam" . . . "Every night before retiring she takes Minard's little pills." . . . "Perfection corsets keep her in form" . . . and our thrill passes away completely.

Something should be done about this.

Five Reasons Why Everyone Should Go To the Movies

Mae Murray. Ruth Roland.
Corinne Griffith. Leatrice Joy.
Estelle Taylor.

Director George Archaibaud says that some persons are under the impression that Nova Scotia is a Swedish screen star.



Courtesy of Baby Peggy and Universal

It seems to me that a very interesting educational subject could be made in slow motion of a Western Union messenger boy delivering a telegram.

I Am An Optimist

I believe that the stars personally answer all their fan mail.

I enjoy the prologs staged by the local theater manager.

I think the big ballroom scenes in the films are wonderful.

I believe everything the press agents write about my favorites.

My favorite news weekly is the parade of floats at the Hohokus May festival.

It is reported that D. W. Griffith will film Wells' "Outline of History." D. W. must be going in for serial work.

Suggestions for the Censors

Cut out scene showing husband bringing his wife home a box of candy. Not true to life.

Cut out scene where drinks are served. Not fair to audience.

Cut out scene where man goes to phone and gets number. Too ridiculous.

Fortune's Mask

By
JANET REID

IN Coralia life is a mere matter of scene-shifting . . . Cabinets and executives, plots and plans are intermittent and kaleidoscopic. A master, writing once of Coralia, said that even time hangs his scythe upon a banyan tree while he lights and smokes a cigaret. One can expect no more from lesser folk.

Coralia had been tumultuous at the time of the assassination of President Olivarra. Under Olivarra the country had been prosperous. He had been a father to the simple people as well as a leader to the comic opera politicians. He had wept when his people wept and when they laughed he laughed with them. He was their friend in misfortune and kept the mis out of the word as frequently as he could.

Then his assassination. The people suspected Losada, one of the Olivarra cabinet. Losada had an "evil eye," and he was known to be ferociously jealous of the gentle Olivarra. He was known to make mock of him behind his back. His grief at the assassination was trumpery.

But Olivarra was dead, and after his death time hung up his scythe again, and in the succeeding seasons the fruit crops were good and after eight years had passed by Olivarra was succeeded by a triumphant Losada. The people of Coralia had been unable further to resist the Losadian manœuvers . . .

Coralia suffered under Losada. His taxations were enormous. His oppressions were persistent if petty. His justice was tainted and he played bribed favorites. But Coralia is sleepy. The Spanish Main pounds it to rest with a tremendous and unremittent lullaby. So long as Coralia ate, slept and loved with a fair amount of plenitude, Losada was left unmolested.

Then Dicky Maloney dropped from the clouds to Coralia.

So the plebs said.

Some of the high muck-a-mucks of Coralia said otherwise. They liked Dicky Maloney, but they wondered about him. They wondered why he came to Coralia. He was so damnably *alive* . . . it was like being vehemently attacked in the very middle of one's *siesta*. Dicky Maloney.

The plebs were satisfied with Dicky sans inquiry. His flaming poll of hair delighted and amazed them. They liked to be delighted and they liked to be amazed. His eyes were grey, like the sea, and keen like lightning. His laughter rang out, rebelliously, over bared white teeth and his pockets were full of silver . . . silver for *vin blanc*. The natives of Coralia hadn't had so much white wine since the reign of Olivarra until Dicky Maloney came to their shores.

He said he came on the Steamship *Ormonde,* but a consultation of the passengers for the past six months failed to reveal a Maloney. The Coralians ask no questions of those they like.

Dicky Maloney spent his days in gambling and drinking *vin blanc,* and his evenings in courting the saintly daughter of the Widow Ortiz.

The Widow Ortiz kept a wine shop and thither in the evenings, ever since Pasa Ortiz had come back from New Orleans and her process of education, had repaired the caballeros of Coralia to strum guitars and make moon-calf eyes at the lovely, lovely Pasa.

Pasa, sitting, the sole actress to this so sickly audience, wondered while she smiled mechanically, whether the

dashing lovers she had read of and heard of in New Orleans ever found their conquering way to Coralia.

And then, to repeat Anchurian history, for it has become history, gentle reader, tho you may not know it thus far from this lame account, Dicky Maloney (Pasa called him Dick-ee, with unsurpassably slurring tenderness) dropped upon Coralia . . .

Dicky saw Pasa the first evening he landed. It was as tho an unerring instinct led him to buy his *vin blanc* from the Widow Ortiz altho, as he was repeatedly adjured by the caballeros, there were many shops cheaper and better Perhaps Dicky liked the name of Ortiz, or the little, somnolent street, under the oleanders where the shop was, or perhaps, who can gainsay, the patient, passionate heart of the saint-like Pasa was calling to him out of the depths of the great adventure . . .

At any rate, he went, that first evening, to the shop of the widow Ortiz and drank too much wine and looked too long on the lovely Pasa, and then, suddenly, he bought more white wine for the caballeros than they had ever consumed before. His pockets spilled silver in fountains of the *vin blanc,* and after they had drunk their fill he told them, vehemently, savagely, that he had been their damn good host, that they owed him a debt of gratitude they could repay in one way only, and that was by getting to hell out of that shop in double quick order and also in double file, because he had words to say to the Señorita Pasa. And because his grey eyes glinted with something more than human from under his red crop, and because they caught the glint of steel, unexpectedly and but half revealed, and also because Pasa was looking at him with something terrifically naked in her eyes, the caballeros filed muttering out . . .

Dicky Maloney turned to Pasa.

"Light of my life," he said, thickly, but determinedly, "Light of the whole, wide world . . . come to me, come quickly . . ."

Pasa made one little fluttering struggle. Upon her deep, madonna face the conflict of surrender came swiftly to conclusion. It was a momentary travail. Dicky Maloney had come from the clouds . . . to her. Ah, she had known that . . . from the instant his grey eyes had looked at her . . . from the moment he had ordered the quantities of wine that the other cattle might be made amenable to him. He tried to kiss her. He succeeded—admirably.

After that for five nights, Dicky Maloney came back to the Inn of Madam Ortiz. And Pasa smiled upon him from scarlet, threaded lips and sombre eyes, and Madam Ortiz frowned upon him and called him names that are not translatable from Spanish into English.

But names could not deter Dicky Maloney. Nor could the thunderous under-rumblings of the deposed caballeros. The lovely Pasa, with her delicately orange-tinted face and her slumbering eyes, was stronger than these . . .

And one day Madam Ortiz came down to her shop in the morning to find a note from her daughter signed "Pasa Maloney." Pasa, "La Santita," as she was called in Coralia, had added another name to her list of illustrious titles.

Madam Ortiz swore eternal vengeance on that red-headed, good-for-nothing, low-down dog of an Irish Dick-ee Maloney. Had she not spent her good solid *reals* in the careful upbringing of Pasa? Had she not sent her to the best schools in New Orleans and had her taught dancing and music and things that no Christian woman could pronounce, and had it all come to this? That the silly fool of a girl should run off with the first worthless red-head that came her way, and God only knew from whence he came at that?

Madam Ortiz was wroth. She washed her hands of Pasa. She washed her hands of Dick-ee Maloney. She washed her hands of the pair of ingrates. Their names were never to be mentioned more in her café, or the supply of *vin blanc* would cost

Pasa made one little fluttering struggle. Upon her deep, madonna face the conflict of surrender came swiftly to conclusion. Dicky Maloney had come from the clouds . . . to her. Ah, she had known that . . . from the instant his grey eyes had looked at her . . .

miraculously more than it now did to the offender.

Dicky Maloney heard the Madam's verdict—and smiled. You couldn't help but smile with Dicky Maloney. Pasa couldn't help it at all. You simply had to smile with him. He was like that. And he said such heart-stirring things. "Heart of the world, soul of the night," he said, "what if the Madam, your mother, does turn you away? Thou art mine, my Saint, and I am yours, and you and I together make the world." And Pasa sighed and laid her saint-like, orange-tinted face against his heart and was content.

* * * * * *

Sometimes she wondered, but she never doubted.

He was vastly important. She felt that in her blood. She did not need the official looking documents that came for him to confirm that conviction. Nor the men who came at nights and conferred with him in sibilant, husky whispers. When he opened a small shop he did not explain to her why—and she did not ask. He had done so. That was enough. Nor did she ask why when he laughed his gay laughter with the Coralian girls who strolled into the shop of an evening. She had faith. There was a woman for you! She knew that, late, when the stars were brazen in the heavens, and the gay, laughing outsiders had gone home, Dicky Maloney would gather her to his heart and would whisper such words to her as made Heaven blossom in garlands of scarlet and gold around about her very feet. Ah, Heaven was in her heart when Dicky Maloney talked to her . . . She did not mind the outsiders.

Sometimes they taunted her. He is gay, they scoffed, your man, your bridegroom . . . And she would say "But he *is a man,* fat cows, not a paper doll, not a puppet, not a toy soldier. He is a man and there is red blood in his vitals and gay laughter in his throat. I like him so."

But sometimes she wondered a little. He was enough for her. So much enough. She wondered just a little why he wanted so many, many people, to love him. Wasn't she enough for him? She supposed not and sighed a little over her needle-work. He was her world and the light of her world. So long as that light never failed . . .

* * * * * *

One day there came the Commandante of Police to Dicky's shop. Dicky was out, but Pasa was sitting back of the jalousies doing her constant needle-work.

The Commandante told her that he had come to arrest Dicky. He laughed when he saw the flame in her Madonna eyes. "He's growing too popular around this section of the country," he said, "that red-head Irishman of yours. We dont allow too much popularity. That belongs to the President, you know."

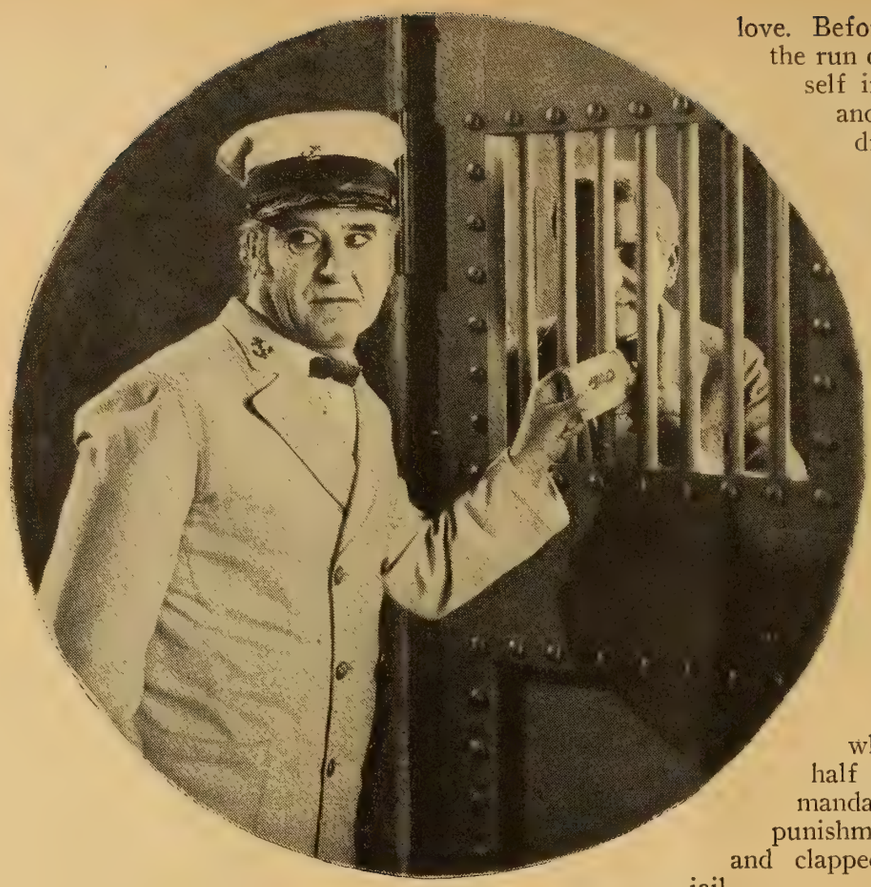
Pasa was prim. "There has only been one

Pasa sometimes wondered about Dicky. But she never doubted. He was vastly important. She felt that in her blood. She did not need the official looking documents that came for him to confirm that conviction—nor the men who came at nights and conferred with him in sibilant, husky whispers . . .

FORTUNE'S MASK

Told in the form of a novelette by permission from the Vitagraph production of the scenario by C. Graham Baker, based on the O. Henry story "Cabbages and Kings." Directed by Robert Ensminger and starring Earle Williams. The cast:

Ramon Olivarra, alias "Dicky Maloney"	Earle Williams
Pasa Ortiz	Patsy Ruth Miller
Losada	Henry Herbert
General Pilar	Milton Ross
Madam Ortiz	Eugenie Ford
Vincenti	Arthur Tavares
Espiration	Frank Whitson
Commandante, Chief of Police	Oliver Hardy
Captain Cronin	William McCall



On the sixth day a middle-aged man came to the jail and asked to see Dicky Maloney. When he was admitted to the jail he talked long and low with Dicky, and a curious observer might have seen a substantial wad of green-backs pass between them

other popular man in Coralia," she said, "that was long ago. My mother told it to me. That was President Olivarra."

"And this Maloney . . . he is the other one?"

"Of a surety. Everyone loves Mister Maloney."

The Commandante leaned over the counter. Pasa's delicate, orange-tinted face was bent low over her embroidery. The Commandante kissed with some rapacity the delectable nape of her neck.

She gave a little shriek. The nape of the Commandante's neck was, at that moment, also attacked, also rapaciously, but with no love. Before he could quite realize the run of events, he found himself in the middle of the hot and dusty road trailing little dribbles of blood from face and fists, and he arose and threatened Dicky Maloney with what was coming to him.

Dicky only laughed. But the words he said caused the gentle Pasa to hide her face and stop her shell-like ears, the while her pulses sang within her, echoing his bravery . . . Ah, there was a man for you, this magnificent Dicky Maloney!

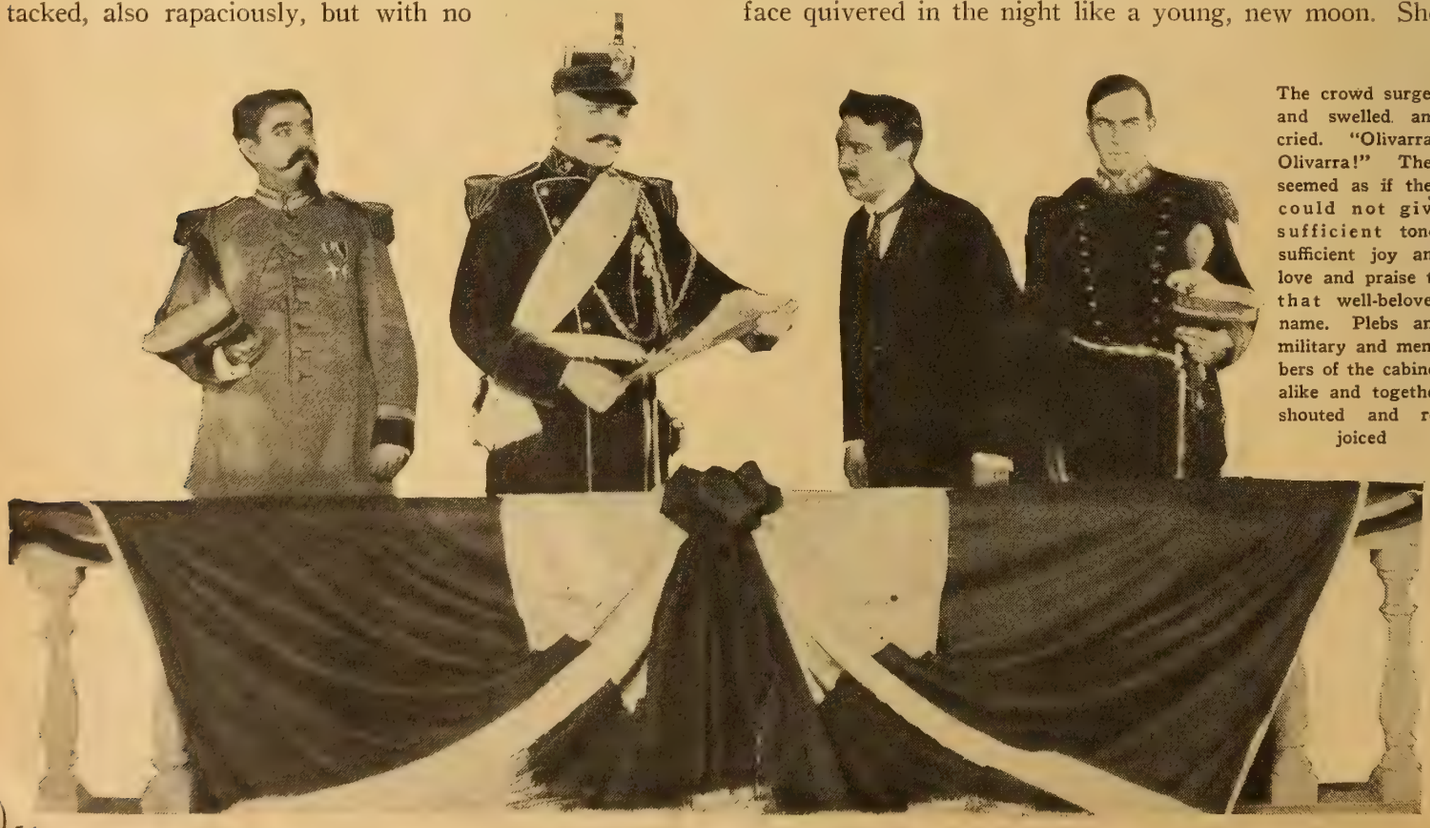
It was the military who "did" for Dicky. One half hour after the Commandante had received his punishment the military arrived and clapped Dicky Maloney into jail.

"You were destined to land here anyway," they told him, and he asked them why they grinned, and said, "Losada."

Dicky grinned, too. He said "Losada," too. He said it rather differently.

That night when Pasa came to the jail with bread and wine and plantains for him, he bade her be of good cheer. "Play your little guitar tonight, light of all the world," he said, "for this is but a temporary thing. Tomorrow night . . . the next night . . . and you shall rest again upon this heart."

Pasa shook her dark, draped head. Her orange-tinted face quivered in the night like a young, new moon. She



The crowd surged and swelled and cried. "Olivarra! Olivarra!" They seemed as if they could not give sufficient tone, sufficient joy and love and praise to that well-beloved name. Plebs and military and members of the cabinet alike and together shouted and rejoiced

moved her mantilla and Dicky saw the glint of steel. Ah, these Anchurians! "If you come not back to me, my Lord, my King," she said . . . and she smiled.

* * * * * *

Three nights passed and Dicky's little saint still came to him. Each night the fare had been less and less. Dicky grumbled. But his little saint had dark rings under her eyes.

"I have tried," she told him, in her grave, thrilling tones, "I have offered the goods of the shop for sale, that you might have food and drink. But there is not one *real* in this town to aid Dicky Maloney. I have even been—to my mother."

Dicky gritted his teeth. He knew at what a sacrifice of pride his little saint had gone to the volubly insulting Madam.

"It cant last much longer," he said. "Have there been any letters?"

Pasa shook her head. Her mournful eyes besought a miracle. "Thou knowest," she said, "that my life is not to be borne with away from thee. I will try again—once again. Just for a little while."

Dicky gritted his teeth—and waited. At length he removed his shoes that the other prisoners might not be disturbed and paced the narrow confines of his cell. His face grew thinner and under the amazing thatch of his scarlet hair his eyes were sombre. Things were not just as he had thought. He knew the Anchurians. He thought he knew Losada. Help must come to him. Where was it?

On the fifth day his little saint did not appear and Dicky's red blood ran chill and white. What had she done? She had said that life was not to be borne—away from him. Pasa could not wait—not long. The fever that burned in her veins was not of the patient sort.

On the sixth day a middle-aged man came to the jail and asked to see Dicky Maloney. When he was admitted to the jail he talked long and low with Dick, and a curious observer might have seen a substantial wad of green-backs pass between them.

That night Dicky bribed the Warden. But the Warden was previously bribed and the answer to Dicky's attempt was the appearance of the Commandante with Pasa, pale as a shadow, at his side.

"If you bribe the Warden," he told Dick, "you die . . . and your little saint here lives —for me."

Coralia said, much later, that the shattering blows dealt the little jail were heard the length of the kingdom. Dicky Maloney had one thought—to get his bare hands around the Commandante's throat —and he succeeded.

That night the verdict went forth that Dicky Maloney was to die.

And that same night Pasa went home holding, tightly, her slender, unsheathed knife . . .

* * * * * *

It was the day of days in Coralia. The day when President Losada came in from the country and the keys of the City were officially presented to him as significant of his new term of office.

Coralia turned out in full regalia. Coralia loved parades and ostentation. Whatever their sentiment for Losada, they were children of display and they did their full duty by fêtes and celebrations.

When Losada made his appearance, his carriage was greeted with a stilled silence. The Coralians were sightseers and they were there to see, but they expressed no further token of gratification than they might have for any sort of festival designed for their amusement.

Losada's beady eyes took in the impassive throngs and he turned a trifle pale. There was something wrong in Coralia. He set his teeth.

The platform was decked with the customary flowers and banners and the outward seeming was as it had always been. The spirit alone was lacking. The spirit that made it safe. Losada's brows contracted. He thought of the Vesuvian Fruit company and

(*Continued on page* 90)

Suddenly, as of old, he laughed. He raised his hand and slipped upon his sleek, cropped head the astounding scarlet wig. "Come, Foolish Angel," he said—and Pasa was against his heart, and the skies dropped flowers of immortality at her feet . . .

She Wears New Hair

By
RICHARD BISHOP

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Dorothy Dalton is an extremist and you like her. She is different—very different. She likes to be extravagant extremely

I LIKE extreme people—sometimes. Dorothy Dalton is an extremist, and I like her. And I like to be extravagant—economically, the same as Ethel Barrymore in "Déclassée." But Dorothy, on the other hand, is different. Very different. She likes to be extravagant—extremely.

Because anything she does she does to extremes, she says. Acting, for instance. Dieting which in its least form is painful.

The scene: Simple home stuff. Milton Sills smoking a cob pipe. Overalls. Hiking boots. Red table-cloth. Grandma's best china. Must be one of those Fannie-Hurst heart-throb dramas. With gingham and calico and people with homespun souls and all that.

Much hurry-scurry. Busy movie company. Lots of electricity. This makes things brighter. Cantankerous cameraman giving many orders. Assistants, electricians, stage hands on the *qui vive,* like restaurant waiters when you've sent back a ten-dollar dinner.

Then a violin starts playing. Ready for action.

But there is no leading lady.

Publicity purveyor, with obstreperous interviewer in tow, getting fidgety. Interviewer offering consolation. He has waited for other stars at other times in other studios.

Dorothy Dalton's blondeness? A h ! Permanent **here**-after . . . on the screen. She likes the photographed effect. Is a l s o t i r e d of being brunette. Above, a new blonde portrait, and at the right, in "Moran of the Lady Letty"

Dorothy Dalton Says Her Blonde Wig Has Come To Stay

Tardy star arriving . . . unknown to ye wise scribe . . . because . . .

Dorothy Dalton, blonde hair. Couldn't be! Impossible. For Dorothy was . . . had been . . . brunette the last time ye scribe saw her. But the good die young and the wise dye blonde —in the movies.

Dorothy likes being extreme. However . . .

She is brilliant, brainy. A lady of her own opinions. Good "copy" for a reporter. Likes movies. Of course! But wants to go back on the stage. Remember "Aphrodite."

Her blondeness? Ah! Permanent hereafter

"I never play characters the way they are written!" she explained, surprised, "because half the time they aren't written to suit me. You have to feel here"—she indicated her heart region—"that you are a living character"

—on the screen. She likes the photographed effect. Is also tired of being brunette.

Her new wig is taffy color. Hair combed tight because she's weary of seeing weird bla—blondes who get shot in the flickers with a halo of light shimmering thru their back hair. So much so that they forget to act.

But blondeness makes a new Dalton of Dorothy. A different Dalton than she who of yore was brunette and played dissatisfied and misfit wives.

And she got blonde by accident, thus, in San Francisco, when she was working on "Moran of the Lady Letty." For she has an inherent sense of comedy. And, by the way, she is ambitious—*covetous*—of being eccentrically comic in a particularly eccentric brand of comedy. Like Louise Fazenda, f'rinstance. You dont believe this. Neither do I—but Dorothy *wants* us to believe it. Said so herself.

But as I was saying. About 'Frisco. And her sense of humor. And her blondeness: She and a girl friend walking down Market Street. See artificial "side-pieces" of yellow hair on sale in store window for $3.98. Bargain too good to be ignored.

Presto! and the mellifluous Dorothy invested and emerged

(*Continued on page* 92)

The Extra Man

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman

Consider . . .
The Extra Man . . .

He is the Playboy
Of the Movie World.
He wins . . .
The Solid Concrete
Powder Puff . . .
At any Beauty Show . . .
He features
White Trousers in the
Summer Time and
Sits on the piazza at
The Hollywood Hotel . . .
He almost
Never wears a hat
His Classic Profile would
Not show to . . .
Good advantage if he did . . .
The Thing that he does Best
Is Talk . . . About . . . Himself

You cant escape him if he
Sees you First . . .

Never is he
Out Of A Job . . .
(According to himself)
He is "Just Resting
Between Pictures . . ."
Last week he finished with
Rudy Valenciennes . . . but
He doesn't think he'll get
Another job on *that* lot
Soon . . . because he
Stole the Picture . . .

Well . . . can he
Help it if he registers
So perfectly?
If all Directors weren't
Such Dumb-Bells . . . he'd
Have signed a Starring

Contract Long Ago . . .
Would you believe it?
He used to do Extra
Work with Rudy Valenciennes
And look at
Rudy *now* . . .
(The trouble is that
Rudy never looks at
Him . . .)

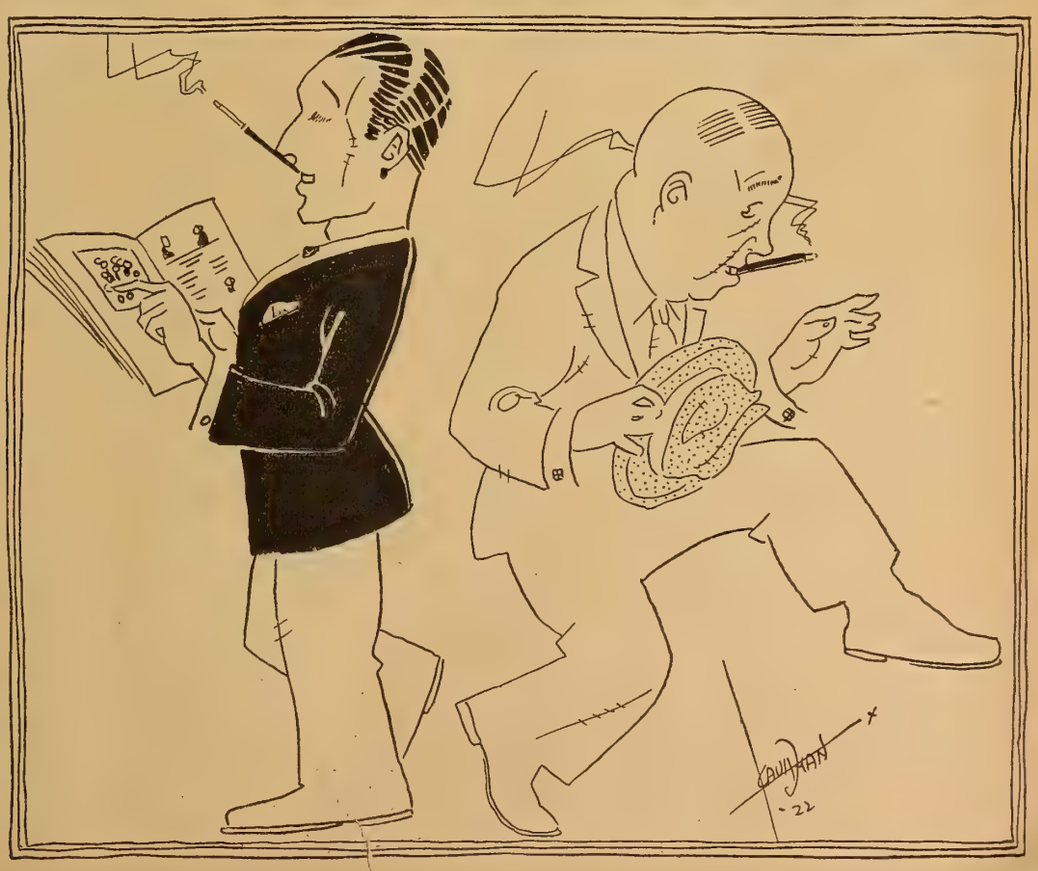
One thing is certain.
He will never give
His friends the Air
When *he* is starred . . .
If they want work
All they will have to
Do is come to him and
Ask for it . . .
(And wait until they
Get it . . .)

The Extra Girls
Give him a Pain
They're always underfoot . . .
Confound it all
A man cant go to
Lunch without a Half
Dozen clinging to him . . .
Perhaps they think that
He will pay their checks . . .
Well . . . he's no
First Aid to Famished Females
And he's not made up
For Santa Claus

Besides . . .
He's in a rush today . . .
They're casting . . . "Evening
Dress" at the Quince Studio . . .
It means a
Seven-Fifty Check
And he has "rested" long
Enough . . . Might as well
Gather in the
Extra Talent Checks
'Til some Director
Finds out just how
Good He is . . . Why
He knew Rudy Valenciennes
W-H-E-N . . .

Consider . . .
The Extra Man . . .

He almost
Never wears a hat;
His classic Profile would
Not show to . . .
Good advantage if he
did . . .
The thing that he does
Best
Is Talk . . . About . . .
Himself . . .
You cant escape him if he
Sees you First . . .



We Seek the American Beauty

And We Ask Your Assistance In Our Quest

Photograph by Apeda

She is a dancer, and just at the delicious age of sixteen.

Many handsome girls have sent in their photographs. They have come in from all parts of the country—California, New Mexico, Colorado, and each one of the photographs has an individual charm, but the *Brewster Publications, Inc.* are still looking for *the most beautiful* girl in America, and we know that there are still many pretty girls who have not yet sent in their photographs. *Why not send in yours!* This is the gorgeous opportunity for *you*. You may be a beauty and not know it. *Why not let us decide?* It may not be the raving, tearing, classical beauty who will win out; it may be a young girl with an unconsciously fascinating turn of the head, a glorious pair of eyes, a wonderful head of hair, a lovely shoulder! *Who knows?* If, with one or all of these charms, she possesses a beautiful figure, pretty feet and all the other allurements of a beautiful

(*Continued on page 99*)

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Above is Florine Findley DeHart, who comes from Virginia. She is a dancer and just at the delicious age of sixteen. At the right is Jean Haskell, of California—in truth, a dainty pocket Venus

THE task of the Contest Manager has been a fascinating but a difficult one. Hundreds of lovely faces confront him, all eager to win the dazzling prizes that the *Brewster Publications* are offering to find the most beautiful girl in the country. Each lovely face is more appealing than the last. Here are the photographs of two charming girls. They are both from beautiful parts of the country.

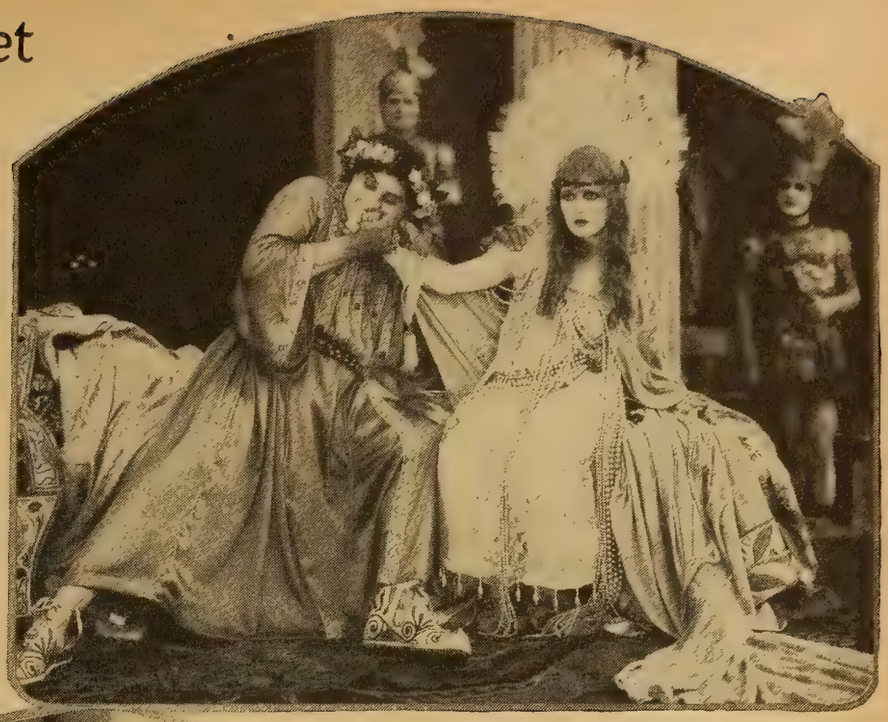
Jean Haskell, who is a handsome and brilliant looking brunette, with flashing hazel eyes, a warm olive complexion and masses of shining brown hair, comes from sunny California. She is nineteen years of age, her height is five feet and five inches, and she weighs one hundred and twenty pounds—a dainty pocket Venus.

Florine Findley DeHart hails from Old Virginia. Her coloring is quite beautiful, and very unusual; she has dark violet eyes, golden brown hair, and a matchless olive complexion.

Across the Silversheet

Comment on the New Productions

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



STARDOM on the screen is a curious thing. It has descended upon many overnight—born of mysterious eyes, of bizarre gowns, of an exaggerated coiffure. Such stardom, however, is often meteoric. It never survives the test of years.

And there are the others. There are those who earn their stardom by virtue of consistently worthy portrayals. These people are able to retain the glittering estate as their own when it comes to them. Richard Barthelmess comes under this category.

"Tol'able David," his first starring production, was better than anything which has followed it. So much is true. But stories like "Tol'able David" come once in a lifetime. There is nothing to do but make the best of the others. This Richard Barthelmess has done with particular success.

"Sonny," his latest effort, is a dual-rôle affair. Two total strangers are identical in appearance. One is poor. The other is rich. Both go to war—only one comes back. There are times when the action is so improbable as to tax your imagination beyond ordinary bounds. But if the story fails to convince you, the star does not. His fine shading of the two characters in the beginning of the story is better than anything of the kind we have seen in some time. You will laugh over him. You will cry over him. And because of him you will advise your friends to see "Sonny," too.

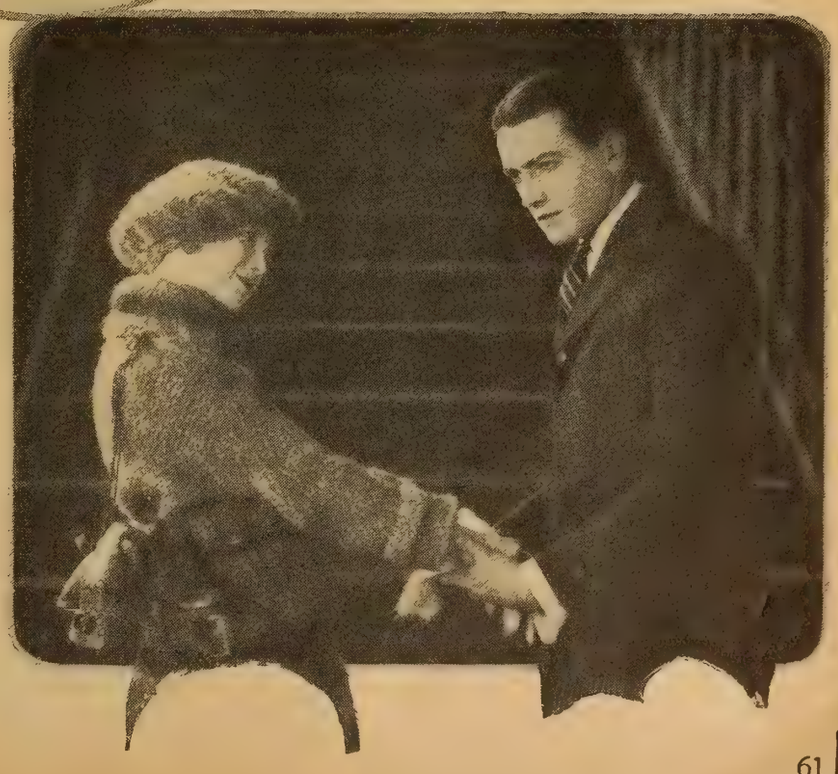
We purposely waited two weeks before attempting this review. We desired to give our enthusiasm sufficent time in which to subside. But it has not subsided to any marked degree. We still contend that Richard Barthelmess is one of the finest actors of his age and well worthy of the stardom which the screen has afforded him.

To leave Richard Barthelmess for the ice and snow, we consider "Nanook of the North."

It has no star——
It has no famous director——
It has no theme or plot——
It boasts no renowned author——
We had come to believe that at least one of the

(*Continued on page* 110)

Above, a scene from "Nero," the Fox spectacle. At the left, "Nanook of the North" a photoplay which is both interesting and amazing. And below is Richard Barthelmess in "Sonny," in which Mr. Barthelmess again demonstrates his ability



Above, Dorothy Dalton in "The Woman Who Walked Alone." Upper right, Katherine MacDonald in "Domestic Relations," and at the right, Elaine Hammerstein in "Evidence"

Brief Mention Con

THE WOMAN WHO WALKED ALONE —PARAMOUNT

This is an ambitious production which travels over two continents, telling a story of a mismated couple with considerable physical action to keep one at attention. Dorothy Dalton, the star, is elemental enough to fit the title rôle as if it was written with her in mind. It's the familiar marriage of convenience which is followed by compromise and the ultimate divorce, and the woman fleeing to the South African veld where coincidence re-introduces her to the man who inspired the love urge in her heart. It is a Northwest Mounted formula transplanted to the Boer country, for one sees the minions of the law closing in on the lover and being frustrated thru a woman's weapons—wit and intuition. The riders are silhouetted against a western sky, thus building a surefire touch.

Above, "Kissed," with Marie Prevost, and at the right, Pauline Starke, in "The Wild Irish Rose"

cerning Other Films

Above, Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Bag." Upper left, Pauline Frederick in "The Glory of Clementina," and at the left, Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Some conflict occurs before the situations are straightened into a conventional ending. A group of competent players gives an adequate rendition of their respective rôles.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS—FIRST NATIONAL

There is nothing of consequence revealed in "Domestic Relations," which is not only dull and stupid, but so vapid in story interest that it taxes the hard-working cast. Seeing them struggle so hard indicates that something must be well covered else the eye will penetrate the creaking cogs. Chickens come home to roost upon a judge's doorstep after he has sentenced a brutal husband to prison for mistreating his wife. The jurist's spouse wears her heart upon her sleeve and presto!—she is sent on her

(*Continued on page* 114)

Above, a screen version of Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," and at the left, Tom Moore in "Over the Border," in which Betty Compson is starred

Really Top-Hole, You Know!

By
MALCOLM H. OETTINGER

"If in my romantic scenes, I am cold," explained Percy Marmont, "it is because I want to be different. I'm no Valentino, you know, old fellow. There's no purple in my make-up. It would be utter rot for me to pretend there was." At the left is a new camera study of Mr. Marmont, and below he is seen with Mabel Ballin in "Married People"

IMAGINE a tall, well set-up chap who, when he smiles, looks exactly like Tom Moore, and who talks like William Faversham, and you will have a perfect picture of Percy Marmont.

Marmont is English, but it isn't an obsession with him: he finds New York first rate, he intends to stay there so long as there's a demand for leading men, he likes these United States, and he isn't at all patronizing when he says so.

Others apparently noticed his Faversham accent, for when that star left "The Silver Fox" as it started for Chicago, the producers asked Mr. Marmont to play the part. And he did.

"I was awfully surprised, you know, really," he said. "I fancied I was forgotten completely. Then I had another quaint shock in Chicago: people actually knew me there from having seen me in pictures. Extraordinary, you know, I think. And it seems they liked my shadowy performances. Working before the camera, a chap really forgets he is going to be seen by thousands. Staggering thought, isn't it! I should get so nervous if I thought of it that I wouldn't be worth a penny at acting. We liked Chicago. Everyone was so cordial, you know."

California holds forth little allure, he said. New York has been good to him, and kept him working steadily, so in New York he is willing to stay, indefinitely. Then, too, in seeing America, Marmont recently made a picture in Detroit, with Mildred Harris. It was playing on Broadway when I saw him at The Lambs, yet he did not plan to see it particularly. He isn't at all excited over his own work. As a matter of fact, he thinks that repression is half the battle.

In his love-making, screenically speaking, he is detached, cool, suave, a trifle bored perhaps. I called this to his attention and asked the why of it. Was not tabasco the conventional flavoring?

He laughed. "Individuality," he said, "spells everything. If you create your own method of love-

Photograph by James R. Diamond

Health and Beauty

By CORLISS PALMER

IF we could sit on a cloud and gaze impersonally at our life's varying shoreline, we should undoubtedly make some important discoveries that we cannot while we are in actual contact with that shoreline. Here, face to face with our problems, we are too close to get the right perspective. Upon a cloud, distance would show us where the shore reached out into the water and again where it dips sharply, overburdened with its sea of troubles. And ourselves we would see as waves rushing gladly up life's strong sloping shore and breaking into a thousand white frilly ripples of joy. Or sinking, despairing, perhaps, into the dark depths, thinking it is all over, believing there is no joy, no romping, no mad, glad play for us again.

Sitting on that cloud, I think we would laugh and say: "What foolish little waves we are! Fancy thinking all is over just because we have to stop playing for a little while. We are really part of the ocean, boundless, eternal. In us there is the potential energy to build mountains and tear them down again, to drive massive machinery, to cure disease and to create a light dispelling all darkness."

But since we cannot get far enough away for the right perspective, the best thing is to put ourselves into an analytical frame of mind and to dissect life. What is it that causes happiness and what is it that causes sorrow? Is it really the external, material things, or is it something within ourselves? On what does our frame of mind depend? Not on wealth or social position, certainly. That has been proved again and again. I think all who have had any experience in life will agree with me that it is the possession of health and personal attraction that affects our mental attitude more than anything else. For we know that if we possess these to any extent, everything else will come to us. It will mean success in business, success in love, influence and friends!

Photograph by Spero

A new portrait of Corliss Palmer, who says: "To be healthy means beauty of a wholesome type. To be beautiful presupposes health. All enemies to health are enemies to beauty. And they are numerous"

To be healthy means beauty of a wholesome type. To be beautiful presupposes health.

All enemies to health are enemies to beauty. They are numerous. They are nervousness, indigestion, obesity, sleeplessness, neuralgia,

(*Continued on page* 100)

Photograph by Freulich

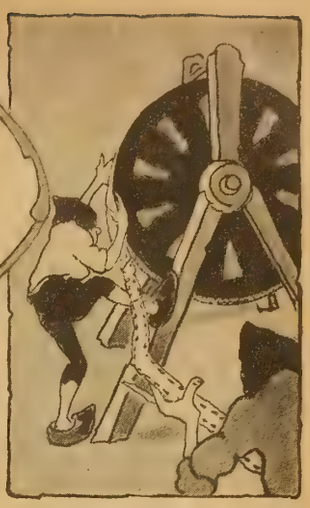
Out from the Dead Years

A quaint camera study of a subdued Priscilla Dean as she appears in "The Flame of Life"

The Juvenile Critic

By

DOROTHY WHITEHILL



May 10, 1922.

DEAR Punch:

I dont see why I cant go into the movies, really I dont. I say so to Uncle Roddy and he just laughs and laughs, and then says "Dont be silly." But it isn't silly, because I have looked at myself in the mirror and I can do all sorts of things with my face and look just as tho I were going to cry or laugh and oh, everything. But what's the use of talking to a man like Uncle Roddy and a boy like you? You always laugh at me. I just wish I knew somebody like Mary Pickford. She'd listen to me. Or a man like that nice Mr. Thomas Meighan, he wouldn't laugh.

I saw him to-day in a perfectly ducky picture called "The Bachelor Daddy," and there were just heaps of children in it. That is there were five, and one of them was that awfully nice little girl, Charlotte Jackson. Do you remember I wrote you all about her when she played in "A Prince There Was"?

This picture is very sad to start with and then it gets funnier and funnier until everybody laughs and laughs. It starts with Mr. Meighan who is a very wealthy man and he is going to marry a perfectly silly girl with a very stuck-up mother. The girl goes around all the whole time with a tiny stupid dog in her arms; that is, I think he must have been stupid because he didn't wag his tail or cock his ear or do anything the least bit doggy. Well, Mr. Meighan has to go away down to Mexico and see about his mines that the bandits are trying to capture. The girl he is engaged to is awfully cross at first but she doesn't really care after awhile. The only person who is truly worried is the stenographer and of course she loved him, but then anybody would, he's so awfully nice.

Anyway, he goes on this long trip and he takes his lawyer with him, and they arrive at the mine, which is right in the middle of the desert. The man who is the head of it has five children, and how they love him. You see their mother is dead and they just have a Daddy. Their names are Nita and Buddie and Toodles and David and Donald. David and Donald are twins and, oh Punch, they are so naughty. At the table they eat the jam and hide the cake and the pie, and are just perfectly dreadful.

There's a terrible fight next and Mr. Meighan saves a little child from being killed and almost gets killed himself, and then the children's father goes to rescue him and he does get killed. Oh dear, it's very sad when he dies and says how he hates to leave his children with nobody to love them and, of course, Mr. Meighan says he will love them and they will be his for always.

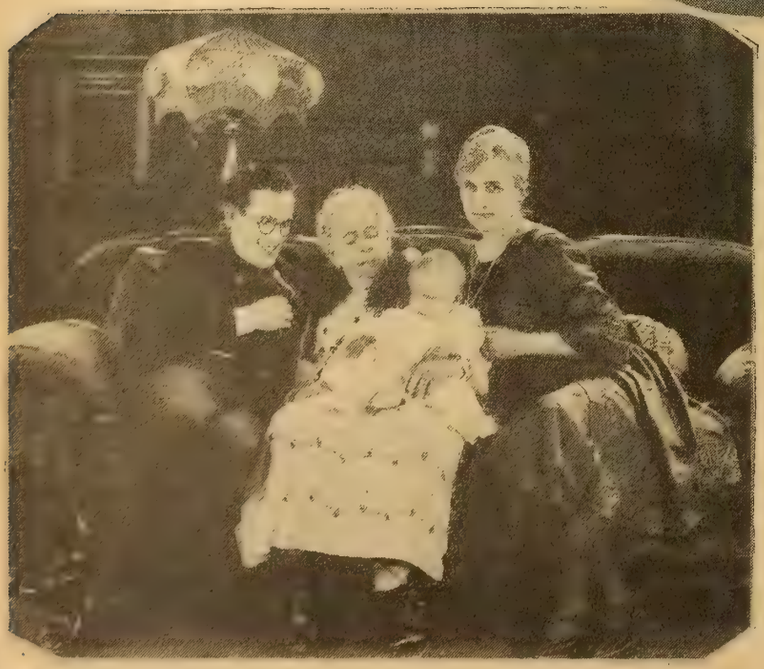
After that the picture gets very funny. Mr. Meighan takes the five children to the train, and his lawyer is supposed to meet him with a nurse, but the nurse takes so long to powder her nose that they miss the train and poor, worried Mr. Meighan is left with all those children to take care of himself.

I just cant tell you all the dreadful things they do. When the rest of the people are in at dinner, they go into their luggage and dress up in their clothes and have a parade, and one of the twins finds a saxophone that belongs to a very queer man, and they march up and down the aisle, and you can imagine how simply furious all the people are when they come back and find them. The train stops, for a rest, I guess, and they all get out to look at the engine, and suddenly the engine gives a snort and shoots out steam at them and they are all so

(*Continued on page* 101)

Above is Jackie Coogan in "Trouble." At the left is Baby Peggy in "The Little Rascal," and at the right is Thomas Meighan in "The Bachelor Daddy"

On the Camera Coast



THIS is a silly story about a good actor. If he hadn't been a good actor, the story couldn't have happened.

The actor was Charley Chaplin.

Charley's latest form of excitement is making speeches. Everybody writes a subject for an oration on a slip of paper: the slips are rolled up and put in a hat. The victims in turn draw a slip and make a two-minute speech right off the reel. They are not allowed to wait for an inspiration.

For instance, the other night, at a party, Bebe Daniels drew a slip and had to make a speech on this profound subject: "Yes and No." The subject that Chaplin drew was "Gum" . . . a subject that any orator could stick to.

Everybody in the movie colony is doing it. They make stump speeches during camera rests at the studio. It is unsafe to go to a dinner party unless your oratorical thunder in working order.

Well, to get to the story, during the convention of the Rotary Clubs in Los Angeles, some of the movie people decided to have a Rotary convention of their own. They decided to present Charley Chaplin with a loving-cup. They had to give it to him in recognition of something, so they decided that Charley would have to be a tailor and they would give him the cup in recognition of his masterful tailoring.

Somebody dug up an ancient and experienced-looking tin cup and it was formally presented to Charles with great gusto. He accepted it with great emotion. He manufactured a life history for himself and told of his early struggles in the little tailor shop (that wasn't). He told how his faithful old wife had tailored with him and how much this would mean to her. Charley sniffled and went on. As he talked, presently real tears came into his eyes: real tears came into other eyes. It got to a very drippy damp evening. And then they remembered that there wasn't any loving-cup, and there wasn't any tailor and there wasn't any tailor's wife. And they laughed . . . But it was a queer, shaky laugh.

I will ask you not to repeat this next one to any one because it's a deadly secret. Mary Pickford nearly got Desdemonaed recently. One of the secrets of the Pickford-Fairbanks establishment is about a doll. Mary is a partner in the manufacture

At the top of the page Eric von Stroheim is discovered dictating the scenario of his new production. In the distance are the remains of the Monte Carlo scenes of "Foolish Wives" . . . a gentle reminder that extravagance is not relished by producers. In the center of the page one of our favorite screen actors—Whiskers by name—watches his star, Charles Ray, practise a bit of terpsichore with Jacqueline Logan. At the left is the Lloyd family—from left to right, you see Harold, his grandmother, who plays opposite him in "Grandma's Boy," his young nephew, Gaylord Harold Lloyd, and his mother

By HARRY CARR

of a new Mary Pickford doll which is to be made in Austria and shipped back to this country for the Christmas trade. It is to have the exact duplicate of her face. In order to get the mold, they laid her out on a couch the other day and put her face in a cast—just the way they make death masks. It came near being one for her. Somehow the breathing apparatus didn't work or they left the clay on too long. Anyhow, when they took the mask off, Mary was gasping and blue in the face.

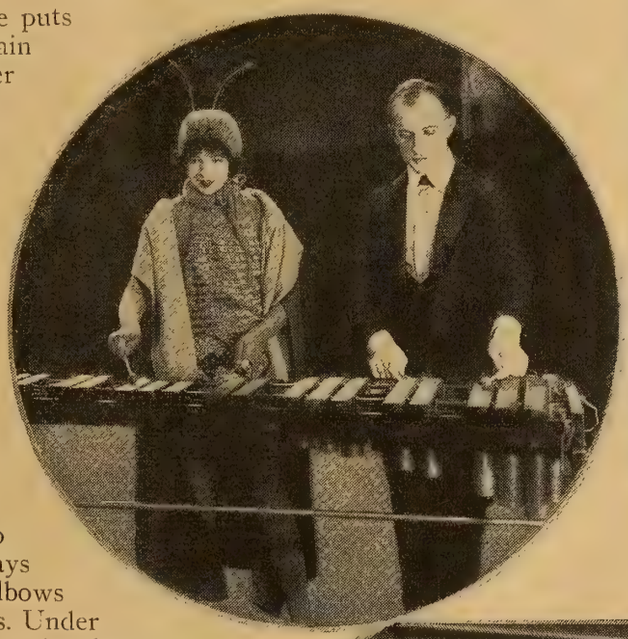
This does not interfere with the fact that she is a heroine. In order to get this next one the right dramatic setting, it is necessary to understand that a tarantula is a large spider with a mean disposition and a sting worse than a dramatic critic. While they were making a scene for "Tess of the Storm Country" at Chatsworth Park near Los Angeles, one of the said bugs bit or stung a young lady of the company. I am not absolutely sure whether they bite or sting: but this one did his meanest kind. The girl was almost frightened to death. Mary grabbed her: peeled off her stocking; applied first aid to the injured and really saved the girl's life.

From one of her financial advisers, by the way, it is learned that Mary is becoming a very rich woman. She puts her earnings in sane, certain securities that will give her a great future as a financier when she gets tired of acting.

To her intense disgust, Bebe Daniels has to ride an English saddle and "post" in a forthcoming picture. Bebe is a gorgeous horsewoman, but she has always ridden a big Mexican cow saddle, where the seat is maintained by balance and where the stirrups are so long her toes can just tip them. In this picture she says her knees are up to her elbows and her hands are full of reins. Under the circumstances she is sorry that her Spanish ancestors didn't lick the English at the Battle of Trafalgar.

One of the most pathetic scenes I have witnessed for a long time was the taking of the inevitable ancient-times insert in Cecil de Mille's picture "Manslaughter." For some reason or other, there has come to be a superstition around the studios that the genius of lightning is likely to strike at

(*Continued on page* 108)



Mary Pickford finds a radio outfit important when she is away on location. Without effort, she is able to talk to Mister Fairbanks, also on location, miles away. This particular occasion is the filming of "Tess of the Storm Country." There were long waits between the scenes of the new Rupert Hughes production, "The Bitterness of Sweets," but Colleen Moore didn't mind them. She supplied musical relaxation. Claire Windsor is going in for the smart boots which the shops are displaying. (Note the ankle watch just above the boot top.) Jack Pickford recently departed for New York, where the racing scenes of his new picture, "Garrison's Finish," are to be filmed. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Forest—Mrs. Forest is Lottie Pickford, y'know—and Mrs. Charlotte Pickford were at the station to see him off

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified.

Mr. Leo Dietrichstein abuses The Motion Picture and a reader justifiably takes exception to his statements.

Dear Editor: Some time ago Mr. Leo Dietrichstein was here, appearing in "The Perfect Lover." One of our newspapers had him interviewed. He was asked his opinion in regard to the "movies." He said many uncomplimentary things about the screen: that it could never be so good as the stage, etc. But he topped it all by saying "intelligent people do not care for the movies." This same theater, where Mr. Dietrichstein was acting, had S.R.O. for such films as "The Four Horsemen," "The Three Musketeers," "The Sheik," and this week a return engagement for "The Four Horsemen."

Mr. Dietrichstein was here for only one or two days, and the theater was not full. I presume that these are the only intelligent people in this town.

Simply because a few unfortunate affairs have happened, it does not mean that the film industry should be torn to shreds. There has also been scandal on the stage.

Wishing your four publications the leadership, I am

Yours for the films.

Mrs. L. N., Wheeling, W. Va.

An English correspondent thoughtfully writes of D. W. Griffith's reception when he was abroad.

Dear Sir: For many months have I read the letters of the fortunate ones in the Magazine, and, as I have been a reader for some while, I venture to think that the following note of Mr. D. W. Griffith's visit to us over here might be of interest to American Griffith fans. So hoping to see myself among the immortals who have their letters printed I will proceed—

Mr. Griffith landed here from the *Olympic*, and the following evening made his personal appearance at the New Scala Theater, where the "Orphans of the Storm" was showing. What a reception! The British have the reputation of being a pretty solid race, but Mr. Griffith certainly roused them. He spoke for some time, in that peculiar deep mellow voice of his, and told us of his idea to make a film which would promote comradeship and which would prevent wars, and he carried his audience with him. They rose to him, and he got a reception that I have never heard equaled in all my years of first-night movie going. He certainly deserved the great reception he got.

Right here I may say that except for the fact that one day I hope to meet Lillian Gish, I am quite ready to pass out, for I have been introduced to the great D. W. G. This may not sound much to American Griffith fans, for I expect that on first-nights, if he ever makes personal appearances, they have chances of seeing him, but to English fans, who very seldom see well-known people in the movie world, it certainly is something.

As for the films, I was present at the first nights of both the "Orphans of the Storm" and "Way Down East," and of the two, the former got the bigger reception at the end, but the big thrill in "Way Down East" just raised the whole theater from their seats to cheer like mad! The thrill in the "Orphans" was, however, tremendous, and altho the audience knew perfectly well that Lillian would not be guillotined, yet they were all afraid there was just the possibility that the guillotine might slip before Danton arrived, and we all just grasped our seats to stop ourselves from jumping up and shouting. D. W. G. certainly is the world's greatest "thrill-maker."

From her films Lillian Gish has certainly established herself in the hearts of all movie-goers as the greatest dramatic actress in the world today, and D. W. G. as the world's greatest producer; at any rate, these opinions are held by the vast majority of English movie-goers. Dont you agree?

Please excuse my taking up your valuable time, but I do hope that you will print this, so that American Griffith fans can see how English Griffith fans greeted him.

Ever so many thanks in anticipation of seeing my name among the immortals who have their letters printed.

Yours very truly,

Clem. W. Gerson,

41 Avenue Mansions, Finchley Road, N. W. 3, London, England.

> This department belongs to you!
>
> You are invited to contribute whenever you have some opinion you wish to express; some phase of motion pictures which you wish to discuss.
>
> Hundreds of letters arrive monthly. To print all of them would be impossible. Nevertheless, we endeavor to select those which we believe to have a general interest and appeal.

"Smilin' Thru" with Norma Talmadge has won many plaudits—this letter urges everyone to see it.

My Dear Editor: If it be permissible, I would like to use your department of "Letters to the Editor" as a means of urging all your readers to be sure to go to see "Smilin' Thru." Not only because of my own opinion as to the value of the picture, but also of its universal success, both financially and artistically, that it is my sincere wish no motion picture fan will miss "Our Norma's" superb masterpiece. I went three times during the two weeks it ran here, and let me say right here how much I like the photoplay music. Its aid to a film cannot be overestimated. Altho "Smilin' Thru" can stand alone on its own merits and draw mammoth crowds, still that beautiful little Irish song, by Arthur Penn, certainly gave it just the right atmosphere and realism, besides a fascinating tune. I shall never forget "Smilin Thru," and when often I gaze in adoration at the picture on my wall of the lovable Norma in her exquisite wedding gown of long ago, the memory of her marvelous acting and angelic beauty comes back to me, and with it the words of the song:

"There's a little great gate,
At whose trellis I wait,
While two eyes o' blue,
Come smilin' thru, at me."

Please, fans, dont miss it! It's Norma's greatest, and you know what that means. With best wishes for Motion Picture, I am

Yours very truly,

Trix MacKenzie,

Box 1495, Atlanta, Ga.

Popular and standard novels are splendid for screen productions, writes this reader—but let the screen version be faithful to the original story.

Dear Editor: The subject of the adapting of popular fiction to the screen has been discussed before, in reference to certain authors' works. I wish to discuss the subject in general in regard to all the books so adapted.

In the first place, I consider it a fraud, practiced upon an amusement-seeking public, to show the adaptions of these novels under other names. Often, seeing the title to a picture, and thinking it sounds rather good, one goes to see it. There is a familiar something about the start that at first one does not grasp. Then it dawns upon you. It is such and such a book that we have read. Of course, we know then what is going to happen next, and how the picture will end. You may contend that the picture is considerably different from the book. That is true, the picture is different in its minor details, but the fact remains that the essential parts, the real plot, are the same, tho cloaked under a different name and setting.

The other side of the question, or rather my other side of it, is the showing of the adaptions of a novel under its own name, with a great deal of it changed, so that tho the plot is the same, the story itself is almost unrecognizable. I sound inconsistent. I state in one place that I want the plot changed, here I am

(*Continued on page* 98)

Just what you need for a smooth, even cuticle. With Cutex Cuticle Remover the ugly dead cuticle simply wipes away

Then for a lovely gleaming luster use one of these two new polishes — Cutex Powder Polish and Cutex Liquid Polish

TWO THINGS:—

Cuticle made smooth—Nails polished

IN ONLY FIVE MINUTES

AT last there are only two very simple things to do to make your nails look professionally manicured. In five minutes time with a few swift movements of the hands you can have the shapely, beautiful nails you have always desired.

First, you must never cut the cuticle. For when you use scissors on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

Dip the end of an orange stick, with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers and when drying them push the cuticle carefully downwards. Your nail rims will remain beautifully smooth and even.

And Cutex with only a few minutes occasional use will *keep* your nails always in exquisite condition. Work it underneath the nails to bleach the nail tips white and instantly remove stains.

Then for the polish without which no manicure is now complete. Cutex offers you polishes in every form you like. The brilliant luster of the new Cutex Powder Polish will last a week. The new Liquid Polish will give an instantaneous shine without buffing. Or the cake and paste polishes which are so convenient will bring out the natural shine and tint of the nails.

Cutex sets come now in four sizes, at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—now 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 809, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

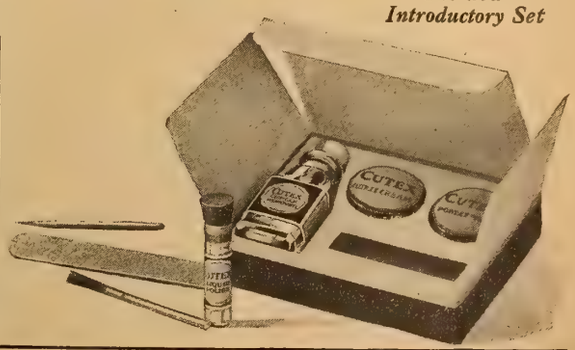
Northam Warren, Dept. 809,
114 West 17th St., New York.

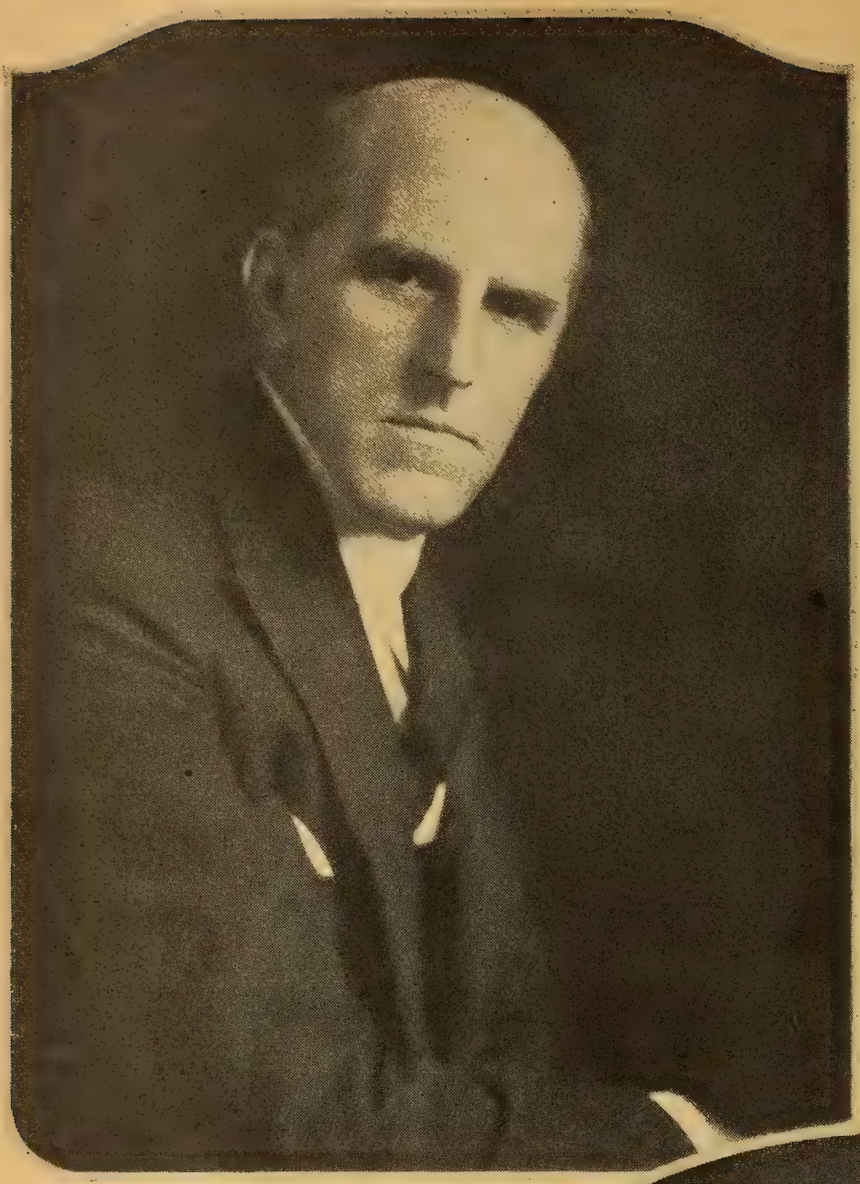
Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

The new Introductory Set





They Thought He Was John Barrymore

Scores of people thought John Barrymore played a dual rôle in "Sherlock Holmes." They insisted he played not only Sherlock Holmes, but Moriarity also. This was great tribute for the work of Gustav V. Seyffertitz, who actually created the rôle of Moriarity. And it is true that his Moriarity was not unlike Barrymore's Hyde in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Mr. Seyffertitz enjoyed marked success on the stage, as stage director for Maude Adams and Charles Frohman. "The Little Minister" and "Chanticleer" numbered among his efforts. On the screen he has directed Lila Lee and Alice Calhoun. However, when people think his work is the work of John Barrymore, we believe it behooves Mr. Seyffertitz to give his efforts to actual portrayals

EVERY NORMAL SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

One to protect it and to hold the powder. A very different one to cleanse it

NO one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils you need for thoroughly cleansing and stimulating the skin. You cannot have in a cleansing cream the ingredients that while protective will be absorbed instantly and will hold the powder.

That is why two creams to meet these different needs were perfected at our laboratories after years of careful experiments by the experts there.

To protect the skin and to hold the powder

Constant exposure to wind and sun will make an unprotected skin rough and coarse. Your skin is naturally moist but the sun and wind dry it out and a rough surface is the result. This coarseness is merely the protection the skin gives itself. You can prevent this very easily by forming the daily habit of smoothing on Pond's *Vanishing* Cream before you go out.

Pat on just a little of this fragrant, greaseless cream. It is absorbed instantly. You will feel refreshed and your skin will seem smooth and firm. Made of ingredients that are especially soothing, Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the natural moisture in the skin, and acts as an invisible shield against sun and wind.

The firm velvety surface Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your skin is perfect as a base for powder. The powder will stay on for hours; and the cream cannot reappear in a shine because it contains not a particle of oil.

A very different cream for cleansing

Your skin must be kept thoroughly clean or it will not look its best. It becomes dull looking. To remove the dust and fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores you need a good cold cream—ordinary washing will not do.

To cleanse your skin thoroughly and to keep it supple use Pond's Cold Cream every night

It was only after long experiment that we found just the right amount of oil for Pond's *Cold* Cream—important experiments because heavy creams with too much oil overload the pores. It contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every trace of dirt, yet not overload them.

Every night, and always after a dusty trip, smooth this delicate oil cream on your face. Let it stay a minute, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how necessary such a cleansing is.

Smooth this cream on any little fine lines on your face. The oil will keep your skin supple and the little lines will not become deeper. This cream is so light and fine in texture that it requires only the very lightest touch in smoothing it on.

Get both these creams today. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at any drug or department store. Neither cream will clog the pores or encourage the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
149 Hudson Street, New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Greenroom Jottings

Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller have announced their engagement. And Mrs. Pickford wants them to plan for a rose-garden wedding in California, where the rest of the family can be present

Any number of good motion picture folk are turning authors these days. Charlie Chaplin wrote of his trip abroad; Mary Pickford is now writing her autobiography; and Mrs. Margaret Talmadge—perhaps you know her better as "Peg"—has just completed **"The Life Story of the Three Talmadges."** It will reach the bookshops in the early fall.

When Mrs. Talmadge began this book, she wrote it in diary form, for she intended it originally as a gift to the three girls. However, she proved an expert story teller, and Henry Bee, the publisher, has prevailed upon her to permit him to publish the book with a first edition of twenty thousand copies.

Those who have seen advance proofs say it is interesting to a degree. There are baby pictures of the three girls, and there is also a picture of Buster Keaton, jr.

There have been all kinds of weddings and engagements in photoplay circles this summer. **Blanche Sweet** came across the continent to meet **Marshall Neilan** in Chicago. They were married and came on to New York together, where they enjoyed a short honeymoon. Then they departed for California, where Mr. Neilan assumed directorial responsibilities at the Goldwyn studios. It is said that Mrs. Neilan will return to the screen.

Eva Novak also occasioned wedding bells. She was married to William Richard Reed, a cameraman. A justice of the peace at Riverside, California, performed the ceremony, and the bride and groom started off on an extended wedding trip.

And, of course, there is the **Jack Pickford-Marilyn Miller** romance. Mrs. Pickford arrived in New York shortly after the announcement of their engagement. She is urging Miss Miller to journey to California for the wedding, so that Mary and Lottie and Douglas Fairbanks and Allen Forrest and the other members of the family may be present at the ceremony.

Jack has to return, anyhow, in order that he may begin work on "Garrison's Finish," and this will probably determine Miss Miller to have her wedding on the Coast.

You haven't heard or seen very much of **Kathlyn Williams,** recently. Upon the death of her son, she sailed for the Orient with her husband, Charles Eyton. However, they have returned, and Miss Williams will begin work at the Lasky studio on the screen version of **"Clarence"** almost immediately.

Jean Acker—**Mrs. Rodolph Valentino** of a few months ago—is completing plans which call for her to play stellar rôles in motion pictures. We have expected this for some time. Miss Acker played in a number of Fox productions a few years ago. However, this time she will blossom forth as Mrs. Rodolph Valentino.

Lillian Gish has signed a contract calling for her appearance in a series of independent productions which will be released by the United Artists. This means that she will now belong to the same family as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and George Arliss. A director has not yet been chosen for her first production; nor has the story, as a matter of fact. However, with D. W. Griffith supervising production as he will, Miss Gish could direct her own productions with little difficulty.

There is a delightful story told about **George Arliss** and **Miriam Battista.** Miriam was working with Mr. Arliss on his next picture. She is an unusual child and attempts to make conversation after the manner of those years older than she.

"Mr. Arliss," she said, one day, "do you know Elinor Glynn?"

"Do you mean the writer," asked Mr. Arliss in his English accent.

"Yes, the writer," supplied Miriam. "I think she's perfectly wonderful. She's going to write a story and I'm going to play in it on the screen."

George Arliss adjusted his monocle and looked down upon the speck of eager humanity standing before him.

"How perfectly extraordinary!" he said.

Corinne Griffith is the one Vitagraph star who has not previously flitted to the Coast. But now she is booked to go to California for her next production. However, she says that she doesn't mind leaving New York, as the plans are only for one picture, and she can count upon the joy of her return.

Jackie Coogan, so they say, is the miniature Midas of the world. Everything Jackie touches turns to gold. He has put his earnings into all sorts of stocks to have them rise almost immediately; when he has put his money into real estate, the property in that neighborhood has soared.

A trust fund has been created to take care of the boy's earnings, and all his investments are carefully investigated. However, Jackie gives generously to charities, and not only the Children's Hospital but many other organizations are benefited.

Rex Ingram plans to bring a print of his next picture, **"Black Orchids,"** to New York. His wife, **Alice Terry,** will make the trip with him. As a matter of fact, it will be something of a belated honeymoon. He and Mrs. Ingram have been so busy since their marriage last year that they haven't had time for a honeymoon.

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Photograph by Topical News

It is quite the thing for photoplay celebrities to pose for their portraits. And the size of Miriam Battista has not lessened her radiance. So Miriam sat for a portrait, too

The new **Madge Kennedy** production, based on the stage play of **"Dear Me,"** will be partly filmed by the Prizma process. **Henry Kolker** is directing, and the cast, which is a splendid one, includes Monte Blue. Upon the completion of "Dear Me," Miss Kennedy will begin work on **"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."**

Charles Bryant, who is **Nazimova's** husband as well as her business manager, announces that Madame may return to the stage. The difficulty is a suitable vehicle.

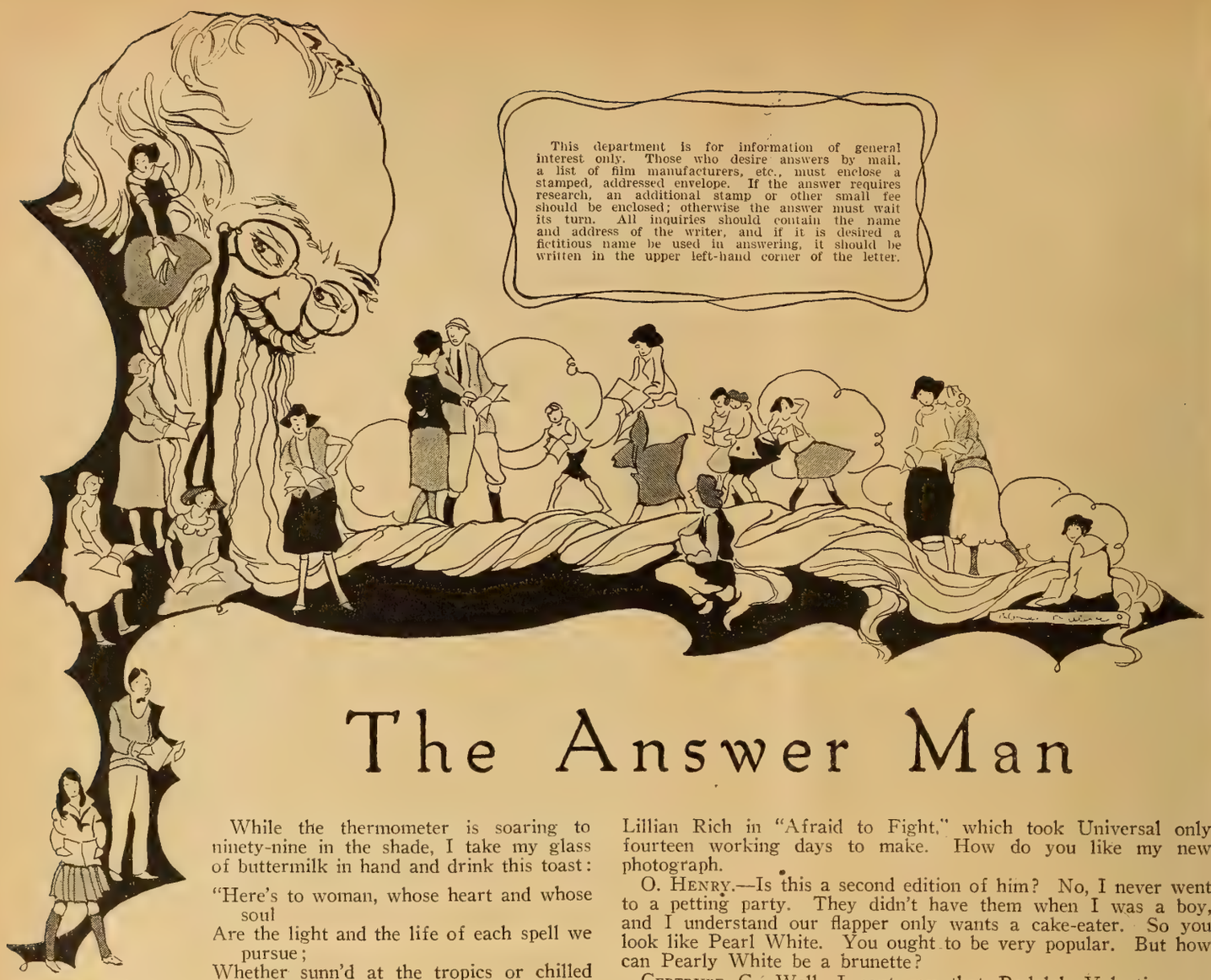
The two principal players of the Fox screen version of the Hutchinson novel, **"If Winter Comes,"** have been selected. **Percy Marmont** will play Mark Sabre—Puzzlehead, if you prefer, and **Ann Forrest** will play in the rôle of Nona. It is being filmed in England, where A. S. Hutchinson will confer with Harry Millarde, the director.

Mabel Normand decided that she needed a vacation. So, after the manner of screen celebrities, she sailed for a summer tour of Europe. Her friends, who saw her off at the pier, say she will be the best informed actress of the screen upon her return, if you can judge by the literature she carried with her.

Blanche Sweet has been away from the screen for some time. But she is coming back. This announcement was made following her marriage to Marshall Neilan. She came across the continent to Chicago, where Mr. Neilan met her, and they were married immediately—an hour after her train arrived, to be exact

Will Rogers has spent the summer months making **"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"** for the screen. Good news, that!

(*Continued on page* 86)



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

While the thermometer is soaring to ninety-nine in the shade, I take my glass of buttermilk in hand and drink this toast:

"Here's to woman, whose heart and whose soul
Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue;
Whether sunn'd at the tropics or chilled at the pole,
If women be there, there is happiness, too."

What a dull department this would be without the ladies!

Mrs. G. B. C.—Richard Dix is playing in "The Glorious Fool," with Helene Chadwick. Yes, it is true that Theodore Roberts was compelled to cut off his mustache to impersonate Uncle Joshua Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead." That's only one of the many things required of a player, and one of the main reasons why I personally am not a picture star. They haven't gone so far as to ask a player to cut off a leg or arm, but they wouldn't hesitate a minute about asking me to cut off my beard. Yes, Laurette Taylor will do "Peg o' My Heart" for Metro. You're welcome, write again.

Curious Dot.—Period, polka dot, or speck over an "i"! Alice Terry and Rodolph Valentino did play in "The Four Horsemen." Are any of us ever satisfied? Adam owned the earth once and wasn't satisfied. Elsie Ferguson is playing in "The Outcast." Gloria Swanson in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew." Your letter sure did sparkle. Send along some more.

Jackie Osborne Fan.—You say you like his work with Ruth Roland, and you want to see a picture of him. I dont blame you. He's good to look at.

Susie Red.—My advice to you is to read good books and good magazines. This magazine, for instance. The mind is like a trunk in that, if well packed, it holds almost everything; but if ill packed, next to nothing. Yes, Rodolph Valentino is free—free from jail—but he is not yet the lawful husband of Winifred Hudnut, because he cant remarry for a few months. His next after "Young Rajah" will be "The Spanish Cavalier." Agnes Ayres in "The Daughter of Luxury." Write me any time.

Nazimova Fan.—But aren't all married men gamblers? You pay me a high compliment. As Ben Franklin said, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest! Wallace Reid is playing in "Clarence," to be followed by "Thirty Days."

Dot.—Another one! No, indeed, I never get lonesome in my little hall-room. I'm seriously thinking of opening a Turkish bath in it. We are really never alone; but are allowed, sometimes, to think we are. The spirits do move! Frank Mayo and Lillian Rich in "Afraid to Fight," which took Universal only fourteen working days to make. How do you like my new photograph.

O. Henry.—Is this a second edition of him? No, I never went to a petting party. They didn't have them when I was a boy, and I understand our flapper only wants a cake-eater. So you look like Pearl White. You ought to be very popular. But how can Pearly White be a brunette?

Gertrude C.—Well, I cant say that Rodolph Valentino can swim, but I know he has been in hot water several times. Ha, ha; he, he; and, likewise, ho, ho! Yes, it is true that Lasky and Metro pictures are banned in Mexico, because their countrymen are shown as villains. You never know what you can do until you try. So try again.

Lucille V.—I spent a pleasant half hour reading your letter. Something wrong with your terminal facilities. You like the way Gloria Swanson wears her hair, and you think Dorothy Dalton should never have had her hair bobbed—it cheapens her. Everybody to his or her taste. I see, you mean the other kind of matches that are not made in heaven. The civilized people of the world use, on an average, over three million matches every minute. That's burning 'em up. Hell is paved with brimstone.

Sultana.—That's *comme il faut*. In Jackie Coogan's "Oliver Twist" there are twelve men whose ages total one thousand and twenty-nine. The oldest of them is ninety-three, and the youngest eighty-one. That's about my speed. You bet I liked Jackie Coogan in "Trouble." Excepting myself, he is the brightest child I have ever known.

Irene.—Somebody's wrong! William Desmond is not married to May McAvoy, but to Mary MacIvor. Irene, have a heart and please dont ask me to write personal letters; I wish I had the time to write each and every one of you. James Kirkwood, when he finishes "Ebb Tide," is going on the stage for A. H. Woods.

Montana Betty.—I never saw so many brides as I did this June. I couldn't go into a restaurant without finding showers of rice all over the vestibule. Apropos! It is true that Constance Talmadge has been granted a divorce from John Pialoglou. I dont blame her for not wanting to keep a name like that—it sounds like some kind of a bullfrog.

Kats.—Glad you liked the Betty Compson picture. Yes, I liked Richard Barthelmess in "Sonny." Personally, I'm not fond of war stories, but I always admire Dick. You know he was born May 9, 1895, and Rodolph Valentino was born May 6, 1895. Phyllis Haver, Mae Busch and Richard Dix will play in "The Christian," which is being directed in London.

Naomi P.—Geraldine Farrar has gone abroad. Elinor Glyn's story, "Six Days," has been changed to "Five Days," so as not to conflict with "After Six Days." What's one day more or less with Elinor Glyn, anyway!

S. Brewer.—Well, if exaggerated ego is a sign of insanity, as

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

A Simple, Easy Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful—Keep It Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant.

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

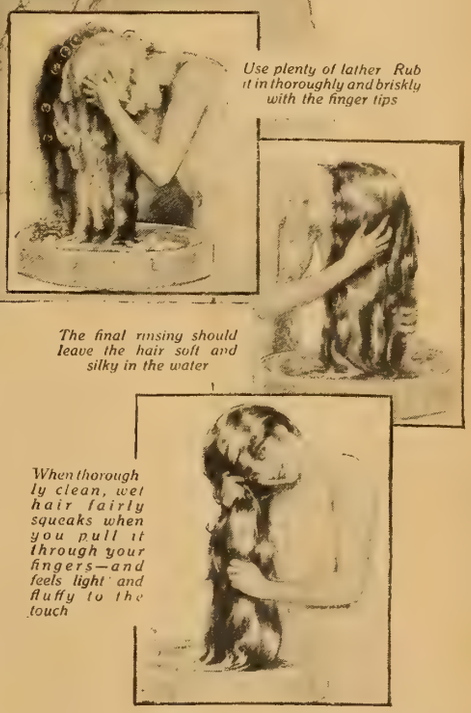
Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers—and feels light and fluffy to the touch

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

you say, there are a good many people running about loose who ought to be locked up tight. Winifred Kingston and Dustin Farnum had the leads in that Fox picture.

RAINBOW.—Hurray! I expect to go to California, too, in the fall. Maybe I'll see you there. Baby Peggy can be reached at the Century Comedies, Los Angeles, Cal. No record of those Charles Ray reissues. Sorry.

SCHEHERAZADE.—Well, if I can get about eight hours' sleep, I'm happy. Morpheus is a friend of mine. He is the classical god of sleep and dreams. Lying in the arms of Morpheus is good stuff. One must lie sometime, why not? Oh, yes, Pearl White is still abroad at this writing. She will start her next serial for Pathé very soon. So you read "Just Me" five times. You want to see her on the cover. I'll do my best. Thanks for the gum. Every chew will be a thought of you.

NORMA L.—Well, if you cant see the beautiful things in life, there must be something wrong with your mental optics. You say you want to get me wound up. What do you think I am, an alarm clock? Or do you think I am run down? Yes, Madame Petrova's "White Peacock" was so successful last season that she is going to tour with it again in September. She was in the other day and had luncheon with us. She is mighty interesting to listen to, and among other things she said she was writing a stage play for Florence Reed.

MAY.—My dear child! If Rodolph Valentino wrote to every one of his admirers and inspired them to the work which they have chosen for their career, he would have no time for playing. Write and tell him how much you admire his work, and let it go at that. Lillian Gish has organized her own company and is working at the Griffith studios under D. W. Griffith's personal supervision.

JUNEAU.—Yes, indeed, I have my quart of buttermilk every day. Think I'll sign up with Borden to use my picture in their buttermilk ads. Address the player at Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Los Angeles, Cal. Thanks for the pictures. No, I am not playing the leading part in "Whiskers," but T. Roy Barnes is.

MARTIN.—Being an electrician, you should be very healthy and active—because of the light work you do—and therefore there's no doubt about you becoming a great star. So you think I am a humbug. I've been called a bug before, but not just that species. Corliss Palmer is just about ready to start on her fifth picture, but they haven't given out the title yet. Conrad Nagel is twenty-six; Wallace Reid is thirty. Conrad Nagel in "Nice People," and Rodolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah." Caviar is the salted roe of the sturgeon. No, I dont care for it.

M. M. H.—Parents are more careful to bestow wit on their children, than virtue; the art of speaking well, rather than doing well; but their morals ought to be their greatest concern. Marguerite Clark is living in New Orleans with her charming husband. Rodolph Valentino is twenty-seven and his new wife twenty-five.

WYETH, FT. LYON.—Thanks for the teddy bear! Every age wants its playthings. Norma Talmadge's "The Duchesse de Langeais" has been changed to "Infatuation." Universal are releasing an old two-reeler, with Mary Pickford and King Baggot, entitled "Going Straight."

MARGARET.—At your service. Hobart Bosworth was born in Marietta, Ohio.

LITTLE TOM.—Thanks, but compliments are just harmless little lies that bring big results. I dont know about "Dorian Gray," but I do know that Selznick is doing "A Woman of No Importance," by Oscar Wilde. I dont know about the vitality, but I eat three square meals a day and stay out late once a week. House Peters, Claire Windsor, Rosemary Theby, Gaston Glass and Myrtle Stedman in "Rich Men's Wives," made by the B. P. Schulberg Co. Come again.

MABEL B.—What, another club? In fact, every correspondence club originated out of this department. Now comes the Dorothy Phillips Club, c/o Mabel Brehme, 175 Nesbik St., Irvington, N. J. Much success to you.

VIVOLETTE.—Thanks for yours, and the pictures. They sure were amusing. Yes, Viola Dana played on the stage. The abbreviation TNT is used for Trinitrotulol, a high-powered explosive. Also the name of a restaurant in Greenwich Village, N. Y. C. Henry B. Walthall and Ethel Grey Terry in "The Combat."

LEE G. ST. LOUIS.—Well, that's very often the case. A beautiful girl will look something awful on the screen, and a girl not so good looking will screen beautifully. I must say a great many stars have surprised me in real life. Address, William Desmond, Universal City, Cal. Oh, yes, George Bernard Shaw is a well-known English novelist, philosopher, essayist, and playwright, famous for his sardonic humor. Well, you never know what you can do until you try.

GOLDEN LOCKS.—Welcome to the shrine! After reading the delightful spray from your Waterman, I sat me back and laffed. I sure do appreciate all my friends. Wealth without friends is like life without health; the one is uncomfortable fortune; the other, a miserable being. But who said anything about wealth? I couldn't give you those three casts here. Take up too much room. Of course, I shall always love you, Golden Locks. Brings me back to childhood.

MILDRED P.—You say *ce monde est plein de fous*, which, I understand, means that the world is full of fools. Why tell me. The fact that a cat's hair stands on end when it is angered is supposed to be because of a desire on the part of the animal to make itself appear as large and as ferocious as possible. Like a human being when he has a swelled head. But Hoot Gibson married Helen Johnson, a vaudeville actress. Write me any time.

TIMSKY ON THE BUMSKY.—As bad as that? Well, you can hardly blame me for the fact that Theda Bara's name spelt backwards spells ARAB, and Selig spells GILES, can you? No record of Tammany Young. You think Fatty Arbuckle ought to come back under whiskers. I'm afraid he will come back under protest! Someone told me to talk less and listen more, so I have taken to writing. How do you like it?

IRENE H.—You say housekeeping is a lost art. It certainly is a thing of the past, since women learned their rights. No, Pola Negri did not play in "Deception."

KUTIE.—Thanks for the fee. But there was a picture of mother and daughter at the bottom of the page. Is this a joke on me? No children for the Fairbanks-Pickfords. Yes, Tom Meighan is married to Frances Ring. I just thought he was amusing in "The Leading Citizen"—not great.

AUTUM BABE.—No, I have never been in love. I decline to define it, but Ibsen's definition of the disease is, "All that we can say of love is, that in the soul it is a passion for reigning; in minds it is a sympathy; and in the body it is nothing but a latent and delicate desire to possess the loved object, after a good deal of mystery." Betty Blythe had the leading part in "Mother o' Mine." Colleen Moore and John Bowers have the leads in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Affinities."

PEGGY B.—I thank you. Cant tell you anything definite about that just yet. Be patient!

VIOLET.—Why do you like the month of June? I see! The word "trousseau" originally meant a bundle, and it was for this reason that it was applied to the "bundle" of clothes prepared for a bride. Yes, Jack Holt is married to a non-professional, and he has three children. Yes, it is true that Constance Talmadge is now single.

MISS B. E. E.—Theda Bara is not playing right now, but I understand she is going to make pictures again. Madge Kennedy has formed her own company, called Kenma Pictures, with Monte Blue, Vincent Coleman and Pedro de Cordoba. Her first picture will be "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and her second, "Dear Me," from the musical comedy. You are welcome.

ALBERT C. S.—Sure was pleased to get your letter. You must join one of the clubs. Constance Binney is in England playing in "A Bill of Divorcement," at the Ideal Film Company studio.

PEGGY.—Yes, there has been so much said about the wickedness of Hollywood that Mrs. A. B. Maescher, president of the De Luxe Building Company of Hollywood, is going to spend seventy-five thousand dollars in filming a picture depicting the good points of Hollywood. It will be called "Night Life in Hollywood." Wallace Reid has blonde hair.

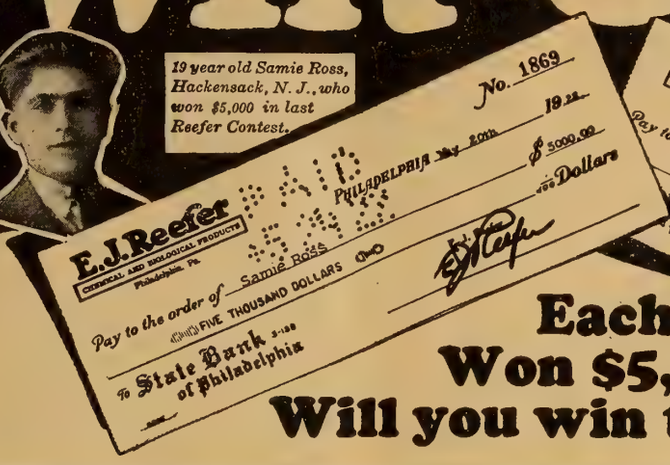
MLLE. MANDELLE.—Well! Well! Well! You say, "It's kindness that brings everything that's best out of us women. We're terribly like sliced pineapple in that respect; just give us a sprinkling of sugar, and out come all the juices." A bit of saccherine, hey! I'll remember. So you know Rodolph Valentino well. Your verse is very interesting, and I wish I could print it. Let me hear about your book.

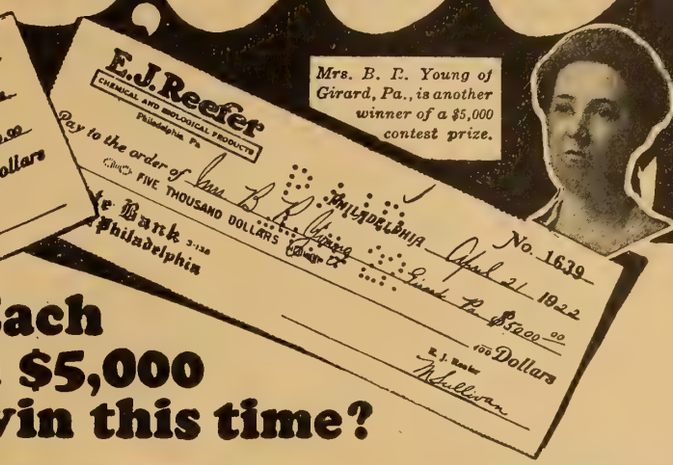
R. M. L.—Thanks for the pressed violets. The term "bootlegger" grew out of the fact that makers and smugglers of illicit intoxicants formerly carried bottles of it in their capacious boot

(*Continued on page* 106)

Win $5,000

19 year old Samie Ross, Hackensack, N. J., who won $5,000 in last Reefer Contest.





Mrs. B. F. Young of Girard, Pa., is another winner of a $5,000 contest prize.

Each Won $5,000 Will you win this time?

Big Picture FREE On Request

Can You Find More Than 15 or 20 Words in This Picture Beginning with Letter "R"?

There is Road, Rake, Rope. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is! Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down.

Costs Nothing to Try!

Just send in your list of "R" words. If the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "R", they will award you first prize. If your list is the second best list, they will award you second prize, etc. Get started RIGHT NOW!

Win the $5,000 Prize!

You do not have to buy any Vimogen Yeast Tablets to enter this contest and win a prize.

If the judges decide your list of "R" words is best and you have not ordered any, you will win first prize **$50**
(See column 1 of prize list)

If you send in an order for one $1 package, and your list is awarded first prize, you win **$750**
(See 2nd column of prize list)

If you order two $1 packages and your list wins first prize, you get **$1,500**
(See 3rd column of prize list)

And if you order five $1 packages, and you are awarded first prize, you get . . **$5,000**
(See 4th column of prize list)

$11,500 in Prizes	If no Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If one $1 pkg. Reefer's Yeast Tablets is ordered	If two $1 pkgs. Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If five $1 pkgs. Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered
1st prize	$50	$750	$1500	$5000
2nd prize	35	375	750	2500
3rd prize	25	200	400	1250
4th prize	25	125	250	600
5th prize	25	75	150	400
6th to 55th prizes, each	2	4	8	25
56th to 105th prizes, each	1	2	4	10

No goods bought in this contest are subjected to exchange, refund or approval.

And besides there are 104 other big cash prizes. Second prize in column 4 is $2,500. Third prize $1,250, etc. Just think of it — 105 chances for you to win.

$600 Extra for Promptness The last day for mailing your solution to win any of the above prizes is November 15, 1922. But for every day ahead of that date that your order for goods is received, a special extra prize of $10 for each day will be added to any first prize you win. You can send your order today and get a receipt for the money. Then any time before November 15 you can qualify this order by sending in your solution. $600 extra is to be awarded in this manner for promptness. Try to get this extra $600. In case of ties, duplicate amounts will also be awarded.

Win All You Can! Be sure to send your order for $5 worth of Yeast Tablets if you wish to qualify your list of words for the $5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1—Any one excepting our employees and their relatives may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

2—All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, November 15, 1922.

3—Contestants who have sent lists or orders before November 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes provided orders for Yeast are received through the mail, postmarked on or before November 30th.

4—Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or the plural of a word will be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.

5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "R" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of 105 prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.

6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.

7—Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.

8—If a contestant sends us more than one list under an assumed name or premarried name, then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified.

9—You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. It will aid the judges materially if you will arrange your words alphabetically, and if you will use paper size about 6 in. by 9 in. Failure to do so, however, will not count against you, nor will neatness or handwriting affect your score. Typewrite your list, if possible. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.

10—The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reefer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the list winning first prize and the names of the prize winners will be published, and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

11—An additional prize of not over $600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.

12—In case of ties for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

Yeast Tablets!

The greatest of all yeast products. Something entirely new. A wonderful scientific tablet that embodies all three natural vitamines. Enables your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Helps build up vitality, strength, endurance. Most all people are undernourished, though many don't know it. Try this scientific way to bring back the springy step, the buoyant freshness of youth, or the youthful natural complexion that all women long for. Think how wonderful life would be without that continual "tired feeling", with plenty of energy to work hard and play hard. Take this opportunity — find out what Reefer's Vimogen will do for you.

Start Today — Now!

Send today for Reefer's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. $50 or $5,000 which do want?

FREE Everyone sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for your free package today sure.

E. J. Reefer, Dept. 1526 9th and Spruce Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

As gentle as a toilet cream—
this way to remove hair

In the Odorono Company's Depilatory women find a new toilet delight

"A really *pleasant,* a safe and gentle, a surely effective way to remove hair." This is what the friends of Odorono asked its makers for.

And now with the Odorono Company's Depilatory, perfected after long experiment by the Odorono scientists, the underarm toilette is delightfully completed.

So pleasant and dainty—its delicate almond fragrance is a new pleasure, not common to depilatories. No "messiness", but clean and easy to use.

So gentle—the comfort of perfect safety! No strong, irritating chemicals; it can no more harm even the tenderest skin than a mild toilet water.

And yet effective. With almost magic quickness it effaces every hair and leaves the skin soft and white and smooth.

With Odorono, this pleasant depilatory has found a permanent place on the dressing table of dainty women everywhere. If you have not yet tried it, do not postpone the pleasure of its acquaintance. At all toilet counters, 75c, or sent by mail postpaid, or a sample will be sent on receipt of 6c in stamps or coin. Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company. 1009-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati.

The ODO-RO-NO Company's Depilatory

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 81)

Theda Bara, original vampire, is returning to the screen. Everyone remembers her in the Fox productions when she blazed the vampire trail which hundreds of other sirens have since trod. You remember how she was said to have been born just a stone's throw from the Sphinx—how she was said to have possessed a charmed ring, etc., etc., ad lib.—Well anyway, Miss Bara is coming back.

After a few years in a legitimate stage production, "The Blue Flame," and a successful vaudeville tour, she has signed a contract to make pictures for **Selznick.**

No announcement has been made concerning the type of picture Miss Bara will make, but it is believed her husband, Charles Brabin, will direct her. The contract is simply for one production. Perhaps the producers are not sure that the vampire vogue has survived.

Nevertheless, it will be interesting to see Miss Bara's return.

Jackie Coogan, following in the wake of the adult stars, plans to take a trip abroad. That news was announced sometime ago and it is correct. However, he will not sail for sometime as there are two or three pictures planned before his departure. It may be winter before he leaves this country.

His next picture, following "Oliver Twist," will be directed by E. Mason Hopper, formerly of the Goldwyn forces.

Elsie Ferguson will continue to combine her stage and screen work next season. She will be found at the Long Island studios of the Famous Players-Lasky during the day, while the evenings and matinée afternoons will find her appearing in the Marc Klaw production of **"The Wheel,"** which enjoyed a successful stage engagement in London last winter. At present Miss Ferguson is sojourning abroad, and while in London she will witness a special performance of "The Wheel," which is being arranged for her.

Dick Barthelmess recently found the filming of the exterior scenes of his new production a pleasant affair. They were laid in Hot Springs, Virginia. There Dick sojourned with his wife, **Mary Hay,** who is thru with theatrical engagements for the summer. And every hour which did not call for Dick's appearance before the camera found them on the golf course. They played under difficulties, naturally, for photographers galore sought permission to photograph them for the newspapers and magazines. Such is the price of fame!

In the old Vitagraph days, Rudolph Cameron used to make love to Anita Stewart. Then they were married and they ceased playing together. Mr. Cameron undertook executive duties in her company. But "Rose o' the Sea" finds them together once more

"Choose Your Fall & Winter Wardrobe from PHILIPSBORN'S Style Book!"

That's IRENE CASTLE'S Message to the Women of America

TO YOU who have admired the exquisite taste in dress displayed on stage and screen by charming IRENE CASTLE, "the best dressed woman in the world," we offer *the first opportunity* to secure—*free of charge*—the only mail-order Style Book which bears her endorsement.

She says, ***"The Philipsborn Style Book for Fall and Winter is in my opinion the finest ever issued by any mail-order house. Every woman who is particular about her apparel should possess a copy of this beautiful book."***

This Means YOU! So send TODAY for this 312-page book of the latest and loveliest Fall and Winter Fashions and make sure of your copy. You will be amazed at the immense range and variety of PHILIPSBORN'S offerings. Every PHILIPSBORN style has the charm of *newness*—every garment bears the stamp of *quality* and *value*, and every garment is prepaid and typifies the PHILIPSBORN slogan, "America's Best Styles at America's Lowest Prices." You won't know what the new Fall Styles look like until you get PHILIPSBORN'S catalog. Write for it.

Our Styles Approved by Irene Castle

The Best Dressed Woman in the World

312 Pages of Quality Merchandise! Everything in wearing apparel and accessories for every member of the household. Everything right up to the minute!—styled right!—priced right!—the very utmost values for the most modest outlay.

Lowest Prices in the U.S.A.

For 32 years Philipsborn's has led them all in styles and values. Over 3 million customers will attest this fact. To sell right we must buy right and Philipsborn's, because of their largest purchases and smallest profits, *buy and sell at the lowest prices in America.*

One Million Dollars to *Prepay Delivery*

Over one million dollars spent annually to send goods *prepaid* to our customers. You only pay one price and this is the lowest in America.

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back

Our 32-year-old policy is to satisfy the customer *completely.* We not only refund your money instantly to the last penny but also pay for return delivery charges.

Send Postal or Coupon *Today!*

Don't spend one penny until you see PHILIPSBORN'S 312-page Color-Illustrated Style Book. The book is FREE—*don't delay!*

PHILIPSBORN'S

Founded 1890

DEPARTMENT -677- CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

"I Want a Catalog!"

PHILIPSBORN'S, Dept. 677, Chicago, Ill.
Please send copy of PHILIPSBORN'S Fall and Winter Style and Shopping Guide to

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Marjorie Daw, well-known film star likes Garda Face Powder

ONE week's use will tell you more about Garda Face Powder than we could ever describe. That's why we offer, free, the One-Week Garda Sample. Send today; treat yourself to Garda's rare, NEW fragrance and CLINGING softness. A fresh, clean puff with every box.

Watkins
GARDA
FACE POWDER

Garda Toilet Requisites—and over 150 other Watkins Products—are delivered to the home by more than 6000 Watkins Dealers. The Watkins Dealer is a business person of integrity—it pays you to patronize him. He saves you time and money. He brings you real Watkins Products, known for quality for more than 50 years and used by more than 20 million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

One-Week Sample FREE!

Send today for liberal One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder perfumed with dainty new Garda odor; also attractive booklet on beauty and Garda products.

Territories open for live salespeople. Write!

THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY

Winona, Minn. *Dept. 249* Watkins *Established 1868* *The Original*

Corns?

©B & B 1922

—just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 3, for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."

The Boy You Used to Know

(*Continued from page 39*)

you're playing . . . and then the curtain goes down and the lights go out . . . and what do you mean to them, then? Nothing. They forget you. *I* know that. After the curtain goes down . . . after the picture is over . . . I feel isolated, sometimes. Alone. Then I wish I was married . . . had a wife . . . children . . . Gee!"

"You're so young . . ."

"Oh, now, look here . . . but really, tho, I'm afraid it isn't fair to a girl to marry an actor. Naturally, girls get jealous. I would, if my wife were an actress and I had to see her being made love to every night of her life. Even if it were just acting. It's hard to know what to do . . . so that you can everything. Still, my philosophy is, that you just have to do the best you can as you go along, from day to day. That's the way life *is*, I guess. You just have to do the best you can about it all. You have to hope that you'll be understood and that everything will be all right . . ."

"If people are real . . ." I said. I struck a chord of optimism.

"That's it . . ." Glenn was eager, "and you can tell when they're real, cant you? They're simple and unassuming, when they're real. They're like home-folks, you know. That's being real, I guess. That's how *that* is.

"My folks thought I was 'queer' when I was a youngster. They didn't think that I'd ever amount to very much. I'd go off by myself so much and I was always daydreaming and making magnificent plans. I wanted to be a painter, did you know? Yes, I did, tho. I'd see everything in terms of pictures. I thought I'd be a great artist. . . . Then I wanted to be a poet. I went about muttering verses to myself . . ."

"You are a poet," I said. "I've seen some . . ."

"Oh, those . . . No, I'm not a poet. I write poetry—or try to. That's different . . . It's all self-expression . . . that's it . . . trying to say what you are . . . what's 'way deep in you . . . isn't it?"

"Yes . . ." I said.

The lilac-laden air was youngly sweet . . . Glenn talked on . . . about stage folk . . . and the people in vaudeville, funny and real . . . about himself . . . about his mother and father . . . about pictures . . . even about me . . . I forgot that he was a film star and that this was an interview and that some time I'd have to capture the elusive moment and put it on paper . . . But that is the gift Glenn has to give, I think . . . the sweetness of first dreaming . . . the groping of the spring . . .

THE SCREEN vs. THE COLD FACTS

By B-8266

In the days I wooed my Fanny,
We built *Châteaux d'Espagne;*
Sure our dreams must all come true,
From the movies that we knew:
By the best screen precedent,
Somebody would pay the rent,
While on honeydew we fed,
In a garden all rose-red,
With a honey-moon o'erhead;
Menials rushing all about;
South winds breathing low without!
Well, we wed with all *éclat,*
And we live with Fanny's Pa,
Who's dyspetic—there's no doubt
We left some ingredient out!

MOTION PICTURE LAND

By Reuben Peterson, jr.

A merry land, a fairy land, a most extraordinary land—
Such you'll find it sometimes—and sometimes not!
A frilly land, a silly land, a rather willy-nilly land—
Depending on the characters, the setting and the plot.

A crooning land, a spooning land, perpetual honey-mooning land—
(Candy and molasses—heaps of sugar in your tea!)
Befriending land, soul-blending land, a hearts-and-flowers-ending land—
A neat betrothal close-up with background of the sea.

A looting land, freebooting land, a dashing, reckless, shooting land:
The hero draws his gun and—bang! The villain drops to earth!
A dollar land, white collar land, a rising-up-from-squalor land:
"He was a poor boy once, but now—! None knows what he is worth!"

But mighty land, all-righty land, you somewhat rather flighty land:
Dont ever be a "nighty-land," for oh! if you should be
A hidden land, forbidden land, a blue-law-censor-ridden land—
Then Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory!

SINCE THEY HAVE SCREENED EVERYTHING ELSE!

By Vara M. Jones

Hi diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle,
And the cow jumped over the moon;
This little lay,
As a photoplay,
I know we will see soon.

* * * * *

There was a man in our town,
Crabbed, dour, unwise,
Who peered at all his neighbors
Until he ruined his eyes.

And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He became a movie censor—
(I trust the moral's plain!)

SOMETIMES

By J. R. McCarthy

Whether it's country stuff or mystic veil,
Cold north woods or South Sea island tale,
You come out satisfied sometimes, and say,
"By heck, Miranda, now, that *was* a play!"

THE MOVIES MOVED HIM

"You say you're going to rent a seaside bungalow this season? I thought the water had no attraction for you."

"So did I. I never knew what I was missing until I saw the bathing beach scenes in the movies."

The Hive of Murray and Leonard

(*Continued from page 29*)

"So long," she said, "as censorship doesn't take the human note from pictures . . ." She paused, and waved a generalizing hand, by which I gleaned that whatever may be Mae's private opinion, my gleaning would stop right there.

"What do you call 'the human note'?"

"Why," said Mae, "if passionate love scenes are to be enacted, for instance, I thoroly believe in doing them, and in doing them realistically. I do not believe that love-making on the screen ever aroused evil thoughts in the mind of anybody. I do not believe that youthful romance, young ardor, fervid kisses and embraces are ever taken in anything save the spirit they are done in . . .

"What do most of us lead, after all? Drab, monotonous lives . . . with our romances long since laid away in a *potpourri*, which, more often than not, we are too tired to uncover. It is, it must be, a sweet and thrilling thing to go to a picture and lose one's self, if but for a little time, in the flaming ardor, the hot dreams, of young hearts. I shall never ban love-making from my pictures. Love and passion are the great factors of life—why shouldn't they be shown?

"We try to have all of the human elements in our stories. Of course, we do not mix a picture as one does a cake, so much of each ingredient, but we do try to make symphonies—the human elements compounded into the blended whole. That is Life . . ."

At this juncture, Director Leonard summoned Star Murray, and tears and farewells were again the order of the play. Mae, shimmering in rose-of-gold tissue, with bare, silver-tinted feet and silver anklets, glided across the stage . . . The hive of Murray and Leonard hummed again with the producing of "Second-Hand Rose."

Why Write Scenarios?

(*Continued from page 32*)

as much from the movies for the rights to a published yarn as he will for an original screen story.

A few noted writers of popular fiction, conspicuously the Goldwyn eminent author group, command high remuneration for their original screen plays, but this is because these writers were first of all huge successes in the world of popular books, plays, and magazines.

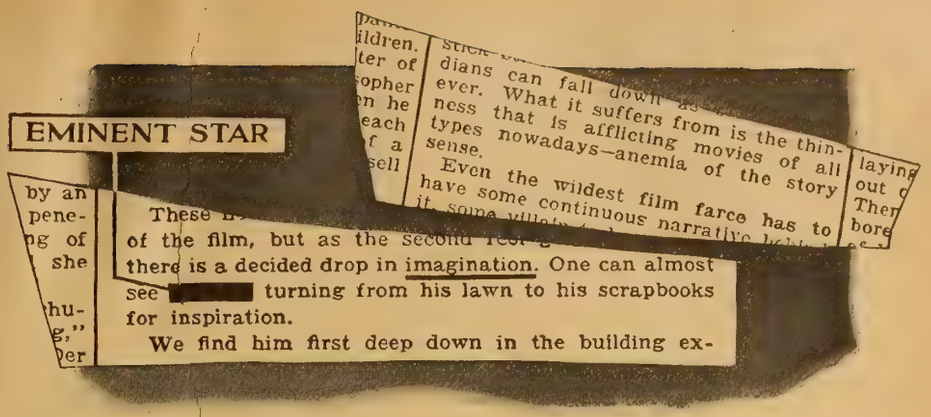
For the artist of the pot-boiler, the fiction field seems the logical initial battleground. For the true artist, I am sure it will remain the first and last love. Of course, it all depends on how high a star in the heavens one adores. There will always be those who prefer the six-figure salary of an "eminent photodramatist" to the artistic satisfaction of creating a "Sister Carrie."

But why should either element butt against stone walls? In the beginnings of one's career, why try to write scenarios? And, of course—to the dreamer of high, preposterous dreams—why ever write scenarios? . . . Why . . . why . . . why?

ENVIOUS

"You say Goodeye has a peaches and cream job? What does he do?"

"He's a movie censor. Just imagine all the pictures he sees and we dont—bathing beach scenes, for instance."


EMINENT STAR
of the film, but as the second
there is a decided drop in imagination. One can almost
see [redacted] turning from his lawn to his scrapbooks
for inspiration.
We find him first deep down in the building ex-

This is why we search the Nation for Imagination

If you possess the gift, the screen needs you and will pay from $500 to $2,000 for your stories. Will you accept a free test of your imagination?

THE WHOLE STORY of the motion picture industry's supreme crisis is told in the newspaper clippings reproduced above. They refer to the newest picture of one of the greatest stars of the screen.

Talent costing millions—a fortune invested in the production. And a disappointment to the public!

And now the producers realize that the whole future of the industry hangs in the balance. To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation they have said: "Search the nation for Imagination. Train it to create stories for the screen."

A $10,000 Discovery

Wonderful results are rewarding this search. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered Imagination in Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, and trained it to create scenarios. Miss Kimball won the first prize of $10,000 in the Chicago Daily News Scenario contest. Eight other Palmer students won prizes in that greatest of contests, in which 30,000 scenarios were entered. Three Palmer students won all the prizes in the J. Parker Reade, jr., scenario contest in which 10,000 competed.

And the search for Imagination goes on. This advertisement offers you the free questionnaire test with which we discover such Imagination as lay hidden in a Florida village until we found and trained Miss Kimball.

What is Imagination? The power of making mental images. It is the inspiration back of every big thing ever done. And it is the very essence of motion pictures, because the screen is merely an image of life.

The Imagination of a handful of men equipped the industry mechanically. Their creative task is completed. But the Imagination of thousands is necessary to keep the industry operating. New pictures—and yet more pictures—is the cry of the theatres and the public.

Is it any wonder that producers are seeking everywhere the original story—the scenario written expressly for the screen with the screen's wide latitude and its limitations in view?

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the industry's accredited agent for recruiting new scenario talent for the screen, is discovering hidden ability in all walks of life, and through its training course in screen technique is developing scenarists whose work is eagerly sought by producers.

Will you take this free test?

By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered. It is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the Imagination. Through it scores of men and women have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of photoplay authorship.

Persons who do not meet the test are frankly and confidently told so. Those who do indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer Course is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer Course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for men and women in every walk of life when the ability to visualize developments is an asset. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

$500 to $2000 for a single story

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from $500 to $2000 for original stories by new writers.

Above are the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you may have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, we shall send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer course and service, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

Will you give an evening to this fascinating questionnaire? Just clip the coupon—and clip it now, before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation
Dept. of Education M-9, 124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PALMER PLAN OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME.....
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS.....

.....

Copyright, 1922, Palmer Photoplay Corporation

She lost that fear of Sunburn!

Pack Absorbine, Jr. among your holiday or vacation trappings and you, too, will go and mix wherever good outdoor fun may be had.

Use it freely. It is instantly cooling and soothing. It both prevents and stops that tormented condition of the skin after sun exposure, and the soreness and inflammation that follow.

And for played-out muscles after a strenuous outing, apply a few drops to the affected parts. It prevents the lameness and stiffness that might otherwise come.

Know that Absorbine, Jr. combines, in one container, the properties of liniment, antiseptic and germicide. It is safe and of a clean, pleasant odor.

At most druggists, $1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c. postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
92 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT OFF

Lovely Eyes

The remarkable waterproof properties of *Delica-Brow* were strikingly demonstrated by Miss DuPont in the filming of "FOOLISH WIVES," Universal's Million Dollar Picture. Because this wonderful liquid eye-lash and brow dressing is rainproof, tear-proof and perspiration proof it cannot run or smear and the fascinating beauty of Miss DuPont's eyes, with their perfectly arched brows and glorious lashes was preserved unimpaired through the drenching rain she had to face.

Send Now for Sample of
Delica-Brow Liquid
Eye-Lash and Brow Dressing

Send only 25c for a generous sample (2 weeks supply) of this indispensable aid to beauty with bone handle brush. Specify black or brown. Large package, $1.00, postpaid, or at all leading drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Money back if not delighted. Be sure to get the genuine DELICA-BROW—the original liquid preparation.

Delica Laboratories, Inc.
3933 Broadway Chicago, Illinois

Reduce Your Flesh in Spots
Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin
In fact the entire body or any part without dieting by wearing **DR. WALTER'S**
Famous Medicated Reducing
RUBBER GARMENTS
For Men and Women

Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles, $7.00 per pair. Extra high, $9.00.
Send ankle measurement when ordering.
Bust Reducer, $6.00
Chin Reducer, $2.50
Send for Illustrated Booklet
Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue :: New York

Fortune's Mask

(*Continued from page* 55)

the extra *real* he had extorted from them. He thought of many things. Unhappy things. Unhappy for the Coralians. Things that had swelled his own coffers—not the coffers of his people. An undercurrent of hate made the banners quiver and a fine drizzle of rain seemed to hang like a mourning veil over the capital.

General Pilar was [illegible] the official speech to the people of Anchuria. It was his duty and his custom to record the benevolences and gratuities of the past administration and to prophecy the good things that the forthcoming administrations were to bring.

General Pilar began.

He began far back. Unwarrantably, he began with the reign of the long lamented President Olivarra. He recalled the things Olivarra had done for the people of Anchuria. He reminded them of the peace, plenty and prosperity that had been theirs when Olivarra was ruler. He drew a picture, subtly, of the present state of affairs. He hinted at the condition and attitude of the Vesuvius Fruit Company. He told how that company had built homes in Anchuria. What their trade meant. What prestige they loaned to the country. He suggested, oh, politically enough, that it had not, perhaps, been quite wise for the present administration to overtax them, as it had. Sometimes, he said, avarice acted as a boomerang.

Losada sat erect now, in his carriage. He was startlingly pale and set. His ministers seemed stricken and dumb. They were staring at General Pilar, as at an apparition. They remembered that they had warned Losada against him, had feared him. But the old minister of war had been too wise to lose.

He was growing more eloquent.

"People of Anchuria," he said, "if I could, today, deliver the keys of the city into the hands of the dead Olivarra, dead in his grave, dead at the hands of an assassin, what would your answer be?"

The stilled, glittering ranks broke suddenly and vehemently. Suddenly and vehemently they cheered. Their throats were torn with enthusiasm and with love and with resentment. Love for the dead Olivarra. Resentment for his unknown, unworthy assassin.

General Pilar smiled. Curiously. Gently. "Olivarra is dead," he repeated, "wrongly, cruelly dead. But, as a hand stretched from his grave, as a spirit come back to us, as Olivarra's very self-resurrected, impressment—*his son!*"

The silence was terrific.

There was a stir. A sound of high laughter. A momentary deep, tremendous breath—and Dicky Maloney leaped to the platform. General Pilar raised his hand, snatched off the scarlet wig and to the people of Anchuria there was revealed, unmistakably, in the black-haired, dark-skinned, tall young man the reincarnated youth of the elder Olivarra!

The crowd surged and swelled and cried, "Olivarra! Olivarra!" They seemed as if they could not give sufficient tone, sufficient joy and love and praise to that well-beloved name. Plebs and military and members of the cabinet alike and together shouted and rejoiced.

One of the colonels detached himself from the cortege of Losada and dramatically laid his sword at young Olivarra's feet. General Pilar was laughing and weeping together, unashamedly. As if consciously, the drizzle of rain abated and a fine, white sun shone from a washed, blue, brilliant sky. In a corner of the group, a girl, heavily draped, wept noiselessly.

General Pilar was talking to members of the military. He seemed unable to take his hand from young Olivarra's shoulder, but when Losada's carriage had to turn around and drive from the theatric scene, the military barred the way, and Losada was taken a prisoner. The Anchurians are not analytical or they might have seen the answer to procedure on the man's marked face. But young Olivarra knew the answer and knew that in this instance, even in Anchuria, justice would at last be done.

The people cried for a speech. And Ramon talked to them. As he had talked to them over the *vin blanc*. As he had talked to them, all alike, when he had made them love plain Dicky Maloney.

He told them of his father's assassination and of the man who had done it, mentioning, in that hour, no specific name. He told how his mother, widowed and wealthy, had taken him to her home in the States, and educated him at Yale.

He told how Mr. Vincenti of the Vesuvian Fruit Company had trailed him and of how long and serious had been their conference. "With Mr. Vincenti," said young Olivarra, "it was a mere matter of business. He wanted the extra *real* exempted from his company. He wanted Losada removed. He wanted the son of Olivarra in power . . . "

Here Dicky was interrupted again by the prolonged crying out of "Olivarra! Olivarra!"

"And so we planned this method," said Dicky. "I was to come here and grow to know and love the people, to see whether I thought I could make them my own, make them love me—as they loved my father. I—I tried and I think I succeeded—except—and now, my friends," he said, "you may excuse me, unceremoniously, and at once. Someone has left this gathering whom it is very important for me to find. Vitally important. I . . . "

"Olivarra! Olivarra!" shouted the crowds. Their uniforms flashed and glittered in the glittering sun-like jewels. Joy thrilled thru them like an anthem.

Ramon found Pasa in her mother's garden. Again her orange-tinted face was white, like a young, new moon.

"Why did you run away, Soul of Mine?" he [illegible]

No answer.

"Thou hadst patience, my Dove, my Jewel," he whispered. "Hast thou exhausted it—now? Didst thou not know, when I laughed with the girls and drank too much *vin blanc* with the caballeros, that, all the while, it was a game I played? Ah, yes—I read deep in your sainted heart that you knew—all the time. You were waiting—as I was waiting. You knew not what for. Nor did I. But in the secret places of our hearts we were waiting—together."

Pasa spoke. "Life," she said, "is not to be borne—without—*Dicky Maloney*."

"We are the same, Little White Dove," the man said, "come, smile at me . . . we are the same . . . your man . . . "

Pasa shook her head.

"My mother has forgiven me," she said. But her face was sultry, and her voice fell thinly, like the drizzle of the rain.

"And thou . . . " said the man, "and thou . . . "

Pasa was patient. "Life is not to be

borne," she reiterated, "without Dicky Maloney."

She glanced at his hands. A jewel fell upon them, his hand. It was white and it glittered.

Suddenly, as of old he laughed. He raised his hand and slipped upon his sleek, cropped head the astounding scarlet wig. "Come, Foolish Angel," he said—and Pasa was against his heart, and the skies dropped flowers of immortality at her feet . . .

In the inner court might be heard the voice of Madame Ortiz singing the national anthem.

Memoirs of a Movie Company

(*Continued from page* 42)

THE EXTRA

January 8.—Called at eight in the morning. Gosh! Ain't that great? I hope my opportunity comes today that I may prove to these people that I am more of an artist than the world thinks for. Gosh, I'm glad. I arrived at the studio at seven-thirty with my make-up on. We did not leave for location until ten.

I wish that director would realize that it is time to eat. I'm nearly starved. Ho! We eat. This is the first square meal I've had since I worked in "The Three Musketeers." I suppose the old landlady will want all the money I make on this pitcher for back-room rent.

After lunch I talked with a fellow who seemed to be very interesting. He had worked with Nazimova, Wally Reid, Tony Moreno and several other stars. We were both of the same opinion regarding the abilities of these people. If we only had the chance—Ready to shoot!

Hope the director sees me. We go! The car stops!

But say, did you hear the director shout to Miss Dimples? She simply cant emote correctly nowhere. She's the bunk. Why I know a little girl that's got her beat a mile.

The light is gone. We come out again tomorrow. Hurrah! That means another seven and a half. I hate to take the money for this day's work. Maybe I'll get five instead of seven and a half. It is hard to tell just what to expect from such a bunch of chumps

Really Top-Hole, You Know!

(*Continued from page* 65)

sexy silk-lined stuff. People like pirates and kings and giants and all of those queer delightful characters we met in our nursery tales, but never can meet in real life. It's to get away from the humdrum of the everyday world that folks go to pictures, and I say, let's amuse them!"

The next Marmont picture will be the Ballin production, "Married People"—in which the old age scenes appear, and baffle, according to one participant, at least. He hopes to support Alice Joyce when—and if—she returns to the Vitagraph fold.

However, in the meantime, he has been chosen by William Fox to play the perfect rôle of Mark Sabre, "Puzzlehead," you know, in the screen version of Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." It is being filmed in England, and Marmont was eagerly preparing to sail when I saw him. Every leading-man in the profession was anxious for the rôle—it was a distinction to be chosen.

But then Marmont finds life top-hole, you know, really, and he inevitably manages to create a ripping good impression himself.

More Smiles Now

For women have prettier teeth

A new way of teeth cleaning has multiplied smiles. Millions of women now use it. It has changed dingy teeth to whiter teeth. Wherever you look now you see pretty teeth which other people envy.

This new method is at your command. A free test will be sent for the asking. For the sake of whiter, safer teeth we urge you to accept it.

Combats the film

This new way combats film—that viscous coat you feel. The old ways of brushing never did that effectively.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It absorbs stains and, if you leave it, forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar. That's why most teeth look dingy.

Film also holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles, which few escape, are now traced to that film.

Two methods found

Dental science, after long research has found two ways to fight that film. Years of tests have amply proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are advising their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, modern, scientific and correct. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are now embodied in it. It is bringing to countless homes a new dental era.

Two other enemies

Teeth have two other great enemies. One is starch, which gums the teeth, and which may ferment and form acid. The other is mouth acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to better combat those starch deposits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to better neutralize mouth acids. Thus it gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. That's another result of modern dental research.

45 nations use it

Pepsodent now has world-wide use, largely through dental advice. Careful people of some forty-five countries see its benefits today.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that you and yours should always use this method. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tube.

10-Day Tube Free 941

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 176, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Beauty was not enough

WOMEN envied her for her rare beauty, her grace, her subtle charm.

Wherever she went men clustered about her and paid her court.

Yet there was something of mystery about her. She attracted many men—but seemed to hold no one.

They simply came and went in her life. And she, least of all, knew the real reason.

* * *

Some one, no doubt, might have told this girl. But people don't talk much about some things. Even closest friends avoid certain subjects as too personal, too intimate.

That is the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical dictionary's way of saying "unpleasant breath"). You may go on for years, not knowing you have this trouble; and your friends—seeking to be delicate and considerate with you—let you continue in the dark.

Yet there is a simple precaution that would quickly put you on the safe and polite side—*Listerine.*

The use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle will usually correct halitosis. This well-known, liquid antiseptic, with its fragrant deodorizing properties, halts fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Sometimes of course, halitosis arises from some deep-seated organic disorder which a doctor or dentist must correct. But, usually, and fortunately, halitosis is only a local, temporary trouble.

Fastidious people everywhere are making this use of Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. It is a simple, scientific precaution that quickly puts an end to any misgivings you may have about your breath. And how much better it is to have Listerine than to have halitosis!—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

She Wears New Hair

(*Continued from page* 57)

wearing her newly acquired side pieces tucked out underneath her hat.

Horrified spectators at her hotel could not appreciate the joke.

"But I could . . . and I do!" she said.

Later, back in Los Angeles—or Hollywood—she wanted to be "different." Also, couldn't comfortably comb the hair which she'd bobbed for *Moran* so Moran wouldn't look on the screen like a young lady roughneck out to do murder.

Had to marcel her hair for the next picture. Therefore, George Melford—who directs her—suggested a wig. Blonde wig—like Alice Terry's.

Perhaps the fan family wont like her as a blonde. She hopes they do. Wigs are so easy to wear—sometimes.

Dorothy can argue—convincingly. She and I had an argument about her *Moran.* I didn't like the bobbed hair effect. It wasn't characteristic of the *Moran* of Frank Norris's book.

"But I never play characters the way they are written!" she explained, surprised, "because, half the time, they aren't written to suit me. You have to *feel* here" (and she indicated her heart region) "that you're living a character."

And she has a long list of "dislikes." Among which are directors who want to tell her *how* to act, particularly when it doesn't *feel* right in the heart region.

That's why so many girls on the screen are called poor actresses, says Dorothy. Because they do their business mechanically and dont *feel* anything. She calls them made-to-order actresses.

"Unfortunately, perhaps," she observed, "a girl has to be pretty before she can get on the screen. The public does *not* want to see the picture of an unlovely leading lady—an ugly duckling—even tho she be as clever as Minerva.

"Therefore, some girls have gotten into the films because they were too beautiful to stay out even tho they often had no idea of how to act. Directors have to *teach* these girls, who learn to go thru acting routine like so many automatons."

Far be it from me to accuse Dalton of ever being a made-to-order actress. Like Nazimova and others of the acting ilk, she was born to the purple. Acting is as inborn in her as lack-of-acting is in most other people. Unconsciously she acts every minute of her time and emphasizes everything she says by some particular mannerism.

Maybe that's why she's been able to survive the terrible handicap of cut-and-dried, machine-made stories in which fate —and the producers—have presented her to the public. Because, in all that long line of prosaic Ince pictures in which she was starred, her own presence on the screen was the sole *raison d'être* of the production.

She was then the chief reason why star pictures should *not* be abolished from this earth.

You could put her in a crowd of a thousand people and she'd stand out phosphorescently, because she is brilliant.

And, being brilliant, she is an individualist; but not temperamental. People accuse Dorothy of being able to create lusty scenes, when things displease her. She wants this denied.

"As an actress, as one who is more or less a servant of the public," she said, "it is my duty to do a great many things that I wouldn't do if I were merely a private-life person. When people come to me and ask me to do things that *belong* rightfully to the public, I try to do them.

"But when my privacy is infringed upon, then I object, because, after all, we are all entitled to our own intimate thoughts.

"I never argue with people. It doesn't pay. It has always been a habit of mine to make up my mind instantly and to say either 'yes' or 'no.' Experience has taught me that when I change my mind, I'm usually wrong.

"But, however, this snap-judgment does, sometimes, lead one into difficulties."

Soon, perhaps in the early summer, she will return again to the spoken stage. There is a certain atmosphere to the legitimate that she likes. A certain formality that is non-existent in the movies.

For instance, people who write letters to stage actresses, asking them for their pictures, do *not* address them by their first name. In other words, while Dorothy played in New York in "Aphrodite" she was known to her public as Miss Dalton. Her movie "fans," for the most part, call her Dot.

But she rarely ever reads any of her admirer's letters. Very few stars do. Reading innumerable mis-spelled, wiggly-written letters is work for a secretary.

She is no longer being starred in the rôle of the vampire-wife. Lasky has featured her in "Fool's Paradise," "The Crimson Challenge," "Moran of the Lady Letty," and "The Woman Who Walked Alone," on which she was at work at the instance of this interview. Nevertheless, in public estimation, she is and probably always will be, a star because her performances invariably are dynamic and forceful.

But, like the *Hamlet* who would prefer being a *Falstaff,* Miss Dalton is firm in her decision that she hankers for eccentric comedy. Can you imagine her taking a back fall into a swimming pool, aided and abetted by a custard pie? Hardly!

THE WORST OF THEM ALL

By Elizabeth Barnwell

I've read of pests in picture shows
  Who go to sleep and snore;
I've read of those who talk aloud,
  And many, many more—
But all the pests in all the shows
  Cannot in crime compare
To him who sits and swings his foot
  And kicks against my chair.

Sometimes I pick out, carefully,
  An isolated seat,
And settle down, oblivious of
  The chatter or the heat;
Then comes a villain, low of brow,
  Who sits behind me there
And rouses me from blissful joy
  By kicking 'gainst my chair.

I've lived a life devoid of crime,
  Or any grievous sin,
And when I reach the pearly gates
  I hope to enter in—
But should I fail, 'twill be because
  One night I turned me there
And killed the idiotic wretch
  Who kicked against my chair.

One woman in a hundred knows this secret

——*and she is the envy of all the rest*

IN every gathering there is always one girl who attracts the attention of everybody.

And she isn't always the most beautiful woman there, either. But her hair is so exquisite—so full of life and radiance that it makes her seem different from all the rest.

And because she knows her hair is perfect—she really is different from all the rest.

No matter if your hair is dull, lifeless, hard to do up—or even full of dandruff—you can use this secret.

The hairdresser's secret

You will be surprised to see how quickly you begin to get results—how light and silky and full of life your hair becomes—how easy it will be to arrange it.

These few simple directions will soon make a real change in your whole appearance.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for three complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes for enough Wildroot Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo), to give you three complete treatments.

Wildroot Liquid Shampoo comes in two forms. If you prefer a shampoo with a tar and crude oil base, ask for Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. If you prefer one with a cocoanut oil base, ask for Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Or you can get Wildroot products at any good drug and department store, barber or hairdresser with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. D9, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me traveler's size bottles of the following; I enclose 10 cents for each bottle marked: (Check the ones that you want sent you).

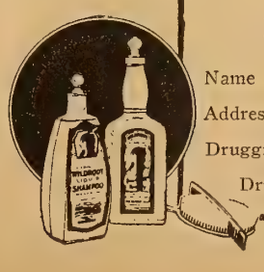
Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo
Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Hair Tonic

Name .....

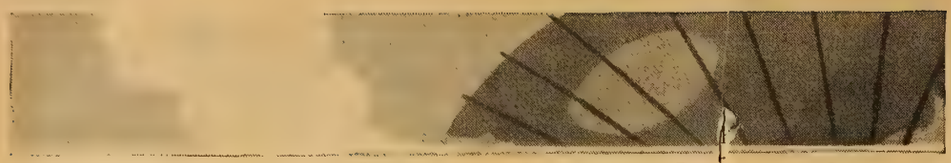
Address .....

Druggist's Name .....

Druggist's Address .....



WILDROOT
Hair Tonic *and* Liquid Shampoo



Forget the Sun — Have Your Fun

Stillman's Freckle Cream

Removes Every One

Soft white skins freckle and discolor easily under the summer sun. Yet what a temptation it is to play out of doors.

Go ahead and have your fun! Stillman's Freckle Cream will remove them—bring back the clear roseleaf skin of childhood. Get a jar now for your dressing table. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c a jar.

Stillman's Face Powder 50c
Stillman's Rouge 25c
Stillman's Toothpaste 25c

At drug stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet "Wouldst Thou be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints. Stillman Cream Company, Dept. 33, Aurora, Ill.

Girls have used it since 1890

Now in the new purple and gold package

ONE DOLLAR AN HOUR FOR YOUR SPARE TIME

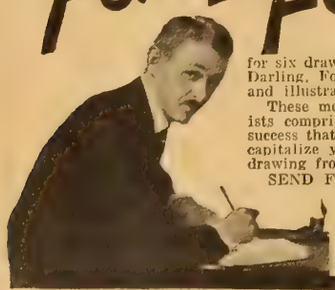
Subscription Representatives are wanted in every locality at once for our four popular magazines. If you are in need of extra money and have some time to spare, even if only a little, write today for full particulars of our plan for turning spare hours into dollars. Address, **Subscription Department, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material. Submit ideas in any form at once for our immediate examination. Or write for FREE PHOTOPLAY BOOKLET and details of our service to Authors.

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS
Suite 602 N Bristol Building, New York

FONTAINE FOX — makes more than $200 a day!



for six drawings a week—more than $80,000 a year! Clare Briggs, Sid Smith, J. N. Darling, Fontaine Fox and many others get immense incomes from simple cartooning and illustrating ideas.

These men and more than 60 others of America's leading illustrators and cartoonists comprise the Federal Staff. They teach you those secrets and methods of their success that took them years to discover and perfect. If you have talent for drawing, capitalize your ability. Make it earn big money for you. Be successful by learning drawing from men who have achieved fame and fortune through drawing.

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET—"A Road to Bigger Things." It explains the Federal method of instruction. Read of opportunities in the art world. Learn how you can qualify for a position paying big money. Your name, address and age, together with 6c in stamps to cover postage, will bring this book by return mail.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
920 Federal Schools Bldg. Minneapolis, Minnesota

Bill Hart Comes Back

(*Continued from page 25*)

"I had to ride eight miles to get there. One day I met a bear on the road and I didn't go any more to that school.

"When I was about fifteen or sixteen, my father moved to New York. I was inconsolable. It broke my heart to leave the Indian friends whom I loved. The firm determination settled in my heart to get back there to the frontier somehow or other. I even tried to go to West Point, with the hope that I could get into the Army and be assigned to a Western army post.

"I took the preliminary examination, and I cant say that the future General Pershings had any occasion for jealousy. The lowest mark you could get and skin thru was seventy; I got 70:20/100. Anyhow, my father failed to get up political pull enough to secure the appointment from our congressman. So the world lost another Napoleon.

"Somehow or other, I took it into my head that I wanted to be an actor, if I couldn't be a soldier. I remember just when this happened. My father took me to see a wild, old melodrama in New York, with villains and beautiful heroines in danger, and then it was all off. I was going to be an actor.

"You know the fool notions that a seventeen-year-old boy will get. I decided that Europe was the only place where my art could be properly incubated. My father told me to do whatever my best judgment told me to do; he gave me fifty dollars and his blessing.

"I guess I am the only actor who ever set forth on a mission of art, acting as chambermaid to a ship load of long-horned Texas steers. That was me.

"I didn't have the price to pay my fare, so I got a job on a cattle boat. Most of the other men with the cattle were working their passage over, but they didn't know which end of a steer went first. Most of them were just a lot of bums. I really knew how to handle steers. I did so well with the cattle on the way over that the captain wanted me to forsake my histrionic ambitions and devote my career to taking care of sea-sick beef on the hoof. But at Liverpool I bade him good-bye.

"My money was so short that I walked all the way from Liverpool to London. If you ever been there, you know what trying to find a job in London is like. The proverbial needle in the proverbial haystack is a cinch compared with finding a job in London.

"I finally got work in a gun store. I managed to get enough to live on, but I couldn't see where I was going to become an Edwin Booth delivering shot guns to rich Englishmen. I decided that Paris was the place.

"When I had saved up enough money for my passage, I went to Paris. When I look back to it, I must say, I marvel at my own nerve. Here I was, an awkward, green, gawky long-legged boy, all hands and feet, and not speaking a word of the French language.

"Strange to say, I had no difficulty at all. The first day I happened to walk by a store, where it said, 'English spoken here.'

"I went in and asked the proprietor if it wouldn't be useful for him to have a delivery boy who could speak English to carry goods to his English customers. He was delighted at the idea. I got two or three such jobs and another job washing windows.

"I used to get up at daybreak every morning and do the janitor work at a

private gymnasium, where a celebrated fencing master held forth. In return for this service I got fencing lessons from one of the assistants.

"I was pretty green and easy, for in addition to my janitor work, this assistant made me give him boxing lessons in return for my fencing lessons. I was always pretty good with boxing gloves; just came natural. I remember one day we were boxing. He led with his left and I countered with a short right hook. I guess it must have landed pretty hard, and the Frenchman got mad, for the first thing I knew he lifted up one hind leg and kicked me square in the mouth.

"The early risers on the Champs Elysées that morning were treated to a strange sight—a half-dressed Frenchman with boxing-gloves on his hands, running like a scared jack rabbit—behind him the maddest Yank who ever trod the shores of *la belle* France. And he was trodding high and fast that morning. If I could have caught that Frenchman, I would have licked him so bad they would have had to carry him home in a clothes-basket. But I didn't catch him. He was so scared that he only touched the ground about twice in every block.

"I never went back for any more fencing lessons.

"It was a wonderful experience for me, that time in Paris. I went to the theater almost every night until I was saturated with good acting. Bernard, Coquelin; it was a day of great stars. But I think that the actress, who stands out most vividly in my memories, was Agnes Sorel. She was one of the most beautiful women who ever lived in this world. You can imagine the effect she would have upon a lonely, clumsy, homesick seventeen-year-old boy. Looking down upon her, from the galleries, she was installed in the place where I kept my ideals as an angel of light. A president of France afterward killed himself in her apartments, but she was a great influence for good in my life. I have never forgotten that experience. It taught me how great the responsibilities of an actor are; how many lonely lives he may influence without knowing it.

"When I got back to the United States, I was flat broke and hungry. I simply had to find a job. I went around to the theatrical agencies trying to get work. When they asked me what my experience had been, I turned loose my imagination. Joe Jefferson and Henry Irving were mere amateurs in experience compared with me. I dont imagine anyone believed me; but at last I got a job.

"Everything I know about acting I learned from the boss of that old barnstorming troupe. His name was Daniel T. Bandman. He was the finest stage technician I have ever known. He had an absolute knowledge of the craft. He was wonderfully kind to me.

"I started in at twelve dollars a week. Every once in a while after that he would call me up and ask, 'My boy, how much did you get when you started with me.'

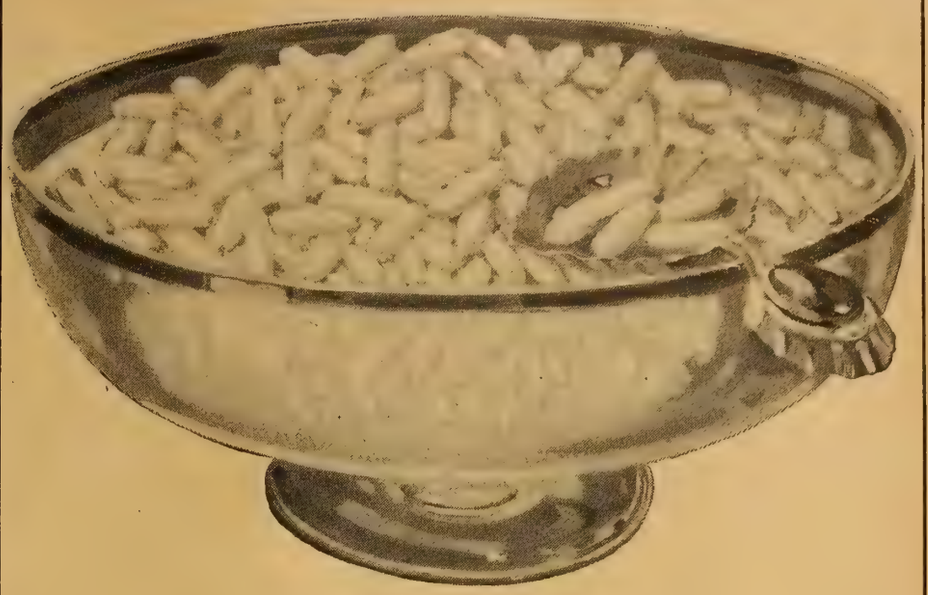
"And I would say that I started at twelve dollars.

"'And how much did I raised you to?' he would say in his funny German way.

"I would tell him 'eighteen dollars.'

"Then he would tap his finger reflectively on his forehead and say, 'Let us see; dot is a increase of six dollars; hereafter your salary will be twenty-two dollars.' Thus my salary soared as my education progressed; but, as a matter of fact, the old man never paid me but twelve a week. However, I appreciated the compliment.

"I heard not long ago that the old man



Like Fairy Foods

Yet shot from guns

The queerest foods in the world are Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat. They look and taste like food confections—airy, flimsy, flaky morsels, almond-like in flavor.

Yet they are Prof. Anderson's creations—the utmost in scientific grain foods.

The grains are steam-exploded—shot from guns. Every food cell has been blasted. Every granule in the whole grain has been fitted to digest.

No other process makes from whole grains such ideal foods as these.

The finest cereals homes ever serve

Puffed Grains have made whole grains tempting. Children revel in them. Millions of homes are serving them morning, noon and night. They make whole grains wholly digestible, so that all of the elements feed.

All-hour foods in summer

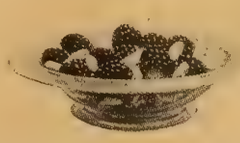
Make them more than mere breakfast dainties.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children at their play. Mix in every dish of berries. Use like nut-meats on desserts.

For luncheons and suppers serve Puffed Wheat in milk. That forms a practically complete food which does not tax digestion. It lends a fascination to the diet children need.

Puffed Rice

Steam-exploded grains



Puffed Wheat

Puffed to bubbles

Quaker Oats Company

Perspiration odor and stain

You can overcome both—easily and safely

YOU can be free from objectionable odor and stain of perspiration which ruins clothing and mars your personal charm.

Profuse underarm perspiration, called Hyperidrosis, is caused by local irregularities of the sweat glands. Even the healthiest people are often troubled with it.

It can be easily and safely corrected by Odorono, without affecting the natural, healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.

Originally a doctor's prescription, Odorono has become the accepted deodorant and perspiration corrective of more than two million people. It is used in 47 countries besides our own. Physicians and nurses use and prescribe it.

A clear antiseptic liquid, Odorono is not sticky nor greasy. Its mild but effective action immediately checks profuse underarm perspiration and destroys all odor.

Why compromise by the hurried use of deodorants which check odor alone for a few hours, when one application of Odorono is effective for at least three days and prevents moisture and stain as well as odor, thus protecting waists and gowns from being ruined, and rendering dress shields unnecessary.

Try a bottle of Odorono tonight.

At all toilet counters—35c, 60c and $1.00, or by mail postpaid. Write for booklet. The Odorono Company, 1009 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ODO-RO-NO
THE UNDER-ARM TOILETTE

A Slim Figure—

One safe and sure way to obtain it

Reduce your superfluous flesh Externally thru your daily bath with fragrant

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

The One and Only external reducer. Safe and Harmless. GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epsom salts or harmful ingredient.

No violent exercises, no deprivation—Just Bathe and Grow Thin.

Fourteen Treatments, $3.00. Thousands testify to almost miraculous results.

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 plus 25c for postage and packing. ($4.00 in Canada) direct to

Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co., Inc.
Dept. J-7., 49 E. 102d St., New York

died in Montana where he was peddling milk for a living."

Everybody knows the rest of Bill Hart's story—the story of his success and fortune.

I asked him if he ever thought of taking his new wife and going back to his beloved prairies and living the rest of his life in retirement.

Bill shook his head. "Nope," he said, "you cant go back to those things. After you have gotten this city life in your blood, you are like Kipling's soldiers with their army plug tobacco: the taste may be cheap but it is so strong you cant taste anything else. The life on the frontier is a great memory to think back to, but I wouldn't want to go back to it."

I asked him about his plans for a return to the screen.

"It's a matter of stories," he said. "It's a terrible job trying to find them. The only reason why I am writing my own stories, these days, is that I cant find any good ones.

"I am going back to New York soon, if I can get up my nerve."

"Get up your nerve?" I asked in surprise.

"Honest, it just scares me," said Bill candidly. "I dont want to appear to be trying to put on 'dog,' but it is an awful experience. You have to see every one who comes to see you, and it is like an avalanche. The last time I was there I telephoned to Paramount and told them they simply had to send somebody over to help me. Jerome Beatty and another fellow came over. They stuck it out as long as they could and ran away, leaving me their blessing and best wishes. Finally, I sneaked out the back door of the hotel and walked down a side street. A newsboy saw me and let out a yell. In five seconds, there was a crowd that stopped the traffic. It took two policemen to get me out. I went down another side street, where I thought I was safe, but a colored truck driver saw me and suddenly stood up and let out a war whoop. 'Hello dar, Two Gun Hicks,' he whooped, and another mob gathered.

"About the best story I ever have screened was called, 'The Passing of Two Gun Hicks.' Colored men, for some reason, almost invariably call me 'Two Gun Hicks.'"

TRADE-MARK REG.

None Genuine Without This Trade-Mark

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

Women tired of experimenting, find that MI-RITA destroys the most stubborn growth. The treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

For sale at leading toilet counters and drug stores, or write direct to

Dr. Margaret Ruppert
Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment
Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Announcement

IT is with pleasure that we announce a new member of the Art staff of the Brewster Publications, Mr. Harry Roseland, the well-known painter. For many years Mr. Roseland has been represented at nearly all of the important art exhibitions thruout the country, and is best known thru his series of "fortune teller" paintings. He was awarded Gold Medal, Brooklyn Art Club, 1888; 2nd Hallgarten Prize, National Academy of Design, 1898; Silver Medal, Boston, 1900; Silver Medal Charleston, 1902; Silver Medal, Philadelphia, 1902; Gold Medal, Boston, 1904; Gold Medal, Philadelphia, 1907; etc., etc. Mr. Roseland has already made several beautiful cover paintings for the Brewster Publications and also many paintings for colored inserts for SHADOWLAND and BEAUTY magazines.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Bonded Woman

(*Continued from page 37*)

in the life-boats. Just how she had accomplished this, she never quite understood, but they had gone, terrified by her manner and yet reassured by the sum of money with which she had bribed them. What followed *had* taken every ounce of courage and will-power she possessed, but she had seen it thru.

As they approached the little Island of Appua, her heart had quailed in terror. Suppose they both should be drowned! It was possible. Or, worse, suppose only one of them should drown, or one of them might be horribly injured. Ah well, she must take the chance. Better to die, than go on living as they were. The ethics of the performance escaped her entirely. Reformers are always a little mad, and the white flame of sacrifice burned hot in her brain. Perhaps it crowded out reason, but emotion is a stronger power, always was and always will be, and this desperate chance seemed the only one to bring John Summer back to his lost manhood. She had the wheel in her skilled hands. It had a dear familiar feel. Had she not done her trick at the helm many times for her seafaring father? She knew what to do all right. Had she the strength to do it? She tossed her head back and held the worn spokes steady. To starboard loomed a pile of jagged rocks. She clicked her teeth together with an odd little sound and brought the wheel hard up.

All she remembered was the horrible cracking sound as the ship crashed on the rocks, and the sudden rush of water, and the quick list to port which had flung her violently against the rail. Obviously, Sumner had recovered his senses quickly enough to come and find her. He must have gotten her ashore somehow and carried her up to this hut. She was vaguely conscious of this, as a person coming out of an anæsthetic sees and understands but dimly the things going on near him. She shivered again, and Sumner burst into the room.

"She's pretty well smashed up," he said anxiously, "and not a damn Kanaka to be found. However such a thing happened, I cant imagine."

"I did it," replied Angela resolutely. "I sent the crew off in the life boats. I smashed your ship on the rocks deliberately. I . . . "

"Good God!" exclaimed the man. "What for?"

"For you," was the unexpectedly simple reply of Angela.

"But I dont understand."

"Because I love you . . . Oh, John Sumner, I want you to be a man. I want you to find yourself again, to take your place in the world. I love you . . . I want to admire you and respect you, too. I understand the terrible craving that has got you, John, and I will help you . . . We are here absolutely alone. There is no whiskey to be had . . . Put up a fight, John. You can . . . beat it once and for all time . . . my dear . . . I am the stake . . . is it not worth a struggle . . . ?"

The dumbfounded man only stared at her, a thousand conflicting emotions confusing his desire to speak. "Angela," he said at last huskily, "Angela, you're worth more than any man can give, but by the Lord God I'll try . . . "

Back in San Francisco, a lonely old man waited for word from his only child. He had had a cable of her safe arrival in Honolulu, but nothing since then. Besides he had something wonderful to tell her. Sumner's first mate had confessed the theft of the ship's papers and money. Sumner's record was clean! Angela must be told of it. Many a consultation he had with Marvin about it, and at length that gallant young man decided that he would go to Honolulu himself with the good tidings. His was a true and great love that held the happiness of its object higher than his own. If Angela wanted another man, he would not stand in the way; a quiet and inconspicuous heroism as rare as it is beautiful.

And so it came to pass that the two lonely islanders, having fought their good fight—and won—sighted, late one afternoon on the far horizon, a ship. It was dark before it finally reached their little island, and the excitement of the self-imposed castaways broke all bounds. They waited on the beach with bated breath for the arrival of the little power launch with its indistinguishable figures.

To their great astonishment, Lee Marvin jumped out onto the sand.

"Oh Lee," cried Angela in a sudden fright, and Sumner flushed darkly. "Why have you come? Is Cap'n Daddy all right?"

"Everything is all right, Angela," replied the man, bravely concealing the pain the thought of these two together brought him. "Jim Macey has been arrested and he has confessed the theft of Captain Sumner's papers and the money intrusted to his keeping. I apologize, sir," he added, turning toward the startled Sumner, "for my unfounded suspicion. If you will allow me, there is a 'master's' job waiting for you back in San Francisco, with Marvin and Son, whenever you care to take it."

Sumner extended his hand, but all he could say was, "Thank you." Angela was even less voluble. She wept happy tears openly and unashamed. Before they left their little island of regeneration, Sumner took her aside, out of sight of the landing party, and altho it was difficult thing for a "rough old sailor" to do, he dropped to his knees before the brave-spirited girl, who had done so much for him, and kissed the hem of her skirt as reverently as tho she were an angel from Heaven. She put her hand on his dark head.

"Not there, my dear," she said, "but here," and he jumped to his feet beside her.

HE SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE

By Frank V. Faulhaber

Wife (*placing a new rocker in the middle of the parlor*): I think this is just about right, dont you, dear?

Husband (*who is property-man for a movie studio*): No, you'd better set it over there in the corner. A much better effect will be obtained.

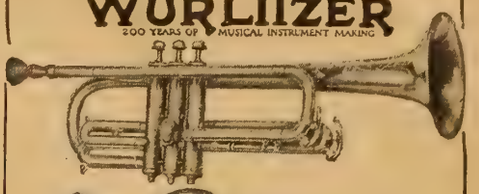
A VALUABLE EXTREME

By Frank V. Faulhaber

Interviewer: I s'pose beauty is necessary in order to secure a position as an "extra."

"Extra": Not always. I know one lady whom all the facepowder in the world wouldn't help. When it comes to old-maid parts, tho, her services are always in demand.

Trade Mark Registered
WURLITZER
200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING



Try It In Your Own Home

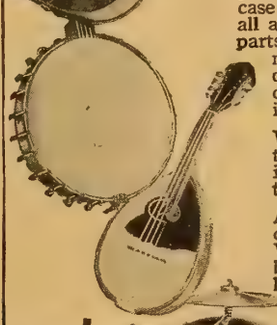
WURLITZER will send you *any instrument* with complete outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial won't cost you a penny.

Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay for instrument and complete outfit.

Complete Outfit

You get with the instrument everything that you need — velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories, extra parts, self instructor, music, etc. — all at direct cost, practically for the cost of instrument alone.



Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments more than 200 years.

All instruments including Pianos and Victrolas, are embraced in the Wurlitzer plan.

Send for New Music Book

No Charge

Everyknown instrument illustrated with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book is absolutely free. Send the coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Cincinnati, O. Chicago, Ill.
New York, N.Y. San Francisco, Calif.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1526
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 120 W. 42nd St., New York
700 Jackson Blvd., Chicago 250 Stockton St., San Francisco

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name.....

Address.....

State musical instrument in which you're especially interested

Copyright 1921, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Coming!

NORMA TALMADGE

in her biggest production

"The Eternal Flame"

WE thought that when Miss Talmadge gave you "Smilin' Through" she produced something so fine that it could not be surpassed. But you will see her soon in a picture that is still finer. Those who have seen it say it has more dramatic force, more heart interest and contains greater artistry even than her present master work. The picture is taken from the famous story "La Duchesse de Langeais," by Honoré Balzac, and has been produced with all the lavishness and care to detail of the Joseph M. Schenck productions. DON'T MISS THIS ONE!

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.
WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. D
64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

GIRLS

Is your skin oily, freckled, tanned or muddy? Do you have pimples and a shiny nose? If so you will welcome

VEL-VO-MAR

A wonderful new face lotion which banishes tan, freckles, shiny nose—in fact most of the enemies of beauty not caused by improper diet. Contains no harmful drugs and will not injure the most delicate skin, but leaves it soft as velvet and smooth as marble with its creamy whiteness.

4-OZ. BOTTLE BY MAIL, $1.00
VELVOMAR CO., DRAWER 488, CHEHALIS, WASH.

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At drug and dept. stores. Send 10c for miniature can.
Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 76*)

critical of the changing of the plot. My point is this: Give us the adaption of the popular novel, but when possible, by copyright laws, keep its original title and plot. With the title to go by, the amusement-seeker will know whether or not it is worth while spending an evening seeing the picture.

My praise is for some of the newer, younger players; namely, Alice Calhoun, Gareth Hughes, May McAvoy, and Richard Barthelmess. Ben Hagerty I have seen often. I think that with better opportunities he would show great possibilities. I hope his big chance will come. I have praise for the older players, too. Like many others, I prefer the stars that I have seen often and have grown to know, yet the older players have had their day and must give way to the younger. It is only fair.

Very sincerely,
ROSEMARY ANDERSON.

Protesting against the elimination of the sub-title.

DEAR EDITOR: Kindly spare me a little space, that I may protest against the elimination of the sub-title.

Just why is all the hue and cry about the elimination of the sub-title? The writer concedes the point that many of our large productions are overburdened with lengthy and rather "preachy" sub-titles; but, on the other hand, the bright and snappy ones often redeem what would otherwise be a mediocre picture. After all, it would seem that the greatest mission of the motion picture is to amuse, entertain and instruct the public. All thinking people admit that motion pictures furnish the chief recreation of thousands of the great common people, who enter the theaters at all hours of the day and evening, principally to seek surcease from the turmoil of life, and to dwell for a time in the great realm of make-believe. As these audiences are composed to a great extent of people of limited education and capacity for grasping quickly the idea conveyed by the action of the players, it follows that sub-titles help to impress the *idea,* and at the same time many fine philosophies may be interwoven by the title writers of great value in educating our cosmopolitan masses. To the ultra-educated, who compose the minority of motion picture audiences, and who are trained to the exercise of quick perception, the sub-title may seem boresome, but to the great majority it is a necessary adjunct and cannot well be eliminated without detracting from the entertainment value of the picture. The picture fans, as a rule, do not care to tax themselves either mentally or physically, but wish to relax and be helped with their problems. Let me add in closing that wonderful strides have been made during the past two years toward better pictures, and the writers of sub-titles are to be commended for their share in the good work.

Am a constant reader of your excellent magazine, and here's wishing you continued success. Sincerely yours,

L. W. W.,
2124 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati, O.

PERTINENT

"What are you showing?" asked a sweet voice over the telephone.

"'Julius Cæsar'," replied the motion picture theater manager.

"In what?" inquired the s. v.

We Seek the American Beauty

(*Continued from page* 60)

woman, then she is sure to prove irresistible and the scales may balance in her favor. The question of what constitutes a beautiful woman forms one of the most interesting and diverting topics of conversations in any group of people. *The Brewster Publications* would like to help them out in their discussion. We have the names of some of the most distinguished and best-known people in America, who have consented to be on our list of judges. Artists, sculptors, well-known editors and theatrical managers of world-wide fame will judge as to who is the most lovely girl in America. *Here is your chance. Why not take it.* Let us tell you if you are beautiful. We want you to send us *your* photograph. All the good-looking women living in this country have the right to enter our Contest. Send in before the contest ends.

Take a look at the Contest advertisement in this number, and see the perfectly wonderful prizes that we are offering. Think of it!!! *You* may win! You gain all, and lose nothing. It's like a page out of a fairy book—the magic carpet, Aladdin's lamp. *Dont waste a minute. Do it now.*

THE CONVICT

By DANTON BRYCE

The jury
Has found me guilty,
And I must die.
What have I done?
I know not.

The jury
Did probe into my life;
My history was examined,
They looked for the evil in me;
The good they saw not
Tho there is good in abundance;
They looked only for evil,
They were blinded to virtue
And thus they condemned me;
Today I must die.

Farewell to the world
Who has never yet seen me;
And never will see me
Because of the jury.
Farewell to my parents,
To those who conceived me;

Who spent thousands in making
This object of doom.
They loved me,
Their spirit was in me.
They made me a fact
Where once I was a fancy;
And now I am doomed
By the jury to die.

What have I done?
Ask not such a question,
For as yet I have never
Been away from the "Lot."
And yet they have dared to
Pronounce on me a sentence
Of death.

Mourn not for me only,
For there are hundreds
Of other photodramas;
Who are doomed by the Censor
With me to die.

2400 telephone wires in a cable little larger than a man's wrist

Science keeps down costs

When the Bell System installed its first successful telephone cable, fifty wires was the largest number that could be operated in a single cable without "cross-talk" and other interference. Today it would require 48 cables of the original type to accommodate the number of wires often operated in one cable.

Without this improvement in cable, the construction of new underground and aerial lines would have cost the Bell System upwards of a hundred million dollars more than has actually been spent. In addition, the cost of maintenance would have been greater by eighteen million dollars a year. These economies in the Bell System mean a saving in telephone rates to each individual subscriber.

In all branches of telephone practice science has similarly contributed to economy. Even in such a comparatively small item as switchboard cords, improvements have reduced the cost of renewal by four million dollars a year.

Every new telephone added to the Bell System increases the usefulness of *all* telephones, but this multiplication tends likewise to increase the complications and the expense of service. The scientists of the Bell System, to offset this tendency, are constantly called upon to develop new devices which simplify complications and keep down costs.

By virtue of a united system the benefits of these improvements are shared by all subscribers—and the nation is provided with the best and cheapest telephone service in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks;" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases accepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory

M. Trilety, Face Specialist, 1741 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

Corliss Palmer Powder

CORLISS PALMER

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in BEAUTY and in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, One Dollar a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that *does not look like powder*—"art that conceals art."

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send One Dollar or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps, and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Health and Beauty

(*Continued from page 71*)

rheumatism, dandruff, falling hair, *ad infinitum*.

For all these evils there are remedies—medicines and treatments. Yet all these diseases can be classed under one head—congestion. And for them all there is one cure. It is circulation.

If you accidentally strike your elbow, you immediately rub it, and the pain is alleviated. That is because the rubbing brings the blood to the spot, and when the blood flies to the rescue, there is always quick relief. Practically all our physical ailments are caused by poor circulation of the blood. If the blood is not circulating freely, rapidly, impurities collect. This congestion of poisonous matter causes many serious troubles.

In several of my previous articles I have dealt with various forms of exercise and the benefits to be derived from them. In this article I am going to deal with an entirely different form of exercise, which is more appropriately termed massage. It is the exercise of the minute cells and tiny blood vessels which are not affected by ordinary calisthenics.

Massage is a rolling, kneading friction performed on the tissues of the body, usually in one of two ways, either by electric appliances or by hand. Of the two, the electric appliance or vibrator is by far the most satisfactory, as it has a strong penetrating stroke that quickly draws a rich, nourishing supply of blood to the spot. It is quicker and more thoro than the hand massage and it never grows tired.

Massage dates back for ages and has been practised in many lands for the treatment of various ailments, but only recently has it become known as a means of increasing beauty. It is constantly becoming more generally recognized now that we have a way of doing it electrically, thus saving time and labor and getting real results.

These vibrators have recently been reduced in price until they are now within the reach of everyone.

Whatever your physical troubles, try massage before you try drugs. The tendency among all well-informed people is to keep away from medicines. All treatment must be built around the recognized fact that nature is the greatest healer, and the best cure is one that restores natural conditions and gives nature a chance to do her work.

Keep your vibrator where it is easy to get at. It takes only a moment to attach, and the business of massaging the face, the ears and neck, the shoulders, becomes a pleasure.

If troubled with insomnia, get someone to run the vibrator over the back and down the spine for a few minutes. This will bring the blood to the supply of the numerous nerves in the spinal column. You will be delighted with the soothing, restful effect produced by this penetrating stroke. Many vibrators have a number of applicators and speed regulators for various kinds of massage.

There are so many things that massage will do for your physical well-being and your personal appearance that it is impossible to dwell upon them here. However, if you will remember that massage is a form of exercise for the parts of the body that do not get exercised in the ordinary way, you will surely make it a part of your daily program. There will be no failure, no despair when mind and body are attuned to success. For surely, life's shoreline varies for us in proportion with our health and beauty.

The Juvenile Critic

(*Continued from page 73*)

frightened they run away, and Mr. Meighan has to chase them into a pasture.

But at last they do get home, and Mr. Meighan telephones to the girl and tells her he has a surprise, and, of course, she thinks it's a ring or something, and she isn't a bit pleased when he brings in all the children and tells her that they are theirs.

She says they must go away to a home or a boarding-school, but Mr. Meighan says, no; he promised their father he would keep them, and besides he loves them, 'specially the littlest one, who is the very cunningest baby I ever saw.

Well, while they are talking about it downstairs, the twins are being just scamps upstairs. They piled all the tables up on top of one another and then one of them climbed up on top and began to rock on and, oh dear, he fell and there was a terrible crash and everybody ran upstairs, and the girl got crosser and crosser.

Anyway, next day Mr. Meighan sends the four older ones to school, but he keeps the baby until his lovely stenographer begs him to let her take care of him. She takes him home, but that night Mr. Meighan is so lonely that he goes and borrows the baby back again and feeds him the most monstrous dinner, and, of course, the poor little lamb gets sick, and they have to send for Sally and the rest of the children. Sally is the stenographer's name. And while they are all there, the girl and her mother come and they are very angry, and the girl gives Mr. Meighan back his ring and flounces off, and then he realizes that he really and truly loves Sally, and they get married and have twins!

There, now, I've told you all the story, but you must go anyway, because you will laugh awfully hard. Uncle Roddy did, but not nearly so hard as when I told him I wanted to go into the movies, which wasn't very sensible of him, because my wanting to go into the movies isn't silly at all.

Your affectionate sister,
JUDY.

DEAR PUNCH:

Do you remember the day we cut all of Laddie's hair off? At least you did, I just stood by and watched. We thought he must be hot with such a heavy coat. Well, today I saw Baby Peggy in "The Little Rascal," and she had a little white poodle dog, and she—but I'll tell you from the beginning.

One day Peggy is playing in her nursery and she see-sawed so hard that when she stopped she was dizzy. She see-sawed with her little dog at the other end, and when she looks at him, she sees about a dozen. Then, when she gets tired of that, she goes into the bathroom, where her father is shaving, and asks him if he wants a shine. He says he does, and she gets ready her little box with the polish and rags. But she has forgotten the brush, so when her father is not looking, she takes his shaving brush. Just imagine! And when he looks for it, she puts it back in the shaving mug. But, of course, it is all black with the polish and he rubs it on his face, and I can tell you he is surprised when he sees himself in the glass.

After he goes, Baby Peggy decides to shave the poodle, and she lathers him all

Stop Wondering *How* I Teach Piano; I'll *Show* You, FREE!

Year after year you've seen my advertisement in all the leading publications, offering to teach you piano in **quarter** the usual time. Year after year my school has grown and grown, until now I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. In 1921 over a thousand students **graduated** from my Piano or Organ course and received their diplomas.

Yet, when I first started giving piano and organ lessons by mail in 1891 my method was laughed at. Could my conservatory have grown as it has, obtained students in every State of the Union and, in fact, practically every civilized country of the world unless it produced very unusual and satisfying RESULTS for its students? See for yourself what it is that has brought my method so rapidly to the front. Write for free booklet and sample lessons.

Now for the first time, you can obtain sample lessons without charge. In the past I have always been opposed to sending out free lessons, even to persons who were seriously interested in my course. But my friends have insisted that I give everybody a chance to see for themselves just how simple, interesting and DIFFERENT my lessons are, and I have consented to try the experiment **for a short time.** Simply mail the coupon below or write a postcard, and the 64-p. booklet and sample lessons will go to you at once, absolutely free and without obligation.

Within four lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practise months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention, the Colorotone. Another invention obtainable only from me is my hand-operated moving picture device, Quinn-dex. By means of Quinn-dex you actually see my fingers in motion on the piano, and can learn just how to train your own fingers.

When I say that I can teach you piano in **quarter** the usual time, do not think that this is too good to be true. Modern inventions and improved methods have accomplished just as great wonders in other branches of education. You at least owe it to yourself to **investigate.** Send coupon or postcard at once, before the offer of free sample lessons is withdrawn.

FREE BOOK COUPON

QUINN CONSERVATORY STUDIO, MG 49,
598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," free sample lessons, and full particulars of your method.

Name.....

Address.....

REMEMBER Every Advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same glitter, flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including the terrific **acid test.** Even lifetime diamond experts need all their experience to see any difference. That's why people who can take their choice wear Corodite diamonds and are proud of them. **Prove this yourself. Sole Importers of Genuine Corodite Diamonds.**

Wear a Corodite Diamond 10 DAYS FREE

Make this test. You risk nothing. **Wear a Genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 10 days.** If you or your friends can tell the difference, return the Corodite. You won't be out a single penny. If you decide to keep the ring, the price printed here is **all you pay.** No installment catches. Remember, only Corodites have exactly the same cutting as genuine stones. Don't be deceived. **Choose your ring now.**

No. 1—Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring $2.84
No. 2—Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring . . . $3.48
No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Platinum Finished . . $4.27
No. 4—Ladies' Carved Platinum Finished $3.96

All 1 carat size and the mountings are beauties of the very latest and most fashionable design. Either **GOLD** or the popular **WHITE PLATINUM** finish and bear an **UNQUALIFIED 20-YEAR GUARANTEE.** Handsome silk and velvet lined art leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send your name, address and number of ring wanted and size as shown by strip of paper fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 10 days' wear, send it back and your money will be **immediately returned.** Could a Fairer, Squarer offer be made? SEND TODAY.

E. RICHWINE CO., 333 South Dearborn Street, Dept. 168, Chicago, Ill.

Beauty Lies Within the Eyes

The most luxuriant brows and lashes will not bring beauty to eyes which are dull and lifeless. Restore the enchanting sparkle of youth through the daily use of *Murine*. This soothing, invigorating lotion soon makes eyes radiantly beautiful.

Murine contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. It is used by beautiful women everywhere to refresh and enliven the eyes. Use *Murine* night and morning, and also after motoring and outdoor sports. All druggists sell and recommend it.

Send 10c postage for 15 days' FREE Supply

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
9 E. Ohio St., Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cat. price $5.26) for **Half Price to introduce, $2.63**, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for **$3.25**. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for **Free catalog. Agents Wanted.**

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA, Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

YOU CAN PLAY THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR JUST LIKE THE HAWAIIANS!

Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. **In half an hour you can play it!** We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to **only four**—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is **only a matter of practice** to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Our complete course of 52 lessons includes FREE a Beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 pieces of Music. ***Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.***

Just TEAR OUT and mail today

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway (Woolworth Bldg) New York

Please send me full information about your 52 easy lessons and FREE GUITAR OFFER.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....M.P.M.-9

over with this black brush, and the next thing you see the poor little thing is all bare and shivery. It didn't take so long as it did to do Laddie's, because, of course, Laddie was a collie dog and this was only a poodle.

Well, that's the way the little rascal starts the day, and she goes right on being badder and badder all the time. The poor servants haven't any peace at all. She almost scares the cook to death by hiding behind the suit of armor in the hall and making it move its hand. And then she connects the electric wire to it, and when the rest of the servants come up with the cook to look, they touch it and hold hands at the same time, and because there's an electric current they cant let go. I think Baby Peggy was awfully smart to know how to do that. I wouldn't have.

Then the cook tries to speak thru the speaking tube, and she blows flour all over Peggy, who is at the other end. But Peggy gets even. She pours a vase full of water mixed with ink down the tube and it goes all over the cook's face. I dont blame her for being really angry.

After that they all try to catch her, and she throws a pie at the butler, which I thought was simply horrid, and she hides in a big basket, and the dog hides in the other, and they both eat just lots of jam. Then she goes up to a bedroom, and when the butler comes to find her, he pulls down the sheet and there is a big teddy bear, but, as soon as he goes, that little rascal creeps out of the pillow slip.

At last she hits all of the servants over the head with a big stick and they all fall on the floor, and then she goes up and gets into her bed and pretends to be asleep when her father comes to scold her, but I saw her wink from under one corner of the bed covers.

I heard a woman behind me say that what she needed was a sound spanking, which, of course, is just what she would have gotten if it hadn't been the movies.

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

DEAR PUNCH:

Please close your eyes and think of a lonely street. Not a soul on it. At one side there's a barrel and some boxes. A policeman walks along, swinging his club, and when he sees that there are no burglars, he sits down and starts to smoke. (I never saw a policeman smoking, did you? Uncle Roddy says that's because it's against regulations or something.) Pretty soon he hears a tap tap, and he looks around quickly, and it keeps right on, the tapping, I mean. Then he jumps up and tips over the barrel, and, oh Punch, whom do you think he sees? My most favoritest actor, Jackie Coogan. He wakes up and says, "What's the matter, was I snoring?"

The picture was "Trouble," and Uncle Roddy took me to see it, and since then I have been thinking and thinking about it. Some parts of it were so funny, and some were so exciting, and some were so sad, that I laughed and wrung my hands and cried, one right after the other, quick.

After the policeman finds Jackie, he knows that he is the little boy who ran away from the Orphan Asylum, so the horrid old thing takes him back.

But, oh dear, I almost forgot to explain the taps. It wasn't Jackie that was making all that noise. He was fast asleep. It was his funny, lovely dog, who was wagging his tail.

The policeman tries to make him stop

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

ALWAYS SUIT — NEVER FAIL
ALL KINDS
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Paint Brushes
Varnish Brushes
Toilet Brushes
Artists' Brushes
Household Brushes
Railroad Brushes

VULCAN
Rubber Cemented
Brushes

Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 113 Years and the Largest in the World

Elinor Glyn says-

"Thousands who don't **dream** they can write really **can.** YOU have ideas for stories and photoplays—why don't you turn them into cash? There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They will pay you well for your ideas, too—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries. You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold. My book, 'Three Weeks,' has been printed in every tongue, except Spanish. My photoplays are known to millions. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a 'genius.' I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession. I believe this so firmly that I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how. Simply write to my publishers, The Authors' Press. They will send you a handsome little book called 'The Short-Cut to Successful Writing.' This book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge — no obligation. Write for it NOW." Just address Elinor Glyn's publishers:
THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 204, Auburn, N.Y.

Print Your Own
cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus book, paper. Press $12. Larger $35. Job Press $150 up. CUTS EXPENSE IN HALF. SMALL OUTLAY. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Print for others, BIG PROFIT. Write factory TODAY for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, envelopes.
THE PRESS CO., D-44, Meriden, Conn.

Salesmen Sell our wonderful tailored to order, $29.50, virgin wool suits and o'coats direct to wearer—**all one price**—$20.00 cheaper than store prices. You keep deposit. Everything guaranteed. Big swatch outfit free; protected territory for hustlers.
I. B. SIMPSON, Inc., Dept. 121, 831 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds--the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold filled ring set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond--in beautiful ring box; postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger
KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed

FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will Show Reduction Taking Place in 11 Days or Money Refunded

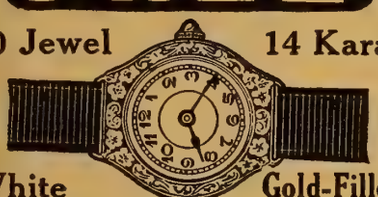
Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period) return the Reducer at once together with the instruction book that accompanied it and your $5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you wish quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes night and morning. By a gentle manipulation the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines, or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere or will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of $5 plus 20 cents to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance ($5.20 in all).

Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. **Or if you prefer, send for a free booklet.**

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street, Dept. 58, New York

FREE

10 Jewel **14 Karat**



White **Gold-Filled**

Wrist Watch, platinum finish, oval shape, handsomely engraved, silk ribbon, excellent timekeeper, in a beautiful box, **ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

Rush your name and address to-day and we will tell you by return mail how to receive **this bona-fide Free Offer**, positively **without costing you a cent**, and convince yourself.

GUARANTEE SALES CO.
Desk 175, 26 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.

$100 a Week

FOR DRAWING

How would you like a fine position at $100 a week? If you like to draw, develop your talent in a practical way. Good commercial artists earn this much, and more. Well-trained beginners soon command $50 a week.

Learn Quickly at Home

The "Federal" Master Course teaches you by Mail in your spare time. No experience needed. Read "Your Future," a splendid book telling all about this remarkable course, and the success of Federal Students. If you are in earnest and 16 years old or more, write today for this Free book, kindly stating your age.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1454 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

following them on the way to the house, but the dog does just the same. When the man and woman who own the orphanage, see Jackie, the man is very cross, but I think the woman was glad, tho she had to pretend. Anyway, he is sent off to wash his face, and while he is there in the washroom, the dog comes in and Jackie is so afraid that the man will see that he puts a box over him and the dog walks under it, and Jackie has to keep changing his place all the time so as to keep up with it.

Then he goes into dinner, and, oh, that was funny. There were lots of children there at the tables, and at his there was the cutest little colored boy who was very fond of Jackie, and tried to tell him he was glad he was back, but Jackie couldn't hear what he said because the fat boy at the end of the table made so much noise eating his soup.

His dog comes in after he has managed to get the box off himself, and Jackie has no food to give him, so he says "Look" to the fat boy and, while he is looking, he takes his food off his plate and feeds the puppy.

After that they go to bed and—but I'm telling you the whole story, and if I go on, you wont go and see it, and, oh Punch, you just simply must, because I've just told you the beginning and the best part all comes later after he is adopted. There's a most terrible fight which you will like, but I closed my eyes and held my breath.

There's one place where Jackie goes to stop a leak at a beautiful house. His new father was a plumber, you know, and he really starts a flood. But it's all right in the end, and Jackie is perfectly happy.

I simply cant wait for his next picture. I wonder what it is going to be. Well, anyway, it couldn't be any better than this, I know.

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

GOSSIP

By L. CORTRIGHT

Have you met the devilish dame
Who prates about the stars?
Of course, I mean the movie ones,
Not those that look like Mars.

When you admire Fairbanks' style,
She'll knock you down a peg
By whispering in your anxious ear,
"He wears a wooden leg."

And if you talk of Constance, too,
She'll writhe with sneering grace,
"I hear she wears a Benda now;
That's really not her face!"

Across to Chaplin then she drifts,
To tell you criss-cross true,
"He has two wives in England
Expecting soon to sue."

Now she hops on Billie Burke
With flings of high-brow stuff:
"She didn't write the 'Peerage';
That's her director's bluff."

And so she gives the stars a rap,
From Mary down to Ben.
You sigh relief when she departs;
Your evening's spoiled again.

A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

Banish
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Pimples
Freckles
Superfluous Hair
Oily Skin

I tell you how to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Beautify the Lips; Banish Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots Blotches, Sallow and Oily Skin; Beautify the figure, by building up or reducing; Remove Superfluous Hair; Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the skin of Pimples; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.

Send for My Booklet—FREE

Just clip this coupon, write name and address and mail to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Investigate! It costs you nothing to write and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to EVERY WOMAN LIVING, whether homely or beautiful.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 409, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

A New Perfume

As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of Rieger's new creation—

Honolulu Bouquet

Perfume $1.00 per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. $1.00. Talcum, 25c. At druggists or department stores.

Send 25c (silver or stamps) for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of—

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for 6 months, Lilac or Crabapple $1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet $2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 20c stamps for miniature bottle. Send $1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25c bottles—5 different odors.

Paul Rieger & Co. *(Since 1872)* **191 First St., San Francisco**

Send 25¢ for TRIAL BOTTLE

A Mysterious Something

KNOWN only to the ladies of a certain noble family of Florentine days was a magic skin formula—its use rendering them pre-eminent in courtly circles because of their transcendent beauty of complexion. Mysterious and wonderful! What could it be? Science has disclosed "that mysterious something."

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Sempre Giovine Meaning "Always Young"

The Pink Complexion Cake

60c

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is a fragrant skin cleanser in cake form which, applied to the face at the end of the day, nourishes the skin, cleanses the pores thoroughly of dirt, banishes blemishes and all impurities—doing what soap and water alone cannot do because, being composed of oils which have a natural affinity to the skin, it dissolves the oily pore deposits and removes them without irritating the delicate epidermis.

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is to the skin what the sun is to the flowers, giving that delightful freshness of charmful youth—leaving the skin with the smoothness of satin—without an appearance of oil or shine.

Send your name and address for a seven-day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use this dainty refreshing complexion cake are indeed, "always young."

The Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co.
Dept. 1266 Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Powder Foundation — 50c

Exquisitely Perfumed —50c

Natural Health Tints — 50c

Mr. Hughes and the Photodrama

(*Continued from page 43*)

regularly Hughes goes out on the set and turns his great idea into a film at once renegade and money-making."

Rupert Hughes is ever and above all a busy man. Let him enter a room and the air is immediately surcharged with an electric bustle and activity. It is not his appearance. He is a man of medium stature, rather square of face, not over determinate of feature, but withal carrying in some way a suggestion of importance, dominance. A slight difficulty in hearing has lowered his voice so that one must remain constantly alert or lose much of his rapid speech. A genial man, a successful man.

He plunged immediately into discussion of a new development in pictures that has been the result of the reception accorded "The Wall Flower," one of his more recent Goldwyn efforts.

"'The Wall Flower' received a divided welcome. Some critics declared the story to be splendid, but the young lady who played the lead to be awful; others reversed that opinion and exclaimed that the young lady in question had never done better work in her life, but that 'The Wall Flower' as a story was frightful. But no matter the angle taken in criticism, that picture as a whole received a jolt. I went over it carefully and found what I thought was the trouble. Then I went to Goldwyn and begged that it be withdrawn, turned back to me, and altered. Goldwyn consented, and for the first time to my knowledge a program picture came back for final alteration and polishing.

"The idea is not new. Rewriting has been the rule for years upon the stage. Some of our most successful plays have been not written, but rewritten. But it is not done in pictures, with the possible exception of some of the Griffith productions. I would apply it to every picture made.

"The thing is quite logical. To feel that because a picture has been released, its fate is sealed, whether that fate is one of success or failure, seems unreasonable, when by a slight added expenditure it can be made a box-office attraction."

He paused to light a cigar. He is rarely without one, a stub of one usually projecting from his mouth at an aggressive, nervous angle.

"You've heard of previews often enough—slipping a picture into a program after the scheduled feature, letting the audience see it for nothing. Of course, they stay. If you had just finished a course dinner and were about to leave when the management announced that it was serving a second round *gratis*, you'd stay. A preview is like that. If the picture is pert and spicy, the odds are you'll like it, more than not. It is easy enough to eat cloves, but a second roast! . . .

"I believe that the only fair test for a picture must be a test made under the identical conditions which will prevail at its general release. A fresh audience—that is the greatest essential. Give your picture a routine release, then if it does not go, withdraw and re-film it until the flaws have been eliminated."

Rupert Hughes is not, he said, going to attempt to maintain his old prolificness in fiction writing. With his new duties as scenarist and director, not to mention cutter, of his own photoplays, he could not. His short stories have sunk to nil.

"Pictures," he said, "have given me the opportunity to do with my writing as I like. They have lifted from it completely the element of necessity. Mr. Goldwyn at one time wanted me to eliminate writing altogether, to agree to do so, even in writing.

"It was out of the question, naturally. What position I hold in the world of writing I have gained only after hard years of blacksmithing. That I should give it up entirely for something as yet unproved is inconceivable."

Rupert Hughes has held his enviable position in the writing world for an astonishing period of time. He has made success an instinct. He has ceased to strive for it long since. He is it. It is an amazing faculty.

He is willing, eager almost, to talk about it. Once started, he will go on until some outward obstacle intervenes. I have been strolling around the Goldwyn lot with one or two others and have met him and have forthwith sat down and listened to him talk, for an hour, two hours, until the listening became one huge wonderment at his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and opinion and original thought. One is conscious of a horrible inadequacy or a horrible ignorance in oneself. It is not awe. The man's humor is too indiscriminate for that. It is stupefaction, the stupefaction that one feels when facing a Niagara. Solid green water—and spume. Where does it all come from?

It is to Rupert Hughes' credit that he becomes speechless when the censors are mentioned; speechless or vituperative. Of his lesser virtues one might mention a more than usual ability at the piano, a flair for musical composition. He has some ambitious scores to be chalked against him.

Whether Rupert Hughes now will ever give us more than a clever insight into the mediocrity of our American life, the sentimentality of it, the foolish tears and foolish laughter, the absurd illusion of duty, remains to be seen. His pictures, "The Old Nest," "Scratch My Back," "Come on Over," "Hold Your Horses," have been founded on time-honored themes administered with an unusual deftness. One searches in vain for anything really vital, really big. Rupert Hughes is not, I think, a dramatist. He is an apt observer. In his characters one finds old friends. Recognition, not surprise or curiosity, is the reaction he produces.

But I would not appear to censure. Cleverness in any form, clear insight, is too rare in pictures to invite the club. The photodrama must inevitably profit by the Hughes leaven.

More power to him.

Miss Chalupez

(*Continued from page 23*)

speaking in this play that convinced me I could convey emotions that would be understood on the screen.

"I cannot overstate my debt to Max Reinhardt for the training received from him before the Germans put an end to theatrical activity in Warsaw. He is really the fountain head of contemporary dramatic art in Europe, and it is from him that I learned to act, just as Ernest Lubitsch learned to act and to direct under his tutelage.

"Following the run of 'Sumurun' in Warsaw, I played the title rôle of 'The Dumb Girl of Portici,' which was having

a successful run when the invading Germans interrupted our Warsaw season.

"This gave me the time to consider acting before the motion camera, which I had wanted to do ever since my experience in stage pantomime had convinced me I could really act, without the assistance of spoken words, in the international language of gesture and expression.

"I discovered that there were not in Warsaw, nor in the whole of Poland, any motion picture studios nor any facilities for taking pictures indoors with artificial lighting. But I determined that my motion picture ambitions should not die because of any handicaps.

"I had written a motion picture story, as almost everyone has at some time. I had named it 'Love and Passion.' My maiden effort was one, I felt sure, for which the world was waiting. And my faith in my brain child was such that I resolved to produce the picture myself, since there was no one else handy to do it.

"I found in a photographer's studio some artificial lights which would enable me to make photographs indoors, and I arranged with him to use his rooms, which were under a skylight in a building in the business section of Warsaw. I rented a camera and hired a man to operate it. I brought chairs and tables and things from my own apartment.

"Then I directed the action of my own story. 'Love and Passion' as a picture was poorly made, but what else could you expect of me? I had never before acted in front of a camera, and had never directed others. But my first picture had some qualities that redeemed it, because it created a small sensation in Warsaw. Among the motion picture men who saw it was Paul Davidson, general production manager of the UFA in Germany, who was so impressed with my work that he engaged me to go to Berlin.

"It was for the UFA that I enacted 'DuBarry,' known in America as 'Passion.' It proved to be a tremendous success, due largely to the directorial genius of Ernest Lubitsch.

"Now, Mr. Lubitsch and I have been engaged by the Hamilton Theatrical Corporation of New York, which has made arrangements to distribute our cinemas in America as Paramount pictures. Mr. Lubitsch is directing me in a new elaborate spectacle picture which will probably reach America next winter. I am delighted to be back in Mr. Lubitsch's directon, since none of the pictures I have appeared in since 'Passion' has been so popular as that one he directed.

"Altho I should rather keep to myself what seems to me my own private affairs, I am told that my appearance in pictures has made me almost a public property, and that many persons are interested in my domestic life.

"Several years ago in Warsaw, I became the wife of Count Dombski, one of the Polish nobles. Our married life proved unhappy, I am sorry to say. After living with him a year, I secured a divorce.

"Preferring not to retain as my name 'Countess Dombski,' I was inclined to resume my maiden name. But Appollonia Chalupez seemed both too long and to difficult to pronounce to be desirable as a professional name. So I decided to shorten Appollonia to Pola. And then I let my childish fancy select my surname. Ada Negri had passed away, but her verses lived on in my memory. Her name to me had always been associated with the loveliest things in life. And so I took her name for my own. I like it, and so, I hope, do my many unknown friends who know me as Pola Negri.

No Wonder Rouge Never Gave A Natural Color!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush

Science now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skillfully rouge is applied, the task is *impossible.*

In creating the wonderful new English Tint, the *great handicap of rouge came to light!* The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used *must positively change upon the skin after it is applied.* No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat English Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature.

Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of English Tint to banteringly criticise the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a woman companion. She in turn challenged her critic to use his vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a scientist turned his hand to a task which had baffled the cosmetician since rouge was first used.

"The Amazing Million Dollar Beauty Secret Had at Last Been Discovered"

Princess Pat English Tint

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available *the effort proved futile.*

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of differing shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none was perfect.

Then accident stepped in and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion.

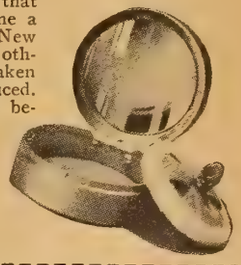
Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!* The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat English Tint, had at last been discovered.

English Tint comes in only one shade, of course; for the one shade *blends perfectly with every complexion!* It is as perfect in daylight as under artificial light.

English Tint Is Waterproof!

Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make English Tint waterproof. And such wonderful success attended his efforts that one may actually go in bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. English Tint on the cheeks will not run or streak, even if rubbed with water. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet it vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

So it is no wonder that English Tint has become a veritable sensation. New York and Chicago, and other large cities have taken all that could be produced. Dealers everywhere are being supplied as fast as possible. Meanwhile, however, we will be glad to send a free sample to every woman who read this advertisement. Mail coupon today!



GORDON GORDON, Chicago

Sole American Distributors of Princess Pat English Tint—Princess Pat Cream—Almond Base Face Powder—Instant Astringent—Princess Pat Perfume.

Mail This Coupon For Generous Sample FREE

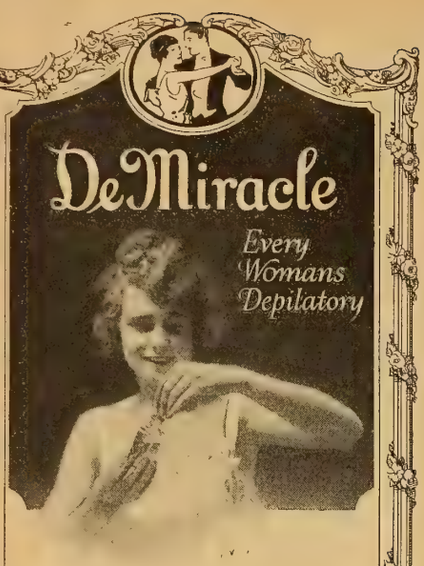
GORDON GORDON,
Dept. 29, 2701 South Park Ave., Chicago.

Entirely Free. Send sample of Princess Pat English Tint to

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....



Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

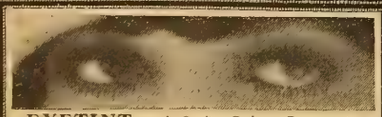
DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

Dept. M29 Park Ave. and 129th St., New York



EYETINT—*A Corliss Palmer Preparation*

EYES EXPRESS WHAT THE VOICE CANNOT

Your eyes are the greatest of all nature's gifts. Nature can always be helped. EYETINT will improve the eyelashes and eyebrows, and thus add charm and a distinctive look to the eyes.

Moisten the brush, rub it lightly over the EYETINT and apply to the eyelashes. It will darken them and make them look thicker, longer and glossy, improving your personal charm a hundred-fold.

EYETINT is entirely harmless. It contains ingredients to stimulate the growth of the eyelashes and brows. It makes them dark, glossy and fine, and when carefully applied defies detection.

PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER YOU BY YOUR EYES

So, Make Them Look Their Best By Giving Them a Fine Setting

We will mail, postpaid, a neat box of EYETINT containing brush, on receipt of 50 cents in stamps, cash or money order. (In mailing coins wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 84*)

tops. Yes, it's a much used term now. Maurice Tourneur is making "The Christian" in England, on the Isle of Man, with Mae Busch and Richard Dix. Yes, that was Eugene O'Brien in vaudeville. Write me again.

EUDORA W.—They say the swinging of one's arms while walking is due to the instinctive effort of the brain to balance the body. Francis Ford is playing now, and also directing. Gloria Joy, after having had four years' vaudeville experience, is to return to pictures for Robertson-Cole. Bebe Daniels in "The Law of the Lawless."

MAGDA.—Congratulations. Certainly enjoyed yours. That is a bit of trick photography and not so easily explained here. Yes, and examine the conscience of any man you please, and you will find at least one dark spot which he must keep hidden. Universal is to produce six more reels of the "Leather Pushers," with Reginald Denny.

RUTH A. B.—No, Rodolph Valentino did not play opposite Marion Davies in "Brides Play."

REGINALD D.—Well, a true and faithful friend is a living treasure, a comfort in solitude, and a sanctuary in distress. So if you have found one, hold on tight. Richard Barthelmess can be reached at the Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City. He is twenty-seven and that is his real name.

GERTRUDE C.—It is the beautiful bird which gets caged. Marion Davies in "The Young Diana" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The latter was completely made in a studio—no outdoor scenes. Ella Hall, Johnnie Walker and Claire MacDowell are playing in "In the Name of the Law," for Robertson-Cole.

ADMIRER.—Well, here you are. Bughouse is derived from the old English "bug," meaning evil spirit, and its use as a synonym for "crazy" may be traced to the belief that insane people are inhabited by evil spirits. Joseph Schildtkraut is married, and he is playing in "Liliom," in Chicago, at this writing,

I. O. M. B.—So far as I know, Monte Blue is not married, and he is not a half-breed. There is a rumor that one of his ancestors was an Indian. Dorothy Dalton, Jack Holt and Mitchell Lewis in "On the High Seas." Victor Emanuel III is the present King of Italy.

PEGGIE.—If you want your letter answered by mail, be sure to enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Be sure of the stamp, and be sure to do your own licking. One thousand two hundred and seventy-five new varieties of postage stamps were issued thruout the world last year. So there ought to be stamps for everybody. Lon Chaney is with Universal now in "Bitter Sweet." Niles Welch and Wesley Barry in "From Rags to Riches." Allan Forrest and Shirley Mason in "The Littlest Teacher."

DARLING.—I sure did enjoy your letter. There are people whom one loves, and others to whom one likes best to talk. I dont agree with you about Valentino. Antonio Moreno is playing in "Captain Blackbird." No, I dont mind the hot weather. I am used to it now.

GLADYS M.—You say beauty does not make the pot boil. No, I understand Helene Chadwick is playing in "Gimme." Yes, I liked her in "Yellow Men and Gold," but she didn't have much to do. She is good to look at. But if the devil catch a man idle, he'll set him to work.

THEOPHILLUS.—Certainly, I shampoo my beard every week. But I dont wash it in Lux. And you think I should have a permanent wave. Estelle Taylor is playing in "Over the Border." Dustin Farnum in "Oathbound." Roy Stewart is going to play in a serial, entitled "Radio King," produced by Universal. "The Gypsy Trail," for Art Acord.

BLONDIE.—No, I am not very religious—that is, I dont go to church every Sunday. Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion. The one cannot exist without the other. Well, for example, Cecil B. de Mille is paying fifty thousand dollars a day for the sets showing the splendor of Rome for "Manslaughter." That gives you an idea of the cost of films. Now are you ready to start your own company.

THE MOHAMMEDAN.—I thank you.

CHICAGO LASSIE.—You girls sure must have a great time. Wish I could peep in on you some time. Yes, Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley are to play in a picture made in Europe. Wallace Reid, May McAvoy and Agnes Ayres in "Clarence."

MAGDA.—Thanks for the picture. Write me again.

In Memoriam

The birth of a little child reveals God . . . the death of a little child implies immortality. Surely no little one sent into an earthly home, even but for a day, bequeathing beautiful and sublime lessons, can be thought to have come and gone in vain.

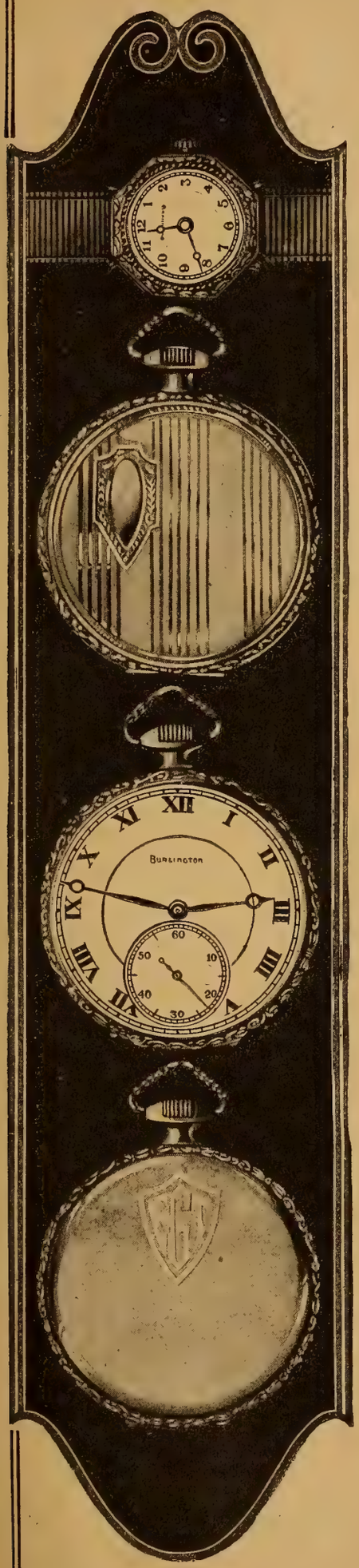
WILLIAM R. ALGER.

It is with deep regret that we write of the passing of Bobby Connelly. He died on July fifth, at the age of thirteen, at his home, Lynbrook, Long Island. His heart, which was weakened by an attack of pneumonia a few winters ago, caused his death.

Since his Vitagraph days, when he played in the Sonny Jim series, he has been one of the favored shadows of the screen. Scores of productions have been better because of his presence, "Humoresque" in particular.

He brought glimpses of childhood to the screen—beautiful and rare. His interpretations were wrought with innocence and poignancy, and the carelessness of tender youth.

His passing—with his life just begun—is a loss which will be felt by his audiences thruout the world.



21 Jewel Burlington

Adjusted to the Second
Adjusted to Temperature
Adjusted to Isochronism
Adjusted to Positions
21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels
25 Year Gold Strata Case
Your choice of Dials
(Including Montgomery R. R. Dial)
New Ideas in Thin Cases

Only $1.00 Down

Only One Dollar Down, will buy this masterpiece of watch manufacture. The balance you are allowed to pay in small, easy monthly payments. A 21-Jewel Watch — is sold to you at a price much lower than that of other high-grade watches. Besides, you have the selection of the finest thin model designs and latest styles in watch cases. Write for FREE Watch Book and our SPECIAL OFFER today.

The Burlington "Petite"

This exquisite little 17-jewel ladies' wrist watch. A perfect timepiece. Beautiful, 14K Solid Green Gold case. Illustration is exact size of Burlington "Petite".
Send for this wonderful little bracelet watch. See how beautiful the dainty green gold case looks on your own wrist.

Write

While this Special Offer Lasts

Get the Burlington Watch Book — write today. Find out about this great special offer which is being made for only limited time. You will know a great deal more about watch buying when you read this book. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Write for Watch Book and our special offer TODAY!

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1266 Chicago
Canadian Address 62 Albert St., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your $1.00 down offer on the Burlington Watch.

*Name*_____

Address _____

Look Prosperous!

wear DIAMONDS FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY

NO MONEY DOWN

Think of it! You can own any of these bargains—the greatest in America—**for a few cents a day.** Your simple request brings your choice for **free examination.** Do not send a single penny.

18 kt. White Gold, 7 perfect cut, blue-white diamonds set in platinum. Looks like 3 carat solitaire.
Special No. 61
Only $59.50

When the ring comes, examine it—wear it ten days. If you don't agree it is the most sensational bargain you have ever seen, send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it, it is yours—for a few cents a day. Order direct from this advertisement, if you wish. **Don't send a cent. You do not risk a penny** to see these remarkable bargains.

Premier Cluster, 7 carefully matched blue-white diamonds set in platinum. Looks like 3½ carat solitaire.
Special No. 71
Only
$69.50

SEND NO MONEY

These bargains are the latest, up-to-the-minute creations. You may order from this advertisement without risking a penny. Decide which ring you want. Then rush your order to us, so that you may own a most exquisite and beautiful diamond ring without inconvenience.

CHARGE ACCOUNT PLAN

By our new charge account plan, you pay for your choice of thousands of unusual bargains in sums so small you would never think of saving them. After you are pleased, you send only 20% as first payment—then 10% monthly—at the rate of a few pennies a day. You never miss the money. Under our liberal profit sharing plan, you are guaranteed 8% yearly dividends. Also 5% Bonus.

NO RED TAPE

There is no inconvenience or annoyance. We trust you for what you want. No unpleasant features of any kind. You are protected in every way. You save money under the Lyon Charge Account Plan.

Round Belcher Cluster Platinum set, 7 blue-white quality diamonds. Looks like $500.00 solitaire.
Special No. 64
Only
$87.50

Lyon Trueheart solid platinum diamond ring. Absolutely perfect cut, blue-white quality diamond. Rare value.
Special No. 85
Only
$127.50

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

Send your name and address today for our big million dollar bargain book showing thousands of unusual bargains. Send for your free copy today to Dept 1526

J.M.LYON & CO.
2-4 Maiden Lane N.Y.
In Business nearly 100 years

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 75*)

such times. It was during some such scene that De Mille "found" Gloria Swanson. Accordingly the stage was filled with half-dressed young ladies and gentlemen who had once been great guns in the movies, but whose star had fallen. They were there acting as extras in the rather pitiful hope that the great De Mille eye would single them out and yank them back to the fame from which they had fallen. It seemed as tho half the people on the set had once been leading men or women.

Unless I have become a very bad guesser, this picture is going to be a knock-out. It is the best story Cecil de Mille has ever filmed and ought to be a triumph for Tom Meighan. In that cutback to the days of ancient Rome, he appears as a Barbarian who bursts into a Roman banquet, where a feast of luxurious decadence is in progress. Until you see Tommy in a Barbarian suit of skins with a head-dress of horns, with a long whip with which he subdues Leatrice Joy, why—to quote Al Jolson—you ain't seen nothin'.

Al Jolson is among us, by the way. He says he has no intention of going into pictures, altho he admits having been tempted. Jolson is a great admirer of Hal Lloyd. The first thing he did, on arriving in Los Angeles, was to make a dash for the Symphony Theater to see "Grandma's Boy," which he says is the finest picture he ever saw. He galloped down to Culver City to tell Harold so and got tangled up with a yachting party, and at this writing is cruising somewhere around Catalina Island in Hal Roach's yacht, *The Gypsy*.

Jean Acker has announced that she will be known as "Mrs. Rodolph Valentino" on the screen; she has accumulated a mysterious supply of Eastern capital and is about to start on her own productions. Meanwhile, she will be featured in a special production, called "The Bigamist," under the direction of Captain Leslie T. Peacocke. Jean is a business lady. Inasmuch as the fascinating Rodolph's name is not really "Valentino," but Guglielmo, there would seem to be some doubt as to her legal rights in the premises.

Following his various and sundry adventures with the courts, Rodolph is going ahead with "The Young Rajah," which is a film version of "Amos Judd." In this he appears as a young Indian Rajah, who is living in New England incognito and who has a sack full of jewels and the usual mysterious servants. In the original story, the lovely Rajah was rather tamely killed off in the end of the piece by a couple of energetic burglars. June Mathis, who is writing the scenario, insists that this cant happen in the picture. To all appearances, Rodolph's recent adventure with a bigamy charge, has not hurt his popularity. The flappers almost mobbed him in court.

The sensation of Hollywood just at present is Konrad Bercovici, the Roumanian author of Gypsy stories. He has a literary style, a mustache like Bismarck, and an air of mystery. As a little boy, he ran away and lived for some years with the Gypsies, to whom he was tied by blood somewhere in his ancestry. Since he began to write some six years ago, he has been a literary riot, his stories, "Ghitza" and "Fanutza," being picked as the best stories of 1920 and 1921, respectively. His magazine stories now bring one thousand dollars a piece, and his film stories probably a couple of million or more. Anyhow, they are in great demand, and Mr. Bercovici himself is the social lion of the hour. He has written a story, called "The Law and the Lawless," especially for Bebe Daniels. Her fiery, flashing beauty should be seen at great advantage in the rôle. She says she has, all her life, wanted to play a Gypsy rôle. Bercovici says, by the way, that the unwashed fortune tellers, who swap horses around the country districts of our fair land, are not genuine Gypsies. The only true Gypsies are Roumanian, and they came from Egypt.

News that should rejoice the hearts of fans: Eugene O'Brien is again to be Norma Talmadge's leading man. Since the days of "Poppy" and "Ghosts of Yesterday" she has never had another leading man so good. He will play opposite her in a picture to be made from Robert Hichens' "A Voice from the Mineret," with Frank Lloyd directing. Mr. Lloyd created a mild sensation, by the way, by refusing to direct Norma in "The Mirage" on account of the sex stuff. He is soon to start out as a producer on his own hook, Mr. Joe Schenck furnishing the coin.

With a never-to-be-released version of "Peg o' My Heart" on the shelves of Famous Players Studio, another picture is to be made from the same play, this one with Laurette Taylor in the name part, and King Vidor directing, at Metro. Wanda Hawley was the star of the other picture, whose showing was made impossible on account of a law-suit between Oliver Morosco, from whom Famous secured the screen rights, and Hartley Manners, the author.

Mary Pickford has cherished an ambition for years to do "Peg," but has yielded gracefully even to the extent of volunteering to advise Laurette Taylor in making this version.

While everybody else was talking about it, Edward Laemmle has made a dash for Europe to make a film version of "Ivanhoe" on the native heath. He has engaged studio space, both in England and Germany, for the production, which will take about seven months. After he finishes "Ivanhoe," Mr. Laemmle will go on around the world making Oriental travelogs. He has recently finished a serial nine miles long, entitled "Winners of the West," based upon the building of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Harry Carey is making a picture, called "Good Men and True," under the watchful eye of the author, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, who wrote "Overland Red" and other Western stories. Mr. Rhodes used to be a real cowboy in the days before there were wire fences, and his disgust with the usual motion picture cowboy picture is abysmal. Carey's first picture for Robertson-Cole had in the cast Ethel Gray Terry, Henry Walthall, Charles Lemoyne, Mignonne Golden, Jimmie O'Neill, and Vester Pegg.

One of the recent crop of divorces is that of Gladys Walton, who told the court that she married when she was seventeen to Frank R. Liddell, who was a gent without a job. She said it mortified her to have people snickering around the sets, asking her about supporting her husband. She is soon to start making a picture out of the old Bret Harte story, "M'liss."

The Novak sisters, Jane and Eva, are to make a picture together, based upon the

SEPTEMBER

SHADOWLAND

Outstanding Features in the realm of:

ART

JOHN COSTIGAN. An appreciation, by Edgar Holger Cahill, of one of the most noteworthy figures among the younger men in the art world, who has recently won awards at the Brooklyn Academy, the Salamagundi Club and the Corcoran Gallery Exhibitions.

MUSIC

Is The Metropolitan Becoming Germanized? A peep behind the scenes in New York's opera house revealing certain interesting facts in regard to the respective merits of two celebrated prima donnas.

LITERATURE

JAMES JOYCE, the Man and His Book. Roscoe Ashworth gives an intimate portrait of the author of "Ulysses," the literary opus that the intellectual *élite* of England, France and America have hailed as the sensational literary event of the year.

SATIRE

The Exacting Art of Caricature, by Willard Huntington Wright. The author of "Modern Painting" and "The Creative Will," demonstrates with lucid text and clever examples, the work of the leading exponents of the art in many lands.

COLLECTING

Cup Plates of Olden Times. A wealth of information about a favorite collecting hobby that has social aspects of an amusing nature.

In addition, there will be timely information and illustrations covering the theater, celebrities, travel, motion pictures, dancing, etc. And, of course, reproductions of the prize-winning photographs in the camera contest.

SHADOWLAND

Out August twenty-third

old hymn, "Rock of Ages." Before undertaking that respectable venture, however, Jane was star in Marie Corelli's romance, "Thelma." The lovely Eva has just married a former cameraman named William Read.

Larry Semon and the Vitagraph have made up. Suits involving one million five hundred thousand dollars have been dropped, and Larry is about to begin another comedy called "Golf." Lucille Carlisle again appears as the leading lady.

Doug Fairbanks celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday, recently. A surprise party was given him by Mary, her mother, Charlie Chaplin, Lila Lee and others. Mary presented Doug with an elaborate lunch-kit for his auto, and Mrs. Pickford gave him a portable Victrola.

Buster Keaton II arrived June 2. This was a red-letter day for the whole family, but the two loveliest aunts took the young man in hand and laid down the law. Nothing for calling them "auntie." He is to call them Norma and Constance, and he is to refer to his grandmother as "Peggie." Now he knows just what's what.

Madam Rose Rosanova, the distinguished Russian actress who is to be seen very soon in "Hungry Hearts," won first place in the women's foot races and second place in a swimming race during a recent convention of the Pharmacists at Catalina. Her athletic prowess is the more remarkable when it is considered that she is a grandmother and weighs—but let that pass.

That seems to be about all the excitement at present, except that the beauteous Claire Windsor has bobbed her beauteous hair.

HOW CAN THEY DO IT?

By Ruth Tincher Fellows

We cannot help but wonder,
Tho figure as we might,
It really is too deep for us,
So please now set us right:
We've seen some very funny things
Upon the silversheet,
But wait until we tell you,
This really cant be beat!
'Tis about this picture being made
With Rudolph and Gloria fair,
Written by one Elinor Glyn,
Whose pen doth do and dare.
Now, unless the screen's asbestos,
A fire they cant avoid—
For how can such a thrill as this
Be made on celluloid?

PICTURE WRITING

By Clarence E. Flynn

Of old our fathers wrote in pictures.
'Twas in an age of savage men.
The years have rolled a mighty cycle,
And we've got round to it again.
They carved their story on the mountain
Where it for ages might be seen.
We write ours on a filmy ribbon,
And throw it on a silver screen.

If they who carved on cliff and hillside
Might but return today and see
The picture writing of the present,
Big with surprise their eyes would be.
We learned their message from the pictures,
Tho tiresome was the task and slow;
But we shall pass along a story
That all the world may read and know.

the Priscilla Dean Tam

The Only Hat for Out Door Life

The hat with the rakish, jaunty, carefree appearance

—because it's the most practical. Right up to the minute in style. That's why thousands of girls are wearing them. Simply great for sport wear. It stays put—looks charming—puts a finishing touch to your outdoor appearance. Looks wonderful on Priscilla Dean. It will look just as well on you.

Priscilla Dean Tams come in two sizes—one for young ladies, the other for children

And such wonderful colors! You can select one to harmonize with any costume—whether you're motoring, hiking, boating, golfing, playing tennis—in fact, it's the *only* hat for street wear.

Priscilla Dean Tams are made of the finest quality suede cloth—a soft pliable material that drapes so gracefully at any angle. Always has that trim, tailor-made look because the inner elastic band makes it fit any head comfortably. A neat band of grosgrained ribbon and a cute little bow complete the picture.

For your vacation—a Priscilla Dean Tam. The only practical hat for girls with bobbed hair

Your wardrobe is not complete without a Priscilla Dean Tam. It costs only $1.50. No reason why you should not have at least one besides your regular hat.

The best stores carry *Priscilla Dean Tams.* But if you cannot get it, send $1.50 with the coupon or letter. Be sure to state color and whether for young lady or child.

Look for the name PRISCILLA DEAN inside the band

Twelve Popular Shades

Red, Pheasant, Copenhagen, Navy, Black, Sand, Jade, White, Orange, Brown, Orchid, Coral

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.,
902 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is $1.50 (Canada, $2.00) for which please send me a PRISCILLA DEAN TAM

In_____ (Color) For_____ (Miss or Child)

Name_____

Address_____

Money refunded if desired.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
MFG'S of PRISCILLA DEAN HATS

The Lachnite
is the new scientific jewel which is replacing diamonds everywhere. It flashes like a diamond; radiance guaranteed everlasting; more difficult to melt than platinum; resists all acids; exceeds in hardness all jewels but the diamond—the ring is solid gold.

Pay Nothing

Send No Money
Pay No C. O. D.
Free Trial

An amazing new offer — absolutely no risk to you — you pay nothing until satisfied after trial — READ EVERY WORD OF THIS OFFER:

Just send the coupon below — **don't enclose a penny** and we will send you on approval at our expense either of the solid gold rings shown above set with a genuine Lachnite gem, weighing about one carat. **Pay nothing to the postman when it arrives — no C. O. D.** Merely accept the ring and *wear it for a week at our expense.* Test it in every way. After a week, if you or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, return it at our expense and that ends the matter. We ask no deposit of any kind. **You risk nothing—you can lose nothing.** But if you decide to keep the ring, send us only $1.00 after the trial — then $2.50 a month until you have paid only $18.75—a mere fraction of what a diamond of equal size would cost.

Send Coupon

Already over 300,000 people have bought Lachnites. You can judge for yourself on this amazing offer. Only a limited number sent out on this free trial offer — so send coupon now. **Be sure to give your finger size.**

Harold Lachman Co., 204 So. Peoria St. Dept. 1526 Chicago

Send me, absolutely free and prepaid, for a week's free trial, the solid gold ring checked below, set with a genuine **Lachnite.** I am to pay nothing when it arrives, no C. O. D. After a week, I will either return the ring at your expense and that will end the matter, or I will send you $1.00 and then $2.50 on the first of each month until $18.75 has been paid. Title remains with you until fully paid. **I enclose my finger size.**

☐ *Ladies' Ring* ☐ *Men's Ring*

Age..... *Occupation*.....

Name.....

Address.....

Copyright 1922. *Harold Lachman Co.*

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS

Send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems. Instructive, helpful.

Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

"How the elusive perfume of Lablache takes me back! Grandmother's lightly powdered cheek—Mother's dimpled chin—and home." Fifty years of dainty custom—three generations have established Lablache as the finishing touch to the toilette of well groomed women.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send* 10c *for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 61)

above mentioned was indispensable to the success of a production. Therefore, we were amazed when "Nanook of the North" interested us immensely.

This picture was filmed eight hundred miles north of civilization's most northerly outpost, where the sea is frozen and where the land produces nothing. It reproduces the life of an Eskimo family thru the days, shows them hunting, fishing, building their igloo, tramping the vast ice fields and fighting against overwhelming odds for their food and their life itself.

We never knew very much about the Eskimo. We never cared very much about him. We thought he was of an uncivilized tribe, wandering about in the ice and snow, and let it go at that. We will never dismiss him so readily in the future. It seems to us now that he has a nature not unlike that of the Romany gypsies—fearless, happy-go-lucky. He is not fastidious, not dainty, but he seems to live entirely independent of civilization, and this alone would merit our admiration.

It hasn't often mattered to us, on the other hand—in any vital sense—whether or not the hero arrived in time to save the heroine. But we cared very much whether or not Nanook, the great hunter, completed the building of his igloo before the storm and the deep night set in. A subtitle later informed us that the temperature inside an igloo must be kept below freezing, so that it will not melt. The Eskimo has something in common with apartment-house dwellers——

Robert J. Flaherty, who is both the producer and photographer of "Nanook of the North," deserves generous commendation, particularly when you stop to remember that not once did his players appear self-conscious or stare into the camera. Innumerable players, who monopolize the camera at every opportunity, might learn a lesson from these people who live at the top of the world.

It is a far hail from "Nanook of the North" to the latest William Fox spectacle, "Nero," but one which the screen accomplishes this month, nevertheless.

"Nero," of course, deals with Rome immediately preceding her downfall and during the time that she revelled at the apex of her civilization. To paraphrase, it would seem, "Whom the Gods would destroy, they first give civilization."

J. Gordon Edwards, who has produced previous Fox spectacles, filmed this entire production in Rome, with a cast entirely native, with the exception of Marcia, who was played by Violet Mersereau. And it was the cast which impressed us even more than the spectacle—more than the chariot races—more than the stupendous scene in the Circus Maximus, where the Christians are fed to the lions.

You might well deduce that the characters were chosen because of their resemblance to American screen stars. Jacques Gretillat, who portrays Nero, is so like William Farnum that scores have insisted Nero was played by Mr. Farnum. It is the same with Paulette Duval, who plays Poppaea, the unscrupulous and amorous siren of Nero's court. She was a cross between Theda Bara and Nita Naldi. Violet Mersereau, of course, played the ingénue. We have decided that is why Miss Mersereau was taken abroad—ingénues in all the best dramas are blondes—blondes and petites. And it would have been difficult to have found this

Viola Dana, Beautiful Photoplay Star, recommends Maybelline

The Miracle of
Maybelline
Makes Every Face More Beautiful

A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows and lashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes—their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Girls and women everywhere, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that MAYBELLINE is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. MAYBELLINE is unlike other preparations, it is absolutely harmless, greaseless and delightful to use. Does not spread and smear on the face. We guarantee that you will be perfectly delighted with results. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades: *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.* 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-54 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents.* Think of it, only *10 cents!* It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

Brewster Bldg., - - Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue . . . New York City.

Superfluous Hair

Can be permanently removed and

DESTROYED BY ELECTRICITY

But it can be done at your own home,

BY YOURSELF

I have perfected a portable electric battery and full equipment, whereby any person can learn in ten minutes how to use the electric needle with ease and success. Full directions with each battery. You cannot fail. Even if you do, you can do yourself no harm. No danger whatever. My method is simplicity itself. You can remove hair from any part of the body, and when you once destroy the roots, the hair can never grow again. Electricity is a method known to science which

Permanently Destroys Hair Growth

A child, almost, can operate this battery without danger. It cannot possibly go wrong. A good operator can remove over 100 hairs an hour without leaving the tiniest scar or discoloration.

Price complete, with full directions for use, $20.00, prepaid.

EDWARD BRUESTEL
Jamaica - - New York

type in the portions of Italy where "Nero" was filmed. We are all creatures of habit, and even pre-eminent directors like J. Gordon Edwards are not exceptions to this unfortunate rule. He insists upon the types to which he has grown accustomed.

It seems to us, in the matter of comparison, that "Nero" is less worthy and interesting than "The Queen of Sheba." However, it may be that historical spectacles are beginning to pall. At the same time, there is more action in this story than you might expect to find in an extravaganza, and a fair portion of the color of Nero's reign has been captured by the screen.

To relate the plot in any detail would be superfluous. It is the age-old story of too much civilization spoiling the empire. There is the dissolute court with its bacchanalian revels, its degenerate orgies and its monarch hero, slave of his consuming ego. There is the siren who glides into Nero's life in time to change history —the brave soldier and the virtuous and provincial princess with whom he is in love. Interspersed is the struggle which the Christians waged against the idolaters——

To have filmed this entire production on the native soil, where producing conditions are not particularly conducive to expeditious or satisfactory results is, however, something of a feat. In this respect we give credit to J. Gordon Edwards. There are several stupendous scenes which could not have been duplicated elsewhere, and which help the production immeasurably.

However, the photography has different values than those to which we are accustomed, and the faces of the characters frequently appear harsh and ghastly white. And photography is recognized as one of the important points of a picture's success. In this respect "Nero" suffers.

If you like spectacles and high civilization, and if the fact that no other production has ever employed so many extra thrills, then by all means see "Nero." If not, it will interest you less than it otherwise would.

THE WAYS OF WISDOM

By M. E. Stanton

I never was a baseball fan,
Nor do I care for tennis;
And golf I leave unto the man
Whom surplus pounds doth menace.

My wife or daughter mows the lawn—
To read, there's no restriction;
But facts and science make me yawn,
I weary soon of fiction.

And yet I edit all my days
A shaft of brilliant knowledge,
For folks who have no means or ways
Of going off to college.

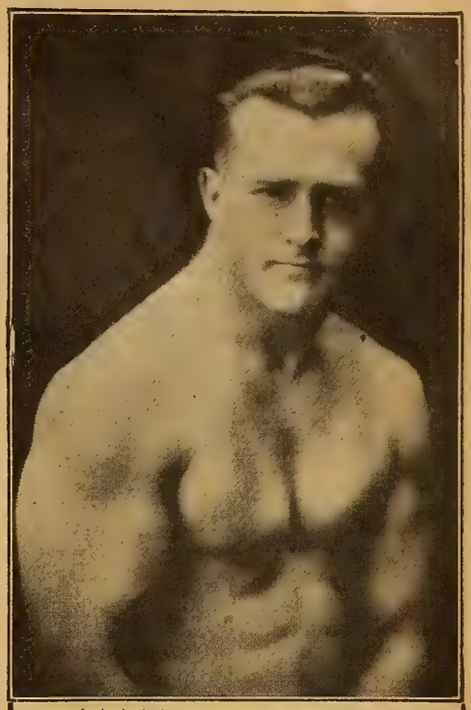
That wisdom grows is evidenced,
Despite apparent strictures—
You see, I get it all condensed
Each day in moving pictures.

GENUINE

By Frank V. Faulhaber

"Who is that fellow affecting the wry grimaces near the camera-man? Is he one of the moving picture actors?"

"No, that's the director, but he isn't affecting the wry grimaces—that's a natural trait of his."



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

Women Admire Men for Their Strength. Man was meant to be woman's protector. The better he can meet this qualification, the more will he be admired. Read back through the ages and you will find this has always been true. There was a time when men fought with each other to decide who would own a certain woman just as they would fight over a pot of gold. Civilization and culture soon overcame such savage conditions, but the man of strength and power has continued to have the advantage. Ivanhoe describes the knights entering into combat, after which the conqueror would kiss the hand or show respect in some manner to the lady he held in highest regard.

The Man of Today

What must womanhood think of the present day man? Statistics show that over 95 per cent of us are suffering from some ailment. Our indulgence in worldly pleasures has made us a race of anæmic, flat chested, dyspeptics. It is no wonder that man's years on earth have been shortened. What can he expect when he wastes the very strength that God gave him.

I heard one girl say the other day: "Of course I admire a strong, healthy man, but the men I meet are so weak-kneed they can barely stand up straight." It is true. The strong man of today is the exception. And that is my task. To make the exceptional man.

Do You Seek Admiration?

Do you wish to be one of these weak-kneed dyspeptics? Or have you enough manhood left to say: "I will be strong?" I don't care what your present condition is. If you have a spark of will power left. I can make you a man to be admired by all. Just think! I guarantee to put one full inch of muscle on your arms in 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that is only the start. From then on you will notice a complete change in your physical make-up. You not only develop big, browny arms and a full chest, but a complete armor plate of muscle surrounding a body that has been re-built inwardly as well. You will have the flash to your eye and the spring to your step that shows you to be a human dynamo. You will be admired and sought after in both the business and social world. You will be a leader of men. All these things and more are awaiting you. It is now up to you to decide just what manner of man you will be. Come then, for time flies.

Send for My Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is chock full of photographs of myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. Don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
305 Broadway, Dept. 309, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, Dept. 309,
305 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Don't Be Gray

A clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, will restore your graying hair in from four to eight days. You apply it yourself, with a comb, no muss or bother, nothing to wash or rub off—no interference with shampooing. Results sure and certain—no streaking or discoloration, restored hair perfectly natural in all lights.

Trial Bottle Free

Mail coupon for free trial bottle, and test as directed on a single lock. Then when you know positively that your gray hair can be restored easily, safely, surely, get a full size bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Mary T. Goldman, 1257 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is

jet black..... black or dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, drab or auburn.....

Name.....

Address.....

Please print your name and address plainly

The Road To Health and Beauty

A daily check on your weight marks your progress on the road to ideal health and beauty. Know exactly the progress you are making; guessing is dangerous. Weigh yourself daily without clothes—it is the only safe way. The

HEALTH-O-METER
"The Pilot of Health"

will gauge your health correctly and conveniently. Just step on and read your correct weight on the dial. Thousands are in use. See, try and examine the Health-O-Meter at our expense. Our illustrated circular gives the all-in-your-favor details. Write—right now.

Continental Scale Works
Dept. Z-2121 W. 21st Place, Chicago

She Doesn't Guess —She Knows!

For Every Home

WEIGHS UP TO 250 LBS.

Write For 10 Day FREE TRIAL OFFER

LEARN

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester** or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

Standard Underwoods

5-Year Guarantee

$3.00 DOWN

Yes, this genuine Standard Visible Writing Underwood newly rebuilt, at much less than factory price, yours for $3.00 down and then easy monthly payments.

10 Days FREE Trial

Try it for 10 days at our risk. Money back guarantee. Send now for free book Big bargain offer.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co. **2026 Shipman Building** Chicago, Illinois

Oliver Twist

(*Continued from page 70*)

When Oliver had been in the attic a week, Fagin, rubbing his hands as tho grinding oil between the palms, tittering and teetering on his flat feet, suggested a game, "such an amusing little game, my dearie! Bill will teach you and the other boys, and perhaps they will let you play."

The game consisted in removing from the rear pocket of Mr. Sykes' breeches a handkerchief which was borrowed from Fagin's store, Bill not having any use for such weak-minded frivolities as handkerchiefs. While Sykes, impersonating a benevolent old man, pretended to give alms to Tony Crackitt, one of the other boys, first the Dodger and then Oliver, would steal behind him and remove the handkerchief as deftly as possible. When the removal was accomplished without Bill's knowledge, Fagin showed great pleasure—it amazed Oliver to see him take a childish game so to heart, but when Bill growled out a curse and slapped the clumsy offender, Fagin would cry shrilly, "Oh no! Oh no! You must try again, my dear! You must really try again!"

After some time of this, the game was carried to the street, where it assumed an air of reality that made Oliver uneasy. What if someone, seeing the innocent pastime, should believe that he and the Dodger were trying to steal an old man's handkerchief?

But he did not voice his unhappiness. The Dodger was so very matter of fact about the matter, and Oliver felt that he would only be laughed at. That night, in the attic, with Bill and the other boys as audience, Oliver extracted a handkerchief from Fagin's coat with such dexterity as to bring tears of joy into that kind old man's eyes. He was quite swollen with pride, the more so, as the Dodger promised to take him out on the morrow and show him the ropes. The only one present who seemed at all cold over his skill was the woman, Nancy.

If Oliver could have heard her words to Bill Sykes as they wended their way homeward after the impromptu show, he might have wondered what the "honest business" he was to be taught really was.

"But he's only a baby, Bill," Nancy said, shrinking mechanically as if she expected a blow, "he's only a green 'un!"

"Stow your gab, you she-devil," responded her lord and master promptly, "it's his angel fyce that's going to make our fortune!"

"'e ain't our kind," Nancy persisted, doggedly, "'e's differink! I seed it as soon as I laid eyes on 'im. 'e's—'e's a little toff!"

This time the expected blow fell, Nancy rose from the gutter, wiping the blood from a cut on her forehead, and wisely said nothing more the rest of the way. It was evident that such weak-minded scruples made her lord peevish.

According to plan, the next morning Oliver set out with the Artful Dodger, eager to be of use to his kind friends and justify Fagin's confidence. But two hours later the Dodger was back alone, badly blown, and full of the tidings of disaster. He had, it seemed, when he caught his breath, being helpfully pounded on the back by Fagin, that he himself had been in the act of removing a handkerchief from the coat of an old gentleman in front of a bookstall, while Tony Crackitt and Oliver looked on, when his foot slipped on a banana peel, causing the old gentleman to look about with a start. Naturally, by the time he had turned, the Dodger and Tony were far away and only the

Start a Beauty Parlor

In Your Own Home and

Make Money

Wherever you may live, whether in a small town or a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an *Electrolysis Outfit* and learning how to operate with the simple directions accompanying it. *Anybody can learn to do it.* It requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can operate in your own home, because all you require is good light, two chairs and a table. Or you can operate in the homes of your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The usual charge for removing superfluous hair is $5.00 for half an hour's treatment, and there are very few places in this country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an Electrolysis Outfit, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, $20.00.

If you wish to take up other branches of Beauty Parlor work, I will undertake to teach by correspondence the following courses on receipt of price:

Facial Massage	**$2.00**
Shampooing	**2.00**
Eyebrows and Lashes.	**1.00**
Reducing	**2.00**
Wrinkles	**1.00**
Facial Mud Bath	**1.00**
Manicuring	**3.00**
Pimples, Blackheads, etc.	**1.00**
Double Chin	**1.00**
Body Massage	**1.00**

All Ten Courses for $10.00

Each course includes complete directions in simplified form. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as tweezers, bowls, saucers, witch-hazel, glycerine, cold cream, etc., except the mud bath, which is my own secret preparation; but I will make a special price on this and on all my preparations, if my pupils prefer them to others.

This is an Age of Beauty

In a few years you will see Beauty Shops everywhere. Learn the business now! Start in a small way, and some day you may own a handsome Beauty Parlor on the main street, with dozens of girls doing the work for you. *There's Big Money in it!*

CORLISS PALMER

Brewster Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

At Last!

All the Beauty and Charm of

BOBBED HAIR

is Yours

Without Cutting Your Own Hair

Fashion Decrees Bobbed Hair

If you want a bob, but don't want to cut off your hair. If your hair is already bobbed, but you object to the constant expense and bother of curling and dressing. If your hair, either long or bobbed, has been ruined by constant marcelling and burning.
The National Bob blends perfectly with your own hair. Positively cannot be detected. Just a moment—on and off. Our beauty expert is here to serve you personally. In ordering tell us how you wear your hair and we will send you the appropriate bob. This expert service is FREE.

HOW TO ORDER: Simply send strand of hair with $10.00. "Bob" will be shipped at once, or send strand of hair alone and pay postman. Satisfaction *guaranteed* or money refunded. **Send for FREE catalogue.**

Artificial Eye-Lashes $1.50 Pr.

Agents wanted

National Hair Nets
Ask your dealer, or send 65c for Boudoir Box of 6. Guaranteed perfect, extra size, real human hair. State color and style (cap or fringe).

65c

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS COMPANY
Dept. 48 368 Sixth Ave., New York

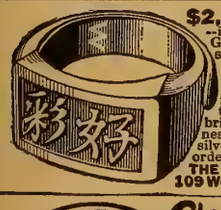
The "Womanly" Way To Remove Hair

EL - RADO
Sanitary Liquid

Removing undesirable hair from underarms, limbs and arms with a razor is distasteful, as well as coarsening in its effect upon the hair. El-Rado offers the true "womanly" way. It leaves the skin smooth and white. It is delightfully simple to use and cannot harm the tenderest skin. Guaranteed Satisfactory or Money Refunded. Two sizes: 60c. and $1.00 at toilet goods counters.

If you have any trouble obtaining El-Rado, send your order for $1.00 size direct to us, enclosing stamps or money order. It will be forwarded by return mail.

PILGRIM MFG. CO.,
Dept. 1269 Newburgh, N. Y.



$2,800 in 2 HOURS!
--is what your Genuine Chinese Good Luck ring brought me," says Fannie Brice. Hundreds tell us our ring brought success in love, business and financially. Ours is the genuine and original ring, stamped inside with the ☧. Believed by Ancients to bring Good Luck, Health, Happiness, Prosperity. Solid Sterling silver. Price, Postpaid, Cash with order $1.50, or, C. O. D. $1.60.
THE ZANZIBAR CO. Dept. 225
109 West 42d St. New York City

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. **$1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.**

FREE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.
E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance, Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

green 'un was left to bear the brunt of suspicion. Instead of remaining where he was, Oliver fled away in terror from the pursuit and finally had been caught when he dove head first under the curtains of a Punch and Judy show. While a policeman dragged Oliver, dirty and tearful, away to magistrate's court, the Dodger had come back for further orders.

Fagin had been talking with a stranger, when the Dodger arrived. This man, youngish, dark, with eyes too small, too bright, too closely crowded against a thin nose, interrupted the old man's torrent of rage by the simple method of taking him by his throat and bumping his head against the wall several times.

"Hold your noise!" he snarled, and when he made that animal sound, he looked like an animal, a fierce, dangerous animal. "If the boy is who I think he is, nothing better could have happened. When I found he'd run away from the workhouse and afterward saw him asleep here in this attic, I made sure he was the boy I have been hunting for nearly eight years. To have him convicted as a common thief is better luck than I could have hoped for so soon! But we must not lose sight of him."

The Dodger, despatched to the magistrate's court, was soon back with further news. Oliver had been acquitted. On the stand he had moved the court to tears, and the bookstall keeper had testified that he himself had seen another boy stealing the handkerchief—"and I stood so close to 'im when he came off the stand," the Dodger grinned, "that I borrowed *his* hankie as a memento!" Mr. Brownlow, the old man who had been robbed, seemed to have taken a fancy to the lad and had carried him off with him to his house on Russell Square.

When Monk, which was the youngish, dark man's name, heard what house sheltered Oliver, he grew darker than ever, and uttered a frightful curse. "Brownlow! That must be the lawyer who has the money in his keeping," he muttered, but not so softly that Fagin had not heard the word money.

The old Jewish fence began to rub his hands, giving them a dry wash, as it were. "Oh, dearie me!" he moaned, "it's too bad! But dont you worry, Mr. Monk, we'll soon have our dear little Oliver back safe and sound. Wont we, my dears."

However, Fagin's optimism was destined to be sorely tried. The long years of ill-feeding, the few moments of terror and grief and shame in the court when he heard himself called a thief were too much for the child's strength, and for days he lay under the roof of his new patron, tossing and moaning, and now and again, crying out, "Please! I didn't do it!" in such a piteous manner as to bring tears to the kindly eyes of the old housekeeper who sat by the bedside.

"A child with that face never could be a thief, Mr. Grimwig!" Mrs. Bredwin avowed to the family physician. "He looks like a little angel!"

Mr. Grimwig, gnarled, crabbed, with a mouth as wry as tho he had just prescribed calomel for himself, and administered the dose *to* himself, merely ejaculated, "Ha!" He never argued with a woman, but he did remonstrate with his old friend Brownlow. "If he didn't steal your handkerchief, he intended to steal it," he grunted. "Persist in your idiotic determination to keep that boy and you'll regret it! Mark my words, Ned, you'll sorely regret it!"

Mr. Brownlow shook his frosted head

(*Continued on page* 120)

Could You Write a Story Like This?

Could you recognize the vital dramatic situation in this scene—and write a scenario about it?

It is a scene from the Rex Ingram Production (Metro Pictures Croporation), "The Conquering Power." A great drama built up from a commonplace story. Situations like this are taking place around you every day. Right in your own street, in the house next door, in your home, a great drama is being lived.

Why can't you build a plot around it? The successful photodramatists use the simplest themes; the biggest pictures are built around trivial incidents of everyday life. The successful screen writers are men and women who see the dramatic value of everyday occurences. A few years ago these men and women were receiving ordinary salaries for doing humble tasks. Now their incomes are thousands and tens of thousands of dollars yearly.

$1500 Paid for a Scenario

That is the average price. Just for the synopsis of a dramatic plot.

You do not need writing ability. It is not hard to write a photoplay synopsis when you understand the principles of dramatic construction and photoplay technique.

You cannot tell at this time whether you possess the ability to write photoplays. *No test or analysis* could tell you, for your sense of dramatic perception is undeveloped and your conception of plot construction is unformed.

But it is worth finding out, certainly. For if you *want* to write stories—if in your day dreams, you make up tales, even tales about yourself—you are *creating*. And remember, it does not take fine writing, just the instinct to create and a knowledge of photoplay construction.

Producers Want Your Stories

They must have stories. Plots are the only thing the motion picture industry lacks. All the leaders in the profession are demanding plots looking everywhere for them. Your opportunities as a screen writer in the opinion of the film authorities are fully explained in 32-page, illustrated book. The Fox Plan of Photoplay Writing is outlined. The book is yours FREE if you are interested in writing for the screen. Send the coupon today.

Fox Photoplay Institute

2537-39 S. State St., Dept. 1266 Chicago

Fox Photoplay Institute
2537-39 S. State St., Dept. 1266 Chicago

Please send me, without cost, your 32-page book telling about the Fox Plan of Photoplay Writing, and about my opportunities as a screen writer. I understand there is no obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

It's Waterproof and It's Natural

Mad Cap Rouge turns from its original orange color to the most ***natural*** and delicate tint as soon as it touches the skin. Easily blended to any degree of color or to suit any complexion. Won't rub off—stays on all day. Just the thing for bathers—because it's waterproof!

Dainty Mad Cap Face Cream

You'll be delighted with this new fluffy, delicate pink, wonderfully perfumed cream. Removes blackheads and clogging matter from pores by its cleansing, penetrating effect; soothing and cooling for sunburn; keeps the skin fresh-looking and soft.

Don't Miss This Special Trial Offer

Once you try these bewitching toilet preparations you'll never be without them. So we make you this very special offer—regular 75-cent jar of Mad Cap Rouge and a 75-cent, 2-ounce jar of Mad Cap Face Cream for $1.00. Just pin a dollar bill to this coupon and mail.

----------COUPON----------

KOLAR LABORATORIES,
4 So. Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send me, postage prepaid, your special offer in "MOTION PICTURE."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

WHY DONT YOU BUY
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
The picture book de luxe of the movie world

LIQUID LASHLUX
It's Waterproof

You don't know how attractive your eyes can be until you see them veiled by dark, luxuriant lashes.

With LIQUID LASHLUX you can beautify your lashes, making them appear longer and darker. Apply with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. The liquid dries instantly and it lasts! You can swim and you can weep at the theatre without its coming off—even perspiration will not affect it. Liquid Lashlux is harmless and waterproof.

To nourish the lashes and promote their growth, use Colorless Cream Lashlux at night.

LIQUID LASHLUX (black or brown), 75c. Cream LASHLUX (black, brown or colorless), 50c. At drug and department stores or by mail.

For a dime we will mail you a generous sample of Liquid Lashlux

ROSS COMPANY
79 Grand Street New York

LIQUID LASHLUX

Brief Mention Concerning Other Films

(*Continued from page 63*)

way. Attaching a moral to it only colors its general debility. There's no use locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen.

Evidence—Selznick

Here you have a well-told, tense, fairly human narrative which sets forth in entertaining fashion the evils of circumstantial evidence and how innocent folks are often convicted by it. Not new, you say? Well, it is so logically developed, furnishes so refreshingly novel a twist at the climax and smoothes itself into such even continuity that many will accept it as Elaine Hammerstein's best achievement. The story becomes involved, yet the scenes are clearly defined as you watch an aristocratic family attempting to compromise an actress who has married into the household. She employs her gifts to good effect—her scheme being a watchful waiting policy. The good time comes when she chooses an interfering uncle of her husband as the co-respondent. The rôle calls for some emotional display, and Miss Hammerstein will surprise her admirers with her pyrotechnical pantomime. Niles Welch is satisfactory as the husband, and the minor characters are adequately played. "Evidence" is certain to be appreciated in feminine circles. Woman's wit crosses swords with man's muck-raking—and wins.

Kissed—Universal

A slight little, bright little play is "Kissed," which carries for its assets, Marie Prevost's piquant personality, which she asserts in a flapperish type of rôle, a faint dash of romance and some breezy titles wholly in keeping with the fabric of the plot. Some will call it inconsequential. What of it? King Baggot, directing, has not attempted the impossible. He shows without resorting to heavy padding the modern flapper's rebellious spirit as it concerns matrimony. Her mother has pledged her to the highest bidder and eventually she learns that mother is right. Thus the idea which has found expression time and again in screen fiction, visualized as so many animated platitudes, is knocked into a cocked hat. You wont mind the studio stamp upon the picture. It rolls along like a hoop, needing very little guidance.

The Black Bag—Universal

The favorite formula for crook melodramas which involve stolen jewels is to cloak the mystery in such a manner that every character in the plot must come under suspicion of possessing nimble fingers. It is all about a young man's vacation, his eagerness for adventure and a woman's black bag. With these romancers suspecting each other, and a third party included to accentuate the suspense, the chase is on—a five-reel chase. Perhaps you will like Herbert Rawlinson's dental smile. To us he didn't play his part straight enough to heighten the mystery. The story by Louis Joseph Vance again proves the value of occasionally having an author in the background—so well does it build toward the climax.

The Glory of Clementina—R-C Pictures

Director Emile Chautard, in this play, puts forth one of the best R-C films in a long time, notwithstanding a somewhat valueless main title. It is the account of a lost romance with all the attendant etchings of sweet sentiment, heart appeal and pathos blended into an effective swan song. Becoming a recluse, Clementina devotes herself to painting. You appreciate her fine character and love her for her terse manner, because she does not indulge in self-pity. Trust Pauline Frederick, an actress thoroly grounded in pantomimic expression, to create sympathy for her rôle. Her star rises long after the floodtide of youthful passion. It soars thru her devotion to the motherless child of her lost lover. It is a kind and gentle picture and quite as delightful in its second reading as when William J. Locke gave it to fiction readers some seasons ago.

The Devil's Pawn—Paramount

Pola Negri's early pictures may not contain entertaining qualities, but at least her personality and talent are interesting even when she is surrounded by drab backgrounds and nearly engulfed by hackneyed stories. Her emotional outbursts are somewhat overdone in "The Devil's Pawn," but she is so thoroly in earnest as the Jewess who may pursue her studies by holding a "yellow ticket"—a brand of shame—that one almost forgets the directorial errors and turgid atmosphere which accompany her from inception to conclusion of the tale. The picture is a grey study without any relief—a study daubed with a heavy brush.

A Woman of No Importance—Selznick

You have all heard of Oscar Wilde, and you know his skill for writing scintillating dialog. Which is sufficient explanation why "A Woman of No Importance" could not be expected to flash its high-lights upon the screen. It becomes a morbid story, only relieved here and there by one of its author's paradoxical phrases—and these seem out of harmony in a plot which is saturated with a woman's disgrace, and her effort to climb back into the lap of society. If you know your foreign importations, you will admit it is better than the majority which come from England. Fay Compton limns the fallen sister in admirable wistfulness, but her make-up is completely out of character as the years advance. You get the impression that she hasn't suffered as Oscar would have her.

Over the Border—Paramount

They may not be able to vary the characterization of our snow pictures—which usually concern the Northwest Mounted and their slogan—"Get your man!"—but when one comes along carrying, as its central idea, the country's sixth industry, bootlegging, you sit up and pay attention, even tho you know for a certainty that everything will develop according to Hoyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, Curwood, *et al.* It's another story of the hunted figure and the Mounties mushing over the snow after him. And what snow! It is everywhere, three to four feet deep, and gives the picture a picturesque setting. In fact, the atmosphere is the redeeming quality of this threadbare plot. You look upon an officer in love with a bootlegger's daughter. And accompanying the romance is the customary conflict going on in her mind whether to obey the call of love or that of duty. The sticklers for reality

(*Continued on page* 116)

New Books Reveal How Any Woman Can Attract Men

This revolutionary science deals not with sex, but with psychology. Nothing like it has ever before been published.

Putting into practice the wonderful revelations contained in these eight little books transforms even the most backward girl, like the touch of a fairy godmother's wand, into a shining, social success. It brings men and women around her, eager for her smile, glad to claim her acquaintance, proud to be known as her friends.

What This Course Discloses

In its final analysis, there is no such thing as mere "chance." "Luck" is a gambler's word—and human life is not a gamble. It proceeds by rule—it is governed by law.

One man, or woman, succeeds because of obedience to the law—another fails because of disregard of it. Neither may understand the law. Obedience is not always based upon understanding. But the result of obedience to the law of success is invariably success; and the result of its infraction, regardless of the motives that underlie that infraction, is invariably failure.

It is right and natural that every man and woman should love and be loved. A Greater than we have in the flesh on earth today declared that "God is love." It is right and natural that each individual should have his or her personal circle of friends—should attract others by his or her personal qualities. It is right and natural that every woman, when her time comes, should choose her life companion from among the men of her acquaintance—and should inspire him with reciprocal affection. These are Nature's laws—God's laws.

Yet, through ignorance of the very simple operation of these plain laws, much unnecessary unhappiness exists. We find disappointed women, and men, everywhere. We find one woman happy, admired, loved; and another—no less inherently attractive—no less essentially admirable—no less intrinsically lovable—neglected, unnoticed, unhappy and disappointed. Why?

This course of instruction tells why. It explains the Law of Attraction and its operation. It tells how the neglected girl may compel the attention, admiration and love of those about her. It explains how she can, when her great hour comes, make sure of the love of the man of her choice. It is entitled:

Everybody wondered why he married her—when so many more beautiful girls would have gladly been his.

"The Art of Attracting Men"

Many girls, without knowing it, do the very things that cause men to lose interest in them. This course in the art of winning men shows how human nature works in men; how certain traits, usually overlooked by the girls themselves, inspire liking, and how other habits, of which few girls suspect the importance, can make any girl, no matter how beautiful otherwise, disagreeable in men's eyes. In fact, many girls, not understanding HOW DIFFERENT human nature in men is from human nature in women, drive away even those men who are at first attracted to them.

This course discloses how, in every woman, placed there by nature, is the latent power to fascinate men. Properly guided, you can call up this power, develop it, and use it effectively when and where you will. You will learn hundreds of methods, modest but skillful, maidenly but sure, for winning a man's adoration. You will learn the tremendous secrets that enable you to subordinate the comparatively trivial matters of dress, accomplishment, or physical beauty—how to be and how to reveal your REAL SELF—how to permit the man to glimpse the lovable REALITY hidden deep in your heart.

Do You Know What to Do?

Perhaps you have already met the man you want. If not, sooner or later you WILL meet him, the man of your dreams, the only man who could make you happy. Will you know what to do then? Will you know how to begin? What if he pays no attention to you? Will you know what methods to employ to arouse his interest in you, to keep him interested until he can learn to know the loveliness of your Real Self?

Not Luck—but Art and Knowledge

There is but one way you can be sure of winning him when you meet him. That way is an ART—and is explained thoroughly in THE ART OF ATTRACTING MEN. If you know men and their nature, if you understand what fascinates them, how they are won, if you have learned the many different plans which thousands of other women have found successful, you will have a hundred-fold better chance than if you are totally unprepared. You will know exactly what you are about, you will make no mistakes. You won't flounder around without aim or plan, but will use tried and proven methods; you won't depend upon luck, but upon art and knowledge.

Any good mother should be glad to place this course in the hands of her daughter. It contains the things—and only the things—that a live, self-respecting, modest and womanly woman ought to know about her own psychology, her own personality, her own God-given powers. There is not an offensive word or allusion in it. Its disclosures, its teachings, are all upon the highest plane.

Learn Your Own Powers

When the average woman develops her own latent powers and chooses to exert them, she is irresistible. She can employ a thousand little enticements, covertly but modestly bring into action a whole battery of feminine charms and graces before which the average man is as defenseless as a rabbit in the paws of a man-eating tiger. YOU have as much of this ability, this power, as most other women. It is only that, perhaps, you don't know what it is or how to use it. Learn the art of fascinating men, know what a wonderful thing it is to feel your own power, to be popular, sought after, and altogether bewitching, to go everywhere, to join in all the good times, and to have your choice of a dozen desirable men. Why let yourself be disappointed by lack of knowledge of the power that is within you? Why not employ the arts and the methods and the plans by which thousands of women have been winning the hearts of men?

Send No Money

Simply sign and mail the coupon below. The entire course of eight small books will then be sent you. When it arrives, deposit with the postman the small sum of $3.00 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment, and the course is yours. (*If likely to be out when the postman arrives, you may send payment with coupon, but this is not necessary.*) Keep these wonderful books 3 days. Read them. Test them. Then, if for any reason you decide you do not want them, return the course to us and your money will be refunded instantly and without question.

The course will be sent you in a PLAIN WRAPPER, so that no one but yourself need know what you are receiving. Tear off this coupon, sign it, and mail it today. *If you prefer to write a letter, copy the wording of this coupon on a post card or in a letter.*

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
6354 Delmar, University City, St. Louis, Mo.

Psychology Press,
6354 Delmar, University City, St. Louis, Mo.

You may send, in plain wrapper, your course, in eight books, on THE ART OF ATTRACTING MEN. I will pay the postman $3.00 (plus postage) on arrival, which pays for the eight books in full. But if I am not satisfied, I have the privilege of returning the course within 3 days after I receive it and my money will be refunded instantly and without question.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

(If apt to be out when postman calls, send $3.00 with coupon.)

The Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood

are brought out clearly and plainly in this course. The following titles of the eighteen chapters give a suggestion of the completeness and the thoroughness with which the subject has been covered.

1. *The Five Stages of Winning a Man.*
2. *Why Men Are Hard to Win.*
3. *The Kind of Woman a Man Wants.*
4. *Developing Your Latent Power.*
5. *The Real Charm and How to Acquire It.*
6. *Winning a Man's Admiration.*
7. *The Quality that Inspires Love.*
8. *Revealing Your Real Self.*
9. *The Appearance that Fascinates.*
10. *Where and How to Meet Men.*
11. *Peculiarities of Human Nature in Men.*
12. *Making Men Notice You.*
13. *Method of Arousing Interest.*
14. *Undermining the Man's Reserve.*
15. *Arousing Worship, Adoration and Love.*
16. *Removing the Obstacles to Marriage.*
17. *Inspiring the Proposal.*
18. *General Conclusions.*

Copyright, 1922, Psychology Press

Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY Dept. 205 CLARINDA, IOWA

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

That Indescribable Something.

What is the quality possessed by the stars which makes them stars?

Frederick Van Vranken calls it an indescribable something. Nevertheless he goes a great way in its analysis——

He considers the actresses in the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Lillian Gish symbolizes a clinging vine and thus finds her stardom——

Constance Talmadge typifies the friend, gay—good-natured.

Mr. Van Vranken goes on indefinitely. You wont want to miss this article.

Remember the October

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

7 Diamond Solitaire Cluster **$5.00 A Month**

Special Price $55

Seven perfectly cut, blue white Diamonds are so closely set in Platinum, and so exquisite is the workmanship that the solitaire resemblance is actually startling. Looks like a single 2 ct. Diamond. Don't send us a penny—we'll send the Ring entirely FREE. If satisfied, pay $5.00, then send the balance in ten months, $5.00 a month. If not satisfied, return.

FREE

De Luxe Diamond Book showing over 2,000 Bargains in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry—**ten months to pay on everything.** Write to Dept. **312-P**

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
CAPITAL $1,000,000.
L. W. SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Brief Mention Concerning Other Films

(*Continued from page* 114)

will mark upon the exceptionally long time it takes the Mounted to track a wounded man thru the snow. The concluding scenes are arrived at hastily and appear padded. And there is such an obvious story quality to the picture that the players never sound a note of sincerity—even with a cast comprising Betty Compson, Tom Moore and Casson Ferguson.

THE EYES OF THE MUMMY—PARAMOUNT

If your memory goes back far enough to recall the pioneer days of American screen production, you will probably say after witnessing "The Eyes of the Mummy"—"Do my eyes deceive me?" This German picture brings back that early period. Even with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings in the cast, the production is unable to soar above a mediocre level. The direction is way below par, showing not only in the overcrowded sets and the imitation sky as discovered in the hanging backdrop, but in the manner the players are guided thru their parts like so many marionettes. The Teutons simply cannot simulate English life. The story is wildly improbable, and concerns Egyptian hocus-pocus. Capable players as Pola and Emil are, they cannot lift this story into the class of entertaining subjects.

SHACKLES OF GOLD—FOX

An overdrawn, thoroly theatric story which achieves no particular goal is William Farnum's latest opus. "Shackles of Gold" becomes shackles of lead, so much dead weight does the story carry in its detail. The star is actory thruout and his overplaying, coupled with that of his subordinates, and mystifying line of action, fail to make the picture convincing. Farnum likes to rise from the depths. Remember "Les Misérables"? Here he climbs from dock laborer to Wall Street magnate, and the theme harps upon the familiar idea that money might be a curse. Follows a hectic note filled with melodramatic clap-trap having to do with moral obligations and what not. The story contains pictorial possibilities, but they haven't been utilized. The result? A rampant melodrama and a tiresome evening.

THE CROSSROADS OF NEW YORK—MACK SENNETT

Mack Sennett evidently started out with the best intention of making this picture approach serious melodrama, then realizing the possibilities of burlesque, incorporated them. "The Crossroads of New York" is a hodge-podge of nearly every dramatic convenience, tinctured enough with truly Sennettian hokum as to make it quite a novelty. It is slapstick—not the pie-slinging kind, but slapstick, depending upon exaggerated comedy for its appeal. We wish to add that the picture is not another "Molly O." But it does possess qualities which should attract and interest patrons up and down the Main Streets and Broadways of the country. You will agree with us that it carries a catchy title. True it is unadulterated nonsense, because its plot is a crazy quilt in design. You should respond to Eddie Gribbon, when he sings "The Curse of an Aching Heart." And the boarding house scenes are provocative of laughter. The entire Sennett stock company and others borrowed from neighboring studios are there. Catalog-

Makes Waists Slim!!

Does All Costly Massage Could Do!

Remarkable new invention subdues waist-fat automatically! Wonderful dual-disc Vacuum-Applicator steadily but gently lessens unwanted abdominal girth. Overcomes obesity; healthily absorbs needless fat. Quickens digestion; rouses circulation; conquers constipation; tones up whole body. Utilizes every breath you draw to do for you all that expert massage ever could! No discomfort, no constriction. Wear it without anyone knowing! Fits snug; adjustable; CANNOT CHAFE—ventilated. Priceless for corpulent busy men. Postpaid for $15—satisfaction certified.

Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waist Line Reducer

Or request detailed description of this Flexible Comfort Girdle which reduces FAT and supports sagging abdomen.

Mailed direct from

Dr. Thomas Lawton

Dept. 501. 120 W. 70th St., N. Y. City.

New Invention Relieves Hay Fever Catarrh, Asthma

Not a Patent Medicine

Don't let Hay Fever, Rose Fever, Catarrh or Summer Colds ruin your summer and fall. Breathe-O-Tol, a new invention, positively relieves these ailments. A soothing, medicated liquid, based on the formula of a famous nose and throat specialist, provides healing, antiseptic air to your nostrils. Instantly clears the head, heals the swollen membrane, attacks germs and removes the cause of your trouble. Physicians endorse Breathe-O-Tol as the safest, most sensible and most beneficial treatment.

No Cost If It Fails

Breathe-O-Tol has worked wonders for sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, etc. Hundreds have found it beneficial. Results are so sure and quick that an unusual offer is made. Try Breathe-O-Tol without risking any money.

Send No Money

Just write for Outfit "A" for Colds, Catarrh and Bronchitis, or outfit "B" for Hay Fever, Rose Fever and Asthma. When the Breathe-O-Tol Outfit arrives, pay the postman only $2.00 plus postage. Use it five days. See how quickly it reduces swelling, opens clogged nostrils, makes breathing easy and natural. Use it everywhere; at work, at play, at the theatre, asleep. If you are not delighted with results, send it back and your money will be refunded in full. You take no risk, so send for this wonderful new invention at once. Send no money, simply specify Set "A" or "B".

THE BREATHE-O-TOL LABORATORIES
Dept. C-179 1400 Broadway, N. Y. C.

ing them—one may discern comedians and heavies, vampires and bathing girls.

THE VEILED WOMAN—HODKINSON

A rather astonishing story, this—of a woman who takes the veil, not thru any religious motive, but because of a blighted romance. It is carefully planted that her beauty is destroyed in rescuing her fiancé, a surgeon, from a laboratory explosion, which results in his casting her aside. She sings her song of hate over a period of twenty-five years. That's astonishing, considering time heals all wounds. What is more astonishing is revealed when lifting the veil she displays no reason for covering her features since they carry neither scar nor blemish. The veil covers a multitude of flaws besides Marguerite Snow's serene countenance. Up to and including the fourth reel, the picture releases interesting moments. Then it becomes haphazard in its development with irrelevant incident breaking thru its main argument and causing it to sag in its appeal. However, it is quite original in theme and characterization and acted with cameo expression by Lottie Williams, who lends vitality to a spinster rôle. Edward Coxen, not much in spotlight these days, plays an æsthetic gardener in the manner of the Ben Greet school.

STRANGE IDOLS—FOX

Will someone please step forward and give Dustin Farnum a story? We get the impression, on viewing these reels, that Dustin, easily the most gifted of the Farnums, is destined for oblivion unless the Fox star is placed in a rôle which carries some semblance of originality. The great, open spaces cannot compensate for a hoary plot based upon "a little child shall lead them." The giddy wife in the dramatic skein rebels against her drab life in the timberlands—argues so strongly, in fact, that the lumberman accompanies her to Broadway. There is a tug for pathos which will find response among the sentimentalists. People who patronize anything and everything will find moments of interest here and there.

THE GREATEST TRUTH—PARAMOUNT

This German importation does not add any lustre to the spectacles which have aroused such wide comment—spectacles like "Passion," "Deception," and "One Arabian Night." In the first place, it presents a type of production which has long outlived its usefulness upon this side of the water, utilizing as it does the dream situation and flashing back thru the centuries—to reveal a touch of reincarnation. A royal lady in love visits a Hindu seer to discover which of two men returns her affection. She is wafted to sleep, the subsequent scene revealing the same characters appearing under different titles, but with corresponding positions in the social scale. There are some spectacular sets and others which resemble those in a shoddy musical comedy. The technical side of the picture, compared to American standards, is way below par. Mia May's portrayal is negligible.

FOR BIG STAKES—FOX

Westerns may come and Westerns may go, but cattle rustling goes on forever. "For Big Stakes," which brings Tom Mix to the screen in his newest Fox film, is just another story of a determined cowboy bent in keeping law and order upon his property. Since Mix has developed into quite a stunt artist, it behooves the director to place him in scenes in which rough riding and the use of the lariat are

Will Your Conscience Let YOU Marry?

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Regrets will haunt you all your life if you marry before you are physically fit and a real man in the full sense of the word.
—Lionel Strongfort.

When Marriage Means Misery

Marriage always means failure, disappointment, hard luck and misery to the man who has neglected his health and undermined his vital powers. You know that excesses have sapped your manly powers—you know that you are not the ideal man that some pure, innocent girl believes you to be. It's a crime to deceive her and wreck her happiness. It is doubly a crime to bring onto the earth sickly, defective children, who will be a burden and reproach as long as you live.

Root Out the Crop of Youthful Folly

You have sown a big crop of "wild oats." You have lived as you pleased without regard to your responsibilities as a man. But now you know that you are not fit to be a husband and a father. You dare not marry and pass on your acquired taints and tendencies. It surely looks dark and gloomy for you, but cheer up—I want to help you—I can help you build up your body and brain and regain those vital elements that make a man—red-blooded—magnetic—popular—successful. **Come** to me in **full faith** as **you** would **to a brother** and let me help you.

Regain Your Vital Powers

I'll show you how to conquer your weaknesses. I'll teach you how to overcome your defects and ailments such as Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Prostate Trouble, Impotency, Vital Depletion, Rupture, Rheumatism, Bad Blood, and the numerous other results of Youthful Errors, Bad Habits and Excesses. I'll make a real man of you, restore your pep and power and fit you for the responsibilities of Marriage and Parenthood with

STRONGFORTISM

The Modern Science of Health Promotion

Once you accept Strongfortism, you enter a new life. The results are immediate and positively thrilling. You feel the rich blood racing thru your body—you acquire new power and a magnetic personality—you feel new strength developing in every organ and structure. I guarantee that you will be 100% successful with Strongfortism, irrespective of your age, sex, occupation or surroundings.

Send For My Free Book

The truth about the scientific application of Natural Law is contained in my wonderfully interesting book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It will tell you frankly and plainly how you can banish your ailments and build up 100% Health, Strength and Vitality. It's absolutely free. Mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want **special confidential information** and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc. I'll do the rest. Send for my free book **Right Now**—TODAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

Dept. 952 *Founded 1895* Newark, N. J.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 952, Newark, N. J.--Please send me your book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** for postage on which I enclose a 10-cent piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Blackheads	..Female Disorders
..Catarrh	..Insomnia	..Increased Height
..Asthma	..Short Wind	..Youthful Errors
..Hay Fever	..Flat Feet	..Manhood Restored
..Obesity	..Stomach Disorders	..Falling Hair
..Headache	..Constipation	..Gastritis
..Rupture	..Biliousness	..Heart Weakness
..Lumbago	..Torpid Liver	..Poor Circulation
..Neuritis	..Indigestion	..Skin Disorders
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Vital Losses	..Stoop Shoulders
..Successful Marriage	..Impotency	..Muscular Development
..Rheumatism	..Weak Eyes	..Great Strength
..Pimples	..Despondency	..Prostate Troubles
	..Diabetes	..Neurasthenia
	..Weaknesses	..THINNESS

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Street.....City.....State.....

W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN $5. $6. $7. & $8. SHOES FOR WOMEN

STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE AT THE FACTORY
W.L.DOUGLAS $8.00 SHOE
THE STAMPED PRICE IS YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS

W.L.DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED BY MORE THAN FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

THEY ARE MADE OF THE BEST AND FINEST LEATHERS, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

OUR $7.00 AND $8.00 SHOES ARE EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD VALUES. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores

YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT

SEE THAT THE NAME AND PRICE IS STAMPED ON THE SOLE. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

BOYS' SHOES $4.00 & $4.50

Established 1876

Catalog Free

W. L. Douglas

President

W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 132 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

IT IS TO LAUGH!

She's all dolled up and looks like she had a black eye. **HER MAKE-UP RAN.** Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid **COL-Y-BROW.** For eyebrows and eyelashes. **WILL NOT RUN.** Absolutely harmless. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail $1.00.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A, 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK

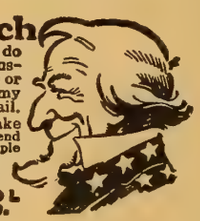
Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many cartoonists and illustrators earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail.

Landon Picture Charts make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what you can accomplish. *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL

402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.



Why Dont You Buy

CLASSIC

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

Von Stroheim, that incalculable genius of the screen, is interviewed for the September **CLASSIC.** In all fairness to this much-discussed man, you should read his story.

Who Are the Movie Millionaires? is the title of an absorbing and authentic article by **Willis Goldbeck.** He says: "Filmillionaires are of two classes, those who look it and those who are."

A Star in the Making is **Betty Compson** in this issue. **The Darkest Hours** are those of **Lon Chaney** and **Nazimova.** Another of our famous double-spread picture pages is **"It's Not the Heat, It's the Humidity."** A fanciful portrait of **Colleen Moore,** called **Thistledown,** has unusual charm.

CLASSIC starts a new page with this issue, which will hereafter be run every month. It is a page of portraits of the great and the near-great whose particular performance merits particular mention. The choice will not necessarily be confined to moving picture subjects. It will be a sort of **Temple of Honor,** for which candidates from every artistic walk in life will be considered.

We have added an editorial page and another gallery portrait. Every month we will give you something new and different and more beautiful, and we'll keep on doing it until our readers will be calling **CLASSIC** what we call it ourselves——

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

CLASSIC

For SEPTEMBER

dominant. This is what Lynn Reynolds has done. The identity of the young rancher is kept from the other characters—the reason being that he owns the property. There are three villains to overpower and the heart of a girl to conquer. And it takes considerable heroics to hold the interest of the spectator. A climax reveals a fire scene which is as thrilling and colorful as any which has featured a Western. It shows the arch-villain burning the ranch house, and the adjoining barn. And the flames soon spread to the alfalfa. Mix's pictures are packed with enough action to satisfy an audience of Lincoln J. Carters.

The Son of the Wolf—R-C Pictures

A decorative title and some adequate Alaskan atmosphere are the only redeeming features in this adaptation of Jack London's story. The author's characteristic penchant for vigorous action is not conspicuous. What one looks upon is a stereotyped account of that ancient and honorable theme—the racial barrier with the squaw man returning to his Indian sweetheart after playing a romance with a short-skirted denizen in a Dawson honky-tonk. The conflict seems arbitrary and forced. The stock figures are present and the atmospheric redskins will suggest to the old-timers the days of Broncho Billy. Edith Roberts makes a delightfully flapperish squaw. She is not a stoic—is Edith. Thomas Jefferson steps out of character as an Indian chieftain. His professional personality cannot be disguised, even tho his face is daubed with colors and a ring is fastened, bull-fashion, in his nose. The totem poles are much more genuine.

Rough Shod—Fox

If Westerns are pretty much the same in general design these days, at least the interest may be heightened and the obviousness largely eliminated by the director's adopting a policy of "speed without stint." "Rough Shod" carries the usual hard riding which is punctuated by a stunt scene or three. The inevitable fight on the edge of the cliff carries you into the climax. And when the culprit meets a timely end, the romance finds expression. This is a Charles (Buck) Jones picture, and in the saddle, at least, he can easily cope with Tom Mix. Maurice (Lefty) Flynn gives up his romantic tendencies to portray the lawless rover. Of course, there are only two Western villains—Wallace Beery and Robert McKim. Consequently, Lefty suffers by comparison. Director Reeves Eason has made the feature a little better than average.

THE MOVIE FAN

By Thomas J. Murray

I have a friend, a movie fan, who dearly
loves to pan and pan.
The comedies oft fail to please,
With serials depressing.
He finds the illustrated news a dreadful
bore, and cant enthuse;
While feature plays bring deep amaze,
At vamps and their undressing.

He hates the patent-leather hair so many
movie heroes wear,
And waxes sore when thru the door
There comes the guileless matron.
With couples wrecked on desert isle, he
shows a very scornful smile.
But, strange to say, day after day
I find him still a patron.

The American Beauty Contest

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I the fairest of them all?"

We all know the famous fairy story of the Queen who thus addressed her mirror—and now there is a reason and an opportunity why every woman should seek similar counsel from *her* mirror.

Then—if her mirror is encouraging—she should send us her photo at once.

We are looking for beauty and only beauty. This is NOT a movie contest.

The Loveliest Woman in America

You may think it's a tall order to find her among so many beautiful women. It *is*—but the Brewster Publications, read thruout the length and breadth of the land, are determined to find her—and find her they will!

Somewhere, as you read this page, that fortunate young woman may be reading the same page, unconscious of the fame and rewards that await her.

Is it you? Is it the girl next door? Is it that lovely girl you met last summer?

Read the simple rules, and the splendid rewards that await America's loveliest girl!

These Will Be the Rewards of America's Beauty:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous East Side; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries of New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that——

One Thousand Dollars! ($1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

Notice

Photographs that are submitted to us in our Beauty Contest will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan* Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE CLASSIC
SHADOWLAND and Beauty

at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

8. The most beautiful picture received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., Brewster Building, Brooklyn, New York.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation (optional).....

DIAMONDS WATCHES CASH OR CREDIT

Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED PRICES ARE DOWN

We invite comparisons. You will be convinced that you can do better with **LOFTIS.** Our **IMMENSE BUYING POWER** for our Chain of Stores and our large Mail Order House enables us to make lower prices than small concerns.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Everything explained. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Pearls, Watches, etc. Any article sent prepaid for Free Examination. **Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.**

BARGAINS

Selected from our "A1 Best Sellers." Diamonds are dazzling, blue white, perfect cut. Mountings are all Solid Gold. Furnished at prices given, and up to any price you wish.

Order by Number

DIAMOND RINGS: 1—White Gold, $100. 2—Yellow Gold, $50. 3—White Gold, or Green Gold with White Gold prongs, $75. 4—Green Gold, Diamond set in White Gold, $50. 5—White Gold, $75. 6—**WEDDING RING:** Platinum, $25; Green or Yellow Gold, $10. 7—**WATCH:** 17-J., gold filled, guaranteed 25 years, $27.50. 8—**WRIST WATCH:** White Gold, 15-J., $32.50.

CREDIT TERMS: One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. ESTD. 1858

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
DEPT. D-615
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

Protect Your Pearls

A broken bead string is indeed a tragedy. — how often it happens!

It is preventable with a

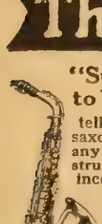
Secure-o Bead String

made of specially woven silk, durable and strong. Holds under great stress. A jeweler's stringing needle included.

Send 25c for this reliable string, and get *free* authoritative booklet "Beads & Pearls—How and When to Wear." Or $1.00 for five strings on special group order. State length desired.

Box 513 THE DeCLAJO COMPANY, Buffalo, N.Y.

This Book Free



"Success in Music and How to Win It" Sousa and nine other world-famous musicians tell how you can quickly learn to play saxophone, cornet, trombone, clarinet, any band or orchestra instrument and double your income and pleasure.

Free Trial Any Conn Instrument

Used by greatest bands and solo artists. Easiest of all to play. Send postcard for free book and details of free trial plan.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
925 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

PUT IT BESIDE A DIAMOND

These beautiful GILODITE GEMS match genuine diamonds in every way—same glitter, flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. **SEND NO MONEY**—just your name, address and tell us which ring to send (No. 4 Lady's, No. 3 Men's). When it arrives deposit the amount shown with your postman. The printed price is all you pay. **WEAR 10 DAYS**—**if you or your friends can tell it from a genuine diamond send it back** and your money will be immediately refunded. You don't risk a single penny. These genuine GILODITE GEMS are about one carat size set in very latest mountings of White Platinum finish and guaranteed for 20 years. Send strip of paper for ring size. Write today—**NOW.**

GILODITE CO. Dept. 16 **Nashville, Tenn.**

Oliver Twist

(*Continued from page* 113)

pityingly. "And you'd have made such a splendid grandfather, Grimwig," he regretted. "You were made to carry peppermint drops in your pockets! Well, well, I'll prove to you that I'm right. Look there!"

The eyes of the two old men rested upon the scene in the next room, where Oliver, pale from his illness, but happier than he had ever been in his few years, sat opposite Mrs. Bedwin, winding yarn and listening absorbed to the tale of the Gingerbread Boy. "I've run away from a little old woman, and a little old man, a field full of flowers, and I can run away from you, I can, I can!"

"Oliver!" called Mr. Brownlow, looking very fiercely at his contemptuous friend, "Oliver, I want you to do an errand for me. Here is some money, and a parcel of books. Take these to the bookstall around on the next street, and bring back the 'Life of Napoleon,' in four volumes." He looked down into the small, eager face solemnly. "I shall expect you back in fifteen minutes, mind!"

The two old men watched the clock with a fixity that grew painful as the moments passed. At fifteen minutes Grimwig said, "Ha!" triumphantly, but not happily. At twenty he arose, patted his dejected friend on the back and went out, wiping his own eyes furiously. "It's the last he'll see of him or his money!" he muttered, adding without visible reason, "Damme, the 'Life of Napoleon,' in four volumes, is too heavy for a child!"

And at this moment in Fagin's attic poor little Oliver lay sobbing, while a circle of faces, wicked, threatening, hideous with hideous thoughts, gloated on him. "Eh, but it was naughty of you to run away from poor old Fagin, my little dear!" the old fence chuckled, counting the money he had pried out of the small desperate hand. "But you wont do it again, I dare say, will you, my little dear?"

"Becos if you did," snarled Bill Sykes, thrusting his great pug face close to Oliver's, "becos if you did, I'd take you up by the scrunch of your neck and [illegible] your head agin the wall, I woul[illegible] do you believe me."

"Yes," gasped Oliver, "yes, sir!"—propitiatingly—"I believe you!"

He had not the least doubts of what would happen to him if he tried to escape. Waking or sleeping he felt great hands closing on his throat and started up with a shrill cry of agony and fear. His Fairy was lost again. He was deserted, alone. It would have taken more imagination than he possessed to have seen a Fairy peering from Nancy Sykes's bleared eyes, yet of all the creatures who surrounded him, she alone had any kindness for the tortured child. In her shameful breast the mother instinct still survived like a spark in a sooty chimney.

And one night, after a visit of the creature Monk to Fagin's attic, she wound her smeary shawl about her and stole out, slipping from shadow to shadow until she came to the staid brick house in Russell Square. Mrs. Bedwin, drinking a sociable cup of tea with her neighbors, Mrs. Maylie and Miss Rose Maylie, was startled almost out of her gentle wits by hearing a scratching on the window pane, by seeing a wild, white face pressed close to the glass. But Rose set down her cup, went to the window and raised it.

Her fresh, charming girl-face alarmed Nancy more than ugly looks and curses. She was used to blows, smiles terrified her. She said falteringly, "It's about

Easy to Play Easy to Pay

Wheeler Wadsworth of the Paul Whiteman Saxophone Sextet. He plays four Buescher Saxophones in all of the All-Star Trio Phonograph Records.

BUESCHER
True-Tone Saxophone

Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you desire. Unrivalled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music.

Free Trial You may order any Buescher Instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. 75% of all popular phonograph records are played with Buescher instruments. Ask for pictures of the Nation's Record Makers.

Saxophone Book Free After nearly 300 years' supremacy, string instruments are almost entirely displaced by Saxophones in all nationally popular orchestras. Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophone takes violin, cello and bass parts and many other things you would like to know. Ask for your copy. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free. (58)

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2158 Buescher Block ELKHART, INDIANA

Sax Invented the Saxophone Buescher Perfected It

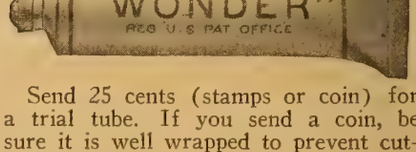
Perspiration

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. **Destroys all bodily odors.**
2. **Checks perspiration without discomfort.**
3. **Absolutely harmless.**
4. **Actually benefits the skin.**
5. **Serves as a vanishing cream.**
6. **A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.**

"WONDER"

is made from this secret formula, and *the only one.* You will use no other after once trying *Wonder.* Only 25 cents a tube, and one tube might save an expensive gown from being ruined by perspiration at the dance—also much embarrassment.



Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

E. FRANK & CO.,
34 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAIR ON THE FACE QUICKLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK treatment painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair), without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. **The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment.** No electrolysis or caustics. Praised and recommended as the **only effectual method for satisfactorily destroying hair and root. RESULTS GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE.**

LOURIM CO. Dept. M. Litchfield St., Bay City, Mich.

Oliver I've come. But I wont tell you tonight! Tomorrow, if you and the gentleman with the white hair 'ull meet me on London Bridge at midnight, maybe—and then again, maybe not!"

The clocks were striking the hour the next evening, when two shadows, standing in the shelter of one of the towers, moved out into the gaslight to meet another more furtive shadow. Nancy was almost swooning with terror and held to a stanchion desperately, as if to keep herself from running away. "Bill 'ud kill me if he knew, but the kid's so little. It ain't right Fagin should make a thief of him. Listen——"

In broken words, uncouth phrases, the story came out. She had overheard Monk and the old fence talking. Monk was Oliver's half-brother, who would get all of a great fortune left by their father if he could prove that the other son had stained his name with public dishonor before he was twenty-one. Monk had been searching for Oliver ever since he knew there was a child born to the woman his father had loved and lost sight of, and a ring shown him by old Martha, who had taken it from Oliver's dead mother, had ended his quest.

"The name was Leeford, Henry Leeford," Nancy muttered, always glaring about her into the darkness. Mr. Brownlow uttered an exclamation.

"Leeford! My old friend"—he took off his hat reverently, and the wind from the unseen river below them stirred his white hair. "God moves in a mysterious way! Tomorrow we will go to that den of infamy and get the child."

"No, no!" cried Nancy in sharp terror. "I'll tyke him to the Three Cripples Pub. You mustn't hurt *them*—" her voice broke into a sob, "I ain't agoin' to 'ave Bill 'armed!"

To Oliver the ending of the story came the next day when he ran, trembling from head to foot, into the kind arms held out to him from the cab before the Three Cripples Pub, and burrowed into Mr. Brownlow's waistcoat, and held tight to him with frenzied little claws until he was safe in the dear old study, with the fire on the hearth and the books and Mrs. Bedwin bringing milk and cookies, salting them freely with her tears.

He never knew of the terrible things that happened in the world he left behind him, tho Mr. Brownlow read of them the next day with horror-white cheeks and afterwards burned the paper with its headlines, "Brutal Murder in Whitechapel Slums! Murderer, Trying to escape Police by Sliding from Roof on Rope, Hangs Himself Accidentally." Nancy had been tried, convicted and condemned to death for the crime of "Peaching" by her brutal lord, who had proceeded to carry out his sentence with more thoroness than was quite wise. Whitechapel can forgive a man for bumping his missus off, when she is troublesome, but all must be done decently and in order. Nancy Sykes, informer, killed by a blow, would have had no sympathy, but Nancy Sykes, mangled, bloody, butchered, became a martyr, hysterically bewailed, violently avenged.

Mr. Brownlow dealt with Monk without the aid of the courts, that dark visaged individual having no appetite for the law, and wrung a reluctant confession from him that insured a fortune for Oliver in the years to come. But Oliver had found his fortune already. Leaning against Mrs. Bedwin's comfortable knee, he listened ecstatically to the end of the tale of the Gingerbread Boy, while he held the yarn that was to make him a warm red muffler for the winter time.

It Says So In Beauty

THAT'S what you hear on every side today, where matters in any way bearing on beauty are discussed—and it always clinches the argument.

Beauty aims to be authoritative. On every subject there is an acknowledged expert, and if you look thru our pages you will find that we have articles by those experts, written in the most fascinating manner, and wherever possible illustrated by the best artists or the most recent photographs.

Beauty aims to be the woman's magazine *par excellence*. It presents all the latest and most reliable information from the realms of society, fashion and the stage—but its scope is not confined to these. It appeals equally to every woman, no matter what her age or occupation—for what woman lives to whom beauty is not a subject of paramount importance?

In addition to these articles, there are hosts of fascinating features. There is the great American Beauty Contest, for instance—the nation-wide search for America's loveliest girl. There are short stories, serials, a monthly selection of the best beauty "secrets," contributed by our readers, for each of which a dollar is paid—and, as the auctioneers' catalogs say, other things too numerous to mention.

In short, Beauty is written, designed and printed for YOU, and when you have once read it, you will no sooner think of going without your copy on the first of every month than you would think of passing a mirror without glancing at yourself in it.

For Beauty is the Mirror of Beauty.

Posed by Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph Motion Picture Star. Miss Griffith is one of many attractive women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Can you conscientiously say "My complexion is fresh and fair?"

WHAT does an intimate study of your face reveal? Are you satisfied that your complexion is clear and wholesome—are you confident that your skin glows with the beauty of perfect health?

You *can* be sure of a fresh, wholesome complexion. You can *gain* and *retain* the charm of a fair radiant skin if you begin at once the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will discover, is more than a face cream—more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up," *revitalize*, the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes annoying little blemishes. Used faithfully, it will bring to you, just as it has to thousands of attractive women, the matchless beauty of a fresh, fair complexion.

Follow these health hints

Wrapped around your jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream you will find a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain new beauty of complexion. It will be such a satisfaction to you.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow," use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine
FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
21 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario.

Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 383 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington.

Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Moments Which Count

When you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticise but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bed-time, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub, but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means.

Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

An ancient secret

The value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret—whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economies which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

So while Palmolive ranks first as finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

Complexion beauty does not end with the face. Beautify your body with Palmolive.

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, CANADA

Also makers of Palmolive Shampoo and Palmolive Shaving Cream

Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Co. 1561

After the Sun Goes Down

"REALLY, I can hardly muster up courage to leave the dressing room," said the brown-throated girl at the mirror. "A tanned skin may look sporting while the sun shines, but if I had thought how ridiculous it would be with evening gowns I'd never have ventured out without a veil. No more parties for me until this tan fades!"

"It will fade in a hurry, and you can keep your skin fair without a veil, if you use Crême au Citron," rejoined the girl with the white-rose complexion. "I go bareheaded and let the breezes fan my face, but I never fail to use my lemon cream—Crême au Citron—night and morning."

Crême au Citron contains Nature's own remedies for counteracting the harmful effects of sun and wind, and quickly bleaches tan and freckles.

It is a perfect cleanser, and its mild astringency closes the pores and tightens the skin. Patted around eyes and mouth every night, it will prevent and help efface the insidious little lines that result from sun glare and tension of the muscles.

If you want your face, neck and hands to be always softly white, with the firm, fine-textured smoothness of youth, make a habit of this cream with the refreshing lemon fragrance. Get it from the store where you buy toilet preparations, or, if they haven't it, you can order either a 50c jar or a 10c sample from Lournay—*see coupon below.*

Lournay

7 Rue de L'Isly, Paris, France
366 Fifth Avenue, New York

Crême au Citron
(Lemon Cream)
Jar 50¢

Coupon

LOURNAY, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York

Enclosed is 10c for a sample of Crême au Citron.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

My dealer's name _____

MM.

LAG.

Brett Litho. Co., N.

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE

FIRST, FINEST AND FOREMOST

OCTOBER

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

Marie Prevost

FLOH

Copyright 1922
A. S. HINDS CO.

From the Week End Box
The Hinds Cre-Maids
Step gaily forth
With Beauty's Aids.

First of all in this Beauty Team,
Comes Hinds Honey and Almond Cream,
Hinds Soap and Face Powder next in line,
Hinds Cre-mis Talcum, pure and fine.

Hinds Disappearing Cream—a treat,
Hinds Cold Cream, and the line's complete.
A "Line of Beauty" sweet and gay
Ready to serve you every day.

Fashioned of perfumes rich and rare
With finest of products from everywhere
Gathered, selected and blended true,
Beauty and health they bring to you.

Aids to your toilet—all the best—
Hinds Week-End Box is a Treasure Chest.

You will find the Hinds Week-End Box especially convenient and useful now, as it contains those essentials for the comfort and attractiveness of the face and hands. Trial size: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, Cold and Disappearing Cream, Soap, Talc and Face Powder. 50c. Try your dealer first. Write us if not easily obtainable.

All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c. Beauty Booklet *Free*.

A. S. HINDS CO., Dept. 23, Portland, Maine.

Do *YOU* Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?

The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding an informal social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions.

His friend has just introduced him to the young woman. Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand and make the acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled confusedly something about being "Glad to meet you." By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders.

She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.

Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the drawing room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders.

Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork, and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners —how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.

The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuous by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment—and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.

The Book of Etiquette Sent for FREE Examination

If you do not already own the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette, send for a set at once that you may examine it at our expense. Don't be without it another week. It solves many little problems that may be puzzling you, tells you the right thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

It costs you nothing to examine the Book of Etiquette. You are not obligated to keep the set if you are not delighted with it. You be the judge—just mail the coupon and let us send you the Book of Etiquette for free examination. But do it NOW!

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. 7810, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. 7810, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

I accept your free examination offer. You may send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. During that time I will examine the books, read some of the chapters, examine the illustrations. I understand that all phases of etiquette are covered—wedding etiquette; the etiquette of dress, of speech, of manners; dance, party, tea etiquette, etc. Within the 5 day free period I will either return the books or keep them as my own and send you only $3.50 in full payment. I need not keep the set unless I am delighted with it.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check in this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full-leather** binding at $5.00, with 5 days' examination privilege.

The Magic Difference

A few years ago any picture that moved on a screen fascinated people.

Remember your excitement the first time you saw a man actually *walking* in a picture, moving about!

Today, it is not bodies alone that you want to see moved, but hearts.

Here is Paramount's magic difference—the magic of the world's best picture-making that has made the Paramount mark a treasure-trove to find in any theatre lobby any day of the week when you are seeking entertainment.*

Paramount stories, *Paramount* stars, *Paramount* directors, and all the sumptuous riches of *Paramount* equipment—this is the eternal name that makes a theatre a good place to go, and a reluctant one to leave!

* Millions of dollars and months of concentrated artistic labor have been expended in making the Paramount Pictures released in October, as listed alongside.

Each one of them is a treasure mine of wonderful entertainment, of thrills, of romance, of warm, human heart-interest, of spirited action, of the last word in luxurious setting.

Find out when they will be shown at your theatre.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

When are these coming? Use the 'phone!

"The Old Homestead"
with Theodore Roberts

Absolutely one of the greatest Motion pictures ever made. Don't miss it.

George Fawcett
T. Roy Barnes
Harrison Ford
and
Fritzi Ridgway

Adapted from Denman Thompson's play by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by James Cruze.

Wallace Reid *in* "The Ghost Breaker"
supported by
Lila Lee *and* Walter Hiers

The scene is Old Kentucky. Wallace Reid is the last of an ancient family. Over in Spain there's a girl who possesses nothing but intoxicating beauty and a haunted castle. How and why she and he meet is the beginning of the plot, and thereafter it thickens into great adventure.

By Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Adaptation by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Alfred Green.

A new and striking type of melodrama set in the South African diamond mines.

A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

"Pink Gods"
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood
Anna Q Nilsson and Raymond Hatton

By Cynthia Stockley. Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Levien.

A George Melford PRODUCTION

"Burning Sands"
with Wanda Hawley, Milton Sills
Robert Cain
and
Jaqueline Logan

The man who directed "The Sheik" directed this picture. "Burning Sands" is a man's answer to "The Sheik." The lovers are Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley, and they dare everything for each other's sake.

By Arthur Weigall. Adaptation by Olga Printzlau. Scenario by Julien Josephson.

A George Fitzmaurice production

"To Have and To Hold"
WITH Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
supported by Theodore Kosloff, W. J. Ferguson
Raymond Hatton and Walter Long

Action, love, suspense, fights, blowing up a ship, beauty, bloodshed, comedy, marvelous sets, a battle between a man-o'-war and a pirate ship; great swordsmanship, gowns that it took sixty dressmakers a month to prepare, startling photography, more romance, more suspense, more action—

By Mary Johnson Scenario by Ouida Bergere

"The Cowboy and the Lady"
WITH
Mary Miles Minter
AND *Tom Moore*

To set a new standard of thrills in a Western picture is a considerable achievement and that is exactly what you have here.

From the play by Clyde Fitch
Directed by Charles Maigne

"The Face in the Fog"
by Jack Boyle
Directed by Alan Crosland Created by Cosmopolitan

The cast is the best indication of what to expect from this picture: It includes Lionel Barrymore as Blackie Dawson, the gentlemanly safe cracker. Louis Wolheim, Lowell Sherman, Seena Owen, Mary MacLaren, Geo. Nash, Gustave von Seyfertitz, and Macy Harlan.

You may have seen all the great spectacle pictures made so far, but you still have something coming to you. 50,000 Indian natives in the cast.

"Above All Law"
A HAMILTON THEATRICAL CORPORATION PRODUCTION

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, *President*
NEW YORK CITY

AUG 21 1922 ©CLB533726

Motion Picture Magazine

The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

OCTOBER

THE CONTENTS

Marie Prevost, Cover Design ..... *Florhi*
Painted from a photograph by W. F. Seely

FEATURE ARTICLES

PAGE

That Indescribable Something ..... *Frederick Van Vranken* 34
Silhouettes ..... *Doris Kenyon* 39
Not So Wild ..... *Malcolm Oettinger* 52

SHORT STORIES

Borderland ..... *Janet Reid* 27
Hurricane's Gal ..... *Norman Bruce* 45
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow ..... *Peter Andrews* 59

PICTURES

Gallery of Players 11
Portraits in gravure of Jackie Coogan, Pauline Starke, Florence Vidor, Alla Nazimova, Colleen Moore, Barbara LeMar, Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Cameron and Alice Calhoun
When the Lights are Low 20
When the Wine Is Red 26
Laurette of All Hearts 38
Clarence Goes to the Movies ..... *Oliver Butler* 40
This Is So Sudden 50
In A California Garden 58
Tales of the Wilderness 64
Page the Reformers! 70
Camping on Burning Sands 78
Purple and Gold Lace 80

INTERVIEWS

The Idealistic Builder ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 21
A story about Dick Barthelmess
"No Younger Generation Is Knocking at the Door" ..... *Gladys Hall* 24
Alice Brady talks
Anna Q. Nilsson Talks of Her Sojourn Abroad ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 32
A Fortune In Freckles ..... *Harry Carr* 36
The story of Wesley Barry
Heavens, No! ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 42
This is what Mildred Davis said when questioned about Harold Lloyd——
What Does It Matter? ..... *Leslie Drew* 56
David Powell—blasé Englishman
Without A Cosmetic Cosmos ..... *Gordon Gossaway* 74
Describing Dorothy Phillips

DEPARTMENTS

That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 44
Is Your Face Your Fortune? 54
Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 65
Letters to the Editor 71
The Juvenile Critic ..... *Dorothy Whitehill* 76

Copyright, 1922, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., (A NEW YORK CORPORATION) AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, Brewster Buildings, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada and foreign countries $3.50 a year. Single copies 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief — Guy L. Harrington, Vice-President and Business Manager
E. M. Heinemann, Secretary, and L. G. Conlon, Treasurer

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Managing Editor

Harry Carr, Pacific Coast Representative — Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Director of Advertising

Also publishers of the CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month; SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third and BEAUTY, out on the sixth.

Play Piano by Ear

Learn at Home in 90 days

Be a Jazz Music Master

No matter how little you know about music—even though you "have never touched a piano"—if you can just remember a tune, you can learn to play by ear.

The Niagara School of Music has perfected a method of instruction which will enable you to play the popular song-hits perfectly by ear. All you need to know is how to hum a tune. Our method—**only 20 lessons taken at home**—which can be mastered in less than three months' time, will enable you to transform the tunes you hum into actual **Jazzy** music on the piano. **All by ear.**

A Simple Secret to Success

No need to devote years in study, to learn piano nowadays. Neither is special talent necessary. You learn a common bass accompaniment that applies to the songs you play. Every lesson is so easy, interesting and fascinating that you can't keep your hands off the piano. Just devote a part of your spare time to it for 90 days and you will be playing and entertaining your friends almost before you realize how this wonderful accomplishment has been acquired.

Write for Free Book

Niagara School of Music, Dept. 476, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Without obligation to me, send your booklet, "The Niagara Method."

Name.....Age.....

City.....State.....

Ever take piano lessons?.....How many?.....

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.
Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif

FREE Wonderful Book

Tells how to learn to mount *birds, animals, game-heads and tan skins.*

Learn by mail. A necessity for hunters and nature lovers. Quickly learned by men and women. Fascinating. *Success guaranteed.* Decorate your home and den with splendid art. Make big profits from your spare time. **Write today** for illustrated book. It'll delight you.
N.W. School of Taxidermy 1527 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Learn Cartooning

At Home—In Your Spare Time

from the school that has trained so many of the successful cartoonists of today earning from $50 to $200 and more per week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes **original** drawing easy to learn. Write for full information and chart to **test your ability.** *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

"BECOME A LIGHTNING TRICK CARTOONIST"
MAKE MONEY CHALK TALKING. SEND $1.00 FOR SNAPPY PROGRAM OF TRICK DRAWINGS WITH INSTRUCTIONS BY A PROFESSIONAL CARTOONIST. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. CIRCULAR FREE. BALDA ART SERVICE, D.13, OSHKOSH, WIS

PLAY PIANO BY EAR in 4 Weeks!

Young and old can now learn to play piano by ear without notes or music by our brand new quick and easy 10 lesson method. Send now for

FREE Sample Lesson!

and play real chords at once. The World's simplest, easiest method. Nothing else like it. No musical experience necessary, play piano as easy as you hum or whistle a tune. Be a ragtime artist. Send for FREE sample lesson now before edition is gone. Don't delay.
DAVID PIANO COURSE 375 CUTLER-HAMMER BLDG. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—$60 to $200 a Week; Free Samples; Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 F, No. Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED to advertise our goods and distribute Free Samples to consumer. 90c per hour. Write for full particulars. American Products Co., 7744 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book FREE. E. Palmer, 509 Wooster, O.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LAND OPPORTUNITY! Good farm lands near hustling city in Mich. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts, $10 to $35 per acre. Very easy terms. Investigate. Write today for FREE booklet giving full information. SWIGART LAND CO., A-1263 First National Bank Bldg. Chicago.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5 cents; prints 2 cents each. Over-night service. Expert work. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 206 Bell Ave. Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40 to $75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

HELP WANTED—MALE

BE A DETECTIVE—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

All Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$190, traveling or stationary. Write, Mr. Ozment, 294 St. Louis, immediately.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

Old Coins Wanted—Have you an odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for coin circular. May mean much profit to you. Send *now*. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 48, Fort Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guide-book, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References, Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 240 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Photoplays Wanted for California Producers—Also want Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. Submit MSS., or, if you are a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and Details. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

Successful Photoplays Bring Big Money. Send for our free book, "Successful Photoplays," which gives full instructions on photoplay writing. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Ia.

Photoplays Wanted for California Producers—Also want magazine stories, etc., for publication. To beginners, plot chart and details FREE. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

EAT, DRINK and BE MERRY

For tomorrow—your makeup will still be on (unless you remove it with cold cream or soap and hot water)

What would you give for a

ROUGE AND LIP SALVE THAT WILL STAY ON ALL DAY?

No more making up in public! No more plastering of your face many times a day (which is ruinous to the complexion)! No more constant worrying about your appearance! You can go in bathing and still preserve your makeup! Sounds impossible, but it can be done! Corliss Palmer has solved the problem. Her secret formulas, perfected after months of patient study and experimentation are in our sole possession. As for the face powder, it will stay on *most* complexions without the aid of foundation cream; but when the foundation cream is first applied, even a rainstorm will hardly destroy its permanency and beauty.

This foundation cream is truly wonderful! No more shiny noses! It will hide all facial blemishes, too. Even a red pimple or a mole or scar can be entirely hidden by it. It is not white, but the color of your skin, and you can make it as light or dark as you wish by applying more or less. And so with the rouge and lip salve and powder—they can likewise be made to match *any* complexion, whether blond or brunette.

Only try these preparations *once*, and you will never want any other. See our announcement (and prices) on another page of this magazine.

RICHARD WALLACE, Distributors
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Charles of the RITZ

International Beauty Specialist

Makes public one of his beauty secrets in the form of a snow-white cream, which immediately and harmlessly CHECKS PERSPIRATION

Charles "KÜRY KREME"

Has been acknowledged by millions of users abroad as a most effective perspiration deodorant, and is now being introduced to the women of America.

Price 50c. per tube
Sufficient for several months' use

Charles
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL
23 East 46th St., New York

How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half-hour.

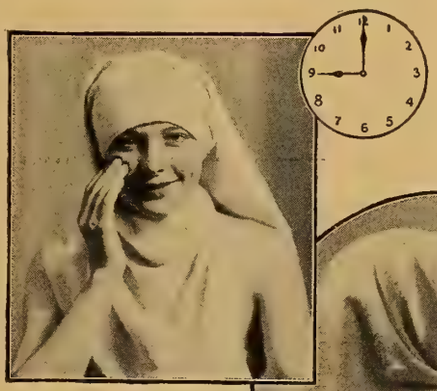
I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear over night—and as for blackheads, I never *could* get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin, and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging and I was tempted more than once to give it up.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.



Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed, the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. It is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Domino Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication, the Domino House agreed to accept only $1.95 for a $3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. I want you to know that your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman $1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Domino Complexion Clay freshly compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only $1.95, plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from $2.50 to $3.50.

Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

ONLY $1.95

If You Act At Once

Don't delay—*I'm* glad I didn't! Mail this coupon or a postcard today. Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no markings to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 2510, 269 So. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 2510, 269 South 9th St., Phila., Pa.

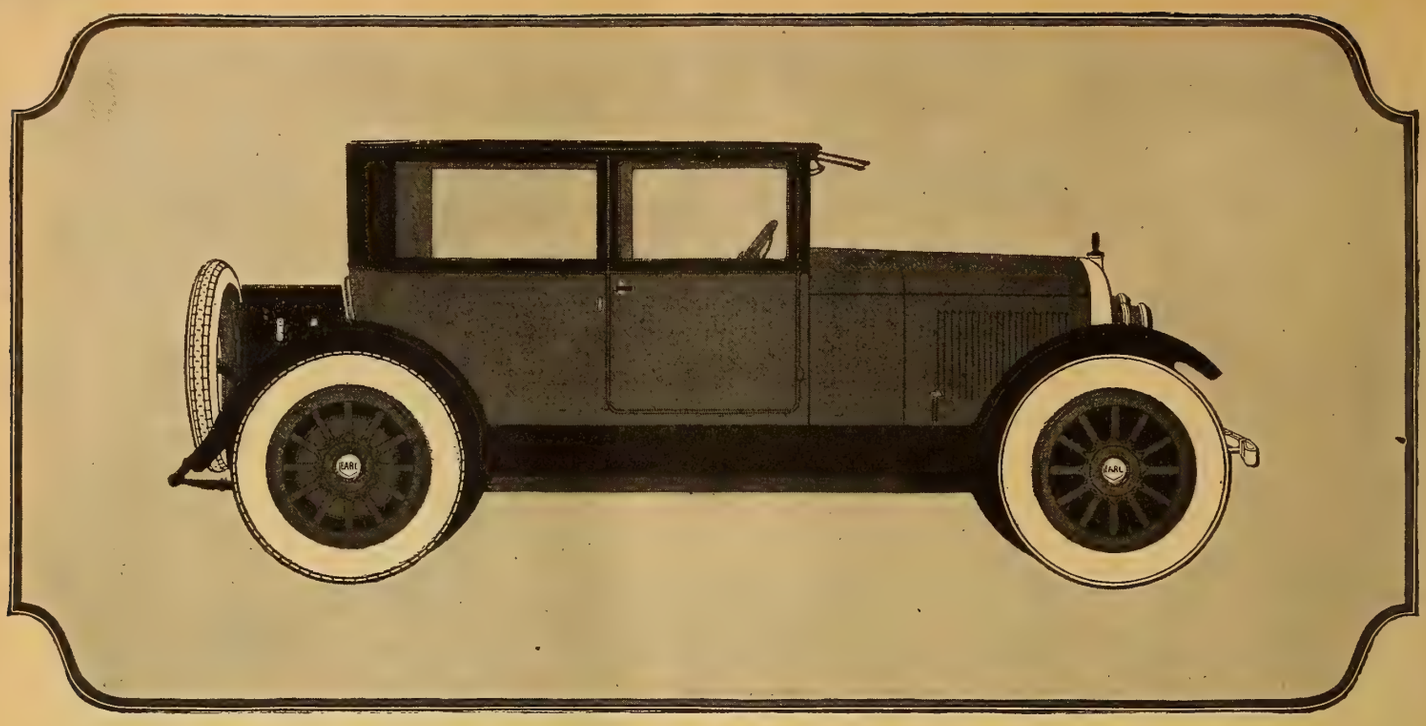
You may send me a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only $1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon Price outside U. S., $2.10, cash with order



The EARL Cabriole at $1395

Unites dignity and charm with remarkable economy and comfort in a fine 4-passenger closed car

ALL the beauty, the friendly convenience and practical utility you have wanted and looked for in an enclosed motor car, you can see, test and *enjoy* now in the new Earl Cabriole. Open, it is airy as a touring car for summer driving. Yet it can be sealed in less than a minute against rain or dust or wind storm.

At $1395, its tangible every-day-in-the-year value will strike you as extraordinary. Its character and uncrowded ease are suggested by the "comfort specifications" in an adjoining column. Yet skilled design has kept its weight down to 2780 pounds—carried lower on longer and more resilient springs than in any other car of the Earl's wheel base.

The Cabriole will delight you

Only a careful "close-up" of the Earl Cabriole will give you an idea of its faultless proportions, the distinction of its sweeping lines, the rich harmony of gray Spanish leather within and Earl blue and black without.

The more you are inclined to ask of an enclosed car—all-weather comfort, flexible power without extravagance, ease of handling, speed for emergencies, and ability to go anywhere a motor car can be driven—the more satisfying you will find the Cabriole. See it today at the nearest Earl dealer's. Go over it feature by feature. Drive it yourself. You'll say: "At last! My idea of a motor car."

Comfort Specifications

Generous body dimensions, with a very low center of gravity and perfect balance, make for unusual riding qualities in the Earl Cabriole. Its over-all length is 14 feet, lacking one inch. Coupled with 56-inch rear springs, a rigid 7-inch channel frame with five cross members, and special spirals in tilted cushions, this roominess provides road comfort unsurpassed by cars of much greater first cost and operating expense.

Low sweeping lines give the Cabriole its special distinction. Its over-all height without passengers is only 74 inches. Head room is ample, however—from seats to top lining, 37 inches. The front tonneau is 53 inches long. The rear seat is 45½ inches wide, seating three without undue crowding.

The very wide plate glass door panels are lever-controlled and can be raised or lowered without effort in the fraction of a minute. The one-piece, clear vision windshield swings inward or outward. Ventilation of the Cabriole, therefore, can be regulated to a nicety. The individual seats can be tipped forward at right angles, the backs folding flat. With the extra wide doors, this makes entrance and exit easy. The complete equipment includes sun visor, windshield wiper and dome light.

Touring Car	$1095
Cabriole	1395
Custom Roadster	1485
Brougham	1795
Sedan	1795

Prices f. o. b. Jackson

EARL MOTORS, Inc.

JACKSON MICHIGAN

Full information about the Cabriole and four other striking Earl models on request. Some profitable dealer territories are still unassigned. Wire or write to Jackson for the facts and our contract terms.

AUG 21 1922

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Mending the Movies

Everyone is tired of unintelligent pictures.

Everyone rebels against the finest stories and plays extant being butchered to make a director's holiday; and to enable the producer to boast of the millions of dollars a picture has cost him.

Sentiment is to be desired, but slush will never do.

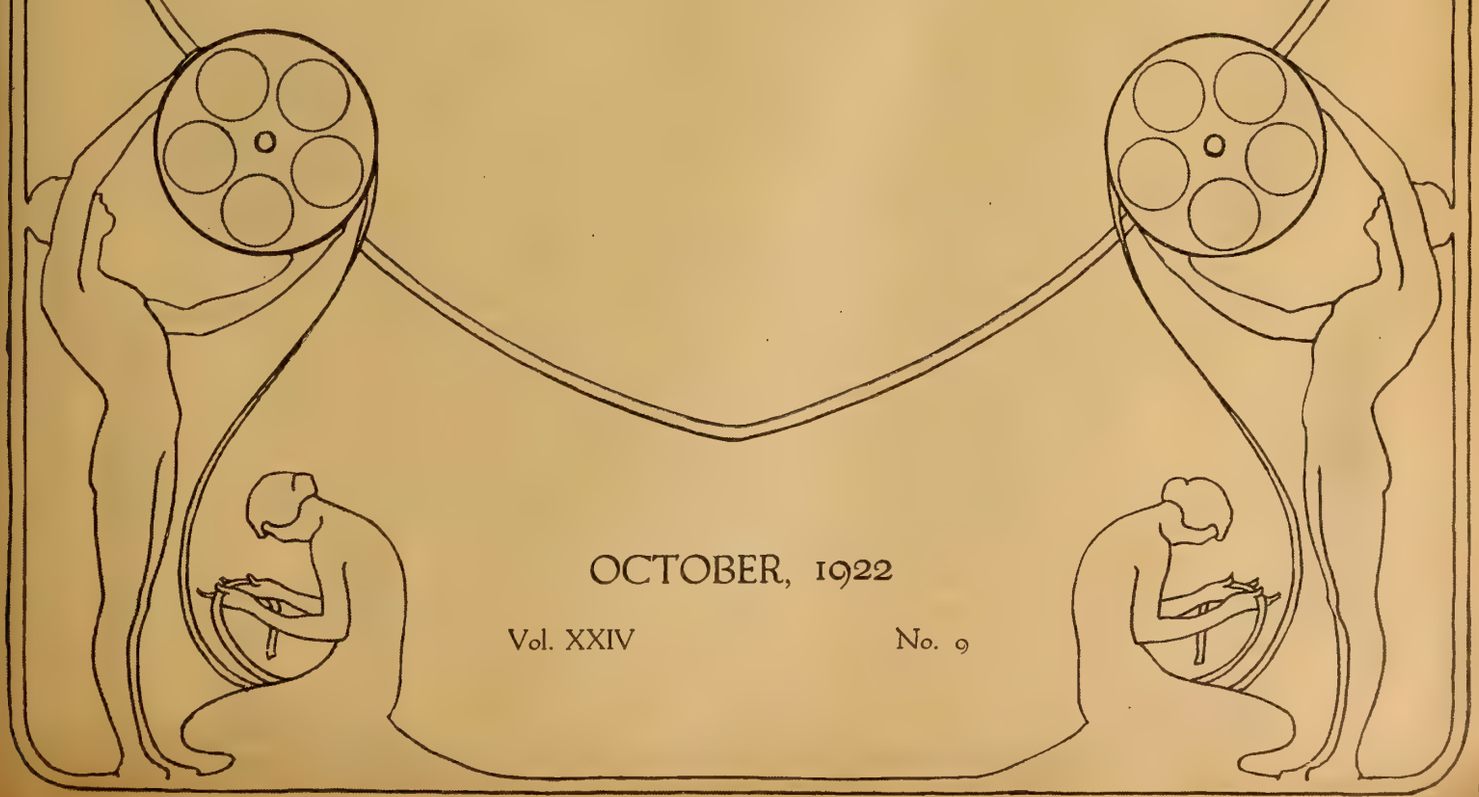
Sensational episodes which stir the blood are always popular, but they must not be insulting to the intelligence of their audience.

The watchword is better motion pictures today.

The up and doing producers have harkened to that call——

The others are falling by the wayside——

And the motion picture is going on to a shining goal!



OCTOBER, 1922

Vol. XXIV No. 9

9 PAGE

There is constant danger in an oily skin

A SKIN that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles.

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight feeling*. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in *the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing.

After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear. Within a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in the condition of your skin.

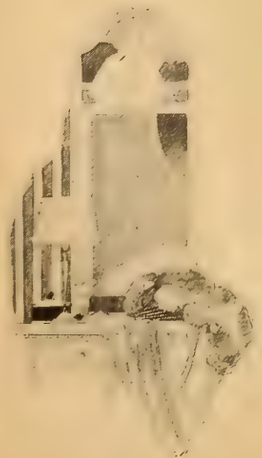
This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1310 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1310 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*



Copyright, 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Our Portrait Gallery

Photograph by Shirley Vance Martin

We present Jackie Coogan as Oliver Twist

Photograph by Abbe

Pauline Starke is coming into her own. For a long time the critics have acclaimed her. Her face captures the more elusive emotions as the violin captures the music of the woodlands. "Passions of the Sea," a forthcoming Goldwyn production, finds her in the cast

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

You never confuse anyone else with Florence Vidor, somehow. There is a definite note to her. And because he is married to her, King Vidor is assured of a charming leading-lady in all of his productions. She will shortly be seen in his picture, "The Shuttle Soul"

Photograph by Rice

In theatrical circles there are rumors of Madame Nazimova's return to the stage. We find it in our heart to hope they are without foundation

Photograph by Abbe

Norma Talmadge is appearing in "The Voice from the Minaret," and Eugene O'Brien is opposite her! Whether or not she will do "The Mirage" after that has not been definitely decided

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

Rudolph Cameron married Anita Stewart when he was her leading-man at the Vitagraph Company. Then he left the screen. However, "Rose o' the Sea" finds him playing opposite her once again

Alice Calhoun is of the younger order of screen stars. She has done several fine things, and she is rich in promise. Her next production will be "Little Wildcat"

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

When Lights Are Low

Posed by Betty Compson in the George Fitzmaurice Production
"To Have and To Hold"

ALICE BRADY
Talks To
GLADYS HALL

Photograph by Kendall Evans

"It is all too haphazard. People *happen* in," said Alice Brady, talking of motion pictures. "Jobs happen to the people. They have had no training . . . there are the exceptions, of course. There always are"

industry in the world. An industry, mind you, not simply an 'Art.' And they should be taken as such. No other industry in the world worth its title was ever conducted as the industry of the screen is non-conducted. Every other industry has schools of training; branches of preparation, systems of co-ordination . . . plan and purpose.

"Raw recruits form the ranks of the screen. I do not allude very particularly to the actors and actresses. After all, they are but parts of the whole. And as a matter of knowledge, crude talent may very well be the best talent. But directors, cameramen, assistant cameramen, lighting men, studio managers, producers, exhibitors . . . they should be trained men. Not only are they not trained eight times out of ten, but there have been no opportunities for them to acquire training.

"And no opportunities are being made by the generation, or for the generation, which is to come.

"No younger generation is knocking at the door.

"I believe in specialists. I believe in preparation for a life work. I believe in an industry being run as an industry and not as a playground for playboys and playgirls.

"A director should know something of architecture, something of interior decorating, something, of course, of literature and music, and tradition and art. He should also know what may or may not be termed his subordinate branches. He should know the camera, the lights and the technical technique. He should be equipped to direct more than a brace of emotions.

"A cameraman's knowledge should not only include every least possibility of his camera, but he should be an artist as well. He should know grouping, effects, lights, *et cetera*.

"Motion pictures are more than mediums of fictional delight. Probably their greatest field is the educational field. The eye learns more swiftly, more easily and more delightfully than the ear. And the educational sphere has illimitable scope. Surgery, for instance. Formerly, a great surgeon performing some epochal operation could be seen only by some ten or twelve men. Thru the screen the progress of surgery can be seen by the most remote undergraduate in the most remote corner of the country.

"The fictional value of motion pictures is too greatly stressed, and even in the fictional field I believe in the educational quality having a part. Thruout the country there are people who take the screen as a creed. They believe in it. They go by it. They mold themselves, consciously or unconsciously, after its subtle suggestions. The suggestions should be correct. For a petty instance, a girl taking the part of Mary Vanderpool of the Six Hundred should not be seen leaving her home at ten in the morning, sparkling like a jeweler's window. It isn't done. The screen has a tryst to keep with *trust*—the trust of the numberless public.

"It is all too haphazard. People *happen* in. Jobs happen to the people. They may have little or no predilection for what they are doing. They probably have had no experience. They have certainly had no training. There

(*Continued on page* 103)

Cecil B. de Mille is again active at the studios. The filming of his new extravaganza, "Manslaughter," is now in progress. Huge sets are being erected at fabulous costs . . . gorgeous silken women display their charms . . .

Herewith reproduced are two scenes from the bacchanal. The scene below gives a vivid impression of the orgy. At the left are Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy in the same episode

When the Wine Is Red

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph © by Hugh Cecil

"Sweden," smiled Anna Q. Nilsson. "I was there three times during my sojourn abroad. I went there first on my own—a return to the home hearth. I made a picture there, too. It is beautiful, my country; wooded and clean. I hope to return one day soon"

And now in the embrace of the chaise longue I regarded her, Anna Q. who sat at the foot, neither too far nor yet too near, at the exact distance where discretion and allurement combine to charm the critic's eye—Anna Q. from Ystad, svelte masseuse of hungry hearts, Anna Q. from Sweden.

During the past year she has been one of fortune's children, traveling the length and breadth of Europe on that magic carpet, the Lasky payroll.

In Berlin:

"I met Ernest Lubitsch, the director of Pola Negri, who made 'Passion,' 'Gypsy Blood,' and 'One Arabian Night.' He is a young man, an enthusiastic man. It was Lasky's plan that I should work with him and that Pola Negri should go to America. A sort of exchange. Mr. Lubitsch was very kind in his eagerness to use me. I engaged a German teacher to travel with me and teach me German in anticipation of my stay there. I had known the language when a little girl in Sweden but it had left me, almost completely. But plans were changed suddenly. It was decided that it would be unwise to send Pola Negri to America. Our customs here are so utterly different from those of the Germans, our very thought is different. It was decided that Pola Negri would not find it easy to work among a people whose language she could not understand and whose methods were strange to her. I met her. She is young, charming, spirited. We could only speak perfunctorily. I could not speak German, nor she English. It was very hard, for that reason, to reach either of them, *la Negri* or Lubitsch.

"Lubitsch works in what appears to be a reclaimed Zeppelin hangar, a huge place, so that when we stood upon the balcony that encircles the interior walls the men working below were pygmies. Here were built all of those gigantic sets in 'The Loves of Pharoah.'

"What are their methods? It is quite impossible to describe them. The difference extends into their very thought processes. They see things differently. We amaze them. I doubt if Americans could grasp their viewpoint were someone more adequate than I to explain it. It is something tremendously big and broad and tolerant. It is delightful. That spirit goes into their work, into their pictures."

In Italy:

"Italy is most wonderful of all. Not the big cities. They are filthy, unhealthy. But in the villa colonies by the sea, clustered on the hills, with an infinity of cobalt blue sky above and the sun beating whitely down. One could drowse his life away there. It is the most ideal spot in Europe for picture making—southern Italy."

In Paris:

"A Parisienne Christmas! I had never expected to realize that dream! Yet there I was, in the heart of it,

(*Continued on page 93*)

That Indescrib

Players Find Stardom When They

By FREDERICK

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

JUST what is meant when we say that an actor, or actress, possesses "that indescribable something"; or that a certain person has beauty and talent and intelligence, but lacks "personality"?

To analyze and define "personality" constitutes one of the most difficult tasks with which psychologists are confronted, for each individual subject presents a new and specific problem.

And in this connection there arises another important question—namely: Just what is the powerful hold which certain of the leading motion-picture stars have upon the public? How can we account for each one's tremendous popularity when they are obviously so entirely different from one another?

Compare, for instance, a dozen or so of the foremost film stars. You will find that they have almost nothing in common. Each one is a distinct type, both mentally and physically. And yet we like them all. Each one of them exerts a specific fascination over us. Each one appeals to us in a different way, and arouses in us a different set of emotions.

On the other hand, there are many actors and actresses

THE SWEETHEART

In every man there is the lure of purely romantic love for some ideal woman; and this unreal, seductive Golden Girl is bodied forth for him in the personality of Gloria Swanson. She is more than an alluring individual—she symbolizes the eternal quest of love, with all its dangers and adventures and rewards. She epitomizes the warm romance of youth. Man sees in her not merely a beautiful sensuous girl, but the beautiful sensuous girl of whom he has always vaguely dreamed. She is the far-away Princess of the fairy tale, and he is the brave knight who goes bravely forth to battle, with her silken, scented glove beneath his armor. She stands for feminine charm and witchery thruout the ages. She is Everyman's phantom sweetheart; and she represents the mystical allure of women everywhere. In short, she is the symbol of sex.

THE WIFE

There is a certain type of woman that is called the marrying type, because she embodies those qualities which men look for in the future mother of their children. And this type of the wifely woman is epitomized in Alice Terry. There is none of the "vampire" in her make-up. Tho pretty, she is not over-sensuous; and beneath her external attractiveness, there is the leven of common sense. Men feel that she is trustworthy—that she would love but once, and that her home and children would be her entire world. She recalls their own mothers when young, for she herself has much of the maternal about her. And every man, when he dreams of his future wife, pictures a girl more or less like her—sweet, tender, substantial, loyal, and practical. And herein lies her strong appeal. She is the symbol of the eternal wife and mother.

THE CLINGING VINE

There is a type of girl that, for want of a better term, we call the "clinging vine." Thruout all life and literature she is constantly appearing—sometimes as a waif, sometimes as a step-child, sometimes as an orphan. But whatever her rôle, she always takes a strong hold upon the sympathetic human heart. This type of frail appealing woman is perfectly represented by Lillian Gish, whose dominating characteristic is a sweet and yielding feminine weakness. She does attract by her beauty or physical charms; and she is without the sensuous sex appeal of many other stars. But in every man she arouses an emotion of pity, and calls forth his protective instinct. Her fragile, wistful nature appeals directly to his primitive manhood. Indeed, she appeals to everyone because she is the symbol of the eternal "clinging vine."

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

able Something

Symbolize Strong Instinct of Humanity

VAN VRANKEN

who are fully as attractive physically, and who also are as technically proficient, as the stars we admire. Yet they do not grip us in the same way. They are without that "indescribable something."

It is not, therefore, physical charm or acting ability which accounts for a star's widespread popularity. It is something deeper and more powerful—something which other actors do not possess.

The truth is that every one of the big motion-picture stars represents some fundamental instinct in mankind. A star is not only an individual, but also a symbol of some profound psychological impulse and universal emotion. Each one stands for an ideal.

That is what makes them great. That is why they appeal to us so strongly, when other actors, just as good-looking and just as capable, fail to hold us.

Last month I selected six widely different types of male stars, and analyzed the broad human instinct which each one epitomized.

This month I have chosen six leading women stars, and have explained how each one is the symbol of some universal appeal.

THE SISTER

Every man has a distinct kind of love which he confers on his young sister; and it is an entirely different emotion from that which is called forth by his sweetheart, his wife, his daughter, or his mother. This particular kind of emotion—this sweet, tender, protective, brotherly love—is invariably aroused by Mary Miles Minter. Her attraction is but slightly sexual, and altho she is pretty and alluring, the appeal she makes does not depend on her physical charms so much as on her simple, feminine, girlish temperament. Every man in the audience is her potential "big brother," eager to look out for her and help fight her battles. This fraternal instinct of love and protection is in all men; and Mary Miles Minter symbolizes the sweet, domestic girl who has ever been man's ideal of the younger sister and boyhood friend.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Photograph by Shafindel Studio, N. Y.

THE GRAND LADY

Aristocracy and patricianism have a universal appeal. The "grand lady" is always admired, for the things she stands for—poise, courtesy, breeding, good taste—are rightfully admirable. Democracy does not mean that these things should be done away with, but that they should belong to everyone—not merely to a limited class. Elsie Ferguson represents the woman of true culture and refinement, and epitomizes those finer qualities which go with social breeding. She possesses dignity and reserve. She dresses in excellent taste. She carries herself well; and her manners and social graces are both natural and charming. Above all, she represents the intellectual type of woman. She has a great personal drawing power; but her strongest appeal is due to the fact that she is the symbol of the "grand lady" who inspires emulation and respect.

THE FRIEND

Constance Talmadge represents the type of girl which every normal man would like to have for a friend and comrade. She is jolly and good-natured, vivacious and talented. At any gay gathering she is always the most popular girl present. Love-making is by no means all there is in the relations of the sexes. There is companionship, admiration, sympathy and understanding. And it is this friendly attitude—this intimate good-fellowship—that Constance Talmadge immediately calls into being. She is man's ideal "pal"; she knows how to amuse him, how to lift him out of himself, and banish his troubles. He feels better and happier for being with her. She is, of course, admired tremendously for herself; but her hold goes much deeper, for she is the symbol of that rare and desirable person—a feminine friend and goodfellow.

A Fortune in Freckles

By
HARRY CARR

Photograph by Ries Brothers

WESLEY BARRY has just been going thru a period where a man has to be careful of his words.

Of course presidents and ambassadors and ladies in the process of getting divorces have to be wary of their words too: but not in the same way as Wesley.

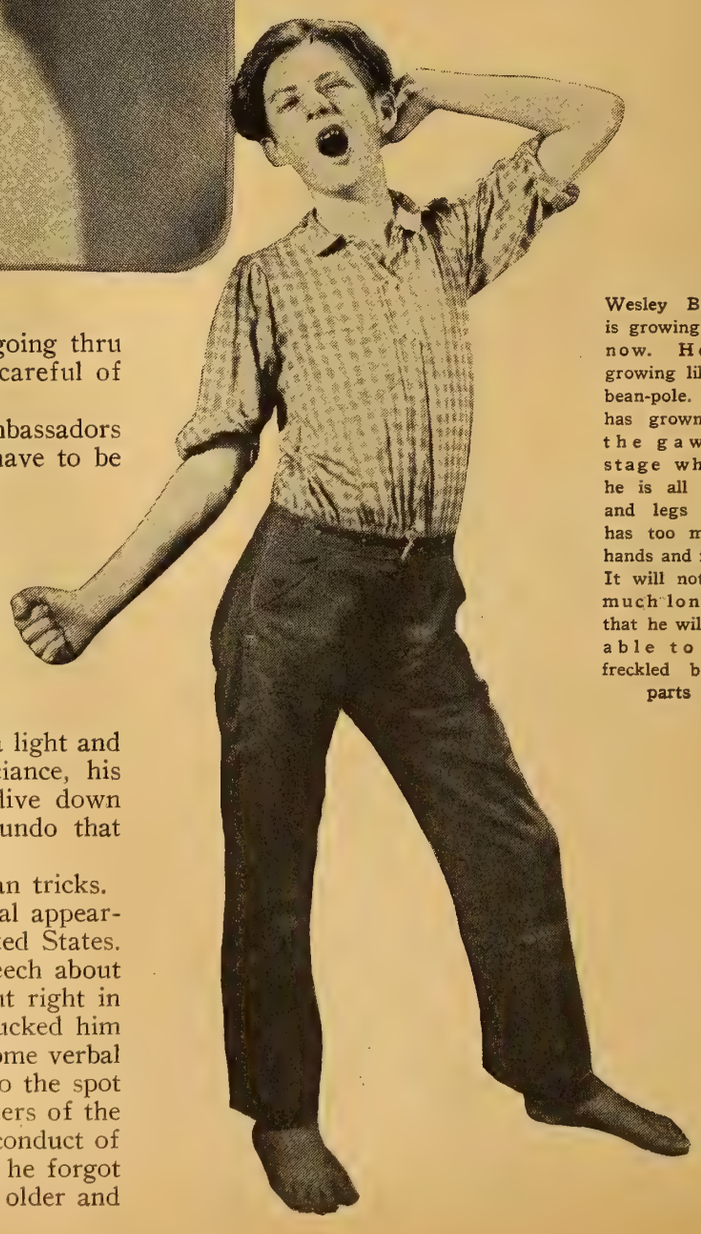
About a year ago, Wesley discovered that his speaking apparatus was no longer to be trusted. Just when it was most necessary for him to articulate in a low tremulo with a soulful quaver in the sub basement, to his horror and dismay, his voice went squeaking off in high C. At other times when he wished to dash off a few thoughts in a light and frivolous tone denoting persiflage and insouciance, his darned old voice suddenly took a head-first dive down into such horrendous thunders of basso profundo that the very sound scared him.

That voice just laid in wait to play him mean tricks.

A few weeks ago, while on a tour of personal appearances, he called upon the President of the United States. He had a cargo of oranges and a beautiful speech about California all ready for President Harding: but right in the most impressive part, that terrible voice bucked him out of the saddle so to speak and went off on some verbal gymnastics of its own. Wesley stood frozen to the spot while his voice went squealing off into the rafters of the White House. Wesley was so shocked at the conduct of this unruly member of his personal family that he forgot his speech. Whereupon he did what very few older and wiser men would have had the courage and presence of mind to do: he apologized to the President and began all over again from the beginning. This time he got thru in great triumph with a regular blaze of California sunshine. It seems if you have fortitude enough, you can lick even a voice that is trying to find itself.

All of which goes to explain the reason why an interview with Wesley is decidedly monosyllabic. Wesley has a lot that he could say; but he doesn't trust that voice out on any extended excursions. Whenever Wesley finds it necessary to go out with his voice, as it were, he keeps it muzzled and on a leash.

Between the two of us, however, I had the worst stage fright. Wesley was afraid of his voice: I was afraid of my gears. You see he had volunteered to let me drive him



Wesley Barry is growing big now. He is growing like a bean-pole. He has grown to the gawky stage where he is all ears and legs and has too many hands and feet. It will not be much longer that he will be able to do freckled boys' parts

AN INTERVIEW WITH WESLEY BARRY OBTAINED UNDER DIFFICULTIES

from the Neilan studio over to Warner Brothers, where he is playing a part in "Rags to Riches." I quail whenever I try to drive a car under the withering eye of a small boy.

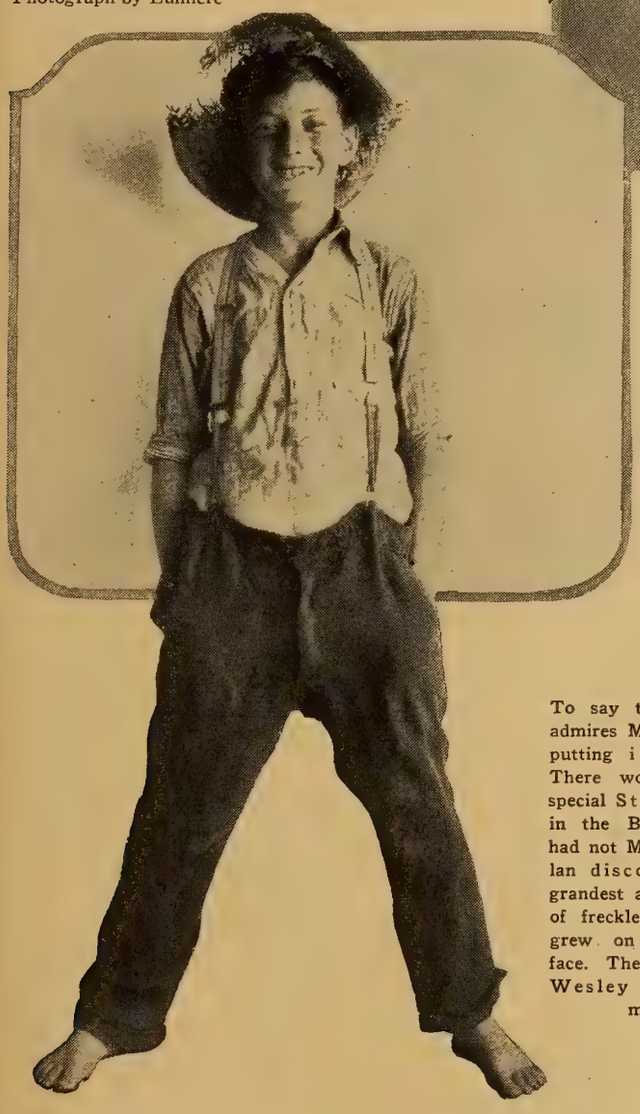
But every time he gave me one of those scornful looks, when I didn't shift the gears right, I could come back at him with a question.

I asked him about his trip around the country, looking over the mayors, presidents and other scenery. He had

(*Continued on page 94*)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Photograph by Lumiere



To say that Wesley admires Mr. Neilan is putting it mildly. There would be no special Studebakers in the Barry family had not Marshall Neilan discovered the grandest accumulation of freckles that ever grew on one boy's face. Then and there Wesley became a movie

At the top of the page is a new and typical camera study of the king of freckles. Above and at the right, two additional photographs which find Wesley resembling a bean-pole in some degree. In truth, he is growing up

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Photograph by Abbé

Laurette of All Hearts

Laurette Taylor is now at the Metro Studios, where she is bringing "Peg O' My Heart" to the screen—even as she brought her to the stage

Silhouettes

By
DORIS KENYON

Photograph by Gene Kornman

HAROLD LLOYD

HAROLD LLOYD

Arpeggios on a piano;
Puck full of cocktails;
A frog sitting on a lily pad,
Winking at a dragonfly;
The school dunce graduating
With honors.

Photograph © by Melbourne Spurr

MARY PICKFORD

Photograph by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Frosting on a birthday cake;
A butterfly alight on a back-comb;
A Stutz roadster on an open-road;
Pink lemonade and popcorn at a circus;
The click of jeweled heels on a polished dance-floor;
The willow shining her finger-tips in a silvery stream;
Eyes full of tinkling songs;
And a blasé débutante at a Russian opera.

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

RODOLPH VALENTINO

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Muted strings on a violin;
Eros dressed in overalls;
Scent of new-mown hay under a summer shower;
Ideals and ideas woven into a May basket;
A country lane carpeted with apple blossom petals;
Tobacco jar and slippers by a fireplace;
Summer vows kept down the years;
And pictures in a camp fire.

(*Continued on page* 90)

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

MADGE KENNEDY

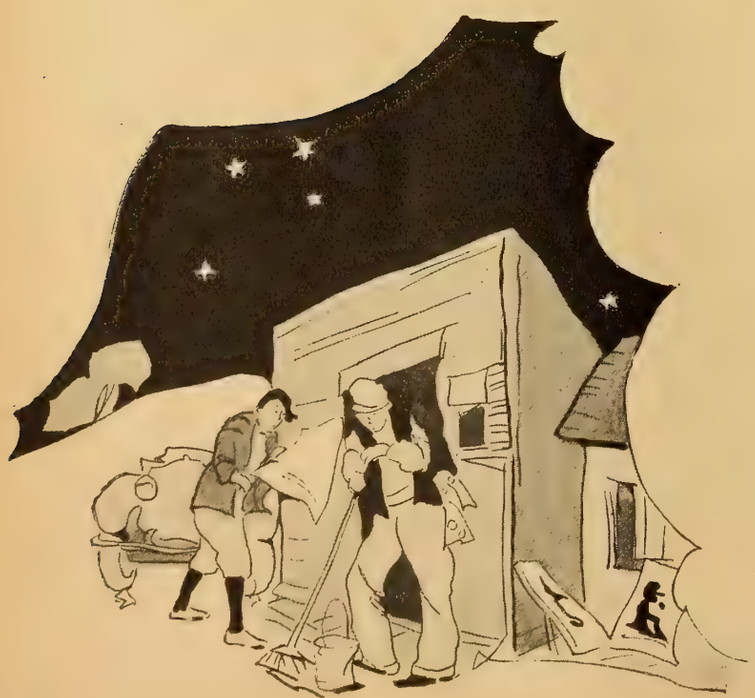
Doris Kenyon has long been recognized as a writer of charming verse. And the above silhouettes give some suggestion of the exquisite understanding with which her poetry is endowed

At present Miss Kenyon is rehearsing a new stage play, but she will also appear in motion pictures as she has heretofore, combining her work in the two dramas

Clarence Goes to the Movies

"Gee!" our hero is declaring, with all the fervor of seventeen, as he sees his own particular star billed for the show that evening. "It's about time that old skeezics put on a decent film. We summer people deserve something besides low-brow comedy. If I got to spend the summer in this dead hole, I need a little more amusement than ice-cream cones and the mail train"

"Begorra, now," says Katie, unwillingly enough marooned far from the beaten tracks of our metropolitan police, "phwat's the matter with the puddin' I be after cookin' for you?" "It *ain't* the puddin'," Clarence defends, with true masculine irascibility. "I gotta lubricate the Tin Liz before dark. Do you expect me to walk down to the movies?" "Please eat it," says Mother



"Pictures postponed," stutters Clarence, as he reads the sign that is being posted. "Naow, young fella," emphasizes Eben, "ef the 5:05 daont leave the Junction in time ter get the fillum up to Thompkinsville tonight, I ain't ter blame. Ef you're so doggone set on seein' that picture, why daont you ride daown in that nifty racer of your'n and get it?" "I will do that little thing," promises Clarence

By OLIVE BUTLER

Here we have the most imperturbable station agent in the county trying to explain the shortest cut over the roughest roads to a tenderfoot, from a city where traffic cops are thick as swarming bees. "Looks like a plan of a roller-coaster to me," grumbles Clarence. "You just got half an hour, and it's twenty-five miles ef it's an inch. Why dont you go to the band concert?" *"Band concert!"* sniffs Clarence

When it comes to intensive speed, the ride of Paul Revere would now be but a pale parody on this picture, when one but considers that Clarence's steed is geared down to three spark-plugs and an overload of human freight. We fear that every outlying village and farm will send in a bill for disabled poultry, if their owners are quick enough to read the license plate before he purrs victoriously into the Junction

This discovers our satisfied hero seated in the rear of the Bijou, with Bill, his pal. "That was some ride!" "Some ride," Bill reiterates. "If old Harrington hadn't of kept me sweeping out his store until six o'clock, I might a been in on it. Gosh, Clarence, ain't she some queen?" "Hadn't seen her since I left the city," boasts Clarence. "Thought it was about time. Thought they could palm off any old band concert on me"

Heavens, No!

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

"Well," Mildred began when questioned about Harold Lloyd, "it's like this: Harold and I—I mean Harold is the only man I know well; well enough, that is, to go out with to dances and things . . . "

A WOMAN'S no. We arch our eyebrows wisely and say, "Ah!"

But a woman's Heavens, no! Now, what tha——?!?

Little Mildred Davis said it, prettily, poutingly, protestingly—"Heavens, *no!*"—just like that; with a small squeak at the end.

She was curled up on the couch in her Hollywood bungalow when I was impudent enough to mention Harold Lloyd; that is, to mention him as a possible—but, Lord! you know what I mean.

"People started all that talk," said Mildred indignantly, but not too indignantly, "when we went to New York together; Harold and his mother, I and my mother, and the rest of Hal Roach's film family. Goodness gracious, a girl cant walk down the street with a man without everybody thinking——" She paused; maybe because the same thought came to her as had come suddenly to me; that it's an awful long walk from Hollywood to New York, even with mammas along. Anyway, she added, by way of finishing, "Have a chocolate."

I did. And we talked about popular songs.

Mildred, more familiarly Middy, even more familiarly Mitty—I believe that is her name at the Roach studio where she is the only girl and the pet of the lot—is small, blonde and impulsive. Her eyes are hugely grey, her mouth quite red and given, after each little rush of words, to remaining surprisedly open. It is quite bewitching.

For a comedienne she is amazingly in earnest. For a resident of Horribul Hollywood she is astoundingly, impossibly, patently nice. And sweet. And, on the whole, adorable. 'Sfunny, but 'sfact.

She attained the unique distinction that afternoon of being the first cinemese to serve me tea and cinnamon toast, stand-bys these many years of Eastern interviews and viewers. The New York idea, you see. Mildred caught it on that fatal trip.

The tea-table proved a fairway for chatter and I found among other things that Mildred is to star under the management of Hal Roach. It is likely that her first picture will be "Rosie O'Grady." That she and Colleen Moore and Bessie Love and Ruth Clifford and some one else whom I cant for the life of me recall have formed a little clique and in mob formation visit the movie theaters, the five and ten cent stores and other dens of vice for which Hollywood and Los Angeles have become renowned. The younger set, I suppose, one might call them. The trouble is that someday they will become really adventurous and go slumming in the dangerous Wilshire district, where Inhibitions and Complexes lurk behind each palm and poinsettia.

"But it's a funny thing," I remarked absently. "Do you know, I have never seen you dancing or eating or doing anything without Harold Lloyd beside you?"

She eyed me dubiously, then took a deep breath.

"Well," she began, "it's like this——"

"Nyesth, nyesth, gwan," I murmured encouragingly, gnawing industriously at my cinnamon toast and teacup.

"Well," she began, "it's like this. Harold and I—I mean Harold is the only man I know well; well enough, that is, to go out with to dances and things and—oh, do let me give you some more tea!"

That Was All Mildred Davis Would Say When Asked About Harold Lloyd

"Oh, I couldn't think of it," I remarked, passing her my cup. "The toast," I added, staring at the empty plate, "the toast is excellent." I was very wistful. It worked.

But seriously. Mildred, remarkably young still, is one of those fortunate ones who can look sanely on what they have accomplished and pronounce it good — but not good enough.

"I am optimistic about everyone except myself," she said in an introspective moment. "It seems sometimes as tho I had done so little."

Photograph by Gene Kornman

Mildred is to star—under the management of Hal Roach. And it is likely that her first picture will be "Rosie O'Grady." At the right, Miss Davis is pictured with Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy." Below, is another camera study

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

It was startling, that mood in a girl whose life is pitched distinctly in a key of brightness and humor, but it is a mood that comes to every being who has ambitions. A thing accomplished ceases to mean a great deal. There is always something bulking hugely on the horizon far ahead to urge one to further progress.

"One thing, tho, I've discovered," she went on, her voice decisive. "It is this: that if you want a thing you must ask for it. You wont get it otherwise."

With her live her mother, brother, father and grandmother.

"But it's wonderful to have a family," she exclaimed. "There are always so many people and so much noise. It's lots of fun. And mother, she is the sweetest thing on earth. For girls with a career a mother is either a wonderful help or a terrible handicap. Mine's a wonder."

Mildred, to repeat the oft repeated, is from Pennsylvania, a descendant, all hokum omitted, of the one and only Ben Franklin. Because her family moved to Tacoma and because she won a beauty contest there she left school to become a screen siren, a wicked vamp—to put it in my own hectic tongue. She herself said:

(*Continued on page* 90)

That's Out

by Tamar Lane

Bobby Vernon, Charlotte Stevens, Verne Winters and Peggy Cartwright in "A Hickory Hick"

A YOUNG fellow from the East had the effrontery to try and get a job in a Western picture recently without knowing how to roll a cigaret with one hand.

We have had all kinds of animal comedies. Now Universal is making a series of bull comedies. The publicity department, no doubt, is writing the scenarios.

Niles Welch's greatest ambition is to play the rôle of an Englishman, parting his hair in the middle and using a monocle.

Some films are more to be pitied than censored.

What Would the Movies Be

Without Gloria's gowns?
Valentino's glossy hair?
Theodore Roberts' cigar?
Harold Lloyd's spectacles?
And Ben Turpin's eyes?

How to Break Into the Movies

Organize your own company and elect yourself president. Then write a scenario and cast yourself in the leading rôle. Everybody is doing it.

Wanted

By Betty Compson, another picture like "The Miracle Man" to prove she can still act.

Our Own News Monthly

It is reported that D. W. Griffith will shortly return to California to make pictures.

According to inside information, Vitagraph has bought up Corinne Griffith's contract. Here's a chance for some producer to get a real star.

It looks as tho Allen Hollubar has at last made another good picture in "Hurricane's Gal."

Theda Bara will not be seen in a vampire rôle when she does her comeback on the screen.

"Nanook of the North" has scored a tremendous hit, and the peril of Eskimo pictures will soon be upon us.

Why doesn't someone do one of Eugene O'Neil's dramas in picture form?

Since Strongheart made such a hit in "The Silent Call," dogs are earning more money in Hollywood than actors.

Famous Remarks

Katherine MacDonald: "The play is the thing all right, but how are you going to get them?"

Director R. A. Walsh and a company of players have left for a cruise of the South Sea Islands, and incidentally to make a picture. It's a hard life, this picture game.

Now that Marion Davies has made a couple of good pictures, the caustic critics will have to fall back on someone else for a goat.

Stars That Will Shine

Claire Windsor, one of the most beautiful girls in the silent drama.

Pauline Garon, the very spirit of the flapper.

Films for Famous People

Charlie Chaplin in "The Spendthrift."
Ben Turpin in "Why Girls Leave Home."
Henry Ford in "Shylock."
Pussyfoot Johnson in "Ten Nights in a Barroom."
Fatty Arbuckle in "Eat and Grow Thin."
Kaiser Wilhelm in "Over the Hill."

Hurricane's Gal

Lola was the skipper of the *Tahiti Belle.* The old sloop with its contraband cargo and its rough crew was her world. Then Steele O'Connor came into her life. And in her heart was born a desire for those things which were her woman's heritage - - - frail clothes, flowers, books - - - and love.

By NORMAN BRUCE

"WHY, you poor excuse for pants, who's running this ship, you or me?" Lola stormed, "Say, listen, Cris, is the *Tahiti Belle* mine or your'n? I can tend to any stowaway ever shipped! Bring him around to the main cabin pronto—wait!" she abandoned her bullying tone for one of feminine curiosity, "what kind of looking cuss is he?"

The Captain of the *Tahiti Belle* spat bewilderedly. "I'm hornswoggled if I can make him out," he confessed, jerking a black-rimmed thumb, "he ain't like the lousy, waterfront scum that us'ly stows. He's diff'rent—*clean*, and I'm damned if he hasn't got a toothbrush packed in his hip pocket stid of a gun! Kind of a fancy looking map he's got. Cant make out his game!"

Lola slapped her hip, revealing a protuberance beneath the bungalow apron she wore. "I can handle the hardware as well as any cargo-cootie ever lived," she said complacently, "I guess with this revolver and fifteen crew to pertect me, I'm safe from a gent with a toothbrush. Bring him around—in five minutes, understand?"

She flew to a cracked fragment of mirror tacked to the cabin wall beside a map and ran a broken bit of comb thru her rough dark hair, then with a stealthy look about to make sure she was not observed she took a package of cornstarch from the locker and powdered her nose. Having now made concession to her sex, she lighted a particularly villainous looking cutty-pipe such as sailors choose and took a refreshing puff.

"I beg your pardon."

The pipe dropped from Lola's pretty lips to the table as she whirled to face the owner of the pleasant voice. The stowaway stood in the door of the cabin, inclining his head deferentially, a tall young fellow with an air about him, in spite of the wrinkled suit and unshaven cheeks, that made him seem strangely out of place in this rude cabin. He looked, Lola thought, staring, a little like a dockwolloper she knew in Lisbon who was called Gentleman Dick, and *clean*—Lor' blimme! For some unconsidered reason, she thrust her own hands into the pockets of the apron, thrusting out her chin defiantly.

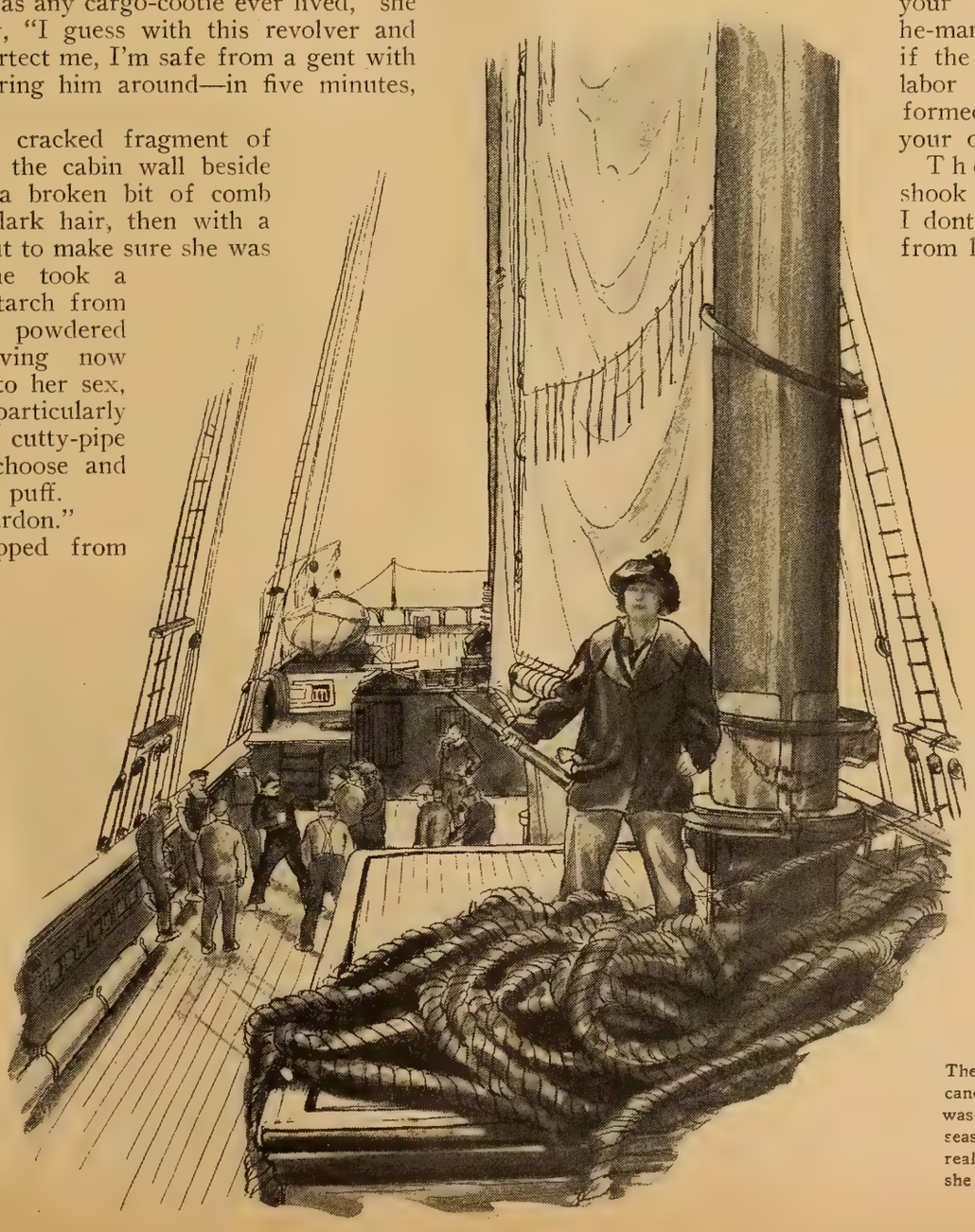
"Well," she snapped (his finger-nails were all shiny! She had never seen anything like them), "well, wot were you doing, hiding in my ship?"

The newcomer knit his brows. *"Your* ship? You are the owner of the *Tahiti Belle?"*—it was evident that he was disconcerted by the news, but he recovered himself instantly. "I needed to get to San Francisco. Unfortunately I had no money—" shrugged his shoulders, thrust out his hands deprecatingly.

Her anger mounted as she caught a twinkle in the dark eyes. "Why not work your passage like a he-man? You look as if the hardest manual labor you'd ever performed was brushing your own hair!"

The stowaway shook his head. "But I dont know starboard from larboard," he objected, "I dont know the fo'c'stle from the mainsail. As a sailor I'm a fine toe dancer, but if you'll just tell me what to do, Miss—Miss—"

Lola tossed her head, with crimsoning cheeks. "Miss Nothing! They call me Hurricane's Gal, 'cause I was born on the high seas in a hurricane. They called Pap Give-'m-Hell Gay-



They called her "Hurricane's Gal" because she was born on the high seas in a hurricane. Her real name was Lola. And she was the skipper of the *Tahiti Belle*

s lord, but I dont hone for any frills. I'm Lola, that's all; Lola the skipper of the *Tahiti Belle.*"

The stranger bowed. "And I," he said in his pleasant voice that sounded somehow the way his nails looked, "am Steele O'Connor—very much at your service!"

He held out his hand. Lola hesitated, wiped one small, soiled paw on her apron and laid it in his big clasp. "Put it thar!" she said, groping for elegance suited to the occasion, "I ain't proud!"

"But you must let me work my passage out," Steele O'Connor smiled, "I dare say I could make a stab at peeling potatoes and mixing plum duff or whatever it is sailors eat!"

Lola considered, "There ain't anything you could do—unless"—she looked shyly down, fumbling with her revolver as another girl might toy with a rose to hide her confusion, "unless you'd learn me to speak like you do. I had a grammar book onct and I'd got as far as the second person plural when a gol-darned wave washed it overboard. O' course with these hunkies—" she jerked a scornful thumb to indicate the crew, "you gotter talk rough—they dont understand any other kind. But I might meet the Prince o' Wales sometime and I'd hate to have my grammar skid!"

Thru sunny seas the *Tahiti Belle* made its leisurely way while the crew, freed miraculously from petticoat tyranny, loafed about the lower deck playing dominoes and reading tattered novels, and above, absorbed and content, Hurricane's Gal learned how to conjugate the first verb in the grammar—"I love, thou lovest, he loves. We love, you love—"

Steele O'Connor proved a good schoolmaster in more ways than one. Without her knowledge Lola learned from him lessons that had no connection with books, learned that the world was a marvelous place, that life was a wonderful thing, learned to comb her frowsy hair and curb her amazingly frank tongue. And she threw the cutty-pipe overboard, a sacrifice to the new god who had come to take the place of the old—he of the chubby cheeks and downy wings and quiver of arrows tipped with honey-poison.

But in ratio to her growing happiness, the handsome stowaway seemed to grow dejected, troubled. And one evening as they stood side by side looking away toward the faint shadows on the horizon that meant land, his trouble spilled over into words—"Our journey is almost over, Little Lady! I'm sorry it has to end, it's been a sort of enchanted time." His dark eyes brooded, "I—I hate to say good-bye—"

"Good-bye!" she did not realize that she was giving her poor little secret away in that cry of terror, "but—I'm going to stay ashore next trip! You can come to see me—and we can finish the grammar lessons—" in tardy shame of her self-revelation.

He looked away, toward the porpoises leaping in the wake of the *Tahiti Belle.* His chin was very grim, the outlines of his jaw stood out under the dark skin. "Duty," said Steele O'Connor wryly, "proper noun, singular number—I do my duty, you do your duty—we both do our duty, Lola." He started, peering toward the purple streak which was growing clearer, resolving itself into towers and roofs, "In three hours we will be in port. I—I have a fancy to say good-bye now, as friends say it—for we have been friends, haven't we, Hurricane Gal?"

On the silken pillows she writhed with the torture of her thoughts. "I hate him. I hate him!" she said over and over again. And then, "Oh God, let me hate him. I cant live and go on loving him this way!"

Lola had lived on the sea all her life, had swum in it, dived far down into the green glades where goggle-eyed fish scattered before the visitant from another world. But she had never felt the sensation of drowning until now. It seemed that she could not breathe for the dizzy feeling in her head, the pain at her heart. But somewhere within her Pride lifted its head courageously. She managed a gallant smile. "Good-bye" she said clearly, "I'm very pleased to have met you—"

She turned away with a strangled sob and ran down the deck. Either she wavered as she ran, or his eyes saw her so thru a film of tears. Remembering what goods the *Tahiti Belle* carried in her hold, Steele O'Connor tried to harden his heart. "If this were a moving picture," he said under his breath, "it wouldn't end so. We would have been cast away on a desert isle, with a phonograph to play us dance tunes.

How she would take to savagery and shell necklaces! What a wild little creature it is, all fire and fury and freedom, and I am going to do a thing that will damn me forever to her primitive mind!"

He turned to view the nearing shore. Already the enchantment was wearing thin. He found himself thinking of Phyllis Fairfield with her cold and correct loveliness, her assured poise, the drawling voice, always with a note of mockery in it, that would soon be saying, "Tonight? But I'm afraid I have an engagement, Steele! You cant expect me to keep my evenings open and spin till your return like What's Her Name!"

They were entering the harbor now. From somewhere, suddenly a blaze of light, radiated from a prism, danced over the water to meet the *Tahiti Belle*. Steele O'Connor took a mirror from his pocket, squared his shoulders, and catching the sun with it began to send an answering flash across the later afternoon waters of the harbor.

To Lola, half an hour later, outflung in her cabin behind locked doors, came hurrying feet. Frantic hands beat upon her door. "The rev'noo men!" It was Cap'n Cris's voice, hoarse with rage, "They're on the deck! They've seized the *Tahiti Belle* for carrying contraband—it'll be jail for you if you dont skip. I got a boat at the other side—"

She felt like a bad little girl, and suddenly the weapon in her hand seemed absurd, melodramatic. "I was a sworn officer of the law, and you were breaking the law," Steele O'Connor said quietly, "what else was I to do? A man must be faithful to his duty, you know"

They were pulling away toward the shore before Lola asked the question he had been waiting for. "But who tipped them off? There's something crooked about this—nobody could of guessed—" the recent weather of culture was sheering off, leaving the wild little outlaw of the sea; Lola wound up the sentence in a throat-blistering string of oaths.

"Crooked!" Cris exclaimed bitterly, "I knowed all along you couldn't trust a fellow as clean as him!"

She gave a cry, struck at him with a furious little fist, "You lie! I'll kill you for saying such things against *him*—" horror struggled with the purple rage on her face. "Say you didn't mean it, Cris! Not him——"

The sailor nodded, spat into the sea, "Sure, he was a Customs Man—a dirty spy. He had the cargo all listed up in the two days afore we found him—him and his toothbrush! Hell."

Lola gazed wildly around, as tho the familiar sea and sky had changed places and all things were strange and menacing. Then she flung back her head and laughed shrilly. "Say!" she struggled, "say! Wasn't that a joke on me, Cris? I've fell in love—fallen in love," she corrected herself mechanically, and her dark head fell forward on her outflung arms with a choking sob.

Give-'m-Hell Gaylord had been a resourceful man, not by any means putting all his eggs into one basket. Safely sheltered in a luxurious room in the top of the Wing-Lee Tea Garden on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, Lola waited for the hue and cry to die down, her days punctuated by the thin moan of the samisen strings from the tea garden on the first floor, her nights measured by the click of ivory balls on the roulette wheels in the big secret red-lacquered room just below.

Stretched on a *chaise longue,* Lola gave herself up to brooding sullenly. She had fed and befriended Steele O'Connor; he had repaid her with this. She had given him her first girl-dreams, her untouched heart, and he—

On the silken pillows she writhed with the torture of her thoughts. "I hate him! I hate him!" she said over and over, and then, striking her breast savagely, "oh God, let me hate him! I cant live and go on loving him this way!"

In the papers she read of the confiscation of the *Tahiti Belle* and the splendid work of Steele O'Connor, head of the Revenue Bureau. There were pictures of him, too,

tall, handsome in sport clothes, playing tennis, in hunting garb, or riding on horseback with a young woman. "Miss Phyllis Fairfield, popular society girl"—Lola hated Miss Phyllis Fairfield. "I would like to tear her silly face with my nails!" she thought viciously, "I suppose she says 'eye-ther' and 'ny-ther' the way he does, and wears the clothes he likes and never makes any mistakes in her table manners! Ugh! She wouldn't dare to climb the rigging and stand away up above with the wind whistling thru the ropes and the sky close by! Pasty, pale-faced thing."

The scent of joss sticks and incense was abomination to lungs that loved the clean ocean breezes. Within a week Lola was a caged wild thing, beating frantic wings. With the torture of her imprisonment the hate-thought of Steele O'Connor thrust the love-thought aside. She got a savage comfort planning the different means of revenge she might use, playing with the idea until it became familiar as all detestable things do become in time.

At midnight, two weeks after the *Tahiti Belle* had come into port, Steele O'Connor, writing at his desk in his bachelor apartment on the Heights, started up at the ringing of his doorbell. The woman who stepped by him into the living-room brought no flash of recollection to his mind. Black coated, with a wide low-brimmed hat and veil, she stood motionless, facing him, and he could feel the hidden eyes intent upon his astonished face.

In spite of a sensation of gooseflesh, Steele laughed. "Do sit down," he urged, drawing out a chair, "this is a delightful surprise!"

"I dont know about the delightful part," Lola said, sweeping the veil aside, "but maybe this will surprise you!"

He looked down at the blunt, blue-black thing in her fingers, then deliberately turned his gaze to an ash tray on the table beside him and shook the white tip from his cigar. "I see. You mean to kill me?" his tone was as casual as tho they were discussing the weather, "well, Little Hurricane Gal, before you do I want to tell you that I'm glad to see you again. I've thought of you so many times, and hoped you were safe. And I've hoped something else—" he smiled at the stony face, "and that is that some day we might meet as girl and man, not as smuggler and Customs Officer."

The revolver wavered her amaze. "You had your nerve!" she stammered. It was not the scathing speech of denunciation she had prepared. His words had skilfully taken the ground from under her feet. She felt like a bad little girl and suddenly the weapon in her fingers seemed absurd, melodramatic.

"I was a sworn officer of the law, and you were breaking the law," Steele O'Connor said quietly, "what else was I to do? A man must be faithful to his duty, you know."

"A woman would not be," Lola flashed, "not if her duty meant harming someone she cared for." Standing there, with the revolver in her fingers, the poor child looked up at him, swept with color like flame, the humblest thing on earth—a woman, asking to be loved. He took a step toward her, opened his lips impetuously, and then he stopped. His eyes had fallen on the picture in the silver frame on the mantel shelf, and following them, Lola saw Phyllis Fairfield's face, scornful, coldly lovely, patrician.

The flame died, leaving ashes of her hope. She felt abashed, apologetic, and hated herself for it. In the mirror on the opposite wall she saw herself in a lightning flash of clear vision as she was, uncouth, untaught, the associate of rough sea-faring men.

"I understand," Lola said heavily, "I'm not good enough for you——"

"You are not good enough for *yourself*," Steele cried. "I know what you can be, the fine, splendid woman who would die sooner than smuggle or swear or rage! But now—you're like your nickname, Hurricane Gal. You dont know any restraint or master. Why, I've seen you knock down a cabin boy with a belaying pin! I've heard you use the language of the gutter——"

The revolver clattered from the girl's hands to the polished floor. "But if I was different—if I was a lady like *her!*" she nodded toward the silver frame, "if I was screwed down, and smoothed off and made over, you could love me then?" she

All that afternoon the two girls crouched together in a corner of the cabin, watching the closed door fearfully while the noise of the rising gale mingled with the ribald laughter and the drunken shouts of the crew . . .

was gone in a flurry of skirts, leaving a reek of some strong scent behind, her last words echoing in his ears with the crash of the closing door, "If you want a lady, I'm damned if I'm not going to *be* a lady if I have to go to hell and back to learn!"

Steele O'Connor gasped. Then he began to laugh rather hysterically, and when he was done with laughter he went to the silver frame, lifted it and questioned the scornful beauty within. "You wouldn't give up so much as a dinner engagement for me, would you, Phyl? And she would go to hell and back to please me! I wonder——" he drew a deep breath, "I wonder whether I'm not ninety-nine kinds of priggish fool to try to tame that glorious wild thing! I wonder——"

The next morning Steele O'Connor wondered still more. His morning's post was disquieting—an ill-spelt note from Lola announcing that she was going to learn to be a lady by watching a lady whom he admired and so no more from Hurricane Gal. P.S. excuse mistakes in grammar because she had never studied the last of the book.

With a queer sort of foreboding he hastily opened the morning's paper, to rise to his feet with an exclamation of horror as the big headlines leaped to meet his eye, "Society Girl Kidnapped. Miss Phyllis Fairfield disappears on her way home from a dinner-dance at the Ritz last night. Chauffeur says two men, who appeared to be sailors, attacked him as he waited for the popular society girl, stripped off his coat and cap and hustled him away. It is thought that Miss Fairfield may have been placed on one of the vessels that cleared the harbor last night, among which were the *Netherlands,* the *South Sea,* and the *Samoa Belle.*"

"Good Lord!" Steele O'Connor gasped. The paper slithered from his nerveless fingers as he addressed the coffee percolater earnestly, "It would be just the thing she would do, something unfettered and elemental, and amazingly, devilishly practical!" He mopped his forehead, "Now I ask you, isn't she wonderful? Nerve, dash, action—*some girl!*"

The coffee boiled over with a hiss, very like a scornful sniff. Steele began to chuckle in the fatuous manner of a father recollecting some of his child's bright sayings. "Now I ask you," he was muttering as he went to the telephone, "can you beat it? What a pirate she would have made! the crazy darling—oh, I beg your pardon, Central! I wasn't speaking to you. Give me Port 709-W—the Navy Department."

On board the *Samoa Belle* an exceedingly angry young woman sat up with a jerk on the narrow bunk as another young woman with an earnest and determined expression on her piquant face entered the cabin, breakfast tray in her hands. Altho the boat was rolling drunkenly in a rough sea not so much as a splash of coffee streaked over the sides of its cup as the newcomer deftly swung her burden down to the table, and then sat down beside it.

The sentence was never finished, for, with a little quivering laugh, he had caught her up in his great arms and held her against the hard beating of his heart. "I dont want you to be a lady," he whispered, lips on her cheek, "I know now, I only want you, yourself, little Hurricane Gal!"

"I told you last night why I brought you," Lola said calmly, turning innocent dark eyes upon Miss Phyllis Fairfield's unbecoming rage, which gave her complexion a bleak, purplish hue. "We'll begin with breakfast because I never did know the stylish way to eat an egg."

Phyllis Fairfield gave her a look intended to be withering. "You are quite mad," she began haughtily, "you will find that civilized people cannot do such a thing as you are doing without punishment. You will find—" here the boat gave a long, slow, deliberate roll and Phyllis turned a trifle green and collapsed on the pillows with a stiffled moan.

"There is going to be a storm," her captor and would-be pupil in manners observed cheerfully; standing by the porthole she looked out at the leaden sky on which great oily clouds writhed in cosmic labor, "a regular hurricane! Hark! The dishes in the galley are beginning to go already!"

"I never could stand the water!" moaned Phyllis, "it makes me seasick even to take a *bath!* I shall die! Oh,

(*Continued on page* 102)

HURRICANE'S GAL

Told in short story form, by permission, from the First National release of the Allen Holubar production based on the scenario of Allen Holubar which was adapted from the story by Harvey Bates. Directed by Allen Holubar, and starring Dorothy Phillips. The cast:

Lola	Dorothy Phillips
Steele O'Connor	Robert Ellis
Chris Borg	Wallace Beery
Cap'n Danny	James O. Barrows
Phyllis Fairfield	Gertrude Astor
Sing	Willing Fung
Lieut. Grant	Jack Donovan
Mrs. Fairfield	Frances Raymond

This Is So Sudden!

Above are the Pilgrims in **1600**; at the right, the year **1800** is depicted; and below, you discover the lovers of **1840**

"This is so sudden" is quite the proper thing to say when honored with a proposal. See the etiquette books!

Woman's instinct is a strange thing. Ever since the beginning of time, it has warned her of the minute when she might expect a proposal. At times this has made things difficult. To have the man aware of her knowledge would be folly. So she has adopted the subterfuge of surprise. Down thru the years comes the beguiling whisper, "This is so sudden." Priscilla won immortality when she admitted her knowledge of John Alden's affection, and said simply: "Why dont you speak for yourself, John?" Her words will live until the end of time.

Proposals of Other Years Posed by Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor

Above, you glimpse sweetheart days in the year of 1860; at the left is a proposal of 1890; and below, Twentieth Century romance is pictured

If we are to judge from these pictures, proposals reflect the very spirit of the times——

The restraint of the Pilgrims——

The charm of the Colonial declaration of undying affection——

The quaint homage of the bended knee in the Kate Greenaway days——

The poetry of the gallant lover in 1860——

The fervor of the swain in 1890——

And the enthusiasm of the flappers in our own happy era——

By their proposals you shall know the years!

Not So Wild

THE only way to enjoy research work is to pick an interesting field in which to work. It took me less than five minutes, once I had decided to research, to choose for my hunting-ground The Home Life of the Vamp. You'll readily see what a popular subject it is, especially if you have ever successfully returned from Hollywood. (More than one good man has gone . . . and stayed!)

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph by Monroe, L. A.

These canned Cleopatras and Scheherezades are not exactly "as advertised"! The fleshly lure is a mirage mirrored on the perpendicular platform of our best flicker-palaces. Above, Bebe Daniels; at the right, Rosemary Theby, and below, Estelle Taylor

Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

As soon as you find yourself back in the East after a tour of inspection covering Los Angeles, Culver City, and celluloid way-stations, you find yourself besieged by the curious, less fortunate than you, wanting to know. And the most burning question of all, I have found, has to do with the off-stage — but not so oft-staged—parties, orgies, and bacchanalian revels of the Vamps.

"How," the lady next door will want to know, "how is this here Bebe Daniels in real life?"

"Does Louise Glaum rouge her toes?" demands the advanced flapper across the street.

By MALCOLM OETTINGER

"Is Betty Blythe married?" asks the bachelor below my apartment. "And is Mae Busch related to Annheuser?"

Not a query about Lois Wilson or Bessie Love or Anita Stewart or Florence Vidor. They are all Nice People, and, therefore, uninteresting off-stage. The world is curious only concerning the more lurid ladies of the leaping pastels.

Consider the private, so-called, lives of our foremost serpentine

Photograph by Mishkin, N. Y.

Photograph by
Donald Biddle Keyes

A bedecked beauty slithering around on the screen looks more alluring to you, lounging in a loge seat listening to the languorous strains of "Tristan und Isolde," than that same beauty looks at eleven a. m. shrouded in gingham, on the porch of her California cottage. Above, Theda Bara; at the left, Mae Busch, and below, Betty Blythe

Photograph by
Kenneth Alexander

cinemactresses. Theda Bara, currently quiescent but inevitably to be named as the best known, may be investigated first. Off the screen she impresses one as being a moderately attractive woman of ordinary good taste, creating less attention than a Fifth Avenue flapper, a

(*Continued on page* 98)

Is Your Face Your Fortune?

IS your face your fortune? It may be! Have your friends admired your beauty? Has your life been brightened by charming things people have said of your appearance? If so, submit your photograph to the Contest Manager of the American Beauty Contest without delay. And at the same time we warn you to be careful to comply with the simple rules which have been found necessary.

The Brewster Publications, as you probably know, are looking high and low for the American Beauty. Will she be light or dark—short or tall? It is difficult to say. She is somewhere and this contest will find her.

The prizes which are mentioned in

Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser

Above is Mary E. Cameron, of Hollywood, California. Miss Cameron is fair, with deep blue eyes and brown hair . . . She reminds us of Betty Ross Clarke

Mary Margaret Ward, above, is rich in the possession of a live face. Her bright eyes are grey and her curls are brown

At the right is Betty Burton. Betty, who lives in Brooklyn, has brown hair and eyes. There is something about her reminiscent of Dorothy Dalton

Photograph (left) by
Grace Salon of Art, N. Y.

Enter the American Beauty Contest and Find Out

the advertisement in this number are something of a dream come true. They represent a glorious visit to New York, including the cafés, theaters and shops; or a thousand dollars instead. They represent magazine covers and other publicity which the winner will receive. And it is not preposterous to suppose that all this attention will bring numerous opportunities.

The six girls pictured on these pages win honorable mention this month. They are all beautiful, you will agree — and in most instances their beauty is widely varied. From the Honor Rolls published every month in each of the four Brewster publications, the American Beauty will be chosen.

Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton

At the top of the page is Julia Clarkin, alluring in her furs. Miss Clarkin lives in Kansas City, Mo. Her hair and eyes are brown

Photograph by W. F. Seeley, L. A.

Above is Marie Andree Cooper, of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Brown hair with a red tint and blue eyes contribute to her beauty. And at the right is Domini Redfern, who also comes from Hollywood, the suburb of motion pictures. Miss Redfern has hazel eyes and golden hair

What Does

By LESLIE

Photograph by J. W. Moorhouse

DAVID Powell speaks with the clipped precision of his people, of England; clearly, quietly, exactly.

Our talk that morning at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, up in the chill concrete box that he called his dressing-room, skirted banality without ever actually bowing to the frump.

One recalling David Powell upon the screen, in "On With The Dance," let us say, or in some other glittering Mae-Murrayesque vehicle, evokes the picture of a dark man, suavely handsome, with underneath a hint of passionate reserve.

In reality he gives us the semi-somber mien of the Briton, courteous always, not bored, but quite withdrawn.

Uprooted from England, whence he had returned after an exile of years, by the abrupt cessation of production activities in London, forced to unburden himself of a house in Hampstead, a bit of brocade on the hem of London, he is accepting California philosophically, with a pleasant melancholy.

"It was a pity," he said. "I had just got back into the manner of living there again. I was there just sixteen months. England, after one has been away for long, particularly if he has lived here in America, is absurdly peaceful. It took me months to adjust myself to it.

"The first thing one realizes on settling there is that he is tired, worn out. The

"Yes," said David Powell, "I play in society dramas consistently. Queer, isn't it? As a matter of fact, I never did those things on the stage. I did mad things . . . you know, hysterical things. I've no idea, really, how this other came about." At the left is Mr. Powell with Gloria Swanson in "The Gilded Cage"

It Matter?

DREW

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

David Powell speaks with the clipped precision of his people, of England; clearly, quietly, exactly. He has the sober view of the Briton, courteous always, not bored, but withdrawn

eternal rush of America, the knowing that one must keep on going if he would not see the next man grab the prize—all that is suddenly lifted. It is like coming into a quiet pool after riding the rapids.

"The second realization is purely physical; it is one of cold. For weeks I went about shivering, with my hands blue. There is no steam heat there, you know—no central heating, as they call it. Merely fireplaces; sometimes stoves. The solution of it? It is a queer one; simply roast beef and—burgundy. To warm the blood."

Thus our talk, concerned with amiable trivialities. One realizes at once that neither a half hour, nor an hour, nor even hours, can reveal the man, David Powell. It is wiser to accept the casual contact.

Since returning, he has made one picture; with Gloria Swanson — "The Gilded Cage."

I remarked that he adhered with remarkable consistency to our so-called society drama, the silken stars; Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, others.

"Yes," he said, stroking his mustache briefly. "Queer, isn't it? As a matter of fact, I never did those things on the stage. I did mad things, you know; hysterical things. Emotion, intensity, that sort. I've no idea, really, how this other came about, why I have been cast so persistently in society rôles. Curious, isn't it?"

He lit a cigaret.

"I remember," he went on, considering the dying flame of his match, "when I played 'The Good Hope' with Ellen Terry. She was always forgetting her lines, and always doing it in the midst of some hysterical scene of mine. I had to climb down always, prompt her, and then climb back again. It was because I seemed to understand a little better than most. I could manage to anticipate her mistake and make some sign with my lips or my hand—rarely ever a word—that would set her right again.

"I've an idea that my next picture will be with Dorothy Dalton. I may have a chance at something hysterical in that."

Abroad he found little time to inspect the British film factories.

"They have scant hope against America. They simply cant spend the money. Over there a production costing twenty-five thousand pounds—a hundred thousand odd dollars—is tremendous. They haven't the market. But I imagine that in a few years time they will be offering a little competition, if they can once get their pictures over and into the theaters. I can see no reason on earth why they shouldn't. It has been merely that they

(*Continued on page 89*)

In a California Garden - - - -

All photographs by Melbourne Spurr

It is pleasant somehow to think of Mary in a garden . . . preferably an old-fashioned garden with its hollyhocks, sweet-william, marigold and mignonette. The summer days have found Mary working on "Tess of the Storm Country." But the summer twilights have found her in the stretching gardens of "Pickfair"

Across the Silversheet

Talk Concerning the New Productions

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Above is a scene from the screen version of "The Storm," which enjoyed a lengthy stage success. At the left is Madame Nazimova in the title rôle of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." This merits consideration, because it is what it is—a faithful version of a great work. Below is Mary Carr in "Silver Wings," another weepy mother-love theme

We feel quite sure you will quarrel with Madame Nazimova's screen version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." You may declare that it is ultra-modern in treatment besides being super-exotic and then dismiss it.

However, we think it is more likely that you will consider it further. And because it is what it is, it merits consideration. To give it further consideration, it is too long. The first two or three reels unwind without anything whatever happening. It would have made an infinitely finer offering had it been produced as a short length subject.

Nevertheless, it took courage to select this as a screen production in the first place. The exquisite beauty of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" lies in the music of its colorful phrases and the color of its musical cadences. The screen version is beggared by the loss of these, and the super-erotic and decadent values become uppermost.

The tale is faithful to the "Salome" of Wilde. Even the subtitles have a Wildian flavour. This is encouraging, for producers with faith in the works of any master are rarities. For Madame Nazimova's fidelity we are grateful, even while we doubt the wisdom of her choice of "Salome" as a screen production.

In the title rôle Nazimova permits herself only one opportunity in which to convince her audiences that the art she possessed in "Revelation" and on other occasions is still her own. This is the episode in which she bends over the silver charger that holds the head of Jokanaan. Here she rises to undisputable heights. As a matter of fact, the whole episode is adroitly handled. No

(*Continued on page* 116)

Comment on

Critical Paragraphs You In Selecting

God's Country and the Law—Arrow

A TRITE melodrama in the same old orthodox vein of Curwood's — a melodrama introducing the dear Mounted (Oh, Mr. Curwood!) in a Saskatchewan setting; "God's Country and the Law" is simply another movie ground thru the mill. Unoriginal, lacking in suspense and surprise, and the director pounding home every point as if he believed us to be in swaddling-clothes and unable to catch Curwood's moth-eaten diagram—the picture never rises from the level of mediocrity. A bootlegger carries the plot. Once he finds his conscience, he goes into the woods and dies. This procedure will raise a scornful laugh not only with the bootlegging gentry but the gentlemen who buy their goods from them. The Mounted rescue a harassed wife and dash on after their man. If you lived in the north woods, would you leave your spouse unprotected—without a gun hanging conveniently above the fireplace? Fred Jones does, following Sydney Olcott's direction. But Gladys Leslie finds refuge in a turbulent stream. This picture will only please you after you've been on a long vacation—say up in Saskatchewan.

In the Name of the Law—Film Booking Offices

Father has arrived. The neglected parent, who has effaced himself from the picture that mother

At the top of the page, Gladys Leslie and Fred C. Jones in "God's Country and the Law." Above, Ralph Lewis in "In the Name of the Law," and at the right, Buck Jones in "Trooper O'Neil"

Other Productions

Which Will Guide Your Entertainments

may shed a tear for a recreant child, has reached the screen in a policeman's uniform. The scene is any city; the cop any cop of your neighborhood. This feature carries a mighty title for such mawkish sentimentality. It belies itself, for there is nothing revealed touching upon the realities and humanities of the policeman's beat from station-house to his home. You look for colorful incident, such as marks every cop's experience in enforcing the law or in showing favor toward some trespasser—and you look in vain. What you do see is a policeman who stupidly shoots his own son and convicts him on the spot without showing the great heart which he is supposed to possess.

We wish that Emory Johnson could have drawn a real policeman instead of the lay figure who masquerades in the uniform of blue. The only significant point he brings forth is the revelation that even a cop can be sentimental—that he isn't eternally hounding the self-sacrificing hero or chasing Chaplin's imitators. Thus he shows the only novel touch.

The picture is crammed with incident of home life. The children grow up and watch their step, altho one becomes involved in a crime of which he is innocent. The boy who goes to college returns to defend his brother and saves him from conviction thru employing their adopted sister as the star witness. The defense relies upon an outburst of oratory which arouses not only his own lacrimal glands but those of the crowded court-room. The episode is arbitrary and convenient, but it is well staged notwithstanding—

At the top of the page is "Slim Shoulders," with Irene Castle; just above is Earle Williams in "Restless Souls," and at the left, "The Referee," with Conway Tearle

Above, Helene Chadwick with James Rennie in "The Dust Flower." Marie Prevost at the right is seen in "Her Night of Nights," and below is Hoot Gibson in "Trimmed"

the legal chamber and the manner of conducting the case ringing genuine. But the station-house is neglected. Also the humor and human incident. And these factors are part and parcel of every policeman's life.

The picture will appeal to the mass mind. The spectator will feel disappointed however with the director in leaving out so much real detail. Father may just as well be represented in any ordinary suit of clothes. He is simply masquerading here. The acting is adequate, Ralph Lewis lending dignity and sincerity to his rôle of the cop.

TROOPER O'NEIL—FOX

What does this title suggest to you? Must you be told that the Northwest Mounted pattern is here again, carrying on with its stereotyped slogan —'get your man'? There is nothing in this Charles (Buck) Jones opus which intrigues the imagination. You know for a certainty that the fearless Mountie will be confronted with the troublesome task of obeying the call of duty or the call of the heart. And somehow you lose all sympathy for him when he elects to live up to the law and arrest the girl upon such flimsy evidence as carrying a gunshot wound in her side. This isn't the stuff of which heroes are made and Burt Standish of Tip Top Weekly fame will tell you so. There is an attempt to secret the plot under a coating of mystery, with the spectator asked to suspect one of four Canucks involved in the murder. Jones is sent to the scene of the crime disguised as a trapper. It is noticeable that he wears wintry togs at the same time that little mam'selle is bedecked in a summer dress and who is even seen picking daisies in the clearing. A few shots ring out—a knife or two is hurled thru the air and the vengeful Pierre makes a dying confession. Poor titling and breast-heaving, eyebrow-wiggling emotion burden this orthodox recipe. If a Mountie must get his man, or his woman, let him do so without the holier-than-thou motive of a Volstead agent.

Slim Shoulders—Hodkinson

While you cannot expect any variation of theme where it concerns a daughter willing to sacrifice everything for a father who has played too fast and loose with the stock ticker, you will have to admit, however, after seeing Irene Castle's newest expression, "Slim Shoulders," that it is the best picture she has had since her old Pathe days. Eliminating the crooked god of the machine long before the story has reached its climax, is certainly brushing it up with novelty. You say to yourself —"the story is over." But it gets away on another tack. The dead man's influence lingers long after he has made his unhappy exit. His heir casts a dread shadow until the resourceful girl intrigues him with her charm while she masquerades as a burglar in search of the papers. Good old papers. For once you hold your mirth the while you are quite fascinated in her scheme of operation. The picture presents rich exteriors and the interiors

Above is "Our Leading Citizen," with Thomas Meighan and Lois Wilson. At the left is Gladys Walton in "The Trouper," and below, you find Mary Miles Minter in "South of Suva"

are sumptuous without being gawdy. Irene Castle catches the exact mood in her portrayal. She looks more like an actress here and less like a mannequin than in anything we have ever seen her in.

Restless Souls—Vitagraph

With spiritism and psycho-analysis and other cults being broadcasted these days—with Conan Doyle putting these ideas in the heads of the proletariat—it is quite timely on Vitagraph's part to resurrect a Richard Harding Davis story, "Playing Dead," and give it to Earle Williams for expression. Retitled "Restless Souls," it makes a faint gesture for entertainment. After a few brief moments in which neo-symbolism stuff is disseminated by an effeminate little high-brow, the picture becomes tired and flops thru lack of vitality. Earle is the husband of a woman who feels the occult urge. Since he decides that she prefers contact with the dear departed and the rest of the

(*Continued on page* 118)

These pictures are domestic enough to cause you to believe they were photographed in almost any suburban town. You might even go further and suppose the father to be a rising young banker who married his pretty wife even as she left an exclusive finishing-school. But, strange as it may seem, they were taken in wicked Hollywood. Page the reformers!

All photographs by Rice

Page the Reformers!

Allan Hale married Gretchen Hartman, you know. And since her marriage she has devoted herself entirely to things domestic—to the Hale home on the outskirts of Hollywood—and to the Hale baby, Allan, junior

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified.

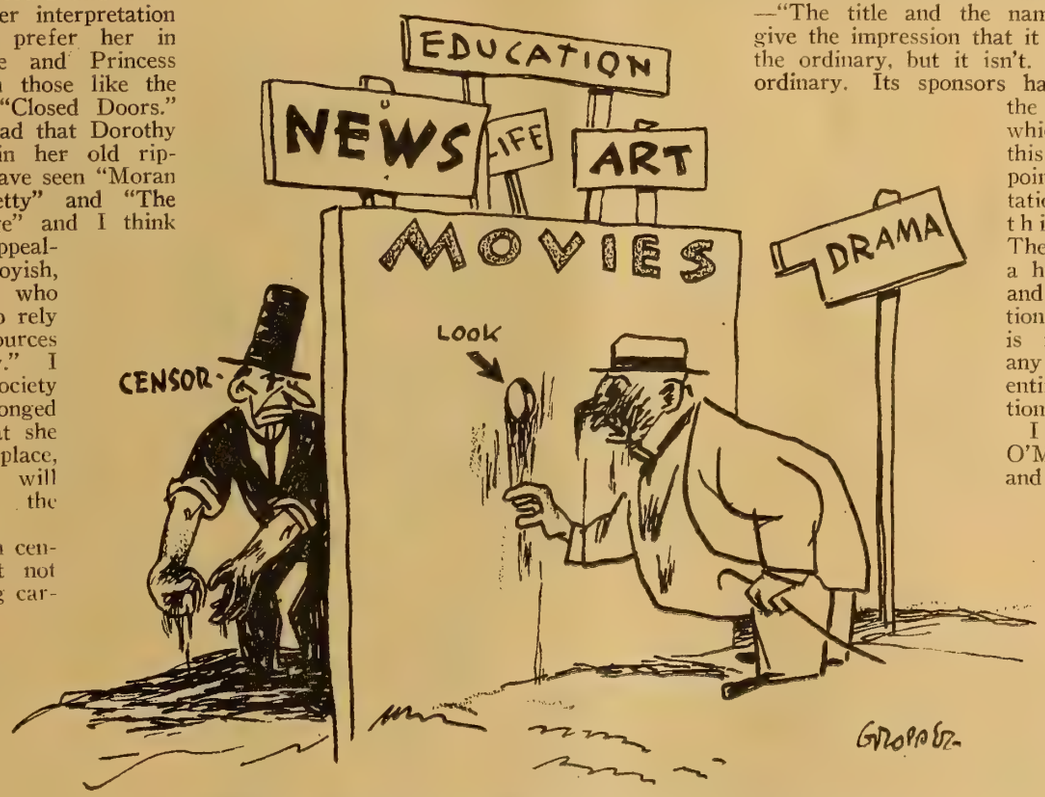
Thoughts concerning unjust censorship and the regret that "Foolish Wives" wasn't permitted to be even a finer picture, makes this letter interesting.

DEAR EDITOR: May I give some of my opinions about the movies and the various stars? So many of your readers do that I have decided that I shall take a chance along with the rest of them and hope to see my letter in print.

My favorite star is Alice Calhoun. I have watched her career with a great deal of interest and am very pleased that she is making such great headway. I shall never forget her as Babbie in "The Little Minister." In this picture she showed such fine dramatic ability that I think that the most critical could find nothing wanting in her interpretation of the rôle. I prefer her in rôles like Babbie and Princess Jones rather than those like the one she had in "Closed Doors."

Gee, but I'm glad that Dorothy Dalton is back in her old rip-roaring rôles. I have seen "Moran of the Lady Letty" and "The Crimson Challenge" and I think that she is most appealing as the boyish, swaggering girl who has been forced to rely on her own resources and "quick draw." I hated her in society rôles and as a wronged wife and now that she is back in her old place, I hope that she will continue to be the female Bill Hart.

I dont believe in censorship. At least not the way it is being carried on at present. What is perfectly O. K. in one state is all wrong in another. Certainly if they are to have censorship, they can have uniformity all over the States. But the censors are really childish about some things. I have seen scenes that should have been out, remain in the picture, and then I have heard of very fine scenes being cut out just because the censor had an idea that it should not be. I hope that Mr. Will Hays will abolish this one-sided censorship and make it uniform.



"The censors are really childish about some things," writes one reader. "I have seen scenes that should have been out remain in the picture, and then I have heard of very fine scenes being cut out just because the censor had an idea it should not be." All of which goes to prove that reactions must always vary

Have you seen a fine subtitle absolutely ruined by the awful blunders in spelling and punctuation and grammar in it? This is what I saw in a recent picture "The mills of the gods grind *slow* but the grind exceedingly fine." The mistakes in spelling are too numerous to mention, as are those of punctuation.

I liked "Foolish Wives," but I think that it would have been very much better if the powers that be had let Erich von Stroheim cut and title the picture himself. I read that after he had spent so much money and all the rest on the picture, they refused to let him cut the picture and put that job into the hands of professionals. Well, they did their best to wreck the picture but it survived their attempts. The effects, acting, story, directions, photography left nothing to be desired but—oh, well what's the use.

I would like very much to hear from the readers of this magazine and if they write to me, I shall endeavor to answer all of the letters, if possible.

I shall close with best wishes for the success of your fine magazine.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES TUCK,
Box No. 317, Salisbury, N. C.

Criticism is always something of a matter of opinion—however—

DEAR EDITOR: May I just say a little about a criticism I read the other day from a very large newspaper on "Mother O'Mine"? It ran something like this—"The title and the name of the producer give the impression that it is something out of the ordinary, but it isn't. In fact, it is very ordinary. Its sponsors have placed some of the best productions, which makes one like this all the more disappointing, as the expectation is to see something worth while. The plot is ready-made, a hand-me-down affair, and many of the situations are absurd. There is no dramatic force any more in basing the entire picture on sensational action."

I have seen "Mother O'Mine" three times and would like to see it again. I can conscientiously say that I enjoyed it more than any other picture I have seen this year. The critic that wrote the above statement, in my estimation, is a very poor critic. The acting was as good as it could have been. Take, for instance, Lloyd Hughes, here is a fine young actor with lots of ability. Why dont we see more of him? He is surely handsome enough! Then Betty Ross Clarke, she is not what one might call beautiful, but she has something that so many of our screen heroines lack—sincerity, sweetness and a very thoro understanding of playing a part. Poor Betty Blythe, she had a bad part, that of a very wicked vampire, but she played it wonderfully well. Also Claire MacDowell was splendid as the mother. After all, Mr. Ince has made a wonderful picture, from every standpoint—acting, directing, sub-titles, etc.

Hoping for the future success of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Sincerely yours, JAQUE NUGENT,
1216 Chickasha Avenue, Chickasha, Okla.

Newsreels are a joy to people in isolated towns. This reader makes a plea regarding them—

DEAR EDITOR: Some of us live in small towns and we dont get away much and we'd like to—a lot—so our interest in

(*Continued on page* 104)

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

SOMEBODY must have sent out a long and loud call for the stars of yesteryear, because they are certainly flocking back to the screen. Even to Theda Bara.

Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh are among the *revenants,* and their ghostly presences are all to be seen in big pictures.

Miss Bara has signed up with the Selznicks, and the understanding is that before the summer has flown she will have thrilled the camera lens once again. Her first picture is to show some time in the fall.

To all intents, Miss Bara is to forsake her vamping ways upon her return. If she does appear in the siren rôle, it will be much modified. No prehistoric flourishes or wriggles. In fact, the Selznick organization has been debating seriously the possibility for starring her in a costume drama.

No sooner had she been married to Marshall Neilan than Blanche Sweet decided that she would return to the ghastly lights. She has been engaged for the principal rôle in the Metro release of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," to be produced by the Sawyer-Lubin combine. Her rôle will be that of Alice Pettingill, the blind girl.

While Mae Marsh has gone abroad to appear in pictures, her future in America seems indefinite just now. It is indicated that she will be cast in a forthcoming Griffith feature, and the rumors mention "Ben Hur," which, it is predicted, Griffith will direct for Goldwyn.

Excursioning to regions unexploited by the camera, goes on more actively seemingly, from week to week. Reginald Barker is one of the most recent adventurers, having decided to take the exteriors for his new picture "Timber" in the

"No, sir," declares John Drew. "A stage career is responsibility enough for one man." And Rupert Hughes loses a movie recruit who would have brought shekels galore into the box office. "The Old Homestead" is being filmed, and the Lasky lot reminds you of Old Home Week. Harrison Ford is playing Reuben, and Fritzi Redgeway is Ann. Below, reading from left to right, you find Lila Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lois Wilson and Mae McAvoy. Lila Lee seems to hold the interest of her stellar friends with ease

Photograph by Paramount

NEWS FLASHES FROM THE PACIFIC COAST

British Columbia logging camps. He will have Frank Keenan and Anna Q. Nilsson in the leading rôles. Craig Ward, whom Barker considers a "find," has an important part.

Rex Ingram may go questing upon his arrival in the East, Bermudas or somewhere in that locality. He has temporarily abandoned his plan to film "Toilers of the Sea," it would seem. Alice Terry, Ramon Samaniegos, Malcolm MacGregor and other members of his permanent organization will accompany him wherever he may go.

Marshall Neilan has made up his mind on his first picture for Goldwyn organization, with which he recently signed. The story is "The Strangers' Banquet" by Donn Byrne. It presents the theme of a modern girl's fight against industrial unrest.

Constance Talmadge is in the throes of things Chinese these days. "East Is West" is being filmed, with Sidney Franklin behind the megaphone. At the left is Charles Ray and Mrs. Ray. Below, the men of the Lasky lot indulge in a conversational afternoon. James Neill seems to be doing the talking. Milton Sills, Charles Ogle are attentive—George Fawcett may have heard the tale before

The marriage mart has been singularly quiet. Correspondingly there has been very little excitement in the divorce exchange. Everybody is apparently too busy to be bothered with domestic or personal affairs. Katherine MacDonald was a recent victim of the rumor plague. Somebody suddenly linked her name with Jack Morrill, club man and golfer of Chicago. This, plus a diamond solitaire on her left hand, third finger, was evidence enough for the printing of the report and a denial by the star, who stated quite emphatically that she has no intention of getting wedded to anybody just at present.

The nearest marriage on the calendar is that of Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller. Ere this is printed it should have taken place, despite protests of Flo Ziegfeld *et al.*

Mama Pickford seems particularly jubilant, as do the other members of the Pickford family.

(*Continued on page* 110)

Without A Cosmetic Cosmos

By GORDAN GASSAWAY

The sweetness of Dorothy Phillips is not the sweetness of the impossible Pollyannas of this world. Her sweetness is tempered with mercy—a mercy that is tempered with a quick wit. She stands with the great women of the world who have been as beautiful in character as they have been in characteristics

Photograph by Horwitz

THERE are some players who, when they step from the screen or the stage, carry the theater or the studio right along with 'em. Sometimes they carry it in a little black box and dab it on from time to time, and sometimes it simply radiates from them as does heat from a well-janitored radiator.

But not Dorothy Phillips. She neither dabs it on when she is out of her studio dressing-room nor does she radiate it in her home. Her profession with her is a thing apart.

As a matter of fact, when you meet her in the glare of a conscienceless noonday sun you are in doubt as to whether or not she is an actress—not a lap at a lip-stick, just the fresh color of her lips and complexion that nature gave her. She is without camouflage, mentally or physically.

In the four or five years that have passed since she first flashed upon our optic horizon as a Universal star, as vivid as a northern light, Miss Phillips has ameliorated the verve of youth with the sympathy of a broad outlook. She has bloomed as a rose, somewhere in that marvelous, thinking mind of hers but without losing the guilelessness of childhood.

Dorothy Phillips Continues to Combine Marriage and a Career Under Her Husband's Direction

If it wasn't for the whip-like slash of that mind, her sweetness, which is her outstanding characteristic, would be almost too sweet. But now it is a sweetness with an allure which does not gum up your mentality when you think of her.

Hers is not the goo, if I may borrow the term, of the impossible Pollyannas of this world. Her sweetness is tempered with mercy — a mercy that is tempered by a quick wit! She stands with the great women of the world who have been as beautiful in character as they have been in characteristics.

She is as placid as a lotus pond, and as gracious as a mandarin. On account of this deep placidity, one feels that she will never have—er—wrinkles. A number of years ago, when Miss Phillips startled the world with her characterization in "Hell Morgan's Girl," and made a name for herself thereby which has echoed down the ages, I sat me down and wrote her a letter. It was a long letter and it told her how wonderful she was. Then a year later, after she had appeared in some terrible pictures that almost obliterated the good work she had done as "Hell" Morgan's daughter, I wrote her another letter and told her that if she didn't get some snappy stories she would be r-r-ruined! Mind you, this was four years ago. And upon our meeting the other day she spoke of this letter. Among the thousands that she had received she remembered mine, and my

(*Continued on page* 100)

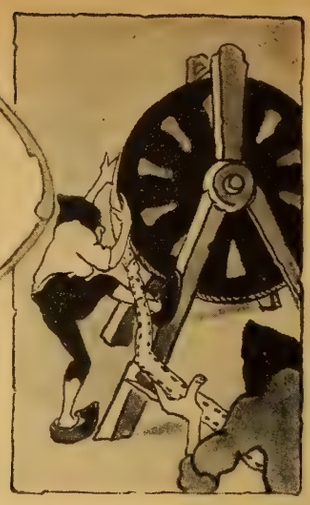
Photograph by Horwitz

"There is no special preparation thru which I can put myself or my brain before I take up a new rôle," said Dorothy Phillips. "I try to keep my mind as free from contamination as is humanly possible and let the future direct my destiny"

The Juvenile Critic

By

DOROTHY WHITEHILL



July 19, '22.

OH my darling Punch. I am so excited that I can hardly write. I just this minute heard that my very own Douglas Fairbanks is doing a picture of Robin Hood. Do you suppose it's because I asked him to a long time ago. Uncle Roddy says "undoubtedly," but I think he's just teasing; anyway, it's just too wonderful for words and I cant wait to see it and I think I'll write and tell him to please hurry up.

Yesterday I saw a picture called the "Five Dollar Baby," and I thought it was dreadfully silly to begin with and I'm quite sure it never could have happened.

A poor woman leaves her most darling baby on the steps of an orphanage and then goes and jumps into the river. She really did, only I closed my eyes because I didn't want to see her splash.

Then a man called the Solitary Kid finds the basket and thinks it is full of things to eat and takes it, with some milk, too. Then when he finds out it is a real live baby he is scared at first, but then he takes it over to a pawn-shop where you can sell whatever you want to and then if you pay every once in awhile someday you can go and get it back again.

Well, the Kid gets five dollars for the baby, and the old man who owns the shop and whose name is Uncle Ben has to keep her and take care of her until she is called for.

Then the picture skips a long time and she, the baby I mean, her name is Ruth, grows up and you see her dancing before a crowd to the music of a street organ. Two boys, one Irish and one Jewish, have a fight to see which one will dance with her, and the policeman comes to stop them and Ruth jumps on his back and puts her fingers over his eyes and the boys get away.

She goes back to her uncle and he tells her about the money being paid for her every year and that he hopes it wont be paid any more so that she can truly be his little girl, and then Ruth remembers that a shabby man in the street gave her a letter to deliver to her uncle. She opens it and there is the money.

Then she goes away to school and comes back all dressed up in a fur coat and the Irish boy goes to the station to meet her and brings her home in his new Ford.

There is a Xmas party and all kinds of funny people are there and everybody has presents, and then a dreadful looking woman tells Uncle Ben that she wants her son to marry Ruth and Uncle Ben tells Ruth, who is very unhappy to hear it, because she wants to marry the Irish boy.

Well, she needn't have been so unhappy because the Jewish boy didn't want to marry her but another girl.

That night the Kid comes back to the city and just before twelve o'clock he calls to claim his child, but of course he knows Uncle Ben wont let her go, so he says he may have her if he pays a most huge sum of money, and dear Uncle Ben says he will.

The next night Ruth hears them talking in the office and knows what it is all about and so she slips down the stairs and takes the money and runs for a policeman.

When Uncle Ben finds the money gone he is all excited and the Kid doesn't believe there ever was any money, and then they have a fight and in comes the Irish boy and stops them (tho once I heard Uncle Roddy say an Irishman never stops a fight) and Ruth comes in with the policeman and they take the Kid away, but not to jail, because he promises to be good.

Then in comes the Jewish boy and he has married the other girl and the picture stops with Ruth kissing the Irish boy, so I suppose that meant they were going to get married.

I hope I'll see some really good pictures next time.

Your loving sister,

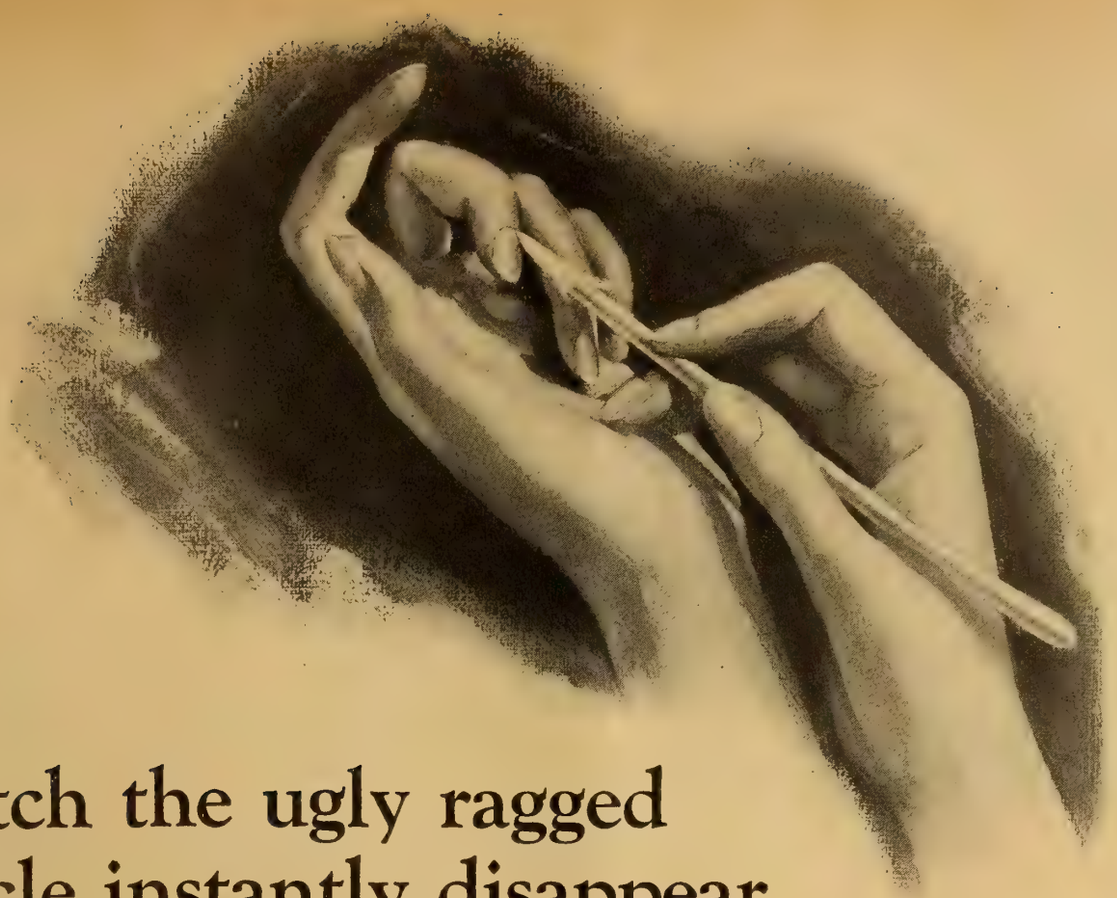
JUDY.

New York City, July 20, 1922.

DEAR PUNCH: I've just come home from the movies, but I didn't enjoy myself very much. The name of the picture was "Married People," and I guess it was made for grown-ups, even tho there are some children in it.

(*Continued on page* 107)

On the left-hand side is a picture from "The Five-Dollar Baby." And at the right is a scene of the happy ending of "Married People"



Watch the ugly ragged cuticle instantly disappear

NOWADAYS it is no longer considered safe to cut the cuticle. For you cannot trim the dead cuticle around your nail rims without snipping through in places to the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see the little cuts yourself that you have made.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cut parts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry, and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails. Your whole hand will look ugly.

The safe modern way

There is a safe, pleasant, dainty way to care for the cuticle. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail. Rinse the fingers in clear water, and at once the ragged, ugly cuticle will simply disappear, leaving a smooth, even nail rim. Then work under the nail tips, to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

No manicure is really complete without the jewel-like shine which is obtained from any of the Cutex polishes. These come in cake, paste, stick, powder and liquid forms.

The powder and liquid polishes have been recently perfected and are better than any heretofore appearing on the market. A light coat of Liquid Polish, used as a finishing touch, will make your manicure last just twice as long.

Cutex Sets come in four sizes: at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each article in the sets separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—only 12c

Send 12c in coin or stamps today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish, the new Powder Polish, orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. **M**-10, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

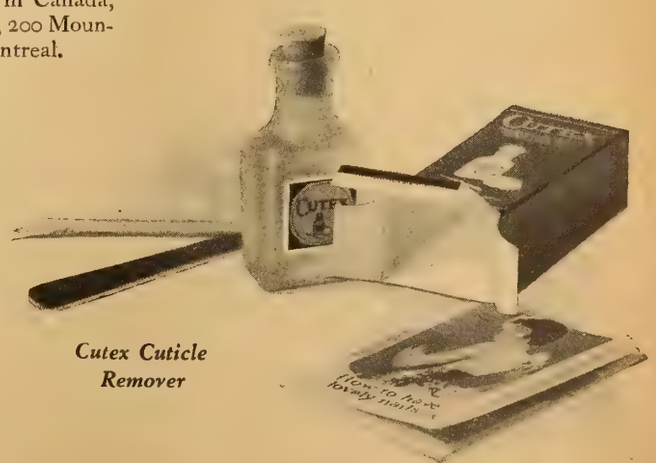
MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren, Dept. M-10,
114 West 17th Street, New York.

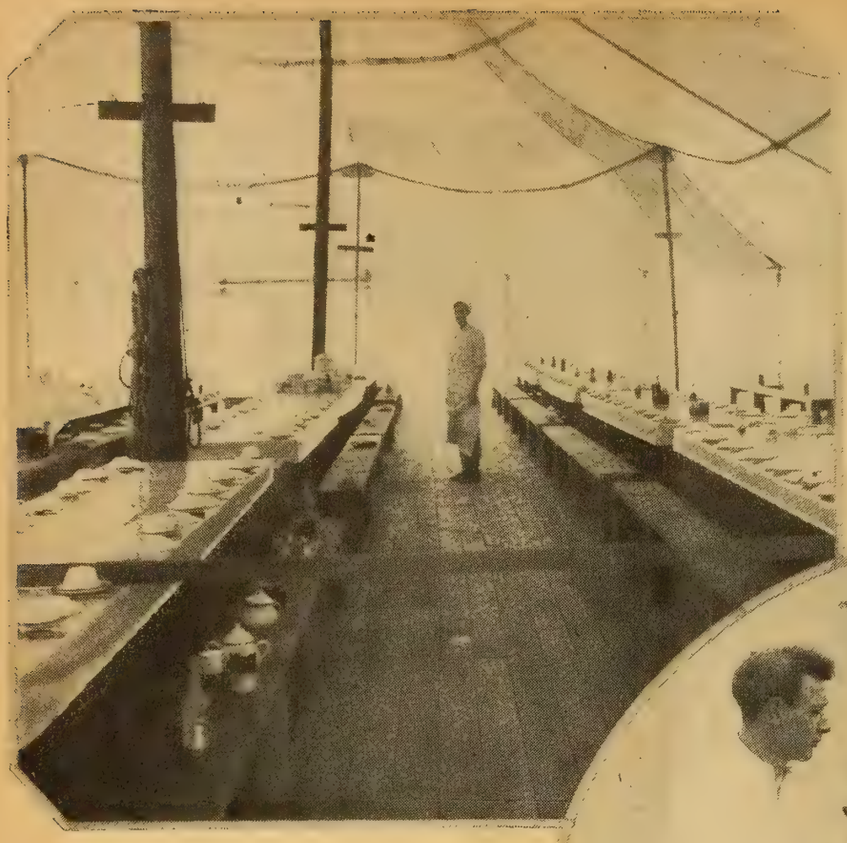
Name_____

Street_____
(or P. O. Box)

City_____ State_____



Cutex Cuticle Remover



"Burning Sands" is a story of the desert. And George Melford decided to have his company camp out on the desert while the exteriors were filmed. It facilitated their work, but they all agreed that location by the sea or in the mountains is more to be desired

Camping on Burning Sands

The picture at the top of the page shows the dining-tent where the entire company was fed daily. Needless to say, a large commissariat department was necessary. Above, Wanda Hawley confers with Director Melford over riding boots in front of her private tent. At the left is a view of the white city which sprang into being on the desert's burning sands

Only a cream that your skin can absorb will give it that clear fresh look in an instant

A cream to give your skin a special freshness

Something to make the skin look its best at a moment's notice. Every woman wants to know about it. Something that will actually make your skin feel and *look* softer and smoother the moment you apply it.

Only a cream that your skin can absorb will do this instantly. This cream is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream—made of ingredients famous for their soothing effect on the skin and by a formula that combines these ingredients in such a way that the cream is absorbed immediately.

Always before you go out or whenever you want to appear especially well, smooth on a little of this light cream. You will notice the moment you apply it to your cheeks what a freshened feeling it gives you. That tired look disappears and your skin looks clear—it will feel firm and rested. It is indispensable for evening use as it makes your skin look its best immediately.

How many times, especially when you were dancing, you have wished your face would not get shiny and that the powder would stay on! Powder put directly on the skin does not stay, but soon flecks off, leaving your face as shiny as if you had not powdered.

How to make the powder stay on longer

Try powdering after you have used Pond's Vanishing Cream—the soft velvety surface it gives your skin forms the ideal powder base. The powder goes on evenly giving your skin a natural transparent tone and it stays on for hours. The cream cannot reappear in a shine because it contains not a drop of oil.

No one cream, however, can contain all the properties necessary to keep your skin in perfect condition. For thorough cleansing you need a cream with an oily base. Pond's *Cold* Cream has just the necessary amount of oil to remove every bit of dirt from the pores and not enough to overload them.

Use both these creams every day. Both are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores or promote the growth of hair. You can get them in jars or tubes of convenient sizes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
150 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

The new George Fitzmaurice production, "To Have and To Hold," promises to be a lavish and colorful affair. It is gay with the sophistication and extravagance of royalty on the Continent . . . Theodore Kosloff portrays Lord Carnal, resplendent in purple and gold lace

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

Purple and Gold Lace

Pastel colors, sheer cobwebby weaves—

Your silk underthings will last longer washed this way, says Van Raalte

THE smart silhouette demands them, these sheer cobwebby underthings that breathe Paris. They are irresistible in their pastel daintiness, and filet lace, their delicate ribbons and picot edging.

And you can keep them colorful and lovely if you wash them the safe Lux way. There is no harsh rubbing of the delicate fibres, there is not one particle of undissolved soap to weaken or yellow the fabric—Lux is as delicate as the most fragile fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

Send today for our booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. T-10, Cambridge, Mass.

McCallum Hosiery Co.
Northampton, Mass.

Lever Brothers Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had street stockings in black, brown and grey, and evening stockings in cerise, emerald, and pale blue washed in Lux. Each pair of stockings was given the number of launderings the average stockings receive.

The stockings were still in excellent condition at the end of the washings. The color changes were not noticeable and the silk was in good condition, strong, springy, and with no frayed or broken threads such as appear when rubbing is necessary or when a harsh soap is used.

The excellent results we obtained with Lux were due only in part to the fact that it does away with rubbing; the main factor in our minds is its mildness and purity. If silk hose are washed, following the directions, with Lux after each wearing they will give longer service.

Very truly yours,
McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY
G. B. McCallum
President

VAN RAALTE COMPANY
FIFTH AVE 30TH TO 31ST STREET
NEW YORK

Lever Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

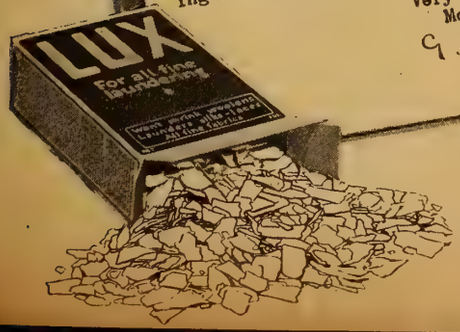
Gentlemen:

No silk undergarment gets harder usage than a vest, so we had three flesh colored silk vests, of sheer, medium and heavy quality, laundered in Lux the average number of times an undergarment is washed before it wears out.

The vests lost astonishingly little color - there was practically no fading. In fact, at the end of the washings, they were about as soft and lustrous as when new.

We attribute our success with Lux especially to its purity. A very harsh soap or soap flake is ruinous to silk. The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness that it is impossible for it to injure the garment. We are glad to recommend it to the women who wear our silk underwear.

Very truly yours,
Ben Van Raalte
THE VAN RAALTE CO



LUX

Greenroom Jottings

Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien are reunited. And in the reunion is the answer to the thousands of requests which both Miss Talmadge and Mr. O'Brien have received. There was probably never a more popular arrangement. "The Voice from the Minaret" is the first picture to find them together again

Anita Loos and her fairly well-known husband **John Emerson** are vacationing in Europe. That is, they are vacationing when they are not trying to think of things to annoy the New York police department when Al Woods puts on the show they are translating for him from the German. This happy couple intended to return to their favorite luncheon table at the Algonquin by September first. Now the news comes that **Mother Talmadge, Norma** and **Connie,** guarded by **Joseph Schenck,** are sailing for the other side on that very date; naturally, John and Anita are going to wait over a boat or so.

"This accident business has got to stop, cease, exist no longer except on location," said **Larry Semon** pathetically as he removed the steering-wheel from his neck and gazed meditatively at the street car, which he had managed to let wreck him very nicely. "The only regret I have," he continued, "is that the camera wasn't set up on that S curve I made." With that he lightly dusted his hat, dropped a flower on the remains of his car, boarded the street car and rode back to his studio.

Rodolph Valentino has a new tailor. Winifred Hudnut, whiling away the time before she can once more approach the altar with her almost husband, has taken over Rodolph's wardrobe as one of her first domestic duties. As yet she hasn't attempted the Bond Street looking suits he affects when off duty. She has very sensibly stuck to the mysterious chemise-like affairs that he is going to wear in his new release "The Young Rajah." Of course, the fact that Winifred once went by the name of **Nastacha Rambova** may have some to do with this costume business.

Shirley Mason has been stung by the autobiographical bee. She is spending all her spare time pounding out the story of her life. If Shirley goes at it with her usual enthusiasm, we bet she'll turn out at least three volumes.

Dorothy Gish, the third of the great Griffith triumvirate to join Inspiration Films, has given a novel reason for wanting to play in Richard Barthelmess' new film, "Fury." The reason is she likes the part.

Olga Petrova has sailed for Europe to take a well-earned rest. She not only had a hard season's work in "The White Peacock," but as soon as that closed she started to work on her new play? The title of her new offering has been "lifted" from Oscar Wilde and is "The Harlot's House."

Laurette Taylor once more returns to her old love, **"Peg of My Heart."** This time she will flit across the silversheet and while it may not do justice to her accent, it will do more than justice to that well-remembered innocent stare of hers.

So, **Will Hays** had to go out to the Coast and look them over for himself. Not that he doubts that everything isn't as it should be. But when he was Postmaster, his curiosity was so aroused by the consistent disappearance of the Post Office appropriation that doubtless he will never really calm down again, but just keep on investigating the rest of his life.

Mae Allison has returned from Porto Rico, where she has been making a picture for Associated Exhibitors. Miss Allison is looking for a dramatic rôle. She says she is tired of having managers look at her blue eyes and golden hair, then invariably announce: "You're just the type I want for comedy." The only thing that deters Miss Allison from going out and lining this dramatic rôle up is—that she has no clothes. Being a far-sighted individual, she sent her clothes on to New York by a stewardess of a ship that sailed before hers. The stewardess was to leave the clothes at a cleaners, which she did very carefully. But it happened that the stewardess left before Miss Allison arrived and until she comes sailing merrily back from Porto Rico or remembers to write or something, Mae's clothes will remain sweet and clean in the case at the dry-cleaners.

Mabel Normand's gone abroad, which we told you all about last month, but at that time we didn't know that Prince Ibrahim of Egypt was offering to take up movies and everything if Mabel would only say yes

to his simple question. Mabel didn't mention whether Egypt was on her itinerary or not.

Owen Moore is starring in the Selznick release "Love Is an Awful Thing"; playing opposite him is his recent bride, **Kathryn Perry.** Tracing this interesting thread along, we find that the story was written by Victor Heerman and adapted for the screen by his bride of a year. I ask you what's in a name?

If a spark from **Robert J. Flaherty's** cigaret had not fallen on the film record of one of his expeditions among the natives of the Ungava Peninsular, when he was discussing with Sir William Mackenzie the possibility of presenting it to the public, it is doubtful if we would ever have had "Nanook of the North." The cigaret incident so enraged Mr. Flaherty that he decided he would go and get a picture that would replace his exploded one, and would be so well worth presenting to the public that there wouldn't even be any discussion about it. **"Nanook of the North"** was the result.

Violet Mersereau and her company have returned from Europe. They have been in Rome over a year making "Nero" and "The Shepherd King," for William Fox. J. Gordon Edwards, the director, did not return with the company but went on to Paris where he is to confer with William Fox, who is there after dropping the company, for "If Winter Comes" in England.

There is no symbol in this photograph, which finds Cecil B. de Mille at the feet of Leatrice Joy. It was simply a comfortable way of supervising a scene of Rome's decadence, which needed careful direction . . .

Mae Busch found no guide books necessary recently. Richard Dix accompanied her on her explorations around London Town. And, in between times, Maurice Tourneur cornered them long enough to film the exteriors of "The Christian" which was the purpose of their trip abroad

Virginia Magee, who understudied Lillian Gish in "Way Down East" and "Orphans of the Storm," is announced as leading lady in Richard Barthelmess' new picture **"The Bond Boy."** Henry King, who directed the picture, is quite sure that before six months are over Virginia's name will blossom forth in the electric lights of stardom.

Pearl White, who has to have a French chauffeur so she wont forget that dear, dear Paris, had to act as said chauffeur's interpreter in court the other day when he was fined twenty-five dollars for speeding.

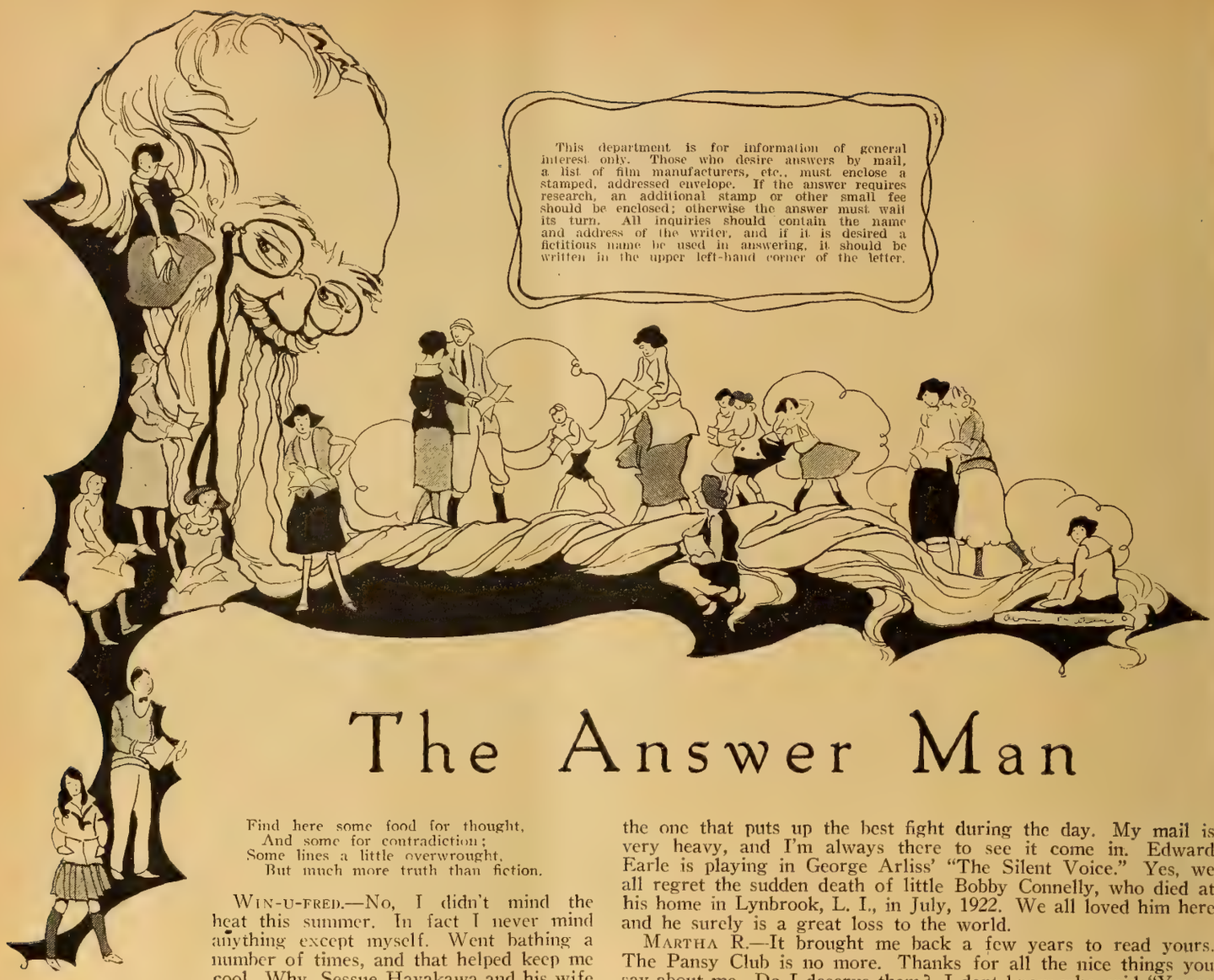
And right on top of Pearl's *débâcle*, comes the news that **Irene Castle,** having once upon a time lost a ring that didn't belong to her, brought back one from Paris to replace it. Strangely enough the ring appeared on the hand of the recipient before it sparkled for the Custom's officer. Irene says it was simply a mistake in the matter of adjustment and that everything was amicable.

Pauline Frederick has at last decided, after feverishly changing her mind or A. H. Woods's mind three times, to call the new play in which she is to appear **"The Guilty One."**

"Every few days somebody who never reads the movie periodicals comes forward with the notion that there is room in this country for another humorous magazine."
—F. P. A. in The Conning Tower.

How could you, Franklin, when you depend on us so much?

(*Continued on page 88*)



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

Find here some food for thought,
And some for contradiction;
Some lines a little overwrought,
But much more truth than fiction.

WIN-U-FRED.—No, I didn't mind the heat this summer. In fact I never mind anything except myself. Went bathing a number of times, and that helped keep me cool. Why, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife are in Japan. I should say I do like to eat—happiness rarely keeps company with an empty stomach. Frank Mayo in "Caught Bluffing."

MAY E. P.—I'll try to relieve your mind—bring on the questions! Louise Glaum's real name is Isabella Schwartz. The Talmadge girls are not Jewish. Theda Bara is going to be starred in Selznick productions.

VIOLET S.—I'm sure if you were in love you would know it. It usually leaves a mark of some kind. Here is Ibsen's way of telling. "It grows like the acorn thru the long years, while it feeds on dreams, on sorrows, and song, then, suddenly, it buds, and in that fleeting moment it has buried itself deep down in your heart." Yet, how does he account for love at first sight? You want a picture of Niles Welch on the cover. I'll do my best.

ROSE REVERE.—So you think that Rodolph Valentino is not the same Valentino you saw on the screen three years ago. He didn't seem to be doing the producers and public a favor by acting then. I know how you feel. You say "Peace to his ashes, I mourn in silence." Ethel Barrymore is doing a stage play this fall. You should see the picture "Nero"—really! Glad to hear you are going to a night school. In this life, nothing is to be had for nothing.

NUT SISTERS.—Ches and Wal. You say you are all that your name suggests—totally unbalanced, a recent condition caused by Mr. Valentino's marriage to Miss Hudnut (no relative of ours). Did you ever try taking ice-cream and marshmallow—it agrees with nuts. Let's be serious. The "Letters of Junius" were a series of seventy political letters signed "Junius," which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* between January 21, 1769 and January 21, 1772; reprinted in two volumes in March, 1772. The printer and publisher was prosecuted for a certain letter which appeared against King George III, but he was acquitted. You're welcome, run in again.

BABA.—You say I didn't turn up when sense was distributed—nonsense! Yes, Mabel Normand was in Europe for the summer. Doris May and her husband Wallace MacDonald are playing in "The Understudy."

O. W. L.—You refer to Seena Owen. She was the wife of George Walsh once. Played in a number of pictures.

F. E. D.—Well, I manage to be at the office about eight-thirty, but the rooster that crows earliest in the morning is not always the one that puts up the best fight during the day. My mail is very heavy, and I'm always there to see it come in. Edward Earle is playing in George Arliss' "The Silent Voice." Yes, we all regret the sudden death of little Bobby Connelly, who died at his home in Lynbrook, L. I., in July, 1922. We all loved him here and he surely is a great loss to the world.

MARTHA R.—It brought me back a few years to read yours. The Pansy Club is no more. Thanks for all the nice things you say about me. Do I deserve them? I dont know who said "Young man, you'll be troubled till you marry, and from then you'll never have rest." Cant prove it by me. Probably said by some bachelor. Virginia Faire, one of our contest winners, is playing in "Omar, the Tentmaker" right now.

C. W. A.—Here you are at last. You see I agree with Plato when he said "True philosophy consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity." That capacity sounds A. V. in its usage. No, Audrey Munson is no relation to Marguerite Courtot. What makes you think so? Neither is the latter married to George B. Seitz. Alice Joyce is married to James Regan, and they have a daughter. She expects to return to the screen in the fall. Jack Mulhall played in "The Midnight Man." Hope you are not angry.

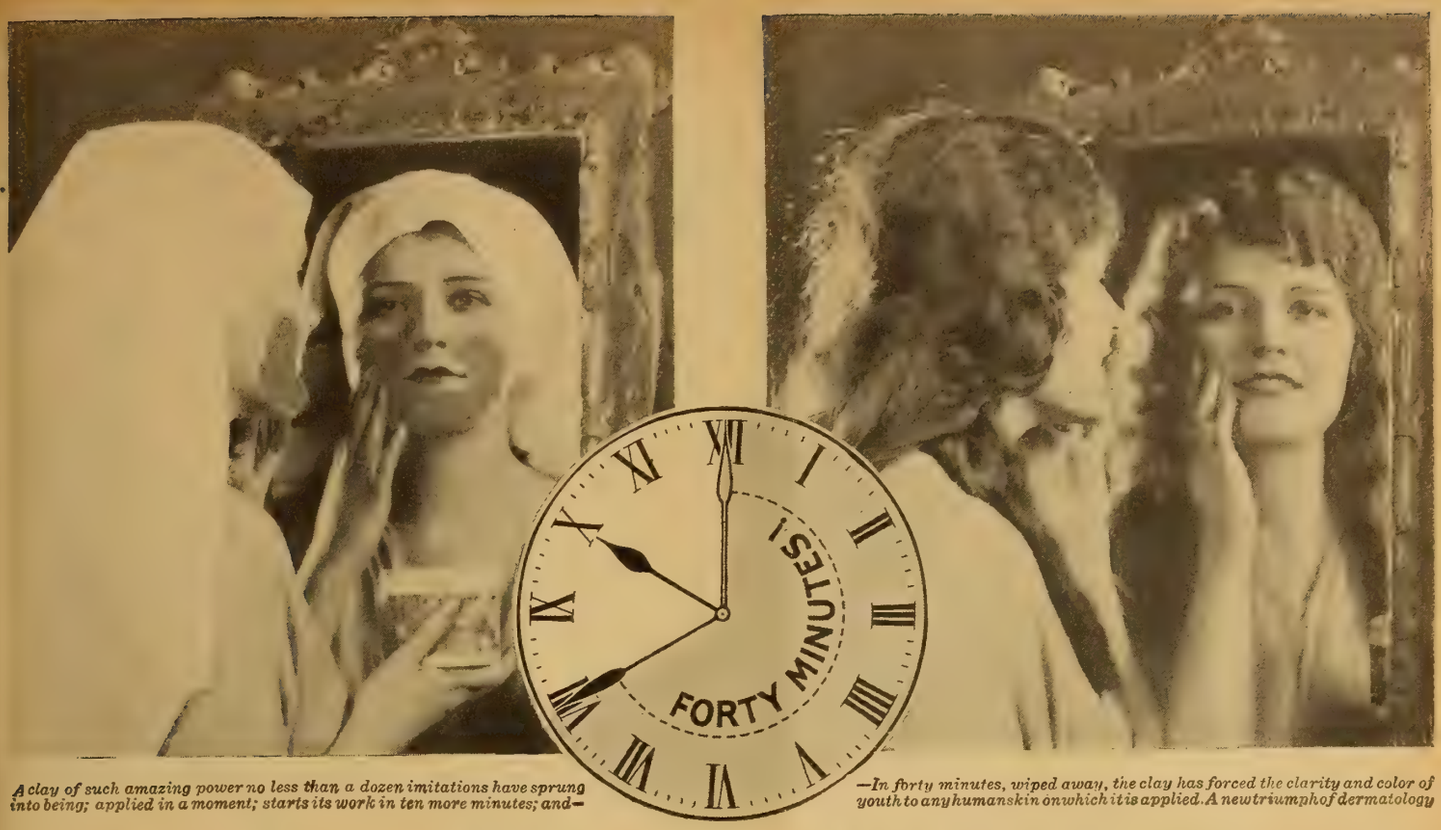
CHINQUAPIN.—So you just bought a ream of paper—500 sheets—and you are going to use them all on me. Well, your letters are a joy and comfort, I wish I could print them. So you dont like Agnes Ayres because she is too phlegmatic (but one can afford to be phlegmatic with a public like us), and neither do you enjoy Katherine MacDonald or Justine Johnstone, they have no snap and pep.

AND ANOTHER CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—The Eagle Motion Picture Club, of which J. Donald Atkins, 2388 W. 21st Street, Los Angeles, Cal., is the secretary. Write him and he will tell you all about it. I wish you luck.

VOLTAIC.—You want to start a Billy Burke Correspondence Club. Both hands up! No, Marie Dressler is not playing now. Will you ever forget "Tillie's Punctured Romance?" I believe you refer to Marguerite Snow. She isn't playing either. She is the wife of James Cruze. Thanks for the views; write me again.

KUTE KEWPIE KID.—Dont you call my bald plate a "fly's skating rink." The mosquitoes seemed to make it their rendezvous this summer. They found it cool and well ventilated. You certainly registered many kicks. The Correspondence Clubs seem to cover one of them. Blanche McGarity didn't retire, she is making pictures in Texas. So Annette Kellerman is playing near your home in New Zealand. I really cannot say whether Earle Williams has a brother in your part of the country. Write me some more. Great stuff!

CINEMAN.—You say you have just been picked for life, and you hope it wont be pecked. But then, you are living in Reno, that is one advantage in your favor. So you are going to try your



A clay of such amazing power no less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being; applied in a moment; starts its work in ten more minutes; and—

—In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

A New Skin in 40 Minutes
with this Astounding Beauty Clay!

How a Pleasure Trip to Sunny Wales Uncovered a Secret of Mother Earth's That Forever Ends Any Women's Need for a Complexion Beautifier

By Martha Ryerson

I HAVE brought to America the greatest news women ever heard about the skin. From Wales where I spent a month without seeing a single bad complexion. I went there with a complexion that had been my despair since childhood. *One afternoon I left it in the hills; exchanged it for one of absolute purity and undoubtable natural color.*

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself! I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this: the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province, is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lusture and color, with impurities nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder I "took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I *did*.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did *not!*

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman will ever have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when I entered the rooms of the little inn that evening was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we staid on; he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last, he scientifically produced clay identical with that Welsh clay in its miraculous effects—only ten times more smooth and pure.

Anyone May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women, everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of anyone who did not regard it worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I *know*.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all that I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! **My father has made you a remarkable offer below. Read carefully.**

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF $5.00 JARS

(Only One Jar to a Family)

The general public is entitled to benefit by a discovery of this importance. So, for a limited time we will distribute regular, full-size $5.00 jars of Forty Minute Clay without profit—at only the actual cost, which is $1.87.

You may have your *first jar* for only this bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing, printed announcements, and shipping in large quantity, has been figured down to $1.87 per jar, plus postage.

For the small laboratory cost price of $1.87 for ingredients, shipping, etc., is not really a payment: rather, a *deposit* that we will promptly return if you are not unreservedly satisfied that this miracle clay is all we claim.

Send no money now. Pay postman the net laboratory charges of $1.87 plus postage, when he brings your jar. Or, if unlikely to be at home at mail time, enclose $2.00 and jar will arrive postpaid, with the same money-back guarantee.

I can assure any man or woman who will try this miracle of Nature's own chemical laboratory a *remade* skin.

Wm. Ryerson

Head Chemist

The Century Chemists, Dept. 48
Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular $5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of $1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

s hand at picture writing—you seem to have talent. Very little doing in that line tho—meaning both talent and scenarios. Why, I thought "Tol'able David" one of the best pictures of the year. Barthelmess is a sure winner. Yes to your last.

LAFAYETTE.—But it is useless to demand some things, they must be given. Just be patient. Elmer Clifton's picture will be released very soon. No, Maude Adams has never played in pictures. There is really nothing I can do about helping your town get a new post-office. I advise you to write or get in touch with one of the officials of your town. That's just a bit out of my line. Next please!

A. E. R.—The verse you refer to was about no one in particular. Wanda Hawley is playing opposite Rodolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah." You want to know what company Brazil Nuts come from? French pastry? And, Egyptian cigarets? I refer you to Mr. Edison.

BUSTER.—See here, I believe that every child should be taught how to earn money, and next, how to save it. Yes, if you cant put money in the bank, take out an endowment policy. Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan were married in Chicago last June. Somebody said it was about time. Theda Bara played in "The Two Orphans" for Fox some years back.

H. W. Mo.—Well, I would be in a pretty fix if I told you who I thought was the prettiest player. Have you no regard for an Answer Man's life? Betty Blythe is playing in "How Women Love." Yes, Eugene O'Brien in "The Voice from the Minaret" with Norma Talmadge.

SYBIL.—Glad to hear of your success. Do send along the picture. When you come to America look me up. Keep busy child, because a pound of idleness weighs twenty ounces.

ELEANOR G.—Herbert Rawlinson's picture "Come Thru" which is being made by him for the second time has been changed to "The Flash Man." Harry Morey, Marguerite Clayton, George Fawcett and Miriam Battista are playing in "The Curse of Drink."

I. O. U.—I wish you did. A rag, a bone, a hank of hair! Pardon me, but did I hear you straight? You wish some movie player would send you their hair after it was bobbed. How old would you like it—red, black or white?

BILLY B.—I'm sure you will like the picture of Valentino on page eleven of last month's magazine. Look it up. Yes, Goldwyn is producing "Ben Hur." Gladys Leslie is playing in "Timothy's Quest" for her own company. Still they come.

WATTLE BLOSSOM, BRISBANE.—You've got me there. I cant say whether Katherine MacDonald ever played in "Daddy Long Legs" on the stage in Australia. Sorry I cannot help you, but stage plays are a little out of my category. Well, you ought to know that the savage can see one-tenth farther than a civilized man.

T. H. HONOLULU.—Hoola, hoola! And then some. What a question. Here you list twelve players names and you ask me to tell you the education and how far thru school they went. I'm sorry, Hoola, but I'm not familiar with the childhood days of the players. I may be old, but not so old. Of course we raise cocoanuts in Florida.

SHANGHAI. WHAT?—*De bonne grâce.* Yes, I'm still here on the job while you have married, raised a youngster, traveled thru China, Japan and the Orient. I'm still here, pounding the keys. Flossie C. P. is no more. My heart actually stopped beating after reading your most interesting letter. Speaking of hearts, not sweethearts, the heart pumps over 225,000 cubic feet of blood every year, so figure out my heart beats since you've been away.

MARGARET O.—Write Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal. *Voilà tout.*

GARLAND C.—It was Dickens who said "My life is one demd horrid grind" in Nicholas Nickleby. I never said it. Donald Crisp has returned from Europe, I saw him at the Algonquin Hotel recently. That's where a great many of the players stop when in town. So you think that Mary and Doug are real entertainers, and theirs is art that conceals art. We are all waiting for their new pictures.

KILLARNEY FOREVER.—Long may she wave. D. W. Griffith was married to Linda Griffith at one time. I dont know the present status of his matrimonial affairs. Yes, Doris Kenyon's father was a clergyman. After all, life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles, and kindnesses and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort. That is why I smile on you.

LAWRENCE B.—Shake, I'm glad to know you Lawrence. Ethel Clayton is playing in "Three Cornered Kingdom" for Robertson-Cole. The Carter de Havens are playing in "Entertaining the Boss." Tom Mix in "A Kiss in the Dark." Write me again.

BETTY S.— No I dont mind answering questions. That's what I get my $10.50 per week for. I just about earn my daily bread and buttermilk. But I dont assume that because a girl asks for advice she wants it. Mary Carr played in "Silver Wings" and it sure was a weepy affair. She appeared in person and she brought one of her little Carrs with her. You know she has six. Some people are lucky to have one. Her next picture will be "The Custard Cup," and she says it is going to be full of laffs. I hope so.

QUIDA G. F.—Clever—your letter. Crane Wilbur has black hair and he is 33, stands five feet nine.

BEBE.—I'll do my best. William Russell is playing in "A Self Made Man" for Fox. Yes, Jack London's "The Mohican's Daughter" is being filmed now.

IDA R. N. J.—You're right, Ida, I dont claim that all you read here is original. What I can steal from Shakespeare, Ibsen, Wilde etc., I steal without hesitation, and my conscience never bothers me. But what great writer doesn't steal now and then? Yes, Thomas Meighan is one of my favorites too. I liked him in "The Leading Citizen," also in "If you Believe it, It's so." What an absurd title. He seems to get a lot of exercise out of his pictures, especially when he beats James Kennedy. Write me again, wont you?

PING PONG.—Are you playing a game with me? Yes to your first. The cause of most divorce cases among the movie people—men and women I suppose. That isn't very original, is it? At this writing Gloria Swanson isn't married.

JUNE.—How considerate! You cant tire me with two questions, June. Yes, Madame Rambova and Winifred Hudnut are one and the same. She did not play in "The Four Horsemen." Beatrice Dominquez danced with him.

G. M. H.—Then you agree with Ibsen who said "No man will sacrifice his honor, even for one he loves! Millions of women have done so!" So you are for the feminine sex every time. You say you cant stand Rodolph Valentino, but you are for Conrad Nagel. Douglas MacLean is not doing anything right now.

BERTHA AND HELEN.—How are the two of you? In part you say "We are strong admirers of Rodolph Valentino and think he would be perfect if he could only find a barber who wouldn't let his hair grow down his collar. Is he trying to compete with the 'Seven Sutherland Sisters,' the 'House of David' or with you? Please Answer?" More likely with me, I'll wire him immediately.

A SHIFTER.—You're O. K. There is nothing I can do to help you get into pictures. It cant be done. But the great business of man is to improve his mind, and govern his manners. Are you doing that? Henry Walthall and Ralph Graves are playing with Marjorie Daw in "The Long Chance" for Universal. Yes, Francis Ford is directing Peggy O'Day in "The Storm Girl."

A COLLEGE GIRL.—Oh, I drink about a quart of buttermilk a day. Still living in the little old hall room. Yep, and I like it too. The reason you like Wallace Reid is because he never kisses any of the girls passionately. I must say your likes differ from some of my readers.

MASTER R. L.—But preparing for the worst sometimes brings it on. Jane and Eva Novak will play in "Thelma," the first picture they have played in together. Joe Moore and Louise Lorraine are playing in "Up in the Air about Mary."

E. S. MONTGOMERY.—You say in answer to "The Southerner" in one of my departments, that you have seen many a Southern gentleman shake hands with his colored slaves. You'll have to fight that out between yourselves—cant prove it by me.

LIGHTNING.—Horrors, no, he wouldn't like you for saying it, either. Bill Hart is 48 years, and not 60 as you think. I wish you luck. Dorothy Gish and Glen Hunter in "The Country Flapper." This is for her own company too. Catherine Calvert in "What Woman."

MAYA H., Sydney.—So you like the American pictures, and think Wallace Reid is wonderful. Of course, he is. You also think Dorothy Davenport is the luckiest woman in the world to have such an ideal husband. Oyez Warren Kerrigan is not married. Constance Binney, in "The Sleep Walker."

I'VE GOTTEM.—Well, hang onto them. No, you're all wrong. I

(*Continued on page* 114)

Why Let Nine Tenths of Your Attractiveness Remain Undiscovered?

New books, just published, contain a revolutionary treatment of the psychology of attraction—show how even the most attractive women often fail to use more than a fraction of their real power, and tell how every woman, by learning to use this power, can increase tenfold her ability to fascinate her associates.

FEW women realize their own powers of attraction. Even the most beautiful, even the most fascinating, charm only a tenth of the number of men whom they could charm if they knew their own powers; while the average girl, with a choice of only one or two men, is really ignoring a tremendous power within her that could give her the choice of a dozen. From the most attractive to the most retiring, all women, practically, are like the heiress who does not know how to write a check—who goes hungry with idle millions awaiting her command. They do not know how to use their own powers.

Every woman knows, even the most lovely and the most popular, that although she can attract a certain number of men, there are others for whom she seems to have no attraction at all. Often the very man who seems the most desirable, the real man she has always been waiting for, is among those whom she cannot attract. All her beauty, all her loveliness, all the attractiveness which brings other men to her feet, seems of little avail in winning this particular man. The simple truth is—that her attraction for other men is simply accident and luck. She herself has no control over it. When a situation confronts her in which accident and luck are not in her favor, she is utterly helpless—she has no plan, no method, no art, and no knowledge. She knows that she has within her a power to attract men, because she has attracted other men, BUT SHE DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO USE THAT POWER TO ATTRACT THIS PARTICULAR MAN.

Those women—often lacking in facial beauty—who seem to have the world of men at their feet, are simply women who know how to use the power that is within them. This power is in every woman, ready, waiting to be called out and used—but not one woman in a hundred realizes it, and not one woman in a thousand appreciates the IMMENSITY of that power, its ability, when understood and used, to win the heart of any man. When properly guided and developed, this power can give to any woman, not the BEGGAR'S choice of only one or two men, but the QUEEN'S choice of the best her community has to offer—the choice of those who seem above all others in worth and ability.

No really intelligent woman ought to be satisfied with leaving this power *uncontrolled*. No self-respecting woman should depend upon *accident, instinct and luck* in attracting the man of her choice. Let *knowledge* take the place of accident, *intelligence* take the place of instinct, and *aim, plan* and *method* the place of luck. To those proud women who refuse to look upon themselves as the playthings of Chance, who propose to be the masters of their own destinies, we offer a remarkable set of books, entitled

Every woman ought to have complete mastery of her Powers of Attraction.

"The Art of Attracting Men"

These books reveal how every woman, in winning a man's heart, shows certain qualities of character, and practices certain principles. Sometimes she acts instinctively and unconsciously, sometimes purposefully and consciously, but she can never win him, either consciously or unconsciously, *unless she practices those principles.* Her methods are based upon a psychology as old as the race, upon long established and well-known principles of human nature. When she understands these principles and chooses to practice these methods, she can be just as certain of attracting the man of her choice as she is that two and two make four.

These books further show how the qualities inherent in every good woman can be made the most potent charm of all. They instruct her in the little devices, stratagems and artifices by which bewitching women, ever since the days of Ruth, have been making men understand the real loveliness of their natures, the beauty of their characters, and the need for their companionship. They give to the modest, home-loving girl the advantage of knowing how to appeal in the RIGHT way to men—of understanding the innocent little tricks and devices that appeal to them most—of appreciating the peculiarities of human nature in men which make them easy to win. They give to *deserving* girls the *knowledge* and the *power* to win men away from the *undeserving.*

Many women, without knowing it, do the very things that cause men to lose interest in them. This course in the art of winning men shows how human nature works in men; how certain traits, usually overlooked by the women themselves, inspire liking, and how other habits, of which few women suspect the importance, can make any woman, no matter how beautiful otherwise, disagreeable in men's eyes. In fact, many women, not understanding HOW DIFFERENT human nature in men is from human nature in women, drive away even those men who are at first attracted to them.

Any good mother should be glad to place this course in the hands of her daughter. It contains the things—and only the things—that a live, self-respecting, modest and womanly woman ought to know about her own psychology, her own personality, her own God-given powers. There is not an offensive word or allusion in it. Its disclosures, its teachings, are all upon the highest plane.

When the average woman develops her own latent powers and chooses to exert them, she is irresistible. She can employ a thousand little enticements, covertly but modestly bring into action a whole battery of feminine charms and graces, before which the average man is as defenseless as a baby. YOU have as much of this ability, this power, as most other women. Learn to use it, not by accident, not by chance, but with intelligence, understanding and method. Learn the art of fascinating men. Know what a wonderful thing it is to feel your own power, to be popular, sought after, and altogether bewitching at all times, to go everywhere, to join in all the good times, and to have choice of a dozen desirable men. Enjoy the greater social and business success, the eagerness of everyone to help and to please her, which the exceptionally fascinating woman always enjoys. Why let yourself be disappointed by lack of knowledge of the power that is within you? Why not employ the arts and the methods and the plans by which thousands of other women have been winning the hearts of men?

DO YOU KNOW—

The five stages of winning a man?
The quality that inspires love?
How homely women attract men?
Why beautiful women sometimes fail?
How to undermine the man's reserve?
Why men are hard to win?
Three qualities in men through which they are always won?
The stratagems that win the notice of men?
How to be teased?
How to make the most of a picnic?
Six ways to increase the man's interest?
How the hesitating man is brought to action?
Three ways to inspire the proposal?
How to win favorable notice?
How to remove obstacles to marriage?
The mistakes that drive men away?
How a long engagement becomes a short one?
How most men propose?

The answers to these and a thousand other similar questions are clearly and comprehensively revealed in this amazing set of books.

Sent on Free Trial

You need not pay for these wonderful little books until after you have read and tested them. They will be sent to you, postage prepaid, for a three days' examination ABSOLUTELY FREE. If, after reading them, you are not entirely satisfied in every respect, return them to us any time within three days after receiving them, and *you will owe nothing.* If, however, you decide to keep these remarkable books, then send only $3.25 in full payment at the end of the three days' examination period. You take no chances whatever. You do not pay until you have seen for yourself the value of the books.

Simply fill out and mail the coupon below, and the complete course will be sent immediately, all charges prepaid, in a plain wrapper. Mail the coupon at once, before this exceptionally liberal offer is withdrawn.—THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS. 6366 Delmar Blvd., University City, St. Louis, Mo.

(Copyrighted, 1922, The Psychology Press)

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS,
6366 Delmar, University City, St. Louis, Mo.

You may send me, *in plain wrapper,* your course on THE ART OF ATTRACTING MEN, in eight books, for *Free Examination.* If I decide to keep them, I will send you three dollars and twenty-five cents ($3.25), in full payment within three days after receipt. Otherwise I will return them to you.

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... State .....

(Price outside the U. S., $3.25, cash with order.)

VIOLET HEMING
This fascinating young star says: "The constant admiration my Deltah Pearls receive makes me proud indeed that I selected Deltahs in preference to all others."

"Les Perles Deltah N'ont pas de Rival"

Deltah Pearls have no rival. Nature produces pearls as beautiful as Deltahs. But they are hard to find and costly to match.

Deltah Necklaces enable you to secure economically all the beauty, charm and purity that Pearls can possibly possess.

Your jeweler will explain Deltah superiority and the Heller Guarantee which accompanies each Necklace.

Priced $10 to $500 the Necklace
For illustrated Booklet Address Dept. M9

L. HELLER & SON, INC.
358 Fifth Ave., New York
Paris, 40 Rue Laffitte

Created by the producers of Heller "Hope" Rubies and "Hope" Sapphires—true precious stones identical with the fine natural Rubies and Sapphires in every respect save origin.

Deltah
PEARLS

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 83)

Luiz Ochea, manager of the Cinema Condes of Lisbon, refuses to stick to Portuguese theaters for his releases. He has arrived in this country to arrange for United States releases.

George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, has been to Hollywood. Practically all the literary contributors to his famous weekly took a day off from scenario writing and met him at the station.

House Peters, Claire Windsor and baby **Richard Headrick** are featured in **"Rich Men's Wives,"** the initial release of the new Al Lichtman Corporation.

John Gilbert is to be starred by William Fox in **"St. Elmo." Bessie Love** is to be his leading women. If they try to run excerpts from the book as captions, they'll waste a lot of film. The book was undoubtedly written for a contest, the contest being, how many letters can be gotten into a word.

Mary Pickford is going into the doll business. She hopes to have little Mary Pickfords on the counters before Christmas.

Marshall Neilan has been completely won over to super features. Never again will he make "program" pictures. Hereafter everything he turns out will be larger than the thing before.

It is a strange thing that the **Asta Neilson** "Hamlet" doesn't reach Broadway. When it was presented at the Lexington last year, it was unanimously praised. After all, there may be something to the rumor that distributors are showing a decided lack of interest in handling it. This certainly is a pity!

Flo Ziegfeld on his way home from Paris with Patricia's new wardrobe moaned softly when he got the radio that Marilyn Miller was no longer Marilyn, but Mrs. Jack Pickford, "and after all I've done for the girl," said he to the unresponsive waves. However, dont worry. "Sally" after September 4th will still have the fetching Marilyn in the cast. A contract is a contract.

And as for Marilyn and Jack they are quite satisfied with themselves, the world and their wedding. It was, according to Doug and Mary, a very nice wedding, and they ought to know; it was held in their front parlor with the string quartet from their own studio to play the wedding march.

It was 2.30 in the afternoon of July 30th, that the Rev. Neal Dodd of Hollywood's little Church Around the Corner, took his place in front of the floral altar and read the fatal words that linked, with the aid of a flexible platinum ring, Marilyn and Jack together for as much time as they can spare from their careers.

Mrs. John Steel Sweeney, the bride's sister, was her only attendant. Victor Herman was Jack's moral support and he didn't forget the ring or anything.

After the ceremony they say Doug made a new hurdling record, but he also got the first kiss after Jack, which is a pleasant record, too.

For a honeymoon the newlyweds toured the northern resorts including Santa Barbara and Del Monte.

Blanche McGarity—one of the winners of the Brewster Publications' first Fame and Fortune Contest, if you'll remember—stops making pictures long enough to meet Babe Ruth. Who wouldn't be a ball player?

What Does It Matter?

(*Continued from page 57*)

have lacked technical knowledge, tho personally I think this technique, technique, technique has been overdone."

David Powell, to become specific, is a Welshman; but one has come to accept Wales as a part of England, or perhaps one had better say England as a part of Wales. With Lloyd George on the roost, Welshman never, never shall be slaves.

An interesting career on the English stage opposite the most prominent players --Ellen Terry, Forbes-Robertson, others— has given him a background and a finish that we too often feel the lack of in our handsome Americanos.

We clung to Britain and the British thruout our conversation, the green fields of it, the serenity, the attitude that says, "Oh, well. What does it matter after all?" to every trouble.

"They are remarkably cheery over there," said David Powell. "Optimistic. Those who had money and lost it, dont seem to worry much. Of those who have gained a lot, people shrug and say, 'Newly rich.' That is all. New York is pulling a much longer face."

And again:

"Coming upon England or Ireland after a few days of waste stretches and tossing water, one realizes suddenly that the green fields he has passed thru in America have not been really green. Ireland from the Channel is like an emerald."

Of picture making abroad, he says:

"The beauty of making pictures in London is that one is rarely there. It is Spain or Monaco or Italy or France. And of course from the reality one gets something, an atmosphere that sets cannot give. I myself, tho, have never been wholly at ease on an exterior set. I would prefer that everything be shot indoors. Particularly if one has been on the stage, it is difficult to retain the illusion, to feel sincerely. The sunlight is too actual. One needs the mellower lights of the studio."

He related amusingly the absurd sense of freedom that comes upon one when sailing off from America, on board the giant *Olympic*.

"It is amazing to know that you can sit down at a table and order a whiskey and soda, that it is the expected thing to do. And then the astonishment when the charge is a shilling, sixpence, more or less!"

He shrugged resignedly.

"But now that I have come back, I have given it up entirely. I do not find it worth the while. One usually gets poison for his pains, and pains for his poison."

An acceptance of things is the outstanding trait of the man.

"It is a curious thing," he said, in parting, "that the unexpected thing is usually the successful thing. I recall that Forbes-Robertson put on 'The Third Floor Back' as a stop-gap between other productions. It proved to be one of his biggest hits.

"So," he smiled slightly, "I dont know, really, what I shall do. Something hysterical, I hope. Probably not."

His shrug seemed to indicate, "Oh, well; what does it matter after all?"

I suggested that we had had a comfortable chat.

He nodded pleasantly.

"Right-ho," he assented.

QUALIFIED

DIRECTOR: Did you ever have any experience as a cameraman?

APPLICANT: No, but I turned the churn a lot on the farm.

This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists, the world over, have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. Then it formed the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lost luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, avoiding old mistakes. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

Show them the way

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 915

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 215, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Even his wife wouldn't tell him

OF COURSE, she loved him—loved him dearly and looked to his future just as ambitiously as he did. There was nothing she wouldn't have done for him.

But they were both sensitive young people and this subject seemed to be one she could not bring herself to discuss.

The position he held, with a firm of excellent standing, had promised much. Yet he did not seem to progress as he should have—as they had hoped. Other men constantly stepped ahead of him into the better positions. He seemed to be giving satisfaction, yet he was standing still.

The thing that held him back was in itself, perhaps, a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

A big, little thing that even his wife never mustered courage enough to mention!

* * *

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it holds them back. And the pathos of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't want to mention it to him.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. But usually—and fortunately—it will yield to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Listerine, recognized for half a century as the safest antiseptic, possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is just right. You *know* it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells lots of Listerine. It has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

Silhouettes

(*Continued from page* 39)

MARY PICKFORD

Silent prayer falling softly on the night;
Wisteria hanging over an arbor of dreams;
Fairy spray from the wave of success;
The vesper song of the hermit thrush;
Water-lilies shining in the dusk;
Lotus-bud hands clasped over the head of a child;
Debussy's notes painted by Romney's brush;
And the reflection of a humming-bird's wing
On a star.

RODOLPH VALENTINO

A smoldering volcano;
The hot breath of a bull at bay;
A gondola melting into the sunset;
A Spanish love-song with
An accompaniment of clashing swords;
A heart-shaped valentine bought by every girl;
The drooping eyes of the camel
Reflecting nothing, yet revealing all;
A muezzin's daybreak call from a minaret;
And a sword of steel in a velvet sheath.

MADGE KENNEDY

Some drops of perfume spilled on a miniature;
The graciousness of a queen with
The understanding of a hand-maiden;
A Salvation Army lassie with a Fifth Avenue style;
Madame Récamier serving tea at the Ritz;
Candles burning at the altar at twilight;
Arbutus on a gleaming hillside;
All dreams we dream at dusk;
Which is itself a dream;
And the genius of simplicity.

Heavens, No!

(*Continued from page* 43)

"I dont want to play a little sweetness and light sort of flapper, but I dont want either to parade in gorgeousness and gilt. I think that sort of thing, while it fascinates people, sends them home dissatisfied. They look around their own home and the comparative shoddiness of it comes sharply to them. They become disgruntled, unhappy. I'd like to do something that would please them because it was attainable, not beyond their reach. I want to send them home feeling that there's something worth while in life after all. The other has a box office attraction, I know. What people cant get in reality they will seek again in pictures."

She moved suddenly to the piano, to strum a brief tune, then swung round again.

"I had a chance to go into musical comedy, when I was in New York," she said.

"Why didn't you?"

"Couldn't—contract. But if the chance ever comes again when I can, I will." She ran her finger over the keyboard. "I had several offers for pictures, too, when I was East. And Harold wanted me to come back anyway."

"H'mm," said I, reverting to type. "Why did he?"

"Just because," said Mildred promptly. "And do have another chocolate."

I did. And departed presently, pondering.

A woman's no. We arch our eyebrows wisely and say, "Ah!"

But a woman's Heavens, *no!* Now, what tha——?!?

FIBERLOID

Beautiful Toilet Articles of Fiberloid

in Ivory, Tortoise and colors to harmonize with interior decorations. A gift intimate and lasting, Fiberloid will not break, dent or tarnish.

Leading stores sell it in single pieces and in handsomely cased sets.

Send for the *Fiberloid booklet* describing the attractive patterns—

Avondale . Berkshire . Fairfax
Gramarble . Rosemont

The FIBERLOID CORPORATION
INDIAN ORCHARD, MASS.
New York Office, 55 Fifth Avenue

8-piece Set, Berkshire Pattern, Ivory Fiberloid

Pompeian Beauty Powder

They Turn to Admire

What is it they admire so much—the radiance of her lovely coloring? Yes, but even more the sparkle of her eyes, the glow of her expression, that come from knowing her skin is like a rose and that she is looking her very best.

One bit of magic gives her this enviable position—this radiant confidence. She knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. *Then* apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. *Now* a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? *Lastly* dust over again with powder to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is a more delicate tone than Flesh, blends with medium complexion. Our New RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

Day Cream (60c) . . . holds the powder
Beauty Powder (60c) . . . in four shades
Bloom (60c) . . a rouge that won't break
Massage Cream (60c) . . clears the skin
Night Cream (50c) improved cold cream
Fragrance (30c) . . . talc, exquisite odor
Vanity Case ($1.00) . powder and rouge
Lip Stick (25c) . . . makes lips beautiful

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size, 28 x 7¼ inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Art store value 50c to $1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. Samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc), sent with the Art Panel. You can make many interesting beauty experiments with them. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Also Made in Canada

© 1922, The Pompeian Co.

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2129 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.

KOTEX

Every Day More Women Provide Themselves with Kotex

KOTEX is as essential to the modern woman's toilette as typewriters and stenographers are to modern business. Kotex prevents the embarrassment of asking at the store counter for sanitary pads—just as it does away with a difficult laundry problem.

Kotex is easy to buy without counter conversation by simply saying, "A box of Kotex," in almost any drug, drygoods, or department store. Kotex is so easy to dispose of by following directions found in each package, that in many schools, offices, stores, and shops, Kotex is furnished free.

Kotex are inexpensive, but from every standpoint superior to birdseye or any other sanitary pads. Keep a supply on hand of both the Regular and the Hospital sizes—the latter extra large.

Kotex are also useful for many household purposes such as for headache pads and hot and cold applications.

Ask by name for Kotex.

Regular Size, 12 in box
Hospital Size, 6 in box
(Additional thickness)

Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest-rooms everywhere—hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres, and other places—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.

Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Boul., Chicago
51 Chambers Street, New York :: Factories: Neenah, Wis.

Copyright 1922—C. P. C.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

Anna Q. Nilsson Talks of Her Sojourn Abroad

(*Continued from page 33*)

with a tiny group of American friends. Gaiety, gaiety, gaiety!"

In Sweden:

"I was in Sweden three times during my sojourn abroad. I went there first on my own, intending a vacation, a return to the home hearth, that I had been planning for years and years, a family reunion. I made one picture there for a Swedish company, an old legend of the country. Then Famous Players-Lasky sent for me. I set out on the various excursions I have mentioned, returning to Sweden now and then. It is beautiful, my country. Wooded and rich and clean. I hope to return one day soon."

In England:

"And finally they called me to England to work with George Fitzmaurice. England, or London, is impossible for pictures. The fogs! They are thick, curdled. They creep into the studios and hang there in a heavy pall, as tho a thousand cigarets had loosed their smoke. Then the fog machines are set going. Sometimes they work; sometimes they dont. England, London, as a producing center is a big mistake. But it, too, is a beautiful country, England."

And now, perforce, Anna Q. has come back, to sink once more into the infamous sloth of Hollywood, where in the day the cameras absorb with hungry clicks the beauty and the brawn of films, and where by night the devil stalks in lurid cloak. Ask any blue-nose—he knows.

"Not to be highbrow or anything of that sort, but Los Angeles, Hollywood, gives one's mind nothing," she said. "It would be nice to see an opera occasionally, a really good play, some unusual music. Here we grow in on ourselves."

Anna Q. Nilsson reflects the minds of hundreds, many of them too timid or too discreet to venture an opinion on California. Palms, and the purple mountains and the sea—these are good. But they are good in the way of the lover to whom the girl said, "Oh, George, you're so good to me! But, gosh, I'm tired of you!"

She is playing, Anna Q., in Penrhyn Stanlaws' latest production, "Pink Gods." Shall we forestall the wiseacres and say, albeit sadly, that it has nothing to do with pink lemonade, or pink pajamas, or pink anything else? Just gods. Lots of 'em.

And surely Anna Q., queenly, blonde and Junoesque, should make a fitting goddess.

MAGIC!

ANNA HAMILTON WOOD

Oh, it isn't the film, it isn't the plot, it
Isn't the set I see,
It is just the look in the lover's eyes—like
The look you once gave me!

It isn't the palace, it isn't the ranch, it
Isn't the cottage there,
It's the little place we once called "home"
With its battered winding stair!

It isn't the story the author wrote that the
Men and the women play,
But it's life and youth and love again—
Before you went away!

So I sit and dream while the film winds
On and live in yesteryear
'Till the final fade-out comes, like death,
And separates us, dear!

Save the Life of Your Tooth Enamel

"Wash"—Don't Scratch or Scour Teeth

GRITTY, soapless tooth pastes may show quick results. If you scour away your skin, Nature can replace it. But even Nature will not replace tooth enamel once it has been worn away by gritty, soapless tooth pastes.

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

IT IS A DOUBLE ACTION DENTIFRICE:

(1) Loosens clinging particles.
(2) Washes them away.

Sensible in Theory. Healthy saliva is practically neutral, sometimes slightly alkaline. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is mildly alkaline, practically neutral, and cleanses without disturbing Nature's balance. Avoid dentifrices that are strongly alkaline or appreciably acid. Colgate's helps to maintain the right mouth conditions.

Correct in Practice. Harsh drugs and chemicals harm mouth tissues. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does not contain them. Authorities agree that a dentifrice should do only one thing—clean teeth thoroughly. Colgate's does this. No false claims are made that Colgate's possesses any other virtue, but it does possess this one in a higher degree than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO. *Est. 1806* NEW YORK

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
COMES OUT A RIBBON ON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC ECONOMICAL

Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25 cents—why pay more?

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

X-BAZIN

The French way to remove hair

As easy as applying face powder—and as safe—is the removal of superfluous hair with this dainty, fragrant, rose-perfumed, French depilatory.

Safety First

For more than a century, the fastidious women of Paris have used it with a confidence born of perfect results. For one hundred years it has had the approval of physicians and dermatologists. It is guaranteed to leave the skin smooth and white, and unlike the unwieldy razor, it will positively discourage the further growth of the hair. X-Bazin is the *safe* depilatory, and may be used freely on the most sensitive skin.

At all drug and department stores. 50c and $1.00 in the U.S and Canada. Elsewhere 75c and $1.50.

Send 10c for trial sample and descriptive booklet.

Made by the makers of Sozodont.

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., *Sole Distributors In the United States and Canada*

Dept. E, 16th Street and Irving Place, New York

Reduce Your Flesh in Spots

Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin

In fact the entire body or any part without dieting by wearing **DR. WALTER'S**

Famous Medicated Reducing

RUBBER GARMENTS

For Men and Women

Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles, $7.00 per pair. Extra high, $9.00.

Send ankle measurement when ordering.

Bust Reducer, $6.00
Chin Reducer, $2.50

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue :: New York

The Road To Health and Beauty

A daily check on your weight marks your progress on the road to ideal health and beauty. Know exactly the progress you are making; guessing is dangerous. Weigh yourself daily without clothes—it is the only safe way. The

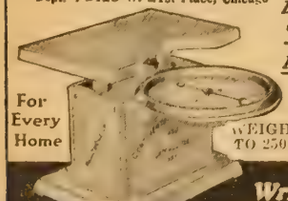
HEALTH-O-METER

"The Pilot of Health"

will gauge your health correctly and conveniently. Just step on and read your correct weight on the dial. Thousands are in use. See, try and examine the Health-O-Meter at our expense. Our illustrated circular gives the all-in-your-favor details. Write—right now.

Continental Scale Works
Dept. 7-2123 W. 21st Place, Chicago

She Doesn't Guess —She Knows!



For Every Home

WEIGHS UP TO 250 LBS.

Write For 10 Day FREE TRIAL OFFER

A Fortune in Freckles

(*Continued from page 37*)

a lot he wanted to say, but he couldn't take a chance. So his only answer was "Slick."

I asked him about his friendly doings with the President and asked him for his estimate of Mr. Harding. "He's a good guy," he said briefly. "I'm for him."

"Who else did you meet in Washington?"

"Nobody."

"Didn't you meet the Vice-President?"

"Oh, him," said Wesley, leaning over to shove in my gas choker with the air of one at the end of human endurance. "Yeh; he was all right."

"What about the pages; didn't you see the page boys? Didn't they give you a reception?"

"Yep," said Wesley. "You ought to advance your spark going up a hill."

Wesley and I didn't seem to be making much progress. He replied with weariness when I talked to him about his triumphs in Detroit, when he broadcasted himself on the radio. All the mayors he had met left him cold.

In olden days, an ordinary freckled boy would get excited over a ball game seen thru a knot-hole in a fence; but on his trip around the circuit, these are the things Wesley did—and still they left him cold: Directed the traffic standing out in the middle of the Chicago loop, compared with which all other traffic is a quiet Sunday in the country; acted as Mayor of Milwaukee for one hour; met Babe Ruth; started the international junior ice skating races in Chicago; was insured for $100,000; talked over practically every radio in every city; led Junior Naval Reserve parades and conducted recruiting meetings all over the country; umpired for two minutes in a Pacific Coast League baseball game; conducted a scenario contest for the *Chicago News;* acted as city editor of the *Milwaukee News;* acted as chief of police in Detroit and talked himself blue in the face at a million dinners.

But, even with all that, his travels had left no dent on his cosmos except that he volunteered the opinion that a certain little city in North Carolina was the rottenest punk town on the map.

It was when I asked him about Penrod that we suddenly got action.

"Say, that was slick; that book," he said with fervor. His voice began to quiver at the edges, and he suddenly shut down the cover on it again.

"I read it four times," he said. "And I'm just going to start readin' it again. It's the slickest book I ever read."

"Did you ever meet Mr. Tarkington?" I asked.

"Who's Mr. Tarkington?"

"He's the man who wrote 'Penrod.'"

"Oh."

"Wouldn't you like to meet him?"

"If you dont hold out your hand when you turn a corner, you'll get pinched—sure."

"Wouldn't you like to meet Mr. Tarkington?"

"Yeh." His tone lacked enthusiasm. No author means anything in the life of a movie star.

"Did you ever read 'Tom Sawyer'?"

"Yep."

"Didn't you like that better than Penrod?"

If I had tried to shift gears without throwing out the clutch, the glance that he gave me couldn't have been more scornful. "Well, I should say not," he finally managed to articulate.

"Dont you like 'Tom Sawyer'?"

"Aw, I guess it's all right."

"It is considered to be one of the world's classics."

"It ain't as slick as Penrod."

We rode along in silence. Finally Wesley volunteered: "I'm going to have my own automobile. It's a Studebaker with a special body. I picked it out myself." He paused. Then he added with an emphasis that I could not misunderstand: "I'm an awful good driver." That let me out.

Having warmed up to that extent, Wesley confided in me that, when he grew up, he wanted to be a director like Mickie Neilan.

I think it is his secret conviction that the solar system revolves under special orders from Mr. Neilan; that Mr. Harding would a lot rather be Mr. Neilan than just President of the United States; that it was Mr. Neilan's propaganda pictures that ended the war, and that all creative artists from the time the cave men painted the rocks, down to Michael Angelo, down to the present time, were just experiments—preliminary to Mickie Neilan. To say that Wesley admires Mr. Neilan is putting it mildly. Which is as it should be. There would have been no special Studebakers in the Barry family had not Marshall Neilan stopped one day in front of a grocery store on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and found there the grandest accumulation of freckles that ever grew on one boy's face. Then and there Wesley became a movie.

Wesley is growing big now. He is growing like a bean-pole. He has grown to the gawky stage, where he is all ears and legs and has too many hands and feet. It will not be much longer that he will be able to do freckled boys' parts.

As all these stage children do, he is losing the naïve simplicity and boyishness that have endeared him to a very large public.

When we finally got to Warner Brothers, he volunteered to show us over the studio.

As we got to the first set, Wesley turned on a switch and flooded the place with light.

"Nice set," said someone in the party.

Suddenly a light of creative frenzy came into Wesley's eyes. I imagine that all the great characters of history must look just that way when they give forth deathless remarks, like "Give me liberty or give me death."

"People do not realize," began Wesley, in his best oratorical voice, "when they look at a motion picture, the pains and expense that the production has caused. They little think when they look upon a beautiful set what great sums of money have been spent. When they look upon a beautiful set, they do not realize that someone had to build it . . ."

Everybody looked at everybody else with amazement. The sudden transition from Wesley's frugal monosyllables was so abrupt.

"Those who look on the mimic figures on the screen . . ."

Then we understood. Wesley was making us one of his personal appearance speeches.

We stood and wondered with dismay how long it was going to last, when suddenly his voice broke and went squealing off into space.

After all, Heaven is very kind.

When a boy gets to the smarty age, his voice becomes so unruly that he cant talk much.

Great is Allah in his wisdom.

~night

Use Rigaud's Cold Cream and Tissue Creamatnight.

Use Rigaud's Vanishing Cream in the morning.

How lovely you will be tomorrow is something you can decide this very night! For years, many of the most exquisite complexions have owed their beauty to

Rigaud's

COLD CREAM
TISSUE CREAM
VANISHING CREAM
Fragrant with Parfum
Mary Garden

Rigaud's *Cold Cream* works its way into the pores, cleansing them of dirt, allowing the skin to "breathe" and appear radiant.

Rigaud's *Tissue Cream*, helps flabby muscles become firm; it improves and refines the texture of your skin. Rigaud's *Vanishing Cream* forms a perfect base for your morning's light film of powder.

Decide today to win loveliness for yourself —go to your druggist's or department store, now, and select these three essential Creams.

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD
16 Rue de la Paix, Paris, France
GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., NEW YORK
Sole distributors in United States and Canada

Borderland

(*Continued from page* 31)

gant. I took handfuls of the incense-brimming roses and crushed them in my two hands until the chance thorns made my flesh bleed, and blood and roses mingled together and were heedlessly one.

"I told him that I would go with him that night. I told him that if he knew where the world's end was, I would go there with him. I told him that . . . oh, what does it matter what I told him, save to show you the turbulent state of me! Maddened women have said these things before, under the stimulus of Sauterne, with rose-stains and blood-stains on their fluttering hands . . .

"We made definite plans.

"We went into the drawing-room—he told me that he would wait for me—fifteen minutes. He looked cruel to me, but the look passed . . . in his arms . . .

"I started to leave him—and then I gave a shriek. Such a shriek as is popularly attributed to the heroines in a melodrama. I can still hear it—that shriek of mine. And I believe now that the chilling, grisly fear that was mine in that moment wiped out, also in that moment, the mordant passion that had been corroding me.

"Of course, you know.

"It was old Eileen. Old Eileen, who had not walked in fifteen years, walking straight toward me, steadily, quite. Her grey hair hanging about her ears. Her semi-sightless eyes widened and clear. Her voice clear, too.

"We managed to put her into a chair.

"'Eh, it's a strange story, ma'am,' she said, 'but hear it thru, deary, hear it thru . . . Dora Becket told it to me, just now, when she couldn't get the ear of you, try as she might.'

"'Eileen!' I called to her, as tho she were a mile from me. 'Eileen, what is it? Are you ill? Are you crazy? Shall I call Nora?'

"Old Eileen shook her canny head and something, I dont know what, maybe it was Dora Becket, too, told me to sit quietly by and let her tell her old wife's tale. Told me that she wasn't crazy in the least . . .

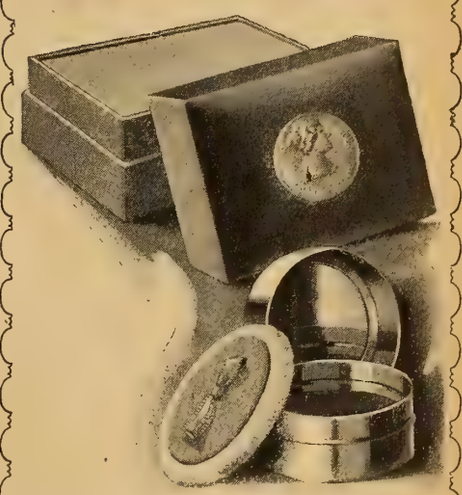
"'Go on!' I said.

Clyde and I sat down on the couch quite apart. Eileen's chair was facing us. She sat composedly enough.

"'Dora Becket has been trying to talk to you, deary,' she said. 'Dora Becket, that has been dead and searching these twenty years. Tonight it was that she came to the Well at the World's End, the Well of the World, after the weary searching. And when she came to the Well at the World's End, she bent over and down she looked to see if she could find her child. The wee one she's been searching for all these many years. But she didn't see her baby, may the good Saints send her rest! She didn't see her baby, but she saw *your* baby, Edith Wayne, and she saw your good man, a'toiling and a'moiling, and she saw the fine gentleman here, in his dinner coats and his fixings, and her heart hurt her, for she saw you were taking the path she had trod before you, twenty years an' more, and she knew that you would be treading the path, too, the weary path that hasn't ended yet, ochone, the searching and the seeking of it!

"'And so, at the Well at the World's End Dora Becket tried to call to you. She came close, close to the Borderland, where spirit and flesh can touch if they'r a'kin, but you didn't hear her, macree. You didn't and you couldn't. And she called and she called, but there was no one

~morning



"My mother's prettier than yours!" you've heard some little child boasting. Can your child say the same?

It requires such a little time in a life to cultivate charm, or to lose it! Try

Rigaud's

FACE POWDER
and ROUGE
Fragrant with Parfum
Mary Garden

as your face powder! Select this exquisite "filtered" powder, made from fine French ingredients, and scented —oh so exquisitely—with Parfum Mary Garden.

After you have applied Rigaud's Face Powder, you can add a lovely rose flush to your cheeks —with Rigaud's Rouge—fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden.

Buy Rigaud's Face Powder and Rigaud's Rouge—both fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden at department or drug stores.

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD
16 Rue de la Paix, Paris, France
GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., NEW YORK
Sole distributors in United States and Canada

W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

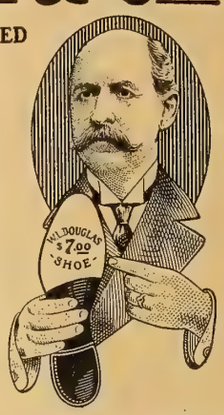
$7.00 & $8.00 SHOES

ALSO MANY STYLES AT $5.00 & $6.00

BOYS' SHOES
$4.00 & $4.50
BEST IN QUALITY
BEST IN STYLE
BEST ALL AROUND SHOES
FOR BOYS

STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE AT THE FACTORY
W.L. DOUGLAS $8.00 SHOE
THE STAMPED PRICE IS YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS
W. L. DOUGLAS PEGGING SHOES
1852
AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED BY MORE THAN FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES



They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices. W.L.Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values.

W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores

YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W.L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
132 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds--the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold filled ring set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond--in beautiful ring box; postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

$ $ For Photoplay Ideas

Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 926 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Publishers Scenario Bulletin-Digest
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY

Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY Dept. 205 CLARINDA, IOWA

near enough to Borderland, saving only my old bones. Saving only old Eileen McCreel. For I'm that near the Borderland, so near, that I felt her little wisp of a hand in mine, little cold and lonely hand, and I heard her little lone, lost voice telling me the sad story of her, and I heard her begging me to come to you and speak her story to you so that you might turn aside from the path of sin while yet there's time . . . and her little lone, lost hand had in it all the powers the medical men haven't had these ten years a'gone, and I rose me off of my chair in such a way that the hair of my grandchild, Nora Conlon, would fair have stood on end if she had of seen it, and felt my way along from my own quarters, and I came down these stairs and into this very room as light as if I had been that same Dora Becket herself. And, indeed, herself was in here but an hour a'gone, but no word nor sigh could she get from the twain of you.

"'And this is her story, may Heaven rest her poor soul in peace this night!

"'Tell Edith,' was her words, 'that I am a kind of a kin of hers and that is the reason when I looked down the Well at the World's End it was her I saw . . . Tell her that when I was twenty-four, I had a husband and a little girl, just her little Jimty's age. And I felt as she feels now—lonely and old-before-her-time and bitter and hurt. And there came along the dashingest adventurer I had ever seen—my husband's own half-brother, Captain Francis Vincent. And I felt all that she felt; all that she is feeling now. I felt that all I wanted on earth or in Heaven was to get as far away from every living thing as I could and be alone in all space with Captain Francis Vincent. Tell her that I crushed red roses in my palms, too, and that I kissed each little, separate wound as tho they had been kisses . . . And after that, we planned to go away—on his ship . . .

"'I wanted to take my little girl, but I didn't want to so much, but that he wasn't able to dissuade me very easily. It was no place, no condition of life for a child, he told me, and I believed him, because I wanted to and needed to, just then. And I thought Peter would never care because I thought he never *had* cared, and that was because, tell her, I had never known what caring was.

"'And so we left the house—the same house, tell her, on just such a rich, warm night. And we went aboard ship and all the stars rocked like little, crazy boats in a sky as royal as purple. And I felt my heart beating against my breast. And when he kissed me, his kisses were like the wounds of the roses. They left wounds, too.

"'And then, on board ship, we lay at anchor, and I tried to think, at peace . . . But there seemed a redness in the sky. He told me that it was the redness of the roses . . . that it was the blood I had drawn from my white hands . . . but I told him it was redder than that . . . more terrible . . . and then I screamed . . . I screamed and screamed and just as I screamed, tell her, that I knew my false, fierce passion for this man had gone away, had left me clean and cold and barren. And futile. And crazed. For, tell her, that I knew the red in the sky was the red of my own home, afire. Afire and my baby alone in it. Alone in it with only a deaf servant on the upper floor.'

"Old Eileen leaned forward then, and eerily rubbed her crackling hands as tho over that helpless funeral pyre . . . 'eh, deary, eh, deary,' she kept muttering, and I had to prod her and remind her and ask her what else Dora Becket had said . . .

"'And tell her,' Eileen went on at

length, 'that as I screamed for the third time, I jumped . . . into the racing tide . . . the tide that raced *the other way* . . . the tide that took me, not to my baby, but over the world's last rim. That night I died.'

"Eileen muttered more and more. She kept rubbing her hands as tho they were mortally cold. Her voice grew fainter as she finished Dora Becket's story.

"'And tell her,' she said, 'that my baby died, too. And that ever since that night of passion and farewell, I have been searching thru the spaces of the world . . . searching . . . searching . . . space that is more cruel than pain because it is unanswering and unanswered . . . searching for the one thing that I know that I want . . . for the deepest need of all needs . . . for the soul of my child . . . for the lost soul of my little, lost child . . . tell her not to . . . tell her not to . . . save her . . . save her.

"Old Eileen leaned sharply forward. There was an instant of utter suspension. She was dead."

Edith Wayne sat up in her low wicker chair. She unclasped her hands, with some difficulty, for the knuckles were white and strained looking, as from tension.

She tried to smile at me.

"That is all," she said, "of Dora Becket's story—or almost all. The rest of mine, I think, you know . . . Clyde went away. He has never come back. There has never been any urge for him to come back, on either side. We called it 'midsummer madness' on both sides . . . and let it go at that . . . What else?

"Of course, Jimty came home. I went for him the very next day . . . and you know how I found him . . . " She turned her white hand over and there, across the palm, was a long, jagged scar. "I got there just in time," she said, simply, "I cant talk about that part of it . . . even now. He was climbing the high scaffolding of the gymnasium . . . just about to get to the . . . to the end. I climbed after him . . . And I think, Dora Becket must have helped me, then, for only a miracle brought us both safely back to earth . . . and to Big Jimty who was coming up that day, unknown to me, to see his boy. On that ride back home . . . " Edith Wayne's eyes turned back to that memory . . . and were lost to me . . . I did not try to follow her. I knew she wanted that intimate hour for her sacred own. I knew, because I had seen them together afterward . . .

Edith was speaking again, her eyes on Jimty, reclining squarely upon his back, resting after his manly labors.

"And I know that Dora Becket is happy, too," she said, "because I had a dream about her soon after Jimty was home again. It was a dream . . . but oh, it was *true!* I dreamed that I came to a gateway of roses, roses as white as the moon, and that the gateway swung open and a light was within. A light like and unlike the moon. A light like the light of the moon, but a moon that is living, not dead.

"And when I grew so that I could see for the soft, sweet light, I saw a garden of flowers . . . living, lovely flowers, like tender faces . . . and in the garden was Dora Becket, kneeling, and a child was with her, close against her breast . . . and oh, her face was happy! I know that it was true . . . "

"Thank you, my dear," I said, "you have paid me a tribute in telling me this story. There are no words . . . "

Edith smiled. "No . . ." she said . . . "no, my friend . . ."

I walked slowly down the garden-path. At the gateway a giant rose tree showered some blood-red petals upon me, and I crushed them underfoot . . .

How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Elinor Glyn

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, *and thousands of copies are still sold every year.* My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for $500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. *You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.*

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing.*" This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

"*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing*" tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS. You may have a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE. You need not send a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press before you sleep to-night. This little act may be the turning point of your whole career. Who knows?

THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 218, Auburn, N.Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing.*" This does not obligate me in any way. (Print your name and address plainly in pencil.)

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Constance Talmadge

as Ming Toy in her latest production for First National

"EAST IS WEST"

MISS TALMADGE is going to give you the surprise of your life in this, her newest picture. Her sudden leap from comedy character to the whimsicality of little Ming Toy will delight as well as surprise you.

You all know what a wonderful success this play made on Broadway where it had one of the longest runs of any show ever played. But remarkable as was that success, the picture is destined for even greater triumphs, for the screen is able to give it a richness of atmosphere surpassing the limitations of the spoken stage.

It is taken from Sam Shipman's play, and adapted by Frances Marion; directed by Sidney A. Franklin, director of "Smilin' Through."

Whatever else you miss, don't fail to see this one.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

Salesmen Sell our wonderful tailored to order, $29.50, virgin wool suits and o'coats direct to wearer—all one price—$20.00 cheaper than store prices. You keep deposit. Everything guaranteed. Big swatch outfit free; protected territory for hustlers.
I. B. SIMPSON, Inc., Dept. 121, 831 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS
Send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems. Instructive, helpful.
Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks;" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases accepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory

M. Trilety, Face Specialist, 1741 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

Not So Wild

(*Continued from page* 53)

pen-pushing peeress, or a visiting Australian acrobat. She is married, and has been, consecutively, to Charles Brabin. Here you see, is not the home-wrecking hussy the Fox fillums made her out to be, nor the sinister cutie of mystery psalmed by the Fox press bureau. The fact, incidentally, that she is about to return to the silent stage indicates an impending revival of not-for-children pictures.

Perhaps as potent a pippin as we have in ocular opera, Bebe Daniels would disappoint the thrill-seeking, I think. She lives with her mother, and works so hard (this is first-hand information) that she steps out only once a week—on Saturday night—even as you and I and a lot of other people. Out of range, Bebe is a rather flip looking flapper—hardly exotic or tropic or wild . . . She has more than her share of good looks, and an unaffected ignorance about current events and literature. It may be *naïveté;* it may not. But here is none of the ultra-sophistication she so effectively suggests when she is De Mille-dolled up to "get" Tommy Meighan or the Valentino. You miss the beauty-spot on her elbow, the flash in her screen eyes, the magnetism of her gelatin presence.

Sophistication is a marked characteristic of the regal Betty Blythe, but her private life is anything but vermilion in hue. Her husband is the Scardon who cans Universal products for the hinterland, dines every evening with his queenly frau, and, on Thursdays, usually smiles beside her and gives dances to the snaking gentry at the Hollywood Hotel. Everyone, of course, between sixteen and sixty, likes to Scandal Walk with the Sheba sensation, but of scandal, as such, there is nothing stirring. As a temptress, aside from her silversheetings, Betty doesn't figure. Once the final fadeout is filmed, la Blythe becomes Mrs. Paul Scardon, wife—

There are other cellulorelei of immeasurable potency who, off screen, affect one less than Prohibition affects the Little Club. In "Kismet" and other spooled scenarios, Rosemary Theby elevated a mean shoulder, a cruel lip, an ensnaring veil. Away, far away from the studio, Rosemary has a bungalow, in one of those trick courts. *Au naturel,* as herself, forgetting directors and blinders and other curses, she reminds me of a Greenwich Village feminist. As it is she is a Hollywood feminist. But vamp? Feminists are, to me, a sexless lot.

Mae Busch inspires broken homes, for a living, but she, too, is oh-so-different at the Studio Club or the Ambassador Grill or the Community Theater. You wouldn't recognize her as the Circe of the Stroheim stuff.

Make-up and studio lights and all that have a lot to do with it. A woman looks altogether different under the cold morning sun, and under the voluptuous spell of a sputtering Klieg, shaded, twisted and spilled at just the right angle!

As a final fetching example of what a joltless sensation these film fair hand you, I choose to tell of Estelle Taylor, who is, as I have stated before from a neighboring pulpit, the best of the modern two-dimension Nethersoles. In "While New York Sleeps" she worried every censor board in these United States with her torrid temperament, and in the revamping of the original vamp 'script, "A Fool There Was," she is removing the Bara laurels and draping them about her own white shoulders. But should you even meet

Estelle as Estelle, brace yourself for a terrific surprise.

Before encountering her, I expected big things—spiked tea at least. Instead I found a Rural Free Delivery beauty ringing up a Broadway hit—and *wondering* how she did it! When I met her she had just written the folks back home, in Wilmington, Del., to let 'em know she'd be home for the week-end . . . She told me she's dying to meet Mary Pickford . . . wanted to know how old Rudy Valentino is . . . hoped she could arrange to see The Hippodrome that night, and . . . well, la belle Estelle is, in real life the antithesis of her gelatin Jezebels. She staggers my typewriter-finger! This Delaware Delilah spends her off-hours at the movies. And when they are bunched off-hours, at the movies in Wilmington, Del!

These canned Cleopatras and spooled Scheherezades are not exactly as advertised. The fleshly lure is a mirage mirrored on the perpendicular platforms of our best flicker-palaces. The gleam of the lady's eyes (Bebe's or Mae's or whose you will!) is as artificial as the very spotlight that renders the gleam hundred-proof.

The difference is, I daresay, mostly in the setting. A bedecked beauty slithering around on the screen looks more alluring to you, lounging in a loge seat listening to the languorous strains of *Tristan and Isolde* than that same beauty looks at eleven a. m. shrouded in gingham, on the porch of her Californian cottage. And, perhaps, all things considered, it's just as well that it is as it is. You'll watch these glamorous creatures more contentedly henceforth, realizing, calmly and coolly, that altho they make Sappho look like a Chautauqua lecturer, those vamping sisters of the screen are really not so wild.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

J. Lilian Vandevere

I much enjoy a photoplay unless I sit beside
A wriggling child, who must be made of question marks, inside;
For when the thrilling feature comes, and I am tense and mute
It's—"Has she got her nightie on, and wont the pistol shoot?"
Or when my finger-tips are cold and cheeks are all aglow
I hear, "Why did he lock her in, and does her husband know?"
And if a picture sob has left my own eyes far from dry——
"What does the lady's letter say; why does she sit and cry?"
Perhaps my special hero dares both danger and disgrace,
Then—"Did he really rob the bank, and what's that on his face?"
Some day I'll chain that trusting child, and set to work close by
A phonograph that plays one tune—"Who? What? Where? Which? and Why?"

A KICK WAS COMING

First Extra: That was some part you played in that last scene. Didn't it thrill you at the start?

Second Extra: No; it was at the end, when the director glared at me, that I was thrilled.

CELESTIAL

Bill: How come she's a movie star?
Phil: She's been mingling with angels.

Ask Him

Ask the boy what cereal he likes best. He will say, we believe, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Millions of children do.

And these are the best foods for him. They make whole grains enticing.

Ask Him

Ask the doctor what cereal is best for the boy. He will probably say Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. For he advises whole grains. And these are the only whole-grain foods with every food cell broken.

Let No Day Pass

without some whole-grain diet

The reason for whole grains lies largely in minerals. In the lime, the iron, the phosphates which growing children need.

Whole wheat is almost a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements. Children who get whole wheat in plenty are in no way underfed.

Why Puffed?

The reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that every food cell is fitted to digest. There are 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. This process explodes them all.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert. It is the only process which so fits every element to feed.

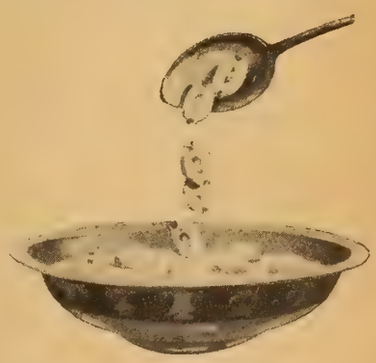
Like bubbled nuts

The fearful heat gives Puffed Grains a taste like toasted nuts. The puffing makes them airy, thin and flimsy. So this makes whole grains food confections. Children revel in them.

You can serve in a dozen ways, at mealtime and between meals. Do so—you mothers who believe in making whole-grain foods delightful.

Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles—made to taste like toasted nuts. Queen of all breakfast dainties.



Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every food cell blasted. The supreme supper dish.

Genuine

BAYER

Aspirin

SAY "BAYER" when you buy Aspirin

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for colds, headache, toothache, earache, neuralgia, lumbago, rheumatism, neuritis, and for pain in general. Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

GIRLS

Is your skin oily, freckled, tanned or muddy? Do you have pimples and a shiny nose? If so you will welcome

VEL-VO-MAR

A wonderful new face lotion which banishes tan, freckles, shiny nose—in fact most of the enemies of beauty not caused by improper diet. Contains no harmful drugs and will not injure the most delicate skin, but leaves it soft as velvet and smooth as marble with its creamy whiteness.

4-OZ. BOTTLE BY MAIL, $1.00

VELVOMAR CO., DRAWER 488, CHEHALIS, WASH.

LEARN

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude**, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

Why Dont You Buy

CLASSIC

The Picture Book De Luxe of the movie world.

Rodolph Valentino is on CLASSIC's cover for October.

Norma Talmadge is the **Star in the Making** for this month.

Pola Negri opens the book with a stunning interview and brand new and exclusive pictures.

Marion Davies contributes the prettiest picture of her, ever before published.

"CLASSIC" CONSIDERS—for October: Lejaren à Hiller, Lady Diana Manners, James M. Barrie and Lee Simonson.

Baby Peggy graciously grants an interview. The cunningest pictures you ever saw of the cunningest youngster in the movies.

Famous Salomés is the title of an extraordinarily interesting article. Gorgeous pictures. Two pages of beautiful reproductions of **Nazimova's Salomé**, too.

Two pages of stills from the **Triart Productions**, based on famous paintings. Too beautiful for adequate description.

It is the best number we have ever issued of——

The Picture Book De Luxe of the movie world.

CLASSIC

for OCTOBER

Without a Cosmetic Cosmos

(*Continued from page* 57)

name, altho at the time I was only a lowly picture fan. She could probably remember yours, and your name, too, if she should meet you by chance tomorrow. That is what I mean when I say that she is gracious—a graciousness which sinks deeper than the amenities of the social whirl.

And speaking of the social whirl, which is often a whirlpool, Dorothy Phillips has never been sucked into its vortex. Other picture players may prattle of their books and their long winter evenings at home knitting, but with Miss Phillips I know, as a resident of long standing in Hollywood, that she thinks much more of her home, which is beautiful and in such perfect order that it almost aches, of her books and of her husband than she does of gaiety. She is far too serious to be a butterfly, but her seriousness, like her sweetness, is tempered with a catch-as-catch-can sense of humor.

"Perhaps I am timid," she said to me the other day, "but I have a very deep feeling of responsibilty to the public which goes to see my pictures. I feel that I must give the best I have to my work, and how can I do it if I spend half my nights in a cabaret?"

It was in the midst of "Hurricane's Gal" picture that I pursued Miss Phillips and found her at the studio. Her company had been on location for six weeks at San Pedro, aboard a schooner which was supposed to be owned and sailed by the heroine of the story. What with storms and rats and other details not concerned with the story, the entire company was worn out. Miss Phillips herself, when I arrived on the set was being petted into her part by Husband Holubar. The tears which came at his behest were real—and near the surface. She was tired, very tired, and the picture was behind schedule. You know what that means. When she was finally released from the glare of the Kliegs and from many temper shaking retakes, she came across to us with short, halting steps. Her voice was soft, weary in its greeting, but the flash of her personality illumined her blue eyes with a glow which could not be dimmed.

"You have gone and done it!" I exclaimed, for we had met before and I felt the privilege of acquaintanceship.

"What do you mean?" she queried. "Oh, yes, I know—my hair. I had to. Goodness knows I didn't want to do it—but he made me!" She indicated her director-husband with a half humorous gesture and a quirk to the famous Phillips mouth.

"You told me that you never would," I said, reprovingly, "and I wrote it in a story. You were the one person I couldn't imagine with *bobbed* hair . . . but I like it!"

It isn't a conventional bob. It is as tho she had cut it off to keep it out of her eyes as she stood in the wind on the deck of her ship. Dorothy Dalton played "Moran of the Lady Letty" with her hair bobbed.

In "The Sea Tigress" we are to have the Dorothy Phillips of old, for which the powers be praised. All the fire of the Phillips performances which brought her fame will be seen again in this. It is as tho she were coming out from an eclipse.

"I never thought I'd be an opium smuggler," she said, when we were seated in the shadows of the set with the paraphernalia of an elaborate San Francisco apartment bath-room scene staring us in the face, "but here I am, with my own ship, my own crew and a smuggler's daughter. You never can tell what you'll be next. I hope

the public wont get the idea that I like to do it." There was a pathetic droop to her mobile mouth as she spoke. I felt sorry that she must work so hard.

Dorothy Phillips is first of all a woman, then the actress, despite the fact that she became a player when very young. She was on the legitimate stage, you know, before she went into pictures and flashed upon the horizon as a Universal star. She is a home-keeper, and is far removed from what is commonly thought of as a home-breaking actress as day from night.

Her hands are capable hands—strong, rather broad, very white and firm. She uses them simply, and with telling effect. They do not flutter, nor pick at a string of beads nor wander aimlessly thru the air. If she raises them in a gesture, it has a direct meaning upon what she is saying. Otherwise they lie idle in her lap. She is artist enough not to distract attention from the expressiveness of her eyes and mouth.

More than almost anyone else in pictures, Dorothy Phillips has learned the intrinsic value of every feature she possesses. She knows to a dot the value of a lift to the corner of her mouth, the droop of an eyelid, a tiny frown, the narrowing of her eyes. She is the best eye-narrower in the business. If you watch the next picture of her you will see what I mean. It is because she is a great artist that she has taken herself apart and studied the mechanism of what makes her go. The very poise of her shoulders, the droop of her head speak volumes.

Among picture players in Hollywood, who are more or less clannish, Dorothy is less known than almost anyone. She entertains charmingly at her home up near the foothills, but it is usually in honor of visiting notables or for a very few close friends. She neither gives big parties nor accepts invitations to them. Her home is her castle and she is its undisputed mistress. In this way she is considered more or less diffident and unapproachable. As a matter of fact, she is the most warm-hearted, approachable player in the business, but just because of this she is protected, from the usual public importunities, by her husband, her managers, her press agents, her servants and her stage hands.

"Tell me," I asked, somewhat hurriedly, as I heard the lights on the set begin to sputter again, calling the drooping little figure at my side to work, "how you prepare yourself for the acting of a new part? How do you approach it?"

"Perhaps I can answer you best by an illustration," she replied, after a moment's thought. "A brook tumbling to the sea needs no preparation for its immersion in Mother Ocean. It is the destiny of the brook that eventually it swells the volume of the sea. But in its tumbling down the mountain, over precipices and pebbles, it is purified and cleared, so that when it falls at last to its destiny it is aerated, sparkling and prepared."

"Do you get me?" She has a fascinating manner of falling suddenly into the vernacular for a moment. "I mean, that there is no special preparation thru which I can put myself or my brain before I take up a new characterization. My past experience, the little experiences of life, are the pebbles, and I only try to keep my mind as free from any contamination as is humanly possible and let the future direct my destiny. I always feel that I am ready for the part when it is given to me."

But one does not feel that the pebbles in Dorothy Phillips' career have been very big ones. The experiences of which she speaks are those which come to any one, passing from girlhood into the full flower of womanhood as she is doing.

No Wonder Rouge Never Gave a Natural Color!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush

Science now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skillfully rouge is applied, the task is *impossible.*

In creating the wonderful new English Tint, the *great handicap of rouge came to light!* The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used *must positively change upon the skin after it is applied.* No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat English Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature.

Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of English Tint to banteringly criticise the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a woman companion. She in turn challenged her critic to use his vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a scientist turned his hand to a task which had baffled the cosmetician since rouge was first used.

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available *the effort proved futile.*

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of differing shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none was perfect.

Then accident stepped in and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion.

GORDON GORDON, Chicago

Sole American Distributors of Princes Pat English Tint — Princess Pat Cream—Almond Base Face Powder—Instant Astringent—Princess Pat Perfume.

Princess Pat English Tint

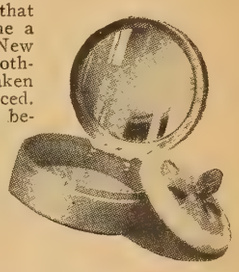
"The Amazing Million Dollar Beauty Secret Had at Last Been Discovered"

Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!* The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat English Tint, had at last been discovered.

English Tint Is Waterproof!

Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make English Tint waterproof. And such wonderful success attended his efforts that one may actually go in bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. English Tint on the cheeks will not run or streak, even if rubbed with water. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet it vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

English Tint comes in only one shade, of course; for the one shade *blends perfectly with every complexion!* It is as perfect in daylight as under artificial light.



So it is no wonder that English Tint has become a veritable sensation. New York and Chicago, and other large cities have taken all that could be produced. Dealers everywhere are being supplied as fast as possible. Meanwhile, however, we will be glad to send a free sample to every woman who reads this advertisement. Mail coupon today!

Mail This Coupon For Generous Sample FREE

GORDON GORDON,
Dept. 210, 2701 South Park Ave., Chicago.

Entirely Free, send sample of Princess Pat English Tint to

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Scientist Discovers Skin Laxative

WOMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan—an English scientist, scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means that a beautiful skin is now a mere matter of personal cleanliness; made beautiful while you wait!

The element he has found physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip into your easy chair; in less than an hour the skin pores *move*. Impurities clogging your facial pores are instantly banished; even the pores themselves are contracted and rendered invisible. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous.

Cleanses Pores and Beautifies Any Complexion in Forty Minutes!

The scientific name of this new element is Terra-derma-lax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. Soon, you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. Terra-derma-lax must be fresh, so every jar is dated and shipped direct.

AMAZING OFFER! NO LABORATORY CHARGE FOR FIRST JAR!

Prescription cost of this marvelous beauty clay has been $5. But so all may try it, just one jar (full size) will be sent for $1.95—the bare cost of materials, plus postage! See offer below:

With each jar (two months' supply) comes McGowan's own directions. Pay postman the small, actual cost charges of $1.95, plus the few cents postage on delivery; or if you expect to be out, $2 bill enclosed will bring jar prepaid. In either case, anyone whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and astonishing benefits, may have money back.

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
329 Plymouth Court, Chicago

Please send two-months' supply of freshly compounded Terra-derma-lax. I will pay postman $1.95 plus postage. My money to be refunded unless results delight me within five days. [149]

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cat. price $5.26) for Half Price to introduce, $2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA, Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

Hurricane's Gal

(Continued from page 49)

if you've got the least sense of womanly pity, take me home where I can get my maid to help me out of this fiendish dress and these terrible corsets and give me a manicure and a m-m-massage——" Her voice broke off in a wail that had nothing of her former hauteur in it.

Lola turned from the porthole. In her eyes an uneasy look was growing. "You mean—if we should run into a hurricane, you would really *suffer?*"

"I should die!" Phyllis wept.

Lola flung back her head, tossed out her arms. "The storm—how I love it! The crash of the great green waves that curl over the topmast and blot out the sun, the winds that rage and scream—I feel so free! It's as tho I were a part of it, a part of the sound and the fury"—her arms fell heavily—"but you are not a part of it. You belong ashore where there are roofs and soft carpets and pink lights—you would be like a butterfly in my gales. I have done wrong to bring you. We will go back——"

She was gone a long time. When she came into the cabin again, her face was a white oval against the dark masses of her hair. She locked the door behind her and stood, leaning heavily against it, meeting Phyllis' frightened eyes with a quivering smile. "They—wont go back," she said in a flat voice, "the crew have been drinking. The Captain and the mate drew lots for—you and me——"

The girl on the bunk rose, trembling. "Things like that dont happen," she whispered; "they dont happen to people like me."

Hurricane's Gal looked at her with eyes that had seen many strange and terrible things. "I dont know this crew like the one on the *Tahiti Belle*, Pop's other ship," she said with a casualness that somehow gave truth to the incredible situation. "And maybe I dont curse so well as I did. Anyhow, they're going on and we with 'em. And by night, with the raw rum they're drinking we'll have hell on our hands!" Then seeing Phyllis's ghastly face, Lola sprang forward and put protecting arms around her. "Dont you worry!" she comforted her stoutly. "I've got six chambers loaded in my gun—and I can shoot right well! I wont let nothing—*anything* happen to you!"

All that afternoon the two girls crouched together in a corner of the cabin, watching the closed door fearfully, while the noise of the rising gale mingled with the ribald laughter and drunken shouts of the crew. Toward dusk, unsteady footsteps blundered along the corridor and the handle of the door turned. Finding it locked, the man stumbled away, muttering curses. Lola set her revolver on her knee. "I been in tight places before," she said coolly; "there was a mutiny on the *Tahiti Belle* once, when Pop was alive, and then in the South Seas two canoes of cannibals boarded us—dont you worry. We'll scare these blustering cowards off the first shot!"

But her heart was not so confident as her words. If they should rush the door—a cold horror stabbed her. Well then, she would bargain with them! She would offer herself, on condition that the girl Steele O'Connor loved was spared. It was her *duty*—she knew now the meaning of the word, knew many things, as a landscape is revealed clearly in a single lightning flash.

They were coming! Tramping feet, wild animal cries—Lola rose to her feet, and then—then the room rang to her ex-

SHADOWLAND

Expressing the Arts

MUSIC

Rachmaninoff on Musical Bolshevism, by Jerome Hart. The popularity of the great Russian composer and his work is readily appreciated in this intimate sketch.

DRAMA

The Passing of Stage Decoration, by Sheldon Cheney. Wouldn't it be a bit ironical if stage decoration suddenly tended to disappear from the world's theaters just at the moment when we Americans have developed our finest theatrical talent in that direction?

ART

The Etchings of Edward Hopper. Fine examples of the work of a rising exponent of this popular field of artistic endeavor with editorial comment by the distinguished artist and critic, Guy Pene du Bois.

DECORATION

The House of Fantasy. In other words, the home of Robert Winthrop Chandler, the man who prefers to decorate the interiors of the houses of his friends to being a social decoration himself.

TRAVEL

Peterboro', a Town of Artistic Personality, by Edward Hungerford. The author of "The Personality of American Cities" gives us a fascinating pen-picture of the McDowell Colony and the beautiful countryside in which it is situated.

CARICATURE

Wynn Invades Germany. SHADOWLAND'S well-known contributor sends some sketches from the banks of the Rhine that are inimitable.

SHADOWLAND

for OCTOBER

ultant cry. "The planes! They've come after us—see, they're descending!"

The cabin was filled with the sound of wings, the porthole darkened as the fleet of hydroplanes sent in pursuit by Steele O'Connor dipped down to the water, and the crash of rapid firing guns sounded thru the crashing of the storm.

"It will all be hushed up," Steele O'Connor told Lola, an hour later. Under the guidance of the sullen crew, the *Samoa Belle* was speeding back toward San Francisco, while armed marines, carrying their rifles significantly, patrolled the decks, and the fleet of planes had vanished droning into the cloudy dusk. Phyllis Fairfield was asleep, comforted with the assurance that she would be able to keep her country club date the next day, and Steele and Lola sat alone in the main cabin with the moonlight making round silver discs at their feet. "The family will not want the publicity of prosecution." He spoke in a crisp official tone.

She lifted timid eyes to his stern face. "If you had not come—" she said, "I was going to do my duty——" And she told him, very simply, what she had been going to do. The little cabin was very silent for a moment after she was done. "Of course," she added drearily, "I know that doesn't make any difference. I only wanted you to know that I'm going to try to do my duty—always, even if I never can be a lady——"

The sentence was never finished for, with a quivering laugh, he had caught her up in his great arms and held her against the hard beating of his heart. "I dont want you to be a lady!" Steele whispered, lips on her cheek. "I know now, I only want you *yourself,* Little Hurricane Gal!"

She looked at him, with the new soul in her eyes. "Not Hurricane any longer, I think—" Lola said, "I've come—home to port—at last——"

"No Younger Generation Is Knocking at the Door"

(Continued from page 25)

are the exceptions, of course. There always are. I am not speaking of them.

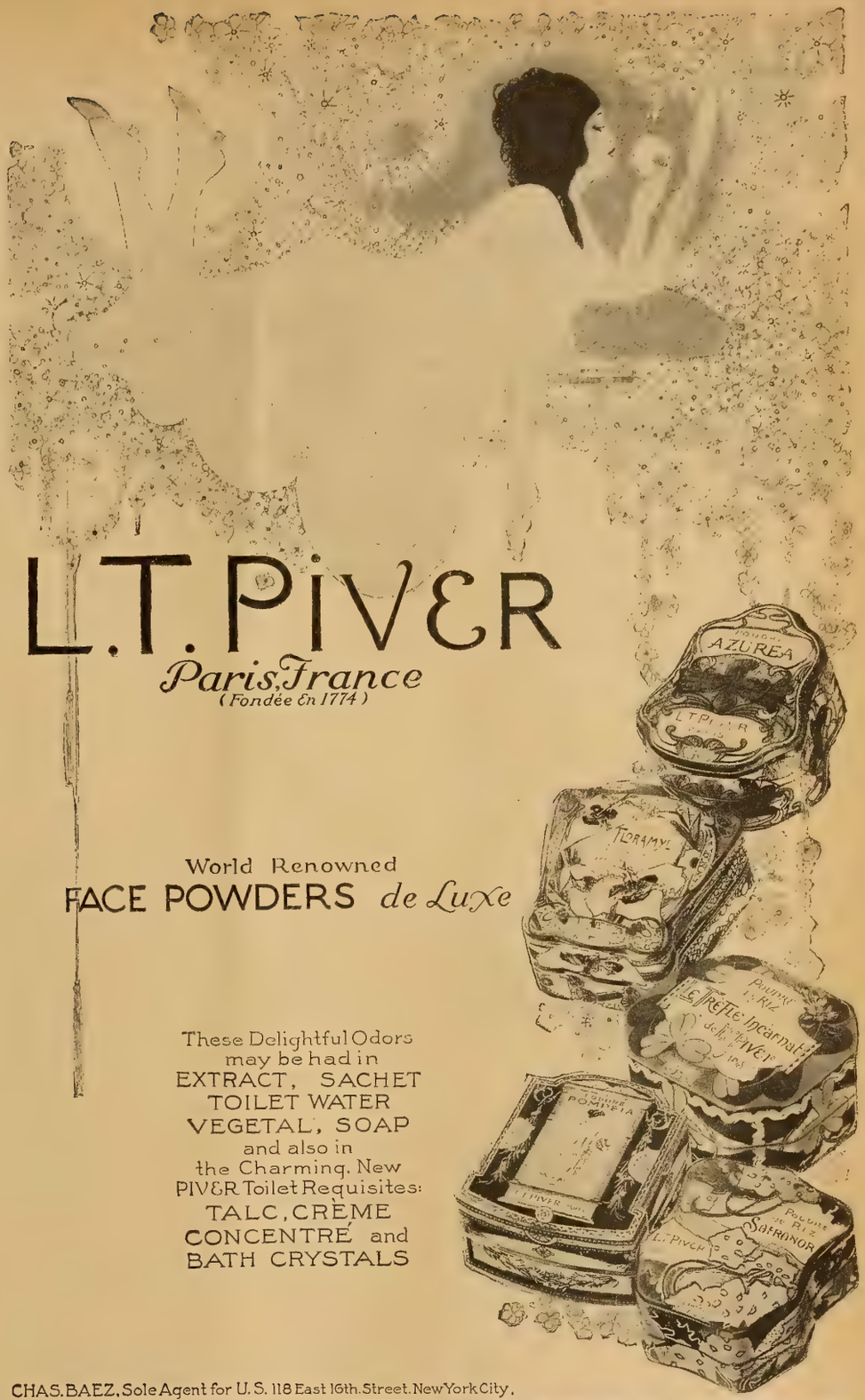
"And I am theorizing. I have no definitely practical suggestions to offer, excepting that I do believe in a more solid organization and in some sort of preparatory training for the technicians at least.

"There is a great hue and cry today about the Screen. There is cavil and complaint. The Press, the Public, all revile and condemn the various branches and products of the Screen. And yet no constructive thing is being done in order that the oncoming generation may better the performances of the generation now in power. There is much criticism and little construction.

"We need progression.

"Many years ago Mr. Griffith made 'Judith of Bethulia.' To my mind, no picture that has come after has been any improvement upon that. Surely that is not adequate progress. We may not be retrogressing, but neither are we progressing healthily. An industry with so tremendous a field, with so vast a public, with so world-wide a power should not stagnate into sensationalism, fiction or the static state.

"The industry is 'an infant' . . . but where is the next generation to guide it to maturity?"



CHAS. BAEZ, Sole Agent for U. S. 118 East 16th. Street, New York City.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

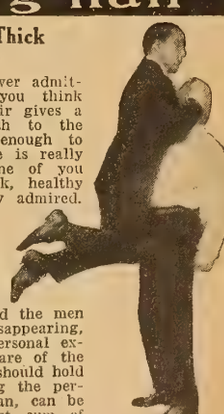
By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Strong Hair

You, too, Can Have Thick Healthy-Looking Hair



Of course, men are never admittedly vain, but don't you think thick, "live" looking hair gives a look of general strength to the man who is fortunate enough to have it? And yet, there is really no reason why every one of you should not have the thick, healthy hair which is universally admired. How can it be acquired? By buying my book, STRONG HAIR, and diligently following the course set forth therein. In this book I give to the bald-headed men, the men with thin, "anaemic" hair and the men whose hair is rapidly disappearing, the benefit of my own personal experience in the proper care of the hair. This book, which should hold a prominent place among the personal effects of *every* man, can be purchased for the modest sum of 25 cents coin postpaid.

Prof. A. Barker, D. C, Dept. 650, 865 6th Ave., New York

CHINWAH

LIKE the elusive shadows of softly folding veils... a fragrance exquisite that ever charms anew...

Talc . . . . 25c *Face Powder 50c* *Compacts . . 50c*
Toilet Water $1.00 *Extract . . . $1.50* *Perfume . . . $1.50 and $3.00*

Send 15c to ROXEY, Times Bldg., New York City, for generous sample of Chinwah

Roxey
PARIS
NEW-YORK

DON'T TOLERATE GRAY HAIR

DO NOT permit streaks of gray to mar your beauty. Watch those betraying locks. When the first gray appears call to your aid "Brownatone," the modern hair tint. You can apply it at home by following easy directions. "Brownatone" is sold by drug and toilet goods counters in two colors—golden to medium brown and dark brown to black—**50c and $1.50.** Guaranteed absolutely harmless to hair growth, scalp or tenderest skin. Try it at home—**trial bottle sent for 10c.**

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
726 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Canada Address, Windsor, Ont.

BROWNATONE

Use *Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo* to improve the natural gloss and fluffiness of your hair. At druggists or direct. Large Bottle 50 cents.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 71*)

people who do things worth-while like the President, senators, Edison, Henry Ford *et al* is keen. We are intensely interested in the "news" feature of the movie show—we love it when it doesn't make us mad with a fleeting glimpse of some celebrity snatched off the screen before we had a chance to focus our welcoming glance on it. Give us just a few more feet; we'd like to see who's in the box with Harding—what the grand opera stars are wearing—a decent look at Landis—ditto of Edison and Ford—a chance to realize what the Beardstoom flood really was like—a front view of Assistant Secretary Roosevelt instead of a glimpse of three men, one of whom is supposed to be him—take your choice. It is quite maddening, and then as tho it would compensate, feet and feet and yards of "our navy's smoke screen." Exciting for the sailors no doubt, but rather a bore to us who like the pictures of prominent people.

Couldn't you get—rather wouldn't it "take" to show the cabinet member's families and homes—their children and also those of the foreign diplomats? Some of their costumes and clothes are quite strikingly different. Why wouldn't it be as good as "our Navy at Cuba" or—"Podunk?"

Give us a sample and if I hear people say that they dont like it I'll write and apologize.

Sincerely yours,
ALICE R. MORRISSEY,
Bloomington, Illinois.

Pictures as ornate as French pastry but with no backbone are herewith justly criticized:

DEAR EDITOR: In my estimation there is but one reason why the motion picture as an entertainment failed to draw its usual crowd last year: the story, and the character of it.

It appears that since the ending of the war, producers are challenging one another to see which one can put the greatest amount of foolishness, lavishness, etc., in one production, without even attempting to have an interesting theme in it.

Now, I realize we all enjoy a picture of this sort occasionally but, of a certainty, we are bound to revolt at such trash if the producers continue to feed us upon it.

The time has come when we are inclined to turn our heads and giggle when someone mentions the motion picture as an art; that is, in most cases, for I do admit that there are some really great geniuses upon the screen, but the majority!

Isn't it true that, after seeing all the foolishness possible crammed into one picture, we are often inclined to ask, "Just what was the picture about?" And here have we struck a vital point.

Just what was the picture about? Nothing, would answer for a great majority of the plays now being produced.

I believe that I may say without contradiction that about one out of every ten photoplays has a plot in which we are at all interested.

What I believe the average patron wants is a photoplay in which he may see at least one thing that he himself has experienced, or in other words a play which could happen to him, you or me.

Another thing, I believe, which the average patron dislikes, is to be told a lesson

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed
FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will Show Reduction Taking Place in 11 Days or Money Refunded

Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period) return the Reducer at once together with the instruction book that accompanied it and your $5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you wish quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes night and morning. By a gentle manipulation the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines, or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere or will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of $5 plus 20 cents to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance ($5.20 in all).
Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. **Or if you prefer, send for a free booklet.**

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street, Dept. 58, New York

WATER-WAVE YOUR HAIR

Water-Maid Wavers

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo.
Send for Water Wavers (patented) today—stop burning hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary—universally successful—endorsed by society's leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

WATER-MAID WAVER CO.
117-C West Seventh St. Cincinnati, Ohio

Shapely Ankles

Are your ankles thick and unattractive? FLEC Ankle Reducing Cream will reduce and improve them. Are they shapely but slightly overplump? FLEC will slenderize them. This unique cream was created specially for YOU. During sleep this harmless preparation reduces large ankles. Users of FLEC wear present-day modes with assurance.
$1.00 the large tube, postpaid
THE FLEC COMPANY
Dept. B New Rochelle, N. Y.
Send 2-cent stamp today for attractive folder

Clear Tone FOR PIMPLES

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. **$1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.**

FREE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.
E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Juvenile Critic

(*Continued from page 76*)

It starts with a girl who is trimming a most funny looking hat with hen's feathers. She doesn't get a chance to wear it because a young man comes to see her and brings her another one that I thought was just as silly looking, and so did the girl. She put it on all silly whichways and I laughed and thought the rest of the picture was going to be funny but, oh dear, it wasn't at all.

They get married, the girl and the man, you know, and go to live in a beautiful house and they dont seem to be good friends at all. The girl, I suppose she's a lady now, is very lazy and only loves her dogs and that makes her husband very sad.

Well, one night she goes to a dreadfully smelly place (anyway it looks smelly), a restaurant where all sorts of queer people are, and out in the kitchen there is a poor woman who is doing all the cooking and after a little while her little boy comes to help her. (His real name is Bobby Clarke and he has just adorable curls).

I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Cluer did not go there to eat anything but just to stare and she didn't go with her husband but with a man who was just horrid later on.

I cant tell you all that happened after that because it was much too confusing; but the little boy's mother dies and the Sisters come to take him to the orphanage and he jumps off the fire-escape and runs away from them.

Mr. Cluer is very nice and he knows a little girl whom he wants Mrs. Cluer to adopt but she wont. So he goes to see her in her lovely nursery and they play dolls together.

Then Mr. Cluer goes away and the horrid man comes to call and while he is there the other horrid man, that he met in the restaurant that I didn't tell you about because I didn't understand him, finds Timmy and makes him go into the Cluers' house by a window so that he can open the front door for him.

Well, Mrs. Cluer hears him and gets her gun and shoots, and oh dear, she hits Timmy. After that I liked the picture because Timmy goes to the hospital and gets well and Mrs. Cluer adopts him and the little girl Mr. Cluer loves, and Mr. Cluer comes home and they run to meet him and I guess they all lived happily ever after. Anyway I hope they did.

Your loving sister,
JUDY.

SO!

By O. O. KERMAN

We all have yearned—and yearn We still—
To do some things We never will.

Within the Films We've found a vent
Where We may view some things We meant.

When "Doug" routs foes, We just sit tight—
And fancy, too, that We can fight.

We'd love to slam and bang and whack—
We know some heads We sure would crack.

But, as We've not been built that way,
We hail with joy the Photo Play.

Big Prices Paid to ARTISTS

LEADING illustrators and commercial artists—both men and women—are frequently paid $250, $500, $1,000 *and even more* for single illustrations or designs—and their work is eagerly sought. *Good commercial art is vital to modern business*—millions of dollars are paid for it yearly by thousands of advertisers, periodicals, publishers and others.

Earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a Week and Up

If you like to draw, develop your talent. Get into this fascinating profession which has come into its own, and has a future as big as *modern advertising* and *modern business.* Learn at home in your spare time by the up-to-the-minute "Federal" Home-Study Method—*a proven result-getter.* It teaches you step by step, without need of previous training or experience. You receive *individual personal criticisms* on your drawings.

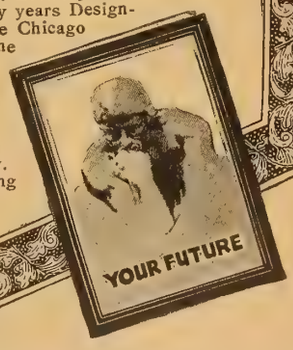
Federal Training Highly Endorsed

Leading illustrating companies, designers and commercial artists have endorsed Federal Training as *America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing.* Nationally known artists and illustrators—both men and women—are Authors of original lessons *Contributed exclusively to the Federal Course.* Think of it! Artists whose work is constantly seen in the magazines—whose signatures on drawings are worth hundreds, sometimes thousands of dollars—will give you the benefit of their experience and advice only in this Course.

Among Federal Authors are *Charles Livingston Bull,* the well known animal painter; *Neysa McMein,* famous for her magazine covers; *Charles E. Chambers,* a leading magazine and story illustrator; *Franklin Booth,* the "Painter with the Pen"; *C. Matlack Price,* an authority on posters; *Edw. V. Brewer,* who has done many "Cream of Wheat" drawings; *Harold Gross,* for many years Designer for the Gorham Co.; *D. J. Lavin,* formerly head of the Chicago Tribune Art Dept.; and *L. V. Carroll,* a noted magazine and advertising illustrator.

Get This Free Book, "YOUR FUTURE"

Training *always* gets the big incomes—and gets them quickest. Invest your spare time in your ability to draw. Send for this book, beautifully illustrated in colors, giving facts about the field of commercial art, and every detail you will want to know about the Course. It shows remarkable work by Federal Students—and it's free to anyone 16 years old or more who is in earnest. Fill in and mail the coupon now, kindly stating your age and occupation.



Federal School of Commercial Designing
1455 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me "YOUR FUTURE," without charge or obligation.

Name .....

Age..... Occupation.....
(Write your address plainly in margin.)

Three Talented Artists Joined in Designing This Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller" in the stores.

But this exquisite little lamp—"Aurora" as it has been named by an artist because of the purity of its Greek lines—was designed by the united talents of an architect and interior decorator, a painter, and a famous sculptress, who were working not to make a "big seller" for the stores, but solely to design a lamp of truly artistic proportions, with real grace, symmetry and beauty, yet of great practicability.

Aurora $3.50

The price of this artistic gem is **$3.50. Think of it!** In the few shops where lamps of this character can be found its equal would cost from $15 to $20. Only the Decorative Arts League could offer such a price and such a lamp.

"Aurora" is 16 inches high, base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, finished either in rich statuary bronze with adjustable parchment shade of neutral brown or in ivory white, shade golden yellow. Inside of shades old rose to give mellow light. Equipped for electricity, wire, socket, etc., everything but bulb. Send no money, simply sign and mail the coupon to **Decorative Arts League.** 175 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, (A.H.)
175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me at the League members' special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay postman **$3.50** plus the postage when delivered. (Shipping weight only 5 lbs.) If not satisfactory I can return lamp within five days and you are to refund my money.

Check finish desired Statuary ☐ Bronze; Ivory ☐ White.

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

New Discovery Clears Skin

No more freckles, blackheads or pimples! No more redness, roughness, sallowness or "muddy" complexion! Science has made a new discovery that clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness. As if by magic your skin imperfections harmlessly vanish—and your complexion takes on that clear, smooth beauty that everyone envies and admires. There is hidden beauty in *your* skin. In an amazingly short time you can bring it out.

Make This 3-Minute Test

You have always wished for a smooth, white skin, free from all blemish. Now thru this new scientific discovery you can quickly have it. Make this 3-minute-before-bed-time test. Smooth this cool, fragrant cream upon your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror. Note the results. See how the skin has already begun to clear. Notice how quickly freckles give way to unblemished, milky whiteness. Blackheads and other imperfections have already started to vanish. Get this magic key to renewed beauty. Order a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream—this harmless new discovery. If within five days you do not already see satisfactory results your $1 will instantly be refunded. Ask your dealer—*or* enclose a $1 bill with your order and mail direct to the **Paris Toilette Co., Dept. 410, Paris, Tenn.**

HAIR ON THE FACE QUICKLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK treatment painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair), without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. **The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment.** No electrolysis or caustics. Praised and recommended as the **only effectual method for satisfactorily destroying hair and root. RESULTS GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE.**

LOURIM CO. Dept. M, Litchfield St., Bay City, Mich.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(*Continued from page 63*)

the most meticulous observers could not detect any difference in her manner toward the two rivals.

After dinner the girls retired to the dining-room to help their mothers, and Ichabod and Brom joined the men on the stoop where they were telling ghost stories.

"But he was seen again," Hendrik Kip was saying as they drew near. "Dominie Heckwelder saw him with his own eyes."

"What does he look like?" asked old Brouwer in trembling tones.

"As to that, I cant say," replied Kip, "but—"

"He's monstrous tall," interrupted the voice of Cornelius van Brunt, "and wears a black cloak, and sits on a black horse—black as night. And he holds before him in his two, long, skinny hands—a—a—"

"A human head!" croaked the voice of Wouter van Houten.

Ichabod shivered.

The Headless Horseman, beyond a doubt!

Further tales of the mysterious spectre only increased his fright. He longed to be away, but was afraid to go home. He would go and pop the question to Katrina first. After that, nothing could terrify him, for he was confident she would accept him. Brom had already left and the way was clear.

But something had gone wrong. The young lady was at first encouraging, then merely coy, then—

History neglects to state the outcome of that critical tête-à-tête; but suffice it to say that a little later Ichabod roused the sleeping Gunpowder with lusty cuffs and kicks and rode away with a desolate and crestfallen air.

The night was black and moonless. The hour was long after midnight. The whole countryside seemed as dismal as Ichabod himself. All the stories of ghosts and goblins he had read and heard now crowded back into the pedagogue's mind. His teeth chattered and his bony shanks clung to his horse's belly as if to gather courage from his warm steaming sides. At the foot of the long hill lay the little bridge barely discernible in the thick blackness of the night. As they drew near Gunpowder stopped short and refused to budge for all Ichabod's excited and strenuous attempts to urge him on. After a moment Ichabod became aware of a huge, black misshapen figure standing motionless on the opposite side of the stream.

Teeth chattering, legs shaking as if with an ague, his voice hoarse with fright, the wretched man broke out into an involuntary psalm tune. This seemed to break the spell holding his stationary steed and over the bridge they clattered, close to the monster on the other side.

"Who are you?" croaked Ichabod with the last vestiges of his voice.

But The Thing made no reply.

He slapped Gunpowder across the flanks with the reins and the startled animal leaped ahead. The huge misshapen mass beside them put itself in motion and gradually Ichabod could distinguish a gigantic figure on horseback. It was muffled in a voluminous cloak and before it on the pommel of its saddle rested a horrible head with flaming eyes.

The Headless Horseman!

Ichabod's terror rose to sheer desperation and he showered such a hail of kicks and blows upon the ribs of his old nag that that animal tore away as swiftly as a deer.

But ride as he would the dread spectre kept pace with him. Not a sound did it make. Not even the feet of its horse pounding on the road could be heard. Ichabod panted with the excitement of the chase, but it did not even seem to breathe. On and on it rode thru the black night, grim and silent as the tomb, thru the churchyard, where Ichabod's saddle slipped clean off his flying horse and he was hard put not to be cut in two by Gunpowder's sharp back bone. On and on in dizzy circles until Ichabod, who was by this time nearly senseless with fright, was further dismayed to find himself back at the bridge where they had first met.

Was it an evil omen?

His poor fluttering heart told him that it was.

Suddenly the Headless Horseman rose in his stirrups and hurled his horrid head at the trembling school-master. Ichabod tumbled headlong to the ground and the demon rider and Gunpowder flew by like a whirlwind and left him there.

The next morning Hans van Ripper found his saddleless horse cropping grass in the yard. Ichabod Crane had not returned nor was he at school where Hans had gone to look for him. The saddle was found in the churchyard. Ichabod's cap was found near the bridge and not far away lay a shattered pumpkin. That was all.

They searched the brook for his body but it was not found. Shortly after his rival's disappearance Brom Bones conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar.

* * *

Now this is the legend of Sleepy Hollow, and whether it's true or not, I cannot say. I only know this: that Ichabod Crane was never heard of again—but the old housewives have their suspicions, and they may be right.

LETHE

By Ida M. Thomas

When trouble leads me down a tortuous road,
And I am struggling to escape the load
Thrust heavily upon me, do not think
That foolishly I drown my grief in drink.

Not I! I've sought and found a better way:
Among the stars, I for a season stay!
Not those of heaven, far-off, cool and serene,
But real and living stars upon the screen.

Theirs are the hands that, stretching out, can reach
Our burdens and forgetfulness can teach.
Lethe's soothing stream—I sought it everywhere,
Till at the movies—ah! I found it there.

HONORED

"You were run over by a movie star's automobile," the nurse informed the girl as she recovered consciousness. A radiant smile illuminated the victim's features.

"Oh, wont my friends be jealous," she mused.

The American Beauty Contest

The American Beauty Mirror

Whose Face Will It Reflect?

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I the fairest of them all?"

We all know the famous fairy story of the Queen who thus addressed her mirror—and now there is a reason and an opportunity why every woman should seek similar counsel from *her* mirror.

Then—if her mirror is encouraging—she should send us her photo at once.

We are looking for beauty and only beauty. This is NOT a movie contest.

The Loveliest Woman in America

You may think it's a tall order to find her among so many beautiful women. It *is*—but the Brewster Publications, read thruout the length and breadth of the land, are determined to find her—and find her they will!

Somewhere, as you read this page, that fortunate young woman may be reading the same page, unconscious of the fame and rewards that await her.

Is it you? Is it the girl next door? Is it that lovely girl you met last summer?

Read the simple rules, and the splendid rewards that await America's loveliest girl!

These Will Be the Rewards of America's Beauty:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous East Side; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries of New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY.

There will be a second prize, and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that——

One Thousand Dollars! ($1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

Notice

Photographs that are submitted to us in our Beauty Contest will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan* Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE CLASSIC
SHADOWLAND *and* Beauty

at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

8. The most beautiful picture received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., Brewster Building, Brooklyn, New York.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation (optional).....

The Secret of New York

On Broadway

Up and down famous Broadway, those smart looking girls and women you see, have found The Bobbed Hair Secret

the National Bob
Patented

Whether you seek style or comfort, this permanently waved, bobbed hair effect is ideal

for Ladies with Bobbed Hair
who want to save the expense of constant and ruinous burning, curling and waving

for Ladies with Long Hair
who want to preserve it and save it from cutting or constant and ruinous marcelling

for Ladies with Thin Hair
who want to let it grow longer and more beautiful by wearing a National Bob over it.

ORDER BY MAIL--if you wish. Sold at most stores or sent direct on receipt of $10.00 and a strand of your hair. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
368 Sixth Avenue Dept. 410 New York

National Hair Nets
Ask your dealer or send **65c** *for boudoir box of six*

Agents Wanted

National Artificial Eye Lashes, . **$1.50** *pair*

IT IS TO LAUGH!
She's all dolled up and looks like she had a black eye. **HER MAKE-UP RAN.** Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid **COL-Y-BROW.** For eyebrows and eyelashes. **WILL NOT RUN.** Absolutely harmless. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail $1.00.
HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A, 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK

Teach Your Child Fancy Dancing

See that your daughter develops this charming accomplishment. The little dancer will take her place at receptions, school entertainments, festivals, kiddies' parties, etc. You'll be proud. She will be grateful in later years. For Fancy Dancing gives her **charm**, the one thing we all seek in womanhood.

Lessons by Mail

You teach your child at home, from our easily followed instructions. Everything made simple. Any mother can teach and any child can learn the beautiful dances of the seasons, flowers, allegorical fantasies, stately minuets, etc., in her own home—under the proper environment. Instructions by noted teacher-danseuse. Wide repertoire, from simple compositions to classics and advanced toe dancing. Students prepared in short time for public appearance—at clubs, social functions, etc. Very small cost. Write at once for handsomely illustrated booklet, low tuition fee, etc. No obligation. Address

Madame Ludwig School of Fancy Dancing
Elocution and Other Accomplishments
Conservatory at 4739 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

"How the elusive perfume of Lablache takes me back! Grandmother's lightly powdered cheek—Mother's dimpled chin—and home." Fifty years of dainty custom—three generations have established Lablache as the finishing touch to the toilette of well-groomed women.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send* **10c** *for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 73)

We are informed, however, that Miss Miller had to send no less than twenty cablegrams to Europe before she could obtain Ziegfeld's reluctant consent, he being her professional daddy, on account of the contract he has for her services.

Mary Pickford has branched out into a business all her own. She is going to manufacture dolls, miniatures of her own golden-curled, blue-eyed self. It seems that the plan for the enterprise has been brewing for some time, but is just now reaching fulfilment. It will represent, so Mary says, at least a five-hundred thousand dollar investment.

"The real inspiration for this doll," said Miss Pickford, "is my little niece for whom the first one was designed." The toy is also to fill a demand from the star's many junior admirers. Nearly three-quarters of a year was spent in trying to obtain a suitable reproduction, and the services of various artists were employed. Christian von Schneidau has been commissioned to do the work.

Having flitted and flitted in a very butterfly-like way, Claire Windsor has at last settled in the flowery and flourishing garden of the Goldwyn studios. She had appeared in several pictures made by the company, such as "Grand Larceny," "Brothers Under Their Skins," and "Broken Chains," and they liked her so well they decided to retain her permanently. Miss Windsor has speeded to prominence in three years. Tears were what first melted the goddess of fame, but more recently she has been smiling frequently and with considerable sophistication. The latest large event in her life has been the bobbing of her hair.

Miss Windsor is not only a very successful actress, but also a very competent mother. Her little boy is regarded among the handsomest of filmdom's children.

Anybody who wants an interesting sidelight on acting and personality need only talk to Helene Chadwick for a few minutes. If you ask her what her chief difficulty is in screen playing, she will tell you that it is comedy. Yet la belle Helene is reputed to have done her best work in "Brothers Under Their Skins" in a light rôle. She has another in "Gimme," the Rupert Hughes picture.

Miss Chadwick is one of the truly modest screen celebrities. So unconscious is she of her own popularity, and so lacking in vanity about it, that she keeps an autograph book in which she invites the notables that she meets to write their names. She was the most thrilled person in the world when Mary Garden recently signatured the book. Yet Helene herself is known to probably quite as many people in a more vivid way than is Miss Garden.

When the "Captain Blackbird" company set sail recently from San Francisco for the South Seas, there were very few people along except those making up the film unit headed by Raoul Walsh as director. One not in the picture was Miriam Cooper, who decided to accompany her husband. Another was Mary Jane Irving's mother.

The trip is one of the most extraordinary ever undertaken in the interest of the silversheet. The destination is Tahiti, made famous in the writings of W. Somerset Maugham and Frederick O'Brien, and

(*Continued on page* 112)

Superfluous Hair

Can be permanently removed and

DESTROYED BY ELECTRICITY

But it can be done at your own home,

BY YOURSELF

I have perfected a portable electric battery and full equipment, whereby any person can learn in ten minutes how to use the electric needle with ease and success. Full directions with each battery. You cannot fail. Even if you do, you can do yourself no harm. No danger whatever. My method is simplicity itself. You can remove hair from any part of the body, and when you once destroy the roots, the hair can never grow again. Electricity is a method known to science which

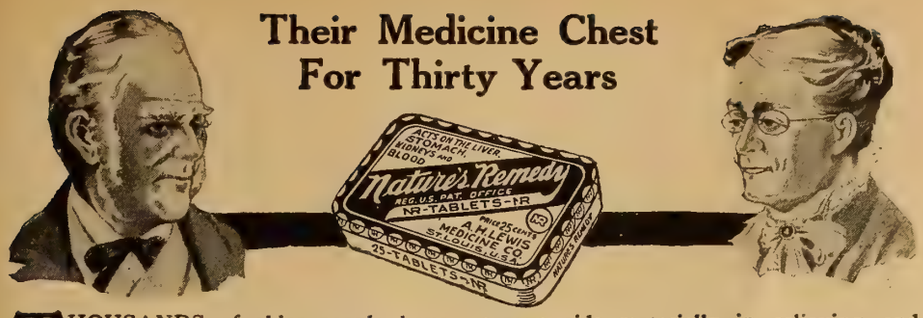
Permanently Destroys Hair Growth

A child, almost, can operate this battery without danger. It cannot possibly go wrong. A good operator can remove over 100 hairs an hour without leaving the tiniest scar or discoloration.

Price complete, with full directions for use, $20.00, prepaid.

EDWARD BRUESTEL
Jamaica - - New York

Their Medicine Chest For Thirty Years



THOUSANDS of older people have been using Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) since it was first offered to the public more than thirty years ago. They have found this remedy a real help in relieving and preventing constipation and the train of distressing disorders which accompany irregular elimination. To them, the red and black box has been a medicine chest for thirty years.

What Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) has done for others it can do for you. Nature's Remedy is *more than a laxative.* It acts on the liver, stomach and kidneys, and by increasing the activity of the eliminative organs aids materially in relieving and preventing constipation, biliousness, headaches, the tired and out-of-sorts feeling, and rheumatism. Try an NR Tablet tonight; see how much better you will feel tomorrow. At all druggists.

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients; then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE COMPANY,
Department K St. Louis, Mo.

The New Corliss Palmer Preparations

The Best in Cosmetics is None Too Good

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows any article to leave the laboratory without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of make-up and insists that by clever use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

We Guarantee Our Preparations to Be Harmless

We enclose directions written personally by Miss Palmer. You cannot go wrong if her words are heeded.

A Special Word Must Be Said of Our Creams— They Are Exquisite and Without Equal

CORLISS PALMER FACE POWDER.....$1.00
CORLISS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM—A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all-day make-up, there is nothing like it..... .50
CORLISS PALMER FACE ROUGE..... .50
CORLISS PALMER LIP ROUGE..... .50
THE FOUR, attractively boxed in set..... 2.50
CORLISS PALMER VANISHING CREAM—A light, dry cream of purity, to be used in the morning, or at any time, to freshen the skin and make a foundation for the face powder .75
CORLISS PALMER CLEANSING OR NIGHT CREAM—A heavier cream, to cleanse the face at night and to soften and beautify the skin .....$ .75
CORLISS PALMER LEMON CREAM—An exquisite cream of even texture, purity and loveliness. For general use on the face and body .75
THE THREE, attractively boxed in set..... 2.25
CORLISS PALMER BEAUTIFIER—A lotion of the finest quality, for those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute corrector of an oily complexion, a bleacher, an astringent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles..... .60

Impressions Are Lasting—Look Your Best at All Times

We will mail, postpaid, any of the above preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash, or money order. (In mailing coins, wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

RICHARD WALLACE - - - BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At drug and dept. stores. **Send 10c for miniature can.**
Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

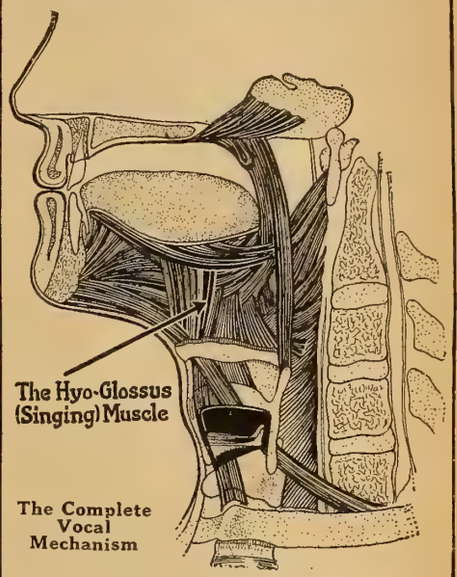
A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

SEND NO MONEY

ANITA-*The Original*-NOSE ADJUSTER
PATENTED

If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER.** In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations. **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER** shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. There are many inferior imitations, but the **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER** is the **ORIGINAL** adjuster highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Self adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. Gentle, porous, **FIRM** and **PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE.** Write today for **FREE** book, "Happy Days Ahead," and our blank to fill out for sizes. Return blank to us and your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you.
THE ANITA COMPANY, 830 Telephone Bldg., SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

The Secret of Caruso's Greatness



Caruso's Marvelous Voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. *Your* Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

You have a Hyo-Glossus muscle in your throat. Upon the state of its development depends the kind of a voice you have. By practicing Prof. Feuchtinger's simple, silent, muscular exercises, in the privacy of your own room, you can positively develop a rich beautiful singing voice, a strong, commanding speaking voice, or correct all defects in speech.

Your Money Back If Not Benefited 100%

You are the sole judge. If not satisfied that your voice is improved 100%, we refund your money. You take no chances. Run no risk of disappointment.

Professor Feuchtinger

Teacher of Great Opera Stars

In Europe Prof. Feuchtinger is famed for his scientific work in voice development by these same methods now offered you. Great Opera Stars have studied under him. Universities bid for his lectures. For three generations the name Feuchtinger has been famous.

Silent Practice in Your Home

These methods are perfectly adapted to correspondence instruction. Have faith in Prof. Feuchtinger and our money back guarantee. Give a few minutes each day to faithful silent practice. The results are certain. You will be amazed at the progress you make in a short time.

Send for Free Illustrated Book To-day

YOU are invited to send today for Prof. Feuchtinger's great book. Free if you fill out the coupon below. Don't wait and perhaps forget—do it now.

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 1267—Chicago, Ill.
Send me the illustrated, FREE book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put X opposite subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

☐Singing ☐Speaking ☐Stammering ☐Weak

Name.....
Address.....
.....*Age*.....

Look Prosperous!

DIAMONDS
wear
FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY
NO MONEY DOWN

Think of it! You can own any of these bargains—the greatest in America—**for a few cents a day.** Your simple request brings your choice for **free examination.** Do not send a single penny.

18 kt. White Gold, 7 perfect cut, blue-white diamonds set in platinum. Looks like 3 carat solitaire.
Special No. 61
Only **$59.50**

When the ring comes, examine it—wear it ten days. If you don't agree it is the most sensational bargain you have ever seen, send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it, it is yours—for a few cents a day. Order direct from this advertisement, if you wish. **Don't send a cent. You do not risk a penny** to see these remarkable bargains.

SEND NO MONEY

These bargains are the latest, up-to-the-minute creations. You may order from this advertisement without risking a penny. Decide which ring you want. Then rush your order to us, so that you may own a most exquisite and beautiful diamond ring without inconvenience.

CHARGE ACCOUNT PLAN

By our new charge account plan, you pay for your choice of thousands of unusual bargains in sums so small you would never think of saving them. After you are pleased, you send only 20% as first payment—then 10% monthly—at the rate of a few pennies a day. You never miss the money. Under our liberal profit sharing plan, you are guaranteed 8% yearly dividends. Also 5% Bonus.

NO RED TAPE

There is no inconvenience or annoyance. We trust you for what you want. No unpleasant features of any kind. You are protected in every way. You save money under the Lyon Charge Account Plan.

Premier Cluster, 7 carefully matched blue-white diamonds set in platinum. Looks like 3½ carat solitaire.
Special No. 71
Only
$69.50

Round Belcher Cluster Platinum set, 7 blue-white quality diamonds. Looks like $500.00 solitaire.
Special No. 64
Only
$87.50

Lyon Trueheart solid platinum diamond ring. Absolutely perfect cut, blue-white quality diamond. Rare value.
Special No. 65
Only
$127.50

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

Send your name and address today for our big million dollar bargain book showing thousands of unusual bargains. Send for your free copy today to Dept 1527

J.M.LYON & CO.
2-4 Maiden Lane N.Y.
In Business nearly 100 years

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 110)

by the gossip of Pacific tourists. It is a wild and wicked tropical island, and so luxuriantly beautiful with tropical vegetation that the picture will probably make the uninitiated fan dizzy for days.

The company will be away three months filming the exterior. The cast finally selected includes House Peters, playing the title rôle, Antonio Moreno, Pauline Starke, George Seigmann, William V. Mong, Rosemary Theby, Baby Mary Jane Irving, Myrtle Lind and Carl Harbaugh. There were many candidates for the leading feminine rôle, but Miss Starke finally won out.

The well-known star system continues to suffer a fearful barometric depression. Latest to announce abolishment is the Selznick Company. Outside, of course, of the Theda Bara unit.

Elaine Hammerstein and Conway Tearle are to play together in a picture with about equal honors, and there is some talk of combining the talents of Owen Moore and the lovely Elaine, as well.

Selznick's have apparently come to California to stay. It is even probable that they will induce Miss Bara to come West, as Hollywood is now officially the center of their operations.

Miss Hammerstein made a trip back East recently to find out whether she liked New York as well as she used to. She returned some weeks ago. At first she was "dreadfully homesick" out here, but is said to be recovering rapidly now under the influence of California breezes.

They *will* get independent, these directors. And it's terribly hard to hold them down when they do. Edward "Ted" Sloman is the latest. Dont know whether you recall him or not. He made pictures for Frothingham for a while, his most successful being "The Ten-Dollar Raise." Now, however, he is going it alone, and his first story is "Blind Justice," by Frank R. Adams.

Elliott Dexter, recognizedly one of the most artistic of screen actors, has apparently solved his future by becoming leading man in Clara Kimball Young's pictures. This is not a small opportunity just now. For Miss Young is making "Enter Madame" from the very clever stage piece of the same title. It sounds as if it will become one of the best themes that the star has had in a long time. Wallace Worsley is directing.

Jackie Coogan just cant seem to hold on to his directors. He has a new one for his latest feature. None other, as it happens, than E. Mason Hopper, who produced the series of "Edgar" comedies for Goldwyn some time ago. Mr. Hopper was successful with most of these films, and seems therefore just about the right man to talk Jackie into doing things before the camera.

The writers are certainly a busy group. They have their own clubhouse, of course, and now they are thinking of improving and enlarging it. What's more, they're planning to build a theater, where the plays of the authors who write scenarios will be presented. Many of these same authors are, of course, expert playwrights, and have longed for a chance to have premières of their spoken dramas, which they go right on writing in Hollywood.

The actors of the cinema colony are

Enchanting Pools of Light

Nothing makes one look so young, fresh and radiant as eyes that are bright and sparkling. Poets have called them "Enchanting pools of light." You, too, can possess the alluring charm of brilliant, vivacious eyes through the daily use of *Murine.*

Murine contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. It is a time-tested lotion that refreshes and enlivens dull, tired eyes. Use it night and morning, and also after motoring and outdoor sports. Sold and recommended by all druggists.

Send 10c postage for 15 days' FREE supply

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
9 E. Ohio St., Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Is your hair dry and brittle? Is it falling out? Have you scalp trouble? If you must answer "yes" to any of these questions, you should order now a jar of the famous Gerard Hairsalve. It nourishes the roots and adds a lustre and brilliance to the hair that is sure to make you more attractive. Send $1 for our special offer of one jar.

GERARD LABORATORIES, 2754 Broadway, New York

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents.* Think of it, only *10 cents!* It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

Brewster Bldg., - - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makes Waists Slim!!

Wear This! Get Rid of Waistline Fat!

Overcome obesity with this featherweight, soft glove-rubber wonder invention. Conquer corpulence with the dual-disc Vacuum Applicator that massages away podginess with each breath you draw, every step you take. Quickens digestion (you can eat what you choose—and yet reduce). Rouses circulation, corrects constipation, lessens waistline AUTOMATICALLY. Utterly comfortable, cannot chafe, no feeling of being corset-bound, but instead the pleasantest sense of being supported. Fits snug, yet feels light and cool—perfectly ventilated! No one can detect your wearing it. Ideal for women and priceless for busy overweight men. Postpaid for $15 and satisfaction absolutely certified! State waist measure in ordering.

Or request detailed description of this Flexible Comfort Reducer Girdle that DOES get rid of FAT quickly and comfortably.

Write direct to

Dr. Thomas Lawton
Dept 501
120 West 70th Street, New York City

$1332.00 CASH AND AUTO FREE

This Offer Open to Men and Women!

A few choice places open for willing workers—men and women—as "Direct from the Factory" Representatives—to introduce our nationally advertised "Zanol" line of high class Food and Household Specialties. All or part time work No experience and no capital needed. Workers making as high as $80 to $100 a week. Beginners $5 to $10 a day. Write for particulars and Free Ford Offer today. American Products Co. 7063American Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE
69 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

much interested, as it means for them a chance to speak their lines again.

The writers are also conducting a relentless war against fake scenario schools. They have asked for reports from everybody of instances of fraud and deception. They are to invoke the "lawr" on whomever they suspect of being guilty.

These stars just will get into trouble with the motor-cops. There's no stopping them. Betty Compson is the latest to become snarled up with the law. Betty, so it seems, was in a bathing suit and shivering. She was in a hurry to get home. She had told the chauffeur to speed up, at least so the motor-cycle officer declared. On stopping her, they handed the Japanese chauffeur a summons, but neither hide nor hair was seen of him afterward. Miss Compson said later that she had discharged him. He had failed to match a new car she had purchased, or something. At time of writing, Betty's fate hangs in mid air.

Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan got along so well together in Cecil de Mille's picture, "Manslaughter," that they are playing opposite each other again in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow." Truth is, Thomas Meighan is starred, and Miss Joy is the feminine lead. Al Green is directing.

A number of steady standbys in the picture "profesh" are appearing together in John Stahl's "The Dangerous Age." A glance at the cast shows us the names of Edith Roberts, Cleo Madison, Lewis Stone and Myrtle Steadman. We remember when all of them, except Stone, were solo stars. Richard Tucker and Ruth Clifford have important rôles.

Upon completing his current feature, "Robin Hood," Douglas Fairbanks is threatening to remove the grease-paint for a time, and specialize as a picture producer exclusively. This was the interesting announcement forthcoming from the Pickford-Fairbanks studios lately. The reason is chiefly that the next film planned by Fairbanks is "The Virginian," Owen Wister's popular story. In this, it is contended, there is no suitable rôle for Doug. The project is still in the air, however.

"Asking me what I will do next after the showing of 'Robin Hood,'" said Doug, "is a good deal like requesting an aviator to say what he would do next if he were forced to land in the middle of the Sahara Desert, because he was out of gasoline. The answer is, 'Maybe, but I dont know for sure.'

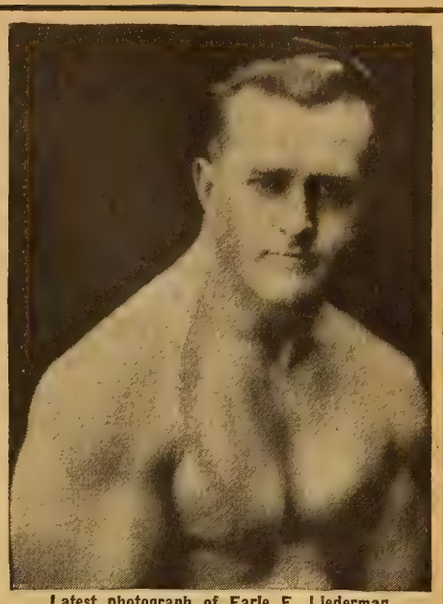
"I did think of playing 'The Virginian' next, but upon advice of counsel, better known as Mary Pickford, I am about to change my mind and produce the feature with some other star in the principal rôle.

"You see, it's a question whether people will accept me as the Virginian, that slow-moving, soft-speaking, easy-going hero of the plains that Owen Wister made all America love.

"Temperamentally I am just the opposite of the Virginian. I always move to a swift temp, and if I do play the Virginian, I respect him so much that I will play him exactly as the author created him."

If Doug decides to produce the story and supervise the directing with someone else in the title rôle, he will take the company to the Jackson Hole country, the Virginian's stamping ground, some time in August. This location is Yellowstone Park.

Marie Prevost has been signed up with the Warner Brothers organization, who contemplating filming a number of novels. She is to play the principal rôle in "The Beautiful and Damned" as her first feature.



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A Rebuilt Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow strong. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old backbone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

Send for My Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is chock full of large size photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his—*absolutely free.* All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute—This may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
DEPT. 310 309 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN Dept. 310, 309 Broadway, New York

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

$100 a Week
in this Fascinating Business

EARN big money as a cartoonist! Millions of dollars were spent last year on comic strips, political and sport cartoons, animated cartoons, etc. Thousands of new cartoonists are needed now to meet the ever-increasing demand for this work. Never before have the opportunities in this fast-growing field been so many, so varied or so high-paying.

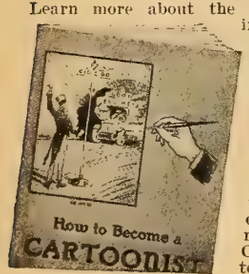
Easy to Learn CARTOONING at Home in Spare Time

Regardless of how little you know about cartooning now, you can easily qualify for a position in this attractive, high-salaried business. This home-study method starts you at the simplest fundamental principles of cartoon-making and takes you through every branch of humorous and serious cartooning. You will be amazed at how quickly it teaches you to draw salable work. Many students of this method began to sell their drawings before they were half through their courses. The training paid for itself long before they finished it.

Learn cartooning this easy way. Enjoy the fascinating life of a successful cartoonist—easy hours, freedom from routine, your own boss, and $3,000 to $15,000 a year for this work that is play!

Send for FREE BOOK

Learn more about the wonderful opportunities in Cartooning, and details about this remarkable home-study method. A handsomely illustrated booklet has just been prepared which, upon request, will be sent to you without the slightest obligation. This booklet gives a thorough outline of the cartooning field, and explains in detail this wonderful new method of teaching Cartooning. Send for it to-day!



WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
1069 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING,
1069 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Please send me without obligation, your Free Booklet on Cartooning and full details of your home-study method of teaching Cartooning.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....
(If under 16, please give age.....)

Perspiration

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. Destroys all bodily odors.
2. Checks perspiration without discomfort.
3. Absolutely harmless.
4. Actually benefits the skin.
5. Serves as a vanishing cream.
6. A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.

"WONDER"

Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

E. FRANK & CO.,
34 Monroe St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

haven't any lady admirers—all men. I'm a little too old for the ladies. Didn't see that Australian production. Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt are playing in "Bought and Paid For."

JOAN D. E.—Sorry I neglected you, but it wasn't intentional. Ethel Clayton is with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, and Charles Clary is playing with Katherine MacDonald. Lon Chaney played in Hope Hampton's "The Light in the Dark." I'm afraid your clipping would be of very little interest to my readers. Sorry. Write me any time.

BILLIE V., BETTY N., CURIOSITY, DIONE, FAN, R. E. G., A FLAPPER, E. B., F. S. W., W. R. D., MARTHA R., AGNES OLIVE SNOW, JULIO ARMAND FOR MINE, H. L. J., BETTY, FLYING PAT, M. S., DARLING DOT, UNDER THE MISTLETOE, CHARLES WILLIAM R., M. M. B., RAMSAY REX, J. M. K., PEGGY MC, WALLY WALLACE, JUST BUD, MARCELLED MARY, SHELIA H., LONESOME NELL and MARY M.—Sorry to have to put you in the also rans. Write me again, and try to ask me something that has not been answered before.

MARY.—I doubt whether you will see Bebe Daniels playing opposite Harold Lloyd now. Art Accord, in "The Days of Buffalo Bill." Douglas MacLean, in "The Hottentot." Betty Compson, in "The Green Temptation." Well, you should save. Correct and thrifty finance is the religion of worldly prosperity.

MADCAP.—It was Oscar Wilde who said, "Men marry because they are tired; women, because they are curious; both are disappointed." Mona Lisa is not playing now. Wanda Hawley is with Lasky. The two children you mention are not playing. Write me any time. I'm always here.

CURLY.—Is buttermilk good for curly hair? Say, you want to write Corliss Palmer, the Answer Man of BEAUTY. Anita Stewart, 6800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Leatrice Joy has the lead in "Manslaughter," directed by Cecil de Mille .

OSKY WOW-WOW.—Your letter was mighty interesting. You say you wonder why the American Revolution hasn't been done in pictures. Probably because most people dont go to the movies to study history. You think "Janice Meredith," by Ford, could be used. Why dont you suggest it to Mr. Griffith? Richard Barthelmess' "All at Sea" has been changed to "The Seventh Day."

ANITA MCP.—Always glad to hear from you. It takes about five days to cross the continent. No, I have never been to Los Angeles. Your joke is very clever. Why does the camel wear two humps? If one fails him, the other reminds him to keep a dromedary date. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! Florence Vidor, in "The Real Adventure."

A. L. T.—You refer to "The Goddess."

C. B.—He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich nor wise. I've missed them all. Gareth Hughes can be addressed at Louis Burston Studio, Universal City, Calif. Rex Cherryman was Gaston in "Camille." You're welcome.

NORMA'S FAN.—So you dont think I have such a big head. I dont think so, either. Eddie Polo is playing in a serial, a modernized version of "Robinson Crusoe." Harry Myers is in the cast. Elinor Fair is pretty. She is playing opposite Henry B. Walthall in "The Able Minded Lady," for the Pacific Film Company. That's a new one to me.

JESSIE R.—Dont confine yourself to do-

PRISCILLA DEAN
FASCINATING
UNIVERSAL STAR
The Witchery of Long Dark Lashes
Shadowy lashes add expression to the eyes. Use LIQUID LASHLUX to lead your lashes, and make them appear longer and darker. Applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper, it dries instantly and lasts.
Unaffected by swimming, perspiration or even weeping at the theatre, Liquid Lashlux is harmless and waterproof.
To nourish lashes and promote growth, use Colorless Cream Lashlux at night. LIQUID LASHLUX (black or brown) 75c. CREAM LASHLUX (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.
SEND A DIME TODAY FOR A SAMPLE OF LIQUID LASHLUX
ROSS COMPANY
79 Grand St. New York
LIQUID LASHLUX

Start a Beauty Parlor
In Your Own Home and Make Money

Wherever you may live, whether in a small town or a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an *Electrolysis Outfit* and learning how to operate with the simple directions accompanying it. *Anybody can learn to do it.* In requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can operate in your own home, because all you require is good light, two chairs and a table. Or you can operate in the homes of your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The usual charge for removing superfluous hair is $5.00 for half an hour's treatment, and there are very few places in this country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an Electrolysis Outfit, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, $20.00.

If you wish to take up other branches of Beauty Parlor work, I will undertake to teach by correspondence the following courses on receipt of price:

Facial Massage	$2.00
Shampooing	2.00
Eyebrows and Lashes	1.00
Reducing	2.00
Wrinkles	1.00
Facial Mud Bath	1.00
Manicuring	3.00
Pimples, Blackheads, etc.	1.00
Double Chin	1.00
Body Massage	1.00

All Ten Courses for $10.00

Each course includes complete directions in simplified form. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as tweezers, bowls, saucers, witch-hazel, glycerine, cold cream, etc., except the mud bath, which is my own secret preparation; but I will make a special price on this and on all my preparations, if my pupils prefer them to others.

This is an Age of Beauty

In a few years you will see Beauty Shops everywhere. Learn the business now! Start in a small way, and some day you may own a handsome Beauty Parlor on the main street with dozens of girls doing the work for you. *There's Big Money in it!*

CORLISS PALMER
Brewster Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIAMONDS-WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT
LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D. 1858
Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED
Send for Catalog
Everything explained. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Pearls, Watches, etc. Any article sent prepaid for Free Examination. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Our immense Buying Power for our Chain of Stores and our large Mail Order House enables us to make lower prices than small concerns.
We invite comparison of quality and prices. You will be convinced that you can do better with LOFTIS.
LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED
The handsome articles shown are SPECIAL BARGAINS selected from our "A1 Best Sellers." Diamonds are dazzling, blue white, perfect cut. Mountings are all Solid Gold. Furnished at prices given, and up to any price you wish. Order by Number.
DIAMOND RINGS: 1—White Gold, $100. 3—White Gold, or Green Gold with White Gold prongs, $75. 5—White Gold, $75. 10—White Gold, or Green Gold with Diamond set in White Gold, $37.50. 11—Yellow Gold, Diamond set in White Gold, $150. 6—WEDDING RING: Platinum, $25; Green or Yellow Gold, $10. 7—WATCH, 17-Jewel, gold-filled, guaranteed 25 years, $27.50. 12—WRIST WATCH, White Gold, 15-Jewel, $35; 17-Jewel, $45.
CREDIT TERMS: One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months.
LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
DEPT. E-615
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores In Leading Cities

Note the remarkable improvement in the same face
You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes With
Maybelline
Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear *naturally* dark, long and luxurious, thereby adding wonderfully to your beauty, charm and expression. Unlike other preparations, absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not spread and smear on the face or make the eyelashes stiff. The instant beautifying effect will delight you. Used by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades, Brown and Black. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad *now* as a reminder.
MAYBELLINE CO.
4750-54 Sheridan Road CHICAGO

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

REAL PHOTOS
OF YOUR SCREEN FAVORITES
YOU admirers of the clever screen stars, just glance through this selected list of the BIG ONES. Wouldn't you like to receive by return mail, genuine photos of your Movie Favorites, size 8x10, in original poses by the Stars? They are beautiful and life-like. Wonderful value for the money. 50c each, 12 for $5.00. Make your selection *now* from this list.

Theda Bara — Rodolph Valentino
Alice Joyce — Mary Miles Minter — Frank Mayo
Mabel Normand — Katherine McDonald
Olga Petrova — Mary Pickford — Mae Murray
Blanche Sweet — Charles Ray
Anita Stewart — Nazimova
Norma Talmadge — Charles Chaplin
Pearl White — Mildred Harris
Earle Williams — Richard Barthelmess
Clara K. Young
or any of the other popular stars.
50c each—12 for $5.00
Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Mail at once with name and address plainly written to
S. BRAM, Dept. 12S, 209 W. 48th Street, New York City
Special proposition to dealers

ing only that which you are told to do. There are always other things to do. Hunt for them, and you'll be able to find them, and do them. The lazy man has always failed in every spot and in everything. Yes, Cullen Landis, in "The Man With Two Mothers," with Sylvia Breamer and Mary Alden.

A. G. S.—Yes, you can use the same title.

PEGGY M.—You say the best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. Never heard of Edward Phillips. Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels, in "North of the Rio Grande."

V. S., Brooklyn.—Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman, in "The Virgin of Stamboul." No, Bebe Daniels is not married. That was Norma Talmadge, in "Sign on the Door."

U. R. WISE.—Not so wise! Great men are those who can control both good luck and good fortune. Yes, Harry Todd was the old man. Herbert Rawlinson and Roberta Arnold are separating. Pauline Frederick played in "The Woman Breed." She is to come back to the stage this fall.

DERVENTE.—Here you are in a nutshell: Never heard of the Porter girl; Thomas Meighan has no children. Yes, I saw "Buddies."

FRANK A. O.—Someone told me once to speak little and well, if I would be esteemed as a man of merit, so I took to writing. Nancy Deaver was Alice in "Chivalrous Charlie." You think she has beautiful eyes. Virginia Faire is playing in "Four Hearts."

FAN FAN.—Cant say that I think Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge are slipping. They are still very popular. Corliss Palmer has not yet started on her next picture, but she probably will have two finished before the summer is over, because they have two all ready to shoot. Allene Ray is still in San Antonio, Texas. Warren Kerrigan, Crane Wilbur and Earle Williams? Alas, how hath the mighty fallen!

LORRAINE.—I dont know of any place where you can buy pictures of the players; but if you write direct to the player, be sure to enclose 25 cents in stamps.

PEGGY O'NEILL.—You want to aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something. Yes, that's an excellent likeness of me.

OLGA F.—Thanks for your verse.

U. R. KIND.—You want to know if I accept confidences and give advice. No, I dont do either. I might give a bit of advice once in a while. Yes, I write the answers in the CLASSIC, too. I have been doing this now for about twelve years. It's about time I was pensioned off, dont you think? Clara Kimball Young, in "The Wordly Madonna."

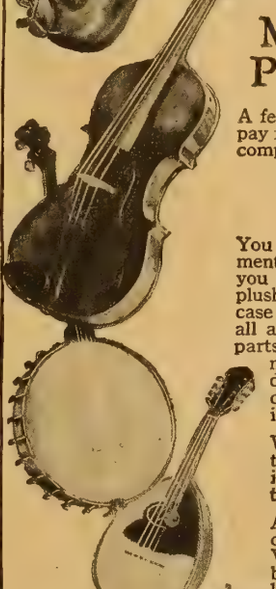
OMAR AT THE MOVIES

By HUGH HOLBROOK

A program headed by my best-loved star,
A cushioned chair, a box of sweets, and thou
Sitting beside me in the dusky space—
Ah, Moveland were paradise enow.

Trade Mark Registered
WURLITZER
200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

Your Choice On Trial

WURLITZER will send you *any instrument* with complete outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial won't cost you a penny.
Monthly Payments
A few cents a day will pay for instrument and complete outfit.
Complete Outfit
You get with the instrument everything that you need—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories, extra parts, self instructor, music, etc.—all at direct cost, practically for the cost of instrument alone.

Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments more than 200 years.
All instruments including Pianos and Victrolas, are embraced in the Wurlitzer plan.

Send for New Music Book
No Charge
Everyknown instrument illustrated with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book is absolutely free. Send the coupon now.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Cincinnati, O. Chicago, Ill.
New York, N. Y. San Francisco, Calif.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1527
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati — 120 W. 42nd St., New York
329 S. Wabash Av., Chicago — 250 Stockton St., San Francisco
Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.
Name .....
Address .....
State musical instrument in which you're especially interested
Copyright 1921, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

BEAUTY has helped many a girl to success

It's simply good business judgment to keep freckles from marring your attractiveness

Beauty has brought many a girl all her heart's desires. The history of the world proves that charm is almost magical in its possibilities.

Its power makes it well worth while for you to cultivate your attractiveness. Don't allow your clear youthful skin to have freckles. Remove them with

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Now sold in the new purple and gold box

It leaves the skin without a blemish, and causes no downy growths. Well groomed girls always keep it on their dressing tables.

If your druggist has no supply, write us direct. Mailed in a plain package. 50c a jar. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Send today for booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" containing helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 33 Aurora, Ill.

YOU CAN PLAY THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR JUST LIKE THE HAWAIIANS!

Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. **In half an hour you can play it!** We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to **only four**—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is **only a matter of practice** to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Our complete course of 52 lessons includes FREE a Beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 pieces of Music. ***Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.***

Also simple courses in Violin, Tenor Banjo, Banjo Ukulele, and Ukulele. Write for particulars.

Just TEAR OUT and mail today

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway (Woolworth Bldg) New York

Please send me full information about your 52 easy lessons and FREE GUITAR OFFER.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....M.P.M.-10

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 65)

papier-mâché head is evidenced. With her sweeping cloak Salome covers the charger, sinking with it to the ground. On her face is the mute cry of desire; desire intermingled with pain, and love and hate. Then comes the title:

"They say that love hath a bitter taste . . .

Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Johanaan. I have kissed thy mouth."

The settings and costuming deserve a paragraph in themselves. They are undoubtedly important—sometimes they are permitted to be more important than the action. Nastacha Rambova, or Mrs. Rodolph Valentino, as you will, is responsible for the bizarre note. It is a symphony of what seems to be black velvet embroidered in and painted in great and fantastic figures of silver. Undoubtedly this sort of thing is effective but only when skilfully handled. Here it often obtrudes upon the action. And we have always been led to believe that the first requirement of any setting or background was to suggest the atmosphere of the action in an unobstrusive manner.

On the whole, Nazimova's production of "Salome" is, if anything, a trifle more erotic, somewhat more decent, and several times more exotic than the "Salome" of Oscar Wilde.

But there are, in several instances, moments of rare and poetic beauty. And these go far in capturing the exquisite beauty of the lost verse.

We hope that Madame Nazimova will not be discouraged if her "Salome" is not received with open arms—

We hope that Charles Bryant will realize that it is easier by far to direct someone other than your wife—

That Madame Nazimova will give the screen more Ibsen, or other fine drama—

And that she will have a director other than a husband.

If "Salome" is a departure from the general run of motion pictures, the same thing cannot be said of "Silver Wings." Here is the old story of mother love; the story which has been tested and tried but not to be found wanting. It always wrings tears from the audience.

Once again the children grow up and leave the home nest—what does it matter if this time the home nest is resplendent because mother has made a success of her sewing-machine factory. Once again the oldest son, black-sheep that he is, rules first over mother's heart.

Then the theme varies a bit—mother becomes extravagant in order to satisfy her favorite's social ambitions. But the fade-out shows the family reunited, arms entwined about the frail little mother.

Mary Carr made her success in a mother rôle wherein she was the victim of her children's thoughtlessness and selfishness. This would seem to cast her in similar rôles until Doomsday. And, as a matter of fact, it wouldn't surprise us any if she was equally as good in a picture which varied infinitely more in theme.

Nevertheless, as we said previously, mother rôles have not been found wanting. You may resent the far-fetched drivel which coats the action, but your throat is apt to become choky.

Mary Carr needs no recommendation to you in mother rôles. And her support, while comprised of unknown players, is for the greater part excellent.

If you like weepy themes dealing with mothers and growing children who, one by one, leave the home nest, you wont be taking any chances in going to see William Fox's "Silver Wings."

It seems to us that only a very few people have the gift of telling a story, whether it be in a novel or on the screen. And this is what Reginald Barker has done with considerable success in "The Storm."

Now "The Storm" makes no attempt at being a great production. You realize this with something of a sigh of relief. It is an interesting story of two men and a girl, heretofore a stranger to both of them, who are snowed under in a little cabin during the winter months. Both men come to love the girl. The man of the woods plays fairly. He matches his primitive qualities against the more sophisticated attractions of his friend from the city. And in the city man the alloy which civilization breeds in the clean standards of men creeps to the surface.

Thrills are always popular. And there is a real thrill in both the blizzard and the raging forest fire. Incidentally, these fire scenes are shown in color.

House Peters is Burr Winton, the man of the woods—Matt Moore is his friend, and Virginia Valli is the piquant French girl.

Perhaps a great many people will remember "The Storm" as the successful stage play of last year and the year before. Nevertheless, stage plays do not always adapt themselves to the screen as well as this one does. The Universal Film Company were wise in the purchase of the screen rights. And they were also capable in their production of the story once it was in their possession.

CENSORED

By L. Cortright

I wrote a circus story once,
With horses and with clowns.
But when the censors saw the thing
Their faces filled with frowns.

They shook their heads in sad dismay;
One even tore his hair.
They said: "We'll cut this equine scene—
The horse's back is bare."

And then I filmed a railroad play,
With engines running fine.
I thought 'twould pass the censors sure;
I even cut out grime.

But when it came to cutting,
They showed colossal nerves
By cutting out my railroad tracks—
Because they showed some curves.

THE THUR-R-R-ILLER!

By Bess Furman

The movie hero stood upon full twenty flaming stories;
The bottom one was quite all gone, which added to his glories,
For, jumping thrice three thousand feet, the sweet star on his arm,
He landed safely in the street—and rang the fire alarm!
Into the terrors of the sea he fell from out a blimp,
A death-bomb missed him narrowly, a bullet left him limp;
When captured by Mex bandits wild, he lit a cigaret,
And in a close-up coolly smiled, "I ain't dead yet!"

NOVEMBER

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Presents **THEDA BARA** *In*

The Return of the First Screen Vampire

a fascinating one-act playlet

***By* GLADYS HALL *and* ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER**

The clever Miss Bara comes back to the screen after an absence of three years. She was the original screen vampire, and her portrayal set the tongues of the world a-wagging.

A reading of this interview-playlet will convince you that it is a Miss Bara of greater charm, intensity and ability who returns to her countless admirers—it will even make an ardent fan of those who never have had the good fortune to see the Bara on the screen.

You cannot afford to miss this number of the

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

SHADOWLAND

Expressing the Arts

MUSIC

Rachmaninoff on Musical Bolshevism, by Jerome Hart. The popularity of the great Russian composer and his work is readily appreciated in this intimate sketch.

DRAMA

The Passing of Stage Decoration, by Sheldon Cheney. Wouldn't it be a bit ironical if stage decoration suddenly tended to disappear from the world's theaters just at the moment when we Americans have developed our finest theatrical talent in that direction?

ART

The Etchings of Edward Hopper. Fine examples of the work of a rising exponent of this popular field of artistic endeavor with editorial comment by the distinguished artist and critic, Guy Pene du Bois.

DECORATION

An Aristocrat in Bohemia. In other words, the home of Robert Winthrop Chandler, the man who prefers to decorate the interiors of the houses of his friends to being a social decoration himself.

TRAVEL

Peterboro', a Town of Artistic Personality, by Edward Hungerford. The author of "The Personality of American Cities" gives us a fascinating pen-picture of the McDowell Colony and the beautiful countryside in which it is situated.

CARICATURE

Wynn Invades Germany. SHADOWLAND's well-known contributor sends some sketches from the banks of the Rhine that are inimitable.

SHADOWLAND *for October*

Regain Your Vigor and Vitality

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Conquer your weaknesses—resist the elements of weakness and ill health that are dragging you down and sapping your very life-forces. Get rid of the nagging complaints that make your life a wretched failure. Shake off Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Nervousness, Headache, Rheumatism and the numerous other results of neglecting the body and abusing natural law. (See Consultation Coupon). Your whole body must be revitalized. You must aid Nature in reviving the worn-out decaying cell-life and rebuild it into live vital tissue. Don't wait until you are bedridden! Don't put it off until you are down on your back, probably dependent on charity! Get busy NOW, before it is too late and

Restore Your Flagging Powers

You are run down mentally and physically. You have burned the candle at both ends — used up your store of precious nerve energy — robbed your blood and cheated your body and brain out of the elements of vigorous manhood! The delicate mechanism of your body is out of adjustment, because you have violated the inflexible laws of Nature. The future looks dark and hopeless to you—but don't be discouraged—cheer up—**you can come back.**

Let Me Make a Man of You!

I can make a new man of you—rebuild you from head to foot. My methods are not experimental; I personally, am the result of the Science I have perfected. No drugs or dope—no pills or tablets—no fads or fancies—just plain common sense, pure science and the unfailing restorative forces of Nature.

I want to help you overcome the weaknesses and deficiencies that make your life a wretched failure. I want to make you over into a virile specimen of 100% Manhood. I want to make you magnetic and energetic—keener mentally—happier—more successful. I am anxious to help you. I can help you with

STRONGFORTISM

The Modern Science of Health Promotion

This is the natural Science that has won for me the world's verdict as the most perfect specimen of physical and health attainment and the most successful scientific physical and health specialist. I have devoted a lifetime to a study of the corrective and restorative forces of Nature. I have organized all that is effective, worthwhile and scientifically correct. From these elements of Science and Truth, I have founded the Principles of Strongfortism. This wonderfully effective Science has restored the health, strength and vitality of thousands of men and women, boys and girls, during the past 25 years. These are the same methods that I want to apply to you and fit you for the joys of life. You can't fail with Strongfortism. I guarantee it—irrespective of your sex, age, occupation or surroundings.

Send For My Free Book

There is a liberal education in my book of Natural Science, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It contains Truths that will mean more to you than anyhing else you have ever learned. I want you to read it. It is absolutely free. Just mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want **special confidential information** and send with a 10c piece to help pay postage, etc. Send for my free book—**Right Now**—TODAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist
Founded 1895

Dept. 975 **Newark, N. J.**

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 975, Newark, N. J.--Please send me your book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** for postage on which I enclose a 10-cent piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Blackheads	..Female Disorders
..Catarrh	..Insomnia	..Increased Height
..Asthma	..Short Wind	..Youthful Errors
..Hay Fever	..Flat Feet	..Manhood Restored
..Obesity	..Stomach Disorders	..Failing Hair
..Headache	..Constipation	..Gastritis
..Rupture	..Biliousness	..Heart Weakness
..Lumbago	..Torpid Liver	..Poor Circulation
..Neuritis	..Indigestion	..Skin Disorders
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Vital Losses	..Stoop Shoulders
..Successful Marriage	..Impotency	..Muscular Development
..Rheumatism	..Weak Eyes	..Great Strength
..Pimples	..Despondency	..Prostate Troubles
	..Diabetes	..Neurasthenia
	..Weaknesses	..THINNESS

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Street..... .City.....State.....

A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

Banish
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Pimples
Freckles
Superfluous Hair
Oily Skin

I tell you how to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Beautify the Lips; Banish Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots Blotches, Sallow and Oily Skin; Beautify the figure, by building up or reducing; Remove Superfluous Hair; Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the skin of Pimples; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.

Send for My Booklet—FREE

Just clip this coupon, write name and address and mail to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Investigate! It costs you nothing to write and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to EVERY WOMAN LIVING, whether homely or beautiful.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 4010, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

CHOICE $1.49 **WEDDING RINGS**

14K GOLD-S.

SEND NO MONEY—Just choose the ring you want, **A, B** or **C.** Send your name, address and finger size. Your ring will come by return mail. **(A)**—Oval, artistically engraved with **Orange Blossoms. (C)**—Heavy Plain Narrow **Yellow Gold English Oval Ring. (B)**—Handsome, Square, Engraved **Bridal Wreath** design. Newest and most fashionable Rings. If you order rings **A** or **B** you can have your choice of **Yellow Gold** or the latest **White Platinum** finish. **Unconditional 10-Year Guarantee.** Pay postman $1.49 on arrival. Money back if not satisfied. **Act Quick!** Only limited number at this special price.

ROE & ELDER
332 Plymouth Court Dept. 129 Chicago

$EARN MONEY$ AT HOME

Be your own Boss. Make 25 to 75 Dollars a week at home in your spare time. We guarantee to make you a Show Card Writer by our New Simple Method. No Canvassing or Soliciting. We sell your work and pay you cash each week, no matter where you live.

Illustrated booklet and terms free

THE DETROIT SHOW CARD SCHOOL

U. S. Office
216 Lohrman Building
Detroit, Michigan

Canadian Office
16 Land Security Building
Toronto, Ontario

Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page 69*)

psychic phenomena than the contract of his manly arms he promptly challenges her love by playing dead. His revival is somewhat amusing. Again a dog grabs about eighty per cent. of the honors.

THE REFEREE—SELZNICK

A man who uses the two fists that God gave him—a man who refuses to look under his pillow for the filthy lucre, but plays the game square. That is Conway Tearle. Ladies and gentlemen, we are introducing him as the third man in the ring. He was once a champion, but he broke his arm. So like most pugilists, he opened a pool-room and refereed fistic encounters on the side. Comes the day when he is asked to give a crooked decision. It is only a scheme on the part of his sweetheart's father to test his honesty. The rest is easy. Selznick has an entertaining picture here—one directed with attention paid to painstaking detail for correct atmosphere. Ralph Ince we salute you for giving us as realistic a ring battle and background as if we journeyed over to Boyle's Thirty Acres. You see it's a story based upon the rise or fall of a man. And it contains everything. If it becomes sentimental, there is Tammany Young and some real "pugs" to lift it out of the commonplace. Mr. Tearle's features are too classic to look the type, but he manages to be sincere. Look for the local color. The picture has it in abundance. It carries a punch without taking the count.

THE DUST FLOWER—GOLDWYN

There is a suggestion of O. Henry in this story of Basil King's. In reading the former's city sketches, "The Four Million," you will notice Cinderella scattered thruout its pages. "The Dust Flower" is a story of a modern Cinderella who is lifted from a suicide grave by a young romancer; the latter, piqued over his financée's Ritzy conduct, resolving to marry the first girl he meets. So Helene Chadwick, possessing suicidal tendencies for the first time, is rescued from a watery grave and installed in a lavish menage as his wife. The story at this point develops an obvious note. The pretty spouse, realizing her shortcomings (she is a product of the slums) and thinking her husband would be happier with his erstwhile sweetheart, makes a hurried exit. It is superfluous to add that reconciliation follows. The brightest part of the interpretation is donated by Claude Gillingwater as the butler—a thoroly delightful sketch, inimitable and charming. Helene Chadwick is satisfying as the girl. She lends a wistful fragrance to the rôle, giving it a spiritual touch. A finely mounted picture is "The Dust Flower." And it carries a smooth running story well told.

HER NIGHT OF NIGHTS—UNIVERSAL

An inconsequential bit of fluff, so light that it fairly dances upon its own projection rays is "Her Night of Nights," a Marie Prevost opus. The visiting buyers come to town and the piquant Marie exhibits herself to intrigue them. Pooh—for their affection! The country swain gets first and last call—even tho he wears store clothes and becomes a shipping clerk. Sort of an old-fashioned girl for a model, dont you think? Marie takes a plunge in the marble pool—but the scene is only a teaser. The plot bubbles forth and is punctured time and again. It is a frail, gossamer pattern and quite stupid. Grandpa and

Keep your Youth

SLENDER lines and a springing step make you *feel* and *look* years younger. Today, to be attractive, you must have the glow of health—sparkle in your eyes—clear skin—and wholesome cleanliness.

Weigh what you Should

There is some reason if you are not well, or if you do not weigh what you should—a reason peculiar to YOU. This can be corrected—and in Nature's way, *without medicine.* The method is simple. With proper direction in exercise and diet you can accomplish this easily. But your exercise and diet must be suited to *your* needs.

Individual Instruction
—by a woman, for women

I have helped over 100,000 women to regain their health and beautiful, graceful figures. I have studied the needs of each—and to every one of them I have given individual instruction.

This has been my life work. For over 20 years I have been helping the women of America to ***reduce*** or ***increase*** their weight, to look well, feel well, BE well. They have followed my easy directions in the privacy of their homes—and the results have been positively MARVELOUS.

My Booklet Free

You, too, can weigh what you should. You, too, can keep or regain your youthful figure. Write for my free booklet illustrating how to walk, stand and breathe. Tell me your height, weight and age. If you have physical ailments, tell me about them. I never betray a confidence. If I cannot help you, I will tell you so frankly. Write for my booklet *today.*

I can give you a part of my exercises on phonograph records. I will send you a trial record for Fifty Cents.

Susanna Cocroft
Address Dept. 49
1819 Broadway, New York

EARN MONEY AT HOME

By coloring and selling our line of black and white Greeting Cards and Folders. Beautiful designs—Fascinating work—Big profits. Our 1922 Christmas and everyday line is in stock. Our illustrated catalog "Pleasant Pages" gives all information. It's free. Or send $1.00 for sample box of cards and folders. When colored will retail for $4.50.

Little Art Shop, Inc., 632 F Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Gervaise Graham Hair Color

A clear, clean, harmless liquid brushed through the hair quickly restores the original color and natural beauty to

Gray Hair

Guaranteed to be harmless to the hair and scalp. Used by thousands of women for 34 years. At all druggists or by mail, price $1.50.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Gervaise Graham, 33 W. Illinois St., Chicago:

Please send me, *free of charge*, a sample of Gervaise Graham Hair Color in a plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....

uncle will want to see the picture. Be sure to tell them.

TRIMMED—UNIVERSAL

We have seen pictures where dogs rescued not only the leading characters but also the plot, but here is an expression which gives Hoot Gibson, the spotlight, showing a story bolstered up by a donkey. And by never stepping out of character, the jackass adds a touch of merriment to this episodic tale of a returned war-hero, who is elected to the office of sheriff for the mere sake of being embarrassed by the country yokels who control the votes. Animals never step out of character. That's why they are so real—so natural. The bright spot in this slender western depicts Gibson bringing in the murderer via donkey express. The guilty plotters are all locked up in the village bastile—in the same cell with the jackass and his passenger. "Trimmed" is so episodic that the director must have shot his scenes as he cried "Action!" Gibson wears the orthodox checkered shirt and a huge dental smile. And he can frown like a naughty boy deprived of his marbles.

OUR LEADING CITIZEN—PARAMOUNT

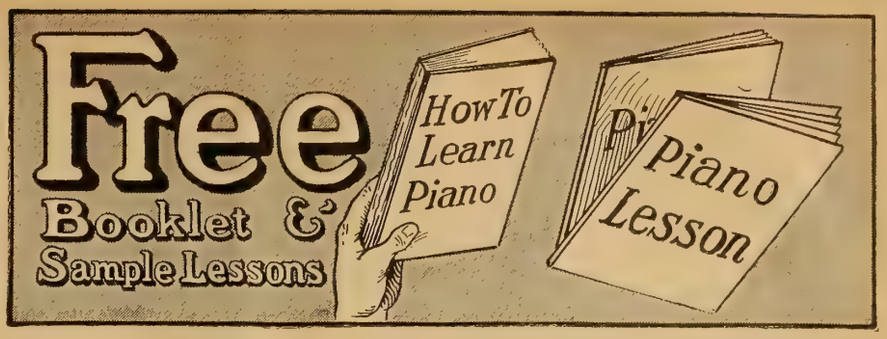
This is said to be George Ade's first original story for the screen, and any of you who are familiar with the gifted Hoosier's work will instantly recognize his style of writing—his own peculiar brand of humor. There is a suggestion of his "County Chairman" in the depiction of "back country" politics and tho the direction is uninspired, there being a monotonous repetition of scenes, still you are certain to be entertained thru the breezy captions and Tommy Meighan's portrayal of the lazy war hero who would rather fish for trout than fish for the votes of his constituents. You must understand that the *girl* has awakened the sleeping fires in him so that he becomes really ambitious. The plot gets its expression from the conflict of the rival candidates. Any of you who live in the country will recognize the types. None have been exaggerated. Lois Wilson makes a pretty and wholesome heroine, while Theodore Roberts chews the cigars in the best manner of a gum-shoeing politician. James Neill and Guy Oliver lend color to their respective rôles of candidate and fisherman.

THE TROUPER—UNIVERSAL

Gladys Walton is hardly recognizable in this crazy-quilt story of a slavey who is the jill-of-all-trades for a cheap road company touring the back country. Any of you who have seen this personable star of late will agree with us that she is getting on in the screen world. But in "The Trouper" we'll have to chalk up a black mark against her. Mack Sennett has taken this identical plot and burlesqued it for a hearty laugh. Here the sponsors have attempted to adopt a fifty-fifty measure. Oodles of sentiment and pathos drip from its serious scenes, for the slavey is kicked and cuffed around by the company in the manner of the proverbial stepchild, while at other times there are a few fleeting moments of ridiculous hokum—after the manner of Sennett. The picture is an easy reminder of nickelodion days, there being nothing subtle or imaginative about it. The actress of the company vamps the wastrel son of the village Crœsus and the slavey is used to bring order out of chaos.

SOUTH OF SUVA—PARAMOUNT

They are beating the tom-toms, these Fiji Islanders, preparatory to offering Mary Miles Minter as a sacrifice to a hea-



Stop Wondering *How* I Teach Piano; I'll *Show* You FREE!

Year after year you've seen my advertisement in all the leading publications, offering to teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time. Year after year my school has grown until now I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. In 1921 over a thousand students *graduated* from my Piano or Organ course and received their diplomas.

Yet, when I first started giving piano and organ lessons by mail in 1891, my method was laughed at. Could my conservatory have grown as it has, obtained students in every state of the Union, and in fact practically every civilized country of the world unless it produced very unusual and satisfying RESULTS for its students? See for yourself what it is that has brought my method so rapidly to the front. Write for free booklet and sample lessons.

Now for the first time, you can obtain sample lessons without charge. In the past I have always been opposed to sending out free lessons, even to persons who were seriously interested in my course. But my friends have insisted that I give everybody a chance to see for themselves just how simple, interesting and DIFFERENT my lessons are, and I have consented to try the experiment *for a short time.* Simply mail the coupon below or write a postcard, and the 64-p. booklet and sample lessons will go to you at once absolutely free and without obligation.

Within four lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practise months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention, the Colorotone. Another invention obtainable only from me is my hand-operated moving picture device, Quinn-dex. By means of Quinn-dex you actually see my fingers in motion on the piano, and can learn just how to train your own fingers.

When I say that I can teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time, do not think that this is too good to be true. Modern inventions and improved methods have accomplished just as great wonders in other branches of education. You at least owe it to yourself to *investigate.* Send coupon or postcard at once, before the offer of free sample lessons is withdrawn.

Quinn Conservatory Studio
M. G. 50
598 Columbia Road
Boston, 25, Mass.

Free Book Coupon

Quinn Conservatory
Studio, M. G. 50
598 Columbia Road
Boston, 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," free sample lessons, and full particulars of your method.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 880-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD

Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue • • New York City

7 Diamond Solitaire Cluster $5.00 A Month

Special Price $55

Seven perfectly cut, blue white Diamonds are so closely set in Platinum, and so exquisite is the workmanship that the solitaire resemblance is actually startling. Looks like a single 2 ct. Diamond. Don't send us a penny—we'll send the Ring entirely FREE. If satisfied, pay $5.00, then send the balance in ten months, $5.00 a month. If not satisfied, return.

FREE

De Luxe Diamond Book showing over 2,000 Bargains in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry—**ten months to pay on everything.** Write to Dept. **312-R**

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
CAPITAL $1,000,000.
L·W·SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Can Any Woman Afford To Look Masculine?

Positively not! And moreover, there is no excuse for your having a single hair where it should not be.

Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser. Do not confuse *ZIP* with ordinary depilatories.

ZIP gently lifts out the roots and in this way **destroys the growth.**

Rapid, simple to use, fragrant, safe and painless, it leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Women everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using *ZIP* for destroying superfluous hair on face, underarms and body; creating the new arched brow; clearing the back of neck below bobbed hair; freeing the forearm and limbs. Avoid imitations.

THREE TYPES OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Which type have you? Write for Free Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret"; which tells you, or when in New York call at my Salon to have **FREE DEMONSTRATION.**

ZIP ★ IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Guaranteed!

Madame Berthé
Specialist

At All Good Stores or Direct by Mail

Just Mail This Coupon Today

MADAME BERTHÉ, Dept. 643
562 Fifth Ave., (46th St.) New York

Please send me your Free Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret," also free sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three to six months' course. Modern equipment. Day or evening classes. Easy terms. Ask for Catalog No. 29.

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY

NEW YORK 141 W. 36th St. | CHICAGO 630 So. Wabash Ave. | BROOKLYN 505 State St.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

Full particulars and Booklet Free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL

211 Ryrie Building Toronto, Can

then god. Mary has drifted down there to be with her husband after many years separation. But the tropics have conquered him. She flees to her boat companion. Which of course takes us right back where we started. This is South Sea stuff, so old that the creaking machinery can almost be heard. We cannot offer you much entertainment with "South of Suva." Even its backgrounds and details are faulty. The "blacks," we venture, never heard of Suva and their wigs strike a discordant note. And a town painted on canvas representing a harbor scene—oh, Frank Urson, how could you? White-hot romance, passion and barbaric gew-gaws are stirred up in the cannibal pot. It is not a tasty dish. Walter Long gets a colorful tropical slant from the bestial husband.

A Self-Made Man—Fox

George Horace Lorimer wrote this one. He is the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Presumably the type of story which he loves best didn't come thru on schedule, so he promptly took his pen in hand and dashed off a few lines about the square-jawed youth who gets on in the world by using pluck and perseverance. Rather an old idea, isn't it? Yet an idea which never fails. If you doubt it, consult the *Post's* circulation figures. There are hardly five reels of story here, consequently the early scenes introduce a large slice of hokum. William Russell is the self-made man who is kicked out by his parent and who finds his character awaiting him outside. The father has a wide-awake competitor whose son slaves to put Bill's dad out of business. So on to the big fight in the manner of the daily scramble in the Stock Exchange. Take the boys. The next day they might run your errands without being bribed.

The Understudy—Robertson-Cole

Stories of stage life are like the little girl. When they are good, they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. "The Understudy" is not so horrid as it is silly. It is nothing more or less than a Christie comedy—one of the polite two-reelers stretched to five reels. Result? A large size vacuum. Is it any wonder that such able farceurs as Otis Harlan and Arthur Hoyt look out of place? It is as if the director pulled the strings and the marionettes proceeded to execute their capers. An understudy doubles in brass both on and off the stage. Fascinated by her pep, the youth's wealthy father sends for his collegiate son—who has been assigned to Western pastures that he may forget the blandishments of a mercenary chorine. Call it puerile piffle and let it go at that.

The Half Breed—First National

This picture takes us back to Broncho Billy's early days. Which is another way of saying that it is hopelessly antiquated. Carrying an impossible plot, produced without any revelation of sequence, it seems like a waste of time and money on the part of the sponsors to have considered it at all. Close-ups, more close-ups, and useless hokum of a collegiate brand together with descriptive titles made necessary to explain what it is all about—these are a few samples of what "The Half Breed" contains. Lacking as it is in logic, smoothness of plot, naturalness in interpretation, we will have to condemn this with a censorship complex all our own. Those who are paid to hear six o'clock strike in America might better turn thumbs down when they see pictures reverting to an ancient type. Walk rapidly by the theater where this is showing.

The Ladder Jinx—Vitagraph

"Too Much Business" established Jess

Easy to Play Easy to Pay

BUESCHER True-Tone Saxophone

Clyde C. Doerr, B.M. Director Club Royal Orchestra, makers of Victor Records for dancing. Hear their Buescher instruments on your phonograph.

Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you desire. Unrivalled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music.

Free Trial You may order any Buescher Instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. 75% of all popular phonograph records are played with Buescher instruments. Ask for pictures of the Nation's Record Makers.

Saxophone Book Free After nearly 300 years' supremacy, string instruments are almost entirely displaced by Saxophones in all nationally popular orchestras. Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophone takes violin, cello and bass parts and many other things you would like to know. Ask for your copy. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free. (59)

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2159 Buescher Block ELKHART, INDIANA

Sax Invented the Saxophone Buescher Perfected It

DON'T ENVY BEAUTIFUL ANKLES HAVE THEM!

YOU need no longer envy beauty of ankle line. BONNE FORME makes BEAUTIFUL ANKLES.

Worn at night BONNE FORME gives definite rest and comfort to tired, aching feet and ankles. BONNE FORME SHAPES YOUR ANKLES to the CORRECT LINES.

Write for our *free* illustrated booklet and learn what famous stars like Marion Davies and Doris Kenyon, who have used BONNE FORME, say; better yet, just slip $5.00 in an envelope and we will send BONNE FORME postpaid by return mail.

Sold under a sweeping money back guarantee.

L. R. TAYLOR CORPORATION
18 WEST 34th St. Dept. A-4 NEW YORK CITY

Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions **Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch.** Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age. **Farmer Burns,** 1527 Br. Exchange, Omaha, Neb.

A New Perfume!

The most exquisite perfume in the world, send for sample—sells at $15 an ounce and worth it. Rieger's Flower Drops—made without alcohol; made direct from the essence of the flowers themselves. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at $15 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Other Offers

Direct from us or at dealers.

Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.
Lilac, Crabapple $1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, ... $2.00
Mon Amour Perfume sample offer, 1oz. . $1.50
SOUVENIR BOX
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crabapple. Write now.

PAUL RIEGER & CO.
196 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
(Since 1872)

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

MORE THAN $100 a Day!

CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND," receives more than $100 a day. There are many other cartoonists making incomes that would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist.

Federal training gives you the opportunity to develop your ability under the guidance of 60 of America's leading artists and illustrators. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in a 32-page book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and many other stars on the Federal Staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement. Write your name, address and age in the margin and mail it now.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc., 1020 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort.. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100%.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed leggs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, Specialist, 247 L, Ackerman Bldg. Binghamton, N. Y.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-758, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. **B. N. Bogue, 3066 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.**

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.

WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. D
64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

Robbins as a director capable of inspiring a happy touch to light comedy patterns. His latest entry, "The Ladder Jinx," while not containing the story substance, nor the keen shafts of subtle humor, travels with enough speed and hokum possibilities to please seven patrons out of ten—the other three being sticklers for realities. The title spells an evening with the superstition complex, and sure enough the contents of the improbable tale are filled with one long-drawn-out jinx. The entire incident happens in one afternoon, evening and morning of the following day, and the figure of the hard luck is a newly appointed bank cashier. From the moment that he walks under a ladder the jinx is his invisible companion. His bride-to-be is kept waiting and a theft at the bank causes him to be accused of the crime. You cannot take it seriously, and you will admit that it is often amusing and could be made more so if compressed into three reels. In the cast are Tully Marshall and Otis Harlan, two players always dependable whenever they are given opportunities. The former, who demonstrated a gift for comedy expression in "Too Much Business," comes forward with a rich character sketch. "The Ladder Jinx" will not linger in your memory long. It lives its little hour for the sake of brightening up the day for the jaded.

My Dad—Film Booking Offices

If you should ever care to write scripts for the screen and you were stumped for a story, a safe plan would be to follow the favorite formula of the Canadian Northwest. First select your background of eloquent vistas presenting an animated Corot. Next center your plot around a fur-trading post with the factor the god of the machine. Follow this with the usual melodramatic flavor of a killing. Bring in the Mounted if you care to. And before you know it, your words will grow into paragraphs and your paragraphs into a complete story, ready for any producer. "My Dad" is old—very old stuff. True it leaves the Mounted at the post, introducing a scheme of vengeance in its place—a scheme which drives a youth onward to clear his father's name. There is some physical action which offers a dog rescuing his master after the manner of "The Silent Call"—a dog which, incidentally, gives the best performance in the cast. The only hard work connected in such a story is finding enough background to give it a scenic investure. We understand that film companies have to wait weeks for a snowfall. While they are waiting it seems as if they could give a thought to novelty. Probably they are passing the time talking over their next script.

John Smith—Selznick

If you want to get inside information on how to keep your servants, then go and patronize "John Smith" at your favorite theater. An ex-convict, certain of redemption, is commissioned by his employer to put his mother's estate in order. The irritable lady of the manse has become exceedingly perplexed over the servant question. However, Smith arrives and restores harmony. He has learned something of government and restraint during his confinement. This feature places Eugene O'Brien at a higher value, for the simple reason that Gene doesn't take up so much space in grand gestures and pretty postures as in some former attractions. The story may be said to carry a fair share of entertainment, principally because it is founded upon a crook's redemption. The reformed convict idea never fails. Freud will advise you that

"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well. Yes, I was afraid you would always be 'a jack of all trades and master of none.'

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. And I knew that your employers couldn't help but notice the difference in your work.

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6638, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

☐Business Management	☐Salesmanship
☐Industrial Management	☐Advertising
☐Personnel Organization	☐Better Letters
☐Traffic Management	☐Foreign Trade
☐Business Law	☐Stenography and Typing
☐Banking and Banking Law	☐Business English
☐Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐Civil Service
☐Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐Railway Mail Clerk
☐Bookkeeping	☐Common School Subjects
☐Private Secretary	☐High School Subjects
☐Business Spanish ☐French	☐Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

☐Electrical Engineering	☐Architect
☐Electric Lighting	☐Blue Print Reading
☐Mechanical Engineer	☐Contractor and Builder
☐Mechanical Draftsman	☐Architectural Draftsman
☐Machine Shop Practice	☐Concrete Builder
☐Railroad Positions	☐Structural Engineer
☐Gas Engine Operating	☐Chemistry ☐Pharmacy
☐Civil Engineer	☐Automobile Work
☐Surveying and Mapping	☐Airplane Engines
☐Metallurgy	☐Agriculture and Poultry
☐Steam Engineering ☐Radio	☐Mathematics

Name.....

6-26-22

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

A Slim Figure~

One safe and sure way to obtain it

Reduce your superfluous flesh Externally thru your daily bath with fragrant

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

The One and Only external reducer, Safe and Harmless. GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epsom salts or harmful ingredient.

No violent exercises, no deprivation—Just Bathe and Grow Thin.

Fourteen Treatments, $3.00. Thousands testify to almost miraculous results.

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 plus 25c for postage and packing. ($4.00 in Canada) direct to

Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co., Inc.
Dept. J-7., 49 E. 102d St., New York

Now Sweeping the Country

because it gives long-desired and amazing results. From its original orange color it turns to a beautiful, delicate, ***natural*** blush as soon as applied to skin. Easily blended to any tint to suit any complexion. ***Won't rub off!*** —lasts all day or evening. Bathers are wild about its ***waterproof*** qualities. And this success will be duplicated by the wonderful new

Mad Cap Face Cream

Softens and cleanses skin—penetrates pores, removing blackheads and all foreign matter—immediate relief for sunburn. Keep your skin youthful with this delicate pink, cooling, soothing, delightfully scented face cream. Try both these toilet necessities now on our

Special Trial Offer

of a regular 75-cent jar of Mad Cap Rouge and a 75-cent, 2-ounce jar of Mad Cap Face Cream for only $1.00. Just pin a dollar bill to this coupon and mail today.

---------- COUPON ----------

KOLAR LABORATORIES, 10-M,
4 So. Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send me postage prepaid, your special offer in "MOTION PICTURE."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

WHY DONT YOU BUY
CLASSIC
The picture book de luxe of the movie world

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including terrific acid test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

Wear a Corodite Diamond 7 Days Free

Make this test. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 7 days. If you or your friends can tell the difference, send it back; you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring, the price printed here is all you pay. No installments. Remember, Corodites alone have the same cutting as genuine stones.

No. 1—Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring $2.84
No. 2—Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring . . . $3.48
No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Gypsy Ring $4.27
No. 4—Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, flat finish $3.96
No. 5—Ladies' Tiffany Orange Blossom Engraved . . $3.54

Carat size gems. Beautiful mountings of most modern design. Choice of gold or latest white platinum finish. Unqualified 20-year guarantee. Handsome art-leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send name, address and number of ring wanted and size as shown by slip of paper, fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 7 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

E. RICHWINE CO.
333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 169 Chicago, Illinois
Sole Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds

everyone secretly nourishes a sympathetic bond for a jailbird. Some would even trade places with him—for a lark. Among the embellishments of the picture are charming Mary Astor, the colorful Tammany Young, the quaint Vivia Ogden and the dependable George Fawcett. Surely nothing amiss in the interpretation.

MAN'S LAW AND GOD'S—AMERICAN RELEASING CORP.

It is getting to be that one's picture fare is just one Northwest Mounted pattern after another. With no variations expected (it would be a milestone in production if some were offered) the spectator sits back, catches the characters and the workings of the plot, and proceeds to take a nap, feeling certain that when he awakes everything will be in its customary place. If he does not go to sleep he may at least feast his eyes upon the vast, open spaces. Certainly he wont be intrigued by the plot. The author of "Man's Law and God's" presumably didn't know what he was going to do when he dashed off this opus. It borders upon all dramatic ingredients without getting beneath the surface of any of them. In a confused sort of way it teaches the dangers (mark this) of courtship by mail. The officer's uncle desires to see him married. The ad appears in a matrimonial paper and a sophisticated girl from the East answers it. What follows is the inevitable rescue of the fair romancer when she foolishly allows herself to accompany a desperate character who dotes on cameos. This ruffian has foully murdered an old woman for the inconspicuous cameo pin she wears. The picture is of the vintage of 1912.

THE MAN UNCONQUERABLE—PARAMOUNT

Hail to the South Seas! Here is Jack Holt smashing and crashing his way in one of those straight-from-the-shoulder melodramas. It is not a story of a redeemed beach-comber, nor does it present the lovely sloe-eyed half-caste girl who charms him away from civilization. Violent is the action when Jack is beset on all sides by the riff-raff of the islands. He has inherited his uncle's pearl fisheries, and before he is able to collect the precious jewels they introduce some new melodramatic trick such as using a machine gun from a boat. There isn't much deliberation. Consequently you will miss the suspense. Sylvia Breamer plays the Spanish girl with creditable verve. Others involved in the scheme that might makes right are our old friends Edwin Stevens and Clarence Burton. You, who do not care to sit thru this up and at 'em story, please leave the theater quietly.

ALWAYS THE WOMAN—GOLDWYN

It is quite easy to trade upon the popularity of "The Sheik" and other Oriental stories which have met with success on the screen. Betty Compson takes a leaf from Valentino's note-book to give us a dash of Egyptian hocus-pocus. And what a leaf it is! It being Betty's own production she has used the camera without discretion. And you look in vain for the talent which marked "The Miracle Man." Betty is a vaudeville dancer traveling via steamship to Egypt and she is brought up sharp with a colorful past thru a steerage passenger, an Egyptian, informing her that she is the reincarnation of a queen of the Nile who ruled when every king built a pyramid of his own. It is picturesque in some degree. That is all. But its development is as difficult to read as a group of Egyptian hieroglyphics. We advise Betty to give up such ambitions as this in the future.

Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so-called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00 $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle
Dept. N-29, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York

Lovely Eyes

The remarkable waterproof properties of *Delica-Brow* were strikingly demonstrated by Miss DuPont in the filming of "FOOLISH WIVES," Universal's Million Dollar Picture. Because this wonderful liquid eye-lash and brow dressing is rainproof, tearproof and perspiration proof, it cannot run or smear and the fascinating beauty of Miss DuPont's eyes, with their perfectly arched brows and glorious lashes was preserved unimpaired through the drenching rain.

Send Now for Sample of
Delica-Brow Liquid
Eye-Lash and Brow Dressing

Send direct to Delica Laboratories, Inc., 3933 Broadway, Chicago, only 25c, for a generous sample (2 weeks supply) of this indispensable aid to beauty with bone handle brush. Specify black or brown. Large package, $1.00, postpaid, or at all leading drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Money back if not delighted. Be sure to get the genuine DELICA-BROW—the original liquid preparation.

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc.
30 Church St. NEW YORK — CHICAGO — 734 Cole St. SAN FRANCISCO

WE WILL PAY $100,000

Every Reader of This Magazine Who Desires It May Share in the Awards

Your Share Will Be What You Make It

Yes, we are going to pay out many thousands of dollars during these next few months, and every reader of this magazine who desires it may share in the awards.

The days may be pleasant now, but it won't be long before there will be a wild scramble for Fall and Winter clothes. And what about money for Christmas presents? December 25th will be here before you realize it.

Better look over your resources now, and if you want us to help you make some extra money, now's your chance.

You Can Earn $50.00 In Spare Time

Perhaps you'll find that $50 will about cover your requirements. This amount you can earn in spare time. If you are looking for a permanent income of $25 or $50 a week, this you can get through full time work. Whatever the amount that you need, whether you are man or woman, it will pay you to investigate this offer.

Everywhere, we need representatives to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for our four well-known and popular magazines. As those now working will testify, the work is both pleasant and easy to do. No previous experience is necessary. Just show us that you are interested and we will help you to any goal you desire to reach. Write today for particulars of our commission and salary offer. Send us a letter, postal or the handy coupon below.

CUT HERE

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
Desk 10M, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me particulars of your money making plan as advertised.

Name.....

St. and No.....

City.....State.....

She Wears Her Priscilla Dean Tam

For Every Occasion

And you will, too, when you see how practical it is and how well it looks on you. Priscilla Dean designed this tam for the girl who wants a snappy, well fitting and charmingly attractive hat for outdoor wear.

There's a color to match any sweater or any costume—and the price is so little—$1.50—that every girl should have at least one besides her regular hat. Makes a wonderful gift for any woman or little girl.

Priscilla Dean Tams are made of the finest quality suede cloth—a soft, pliable material that drapes so gracefully at any angle. Always has that trim, tailor-made look because the inner elastic band makes it fit any head comfortably. A neat band of grosgrained ribbon and a cute little bow complete the picture.

Priscilla Dean Tams come in two sizes—one for young ladies, the other for children.

Twelve Popular Shades

Red, Pheasant, Copenhagen, Navy, Black, Sand, Jade, White, Orange, Brown, Orchid, Coral.

Priscilla Dean Tams Are Sold At All the Best Stores

Get yours today. If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.50 with coupon or letter and we will send you a Priscilla Dean Tam *Postage Paid.* Be sure to state color and whether for young lady or child.

It's Tam Time

Look for the Priscilla Dean Label

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.,
902 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is $1.50 (Canada $2.00) for which please send me a PRISCILLA DEAN TAM

In_____ (Color) For_____ (Miss or Child)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Money refunded if desired.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
MFGS of PRISCILLA DEAN HATS

Six Reasons Why

Beauty

Is the Most Popular Woman's Magazine
On the News-stands

I—Because it is the final authority on all things that make a woman physically and mentally attractive and charming.

II—Because its authoritative articles and departments are in the hands of well-known experts, and are written and illustrated in a most fascinating manner.

III—Because it presents the latest information from the realms of Society, Fashion, and the Stage.

IV—Because it offers the best of fiction entertainment—serials, playlets, short stories.

V—Because pictorially it is a real feast of Beauty. It gives you the most recent and perfect work of the finest artists and photographers.

VI—Because it is conducting a nation-wide search for America's loveliest girl.

Buy the November number and discover other reasons why BEAUTY is the most popular woman's magazine on the news-stands.

Special Features in the November Number

"The Place of the Beauty Specialist in the Community," a fascinating article by that internationally recognized authority on beauty, Mme. Helena Rubinstein.

The first of a series of articles on *"The Rejuvenation of the Middle-aged Woman,"* by another well-known expert, Carmita de Poleus Jones.

A surprise for you in the concluding chapters of Montanye Perry's popular serial, *"Violets and Spice."*

Beauty

For November

On sale on all news-stands October Eighth

Molly Malone, appearing in Goldwyn pictures. Miss Malone is one of many attractive women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion. From a photograph by Clarence S. Bull.

To gain and retain the charm of a perfect complexion

EVERY day—regularly—treat your skin with Ingram's Milkweed Cream. More than a face cream, more than a cleanser, Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness—soon banish annoying little blemishes.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to "tone-up"—***revitalize***—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Used faithfully, it will bring to you, just as it has to thousands of attractive women, the matchless charm of a fresh, wholesome complexion. At your druggist's —50 cents and $1.00.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY

Established 1885

21 Tenth Street — Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario. British residents address Sangers, 42A Hampstead Rd., London, N.W.1. Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 383 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington. Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.

Ingram's Rouge

Ingram's Rouge is now supplied in a new package—a thin, handsome, purse size metal vanity-box, with mirror and eiderdown pad. Ingram's Rouge is a safe, trustworthy preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color—the coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. It is prepared in a solid cake, alluringly perfumed. Furnished in four perfect shades—Light, Medium Rose, Medium Natural and Dark. At your druggist's—50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Send a dime, with coupon below, for Ingram's Beauty Purse.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse, a souvenir packet containing samples of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Ingram's Rouge, Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, an eiderdown powder pad and samples of other Ingram Toilet-Aids.

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Irresistible!
MAVIS
FACE POWDER
White Flesh Rose Sachet
and the new Duo Tint
OTHER MAVIS PRODUCTS
Face Powder . . 50c
Poudre Creme (Cream Face Powder) 50c
Talcum Powder 25c
Toilet Water . $1.00
Lip Sticks . . 25c
Cold Cream . . 50c
MAVIS
TALC 25c
purest import talc in the tall red can with the gilt top
FACE POWDER 50c
15 well known face powders failed to pass through the silk through which Mavis is sifted
COLD CREAM 50c
refreshes and stimulates your skin
ROUGE 50c
makes you irresistible
POUDRE CREME 50c
(cream face powder) for dry and coarsened skins

PARIS **VIVAUDOU** NEW YORK

Are you giving your hair the right treatment

Different types of hair need different treatment to bring out their beauty and lustre—there is a tested treatment for your individual type of hair.

NATURE intended every woman to have beautiful hair—hair that is full of lights and lustre—hair that is soft and silky to touch.

This is a message to women who wish to keep this beauty or who would restore it.

For the cause of most all hair troubles is now known. And there is now an ideal method of treating your hair that deals directly with the cause of these troubles.

There is an oil in the scalp, secreted by the glands of the hair, called Sebum. It is nature's beautifier. It is this Sebum oil which gives your hair its natural beauty and lustre—when your hair is healthy.

But, like all skin secretions, its flow is often excessive. Then your hair becomes oily, or full of dandruff and later scales.

This is the danger signal. For Sebum, if neglected, becomes the chief source of harm to your hair. It clogs the roots—it stops the natural flow of this oil. Your hair becomes dry and brittle.

And this Sebum, if neglected, quickly decomposes, forming fatty acids, which inflame the scalp, burn away the tissue, and if left unattended to, generally kills the hair roots.

The first step is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the surplus, purge the pores and follicles.

But not with ordinary soaps and cleansers. For you must aim at the Sebum. You must remove it—dissolve it—clear it from your scalp, in a way that will not harm the delicate tissues.

Once the cause of hair trouble was known, our chemists began their search for an effective remedy.

They have developed in Palmolive Shampoo, we believe, the best way yet known to combat Sebum effectively.

The next thing is to care for your hair as you would your complexion, to bring out its beauty and lustre. Together with the Sebum combatant our chemists have blended Olive Oil. Nothing throughout the ages has yet proved the equal of Palm and Olive Oil for bringing out the lustre, sheen, and silky softness of your hair.

To show you the effectiveness of this shampoo treatment we will send you a treatment to try.

With it comes a book that tells you exactly what else to do for *your own* type of hair. In addition to Palmolive Special Shampoo treatment it tells you the other aids to give your hair—how to help you restore hair that is oily, dull and brittle, dry, full of dandruff, or thin and falling.

Each treatment has been tested by well-known medical authorities. The results have already been proven.

So, for your own sake, stop hit or miss methods. Adopt the Palmolive Shampoo, together with one of these tested treatments, that is *right* for *your* type of hair.

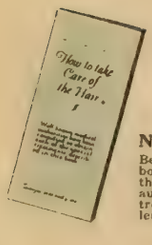
Then see how soon your friends begin to note the remarkable change and the softness and beauty of your hair.

If your hair is not all you want it to be, start today to learn the best way to beautify it and preserve it.

Write your name and address on the coupon and send it to us.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Dept. B-357, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Canada

Also manufacturers of Palmolive Soap and Palmolive Shaving Cream



New Booklet Free
Be sure to get this new booklet on the care of the hair, which explains authorized scientific hair treatment, supplied by leading specialists.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

Copyright 1922--The Palmolive Co. 1578

GENTLEMEN:

Please send me, gratis, your book, "How to Take Care of the Hair," and a trial treatment of your Palm and Olive Oil Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

What's Wrong In *This* Picture ?

So many of us do the wrong thing at the wrong time—commit embarrassing blunders that condemn us in the eyes of strangers. In this picture, for instance, something quite ill-bred is being done. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out? Perhaps, if you are keen, you will find it at a glance. Or, if you are very clever, you will read between the lines of the article that follows and find more than one mistake.

WE all admire the man or woman of poise, of dignity. Whether we want to or not, we are forced to respect the calm, well-poised person. His very bearing seems to command it; his manner is like a passport that admits him everywhere. No social wall is too high for him to scale; no circle too distinguished for him to enter. He always knows exactly what to do and say and wear, no matter what the circumstances, no matter what the conditions.

There is nothing that can give one more poise and confidence in oneself than the knowledge that one is doing or saying exactly what is correct. The fear of making a mistake is often the cause of keen embarrassment. Hesitancy as to what is correct and what is incorrect makes us uncomfortable, ill-at-ease. In the company of brilliant people it makes us seem dull and uninteresting, when ordinarily we can be quite clever conversationalists.

Are *you* sure you know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, under all circumstances? Are you as self-possessed and well-poised as it is possible for you to be? Etiquette is working wonders for men and women who formerly were embarrassed and ill-at-ease in the company of strangers. It is giving them a new charm of manner, an attractive bearing, a pleasing personality. Above everything else, it is protecting them from embarrassment, keeping them from making humiliating blunders.

Why don't you let etiquette be the armor that protects you from embarrassment and discomfort? Why don't you let etiquette give you the poise and calm dignity that everyone will admire?

Do You Know What to Wear on All Occasions?

There can be nothing quite as humiliating as wearing the wrong thing at the wrong time. Too many people wait until it happens, instead of making sure that it never can happen.

At a fashionable wedding recently, the best man was obviously uncomfortable and ill-at-ease. He had reason to be. He was dressed incorrectly for a formal wedding, and his errors were conspicuous.

Do you know what a man should wear to a formal wedding, a formal dance? Do you know the correct dress for a bridesmaid, a maid of honor? Do you know what the bride wears who marries for the second time?

What would you wear if you received an invitation to an afternoon tea party? What would you wear if you attended a formal dinner? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a garden party, a dinner-dance, a theatre-party?

Importance of Etiquette in Public Places

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. Do you know, for instance, whether it is ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a man's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

What is the correct order of precedence when entering the theatre? Does the man precede, or the woman? Who precedes when entering a restaurant, a street car, a room?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? Is the man expected to offer his hand before the woman smiles in recognition?

It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes, so easy to commit humiliating blunders in public. Yet people who know the rules of good conduct, the rules of etiquette, are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and still be entirely at ease. Because they know that they are doing what is absolutely correct, they are calm, well-poised and at ease.

Are You *Sure* of Your Table Manners?

Many people would be amazed if the blunders they made at the table were pointed out to them. Yet everyone knows that the quickest way to determine a man's breeding is to watch him eat.

At which side of the woman should the man seat himself? Should olives be eaten with a fork, or taken up in the fingers? How should asparagus be eaten; corn on the cob; artichokes? May a slice of bread be bitten into, or should it be broken into small pieces, buttered individually, and so conveyed to the mouth?

What is the correct way to use the finger-bowl, the napkin? Is the fork held in the right hand, or the left? Should the fork and knife be allowed to remain on the plate if it is passed for a second helping?

Mistakes at the table can be most embarrassing. Through etiquette you will avoid them, and do always what is correct and in good form.

Shall We Send You the Book of Etiquette Free for Examination?

It is impossible to list here, even in part, the many fascinating subjects that are covered in the Book of Etiquette—considered by many to be the most complete, authoritative and interesting work on the subject available today. This splendid two-volume set covers completely every phase of everyday etiquette. Every problem of conduct that may have puzzled you is solved. Wherever possible, origin of customs have been traced to their source, so that the chapters are as interesting to read as a story.

It costs you absolutely nothing to examine the famous Book of Etiquette in your own home. We extend to everyone the privilege of examining the complete two-volume set free for 5 days.

You may return the books within the 5-day period, or send us only $3.50 in full payment. We have such utter confidence in the Book of Etiquette, we know you will be so delighted with it, that you will not want to return it. This is an unusual opportunity, and we know you are not going to let it slip by.

The Book of Etiquette covers completely the subjects of engagements, weddings, teas, parties, entertainments of all kinds, speech, dress, sports, correspondence, and countless other interesting matters of social and personal import. No one should be without this famous work.

Mail the Free-Examination Coupon Today

Don't put it off. Send for the Book of Etiquette now and examine it at your leisure. From cover to cover you will find both books filled with interesting and extremely valuable information. The books are now handsomely bound in cloth decorated with gold. Remember, it costs you nothing to see and examine them.

If you haven't been able to find the mistakes in the picture above, you'll surely find them in the Book of Etiquette. And if you're not delighted with the Book of Etiquette, the examination of them costs you absolutely nothing. Act NOW! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 7811, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. 7811, Oyster Bay, New York

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two-Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding at $5.00, with 5 days' examination privilege.

Paramount Pictures released in NOVEMBER

Rodolph Valentino IN "The Young Rajah"

Valentino as a gorgeous Prince of ancient India—that's his latest role — greater than "Blood and Sand." The pomp of Eastern palaces—the flash of scimitars—the throbbing note of Valentino's love for a beautiful American girl —these are the merest hints of a wonderful evening's entertainment.

From the play by Alethea Luce, and the novel "Amos Judd" by John Ames Mitchell. Directed by Philip Rosen.

Adaptation by JUNE MATHIS

Gloria Swanson

IN A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION

"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"

Miss Swanson went to Paris for gowns and bathing suits for this production depicting life at Monte Carlo and points adjacent.

From the novel by David Lisle. Adapted by Percy Heath.

"On the High Seas" with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt

Supported by Mitchell Lewis

IRVIN WILLAT PRODUCTION

When a ship goes down and men and women are floating on wreckage the human soul is seen at its worst—and best. Don't miss this one.

Edward Sheldon's first original photoplay. Scenario by E. Magnus Ingleton.

A WILLIAM DE MILLE PRODUCTION

"Clarence" with Wallace Reid Agnes Ayres & May McAvoy

Booth Tarkington's greatest comedy! William de Mille's finest production! Three stars! And millions of fans know they have a date. Here is an absolutely perfect example of the *new* type of picture.

Screen play by CLARA BERANGER

Alice Brady IN "Anna Ascends"

Directed by Victor Fleming

It is only natural that the play in which Alice Brady scored her greatest success on the speaking stage, should assume success of an even more striking quality in the larger emotional dimensions of the screen.

From the play by Harry Chapman Ford. Scenario by Margaret Turnbull.

"The Pride of Palomar"

A COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION

The story millions have wanted to see in motion pictures. Made by the man who made Humoresque.

Peter B. Kyne's Great Story

Directed by Frank Borzage

The cast includes Marjorie Daw, Forrest Stanley, Joseph Dowling, Warner Oland, Wilfred Lucas, George Nicholo, Edward Brady, Adele Farrington

The Most Reliable Guide to Good Motion Pictures is the Current Month's List of Paramount Pictures

On this page are brief descriptions of the Paramount Pictures released in November.

See them for yourself. No one else can tell you what you will like or dislike. But with these Paramount Pictures there's not one chance in a thousand of your failing to thrill to high voltage entertainment.

Phone your favorite theatre and find out when they are coming—

and discover once more that for dependable entertainment Paramount Pictures furnish you your only permanent guarantee against loss of time or money.

Paramount Pictures — FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION — ADOLPH ZUKOR, President — NEW YORK CITY — Paramount Pictures

Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"

Directed by Alfred Green

If only you could see in advance—just once—which road to take to lead to real happiness—would you look? The Man Who Saw Tomorrow did, and chose between the society heiress and the wild daughter of a South Sea pirate. Which?

Authors: Perley Poore Sheehan & Frank Condon

PARAMOUNT

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

Motion Picture Magazine

The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

NOVEMBER

THE CONTENTS

Richard Barthelmess, Cover Design ..... *Roseland*
Painted from a photograph by Victor Georg

FEATURE ARTICLES

PAGE

We Interview Theda Bara ..... *Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher* 20
Do Women Dress to Please Men ..... *Antonio Moreno and Gloria Swanson* 28
The Social Czar of Hollywood ..... *Burdette Kinne* 38
Kind of Crazy ..... *Douglas Fairbanks* 42
The Movie Fan ..... *Helen Carlisle* 50
Chaplin vs Lloyd ..... *Harry Carr* 55

SHORT STORIES

Burning Sands ..... *Norman Bruce* 33
The Purple Highway ..... *Janet Reid* 45
White Shoulders ..... *Peter Andrews* 67

PICTURES

Gallery of Players 11
Portraits in gravure of Madge Bellamy, Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Phillips, House Peters, Charles Ray, Violet Mersereau, Corliss Palmer, Wanda Hawley and Henry Walthall
Old Romance 23
Scenes from "When Knighthood Was In Flower."
Flavored with Jazz 26
Mae Murray in "The Broadway Rose."
Rodolph the Rajah 27
In the Land of the Rising Sun 32
Previews of "Omar the Tentmaker."
Griffith Goes In for Mystery 44
Pictorial excerpts from "One Exciting Night."
The Head of the House of Keaton 58
Exclusive photographs of the nephew of the Talmadges and son of Natalie and Buster Keaton.
Settings à la Ballin 63
Hugo Ballin's Impressions of sets in a forthcoming production.
Kathleen Clifford 80
A new camera study of the cinema player who has been absent from the screen.

INTERVIEWS

The Big Harp ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 24
Thomas Meighan is as Irish as the Police Force and John McCormack is his best friend.
More Cinema Than Sinning ..... *Malcolm Oettinger* 30
Which describes the Ballins—both Mabel and Hugo.
Memories ..... *James Fredericks* 40
Ann Forrest talks of her visit to Denmark.
Out from the Comedy Fold ..... *Edwin Schallert* 52
Eric Von Stroheim discovered Dale Fuller and gave the screen another dramatic actress.
The Measure of a Man ..... *Gordon Gassaway* 56
Harrison Ford is considered.
The Black Orchid ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 64
A verbal painting of Barbara LaMarr
The Erstwhile O Henry Girl ..... *Richard Bishop* 72
An interview with Agnes Ayres.

DEPARTMENTS

Beauty Reigns 54
Another American Beauty Contest Honor Roll!
Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 59
Also—Comment on many productions.
That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 66
On the Camera Coast ..... *Harry Carr* 74
Letters to the Editor ..... *The Readers* 76
The Juvenile Critic ..... *Dorothy Whitehill* 78
Greenroom Jottings 82
The Answer Man 84

Copyright, 1922, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., (A NEW YORK CORPORATION) AT JAMAICA, N.Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, Brewster Buildings, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada and foreign countries $3.50 a year. Single copies 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief — Guy L. Harrington, Vice-President and Business Manager
E. M. Heinemann, Secretary, and L. G. Conlon, Treasurer

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Managing Editor

Harry Carr, Pacific Coast Representative — Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Director of Advertising

Also publishers of the CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month; SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third and BEAUTY, out on the sixth.

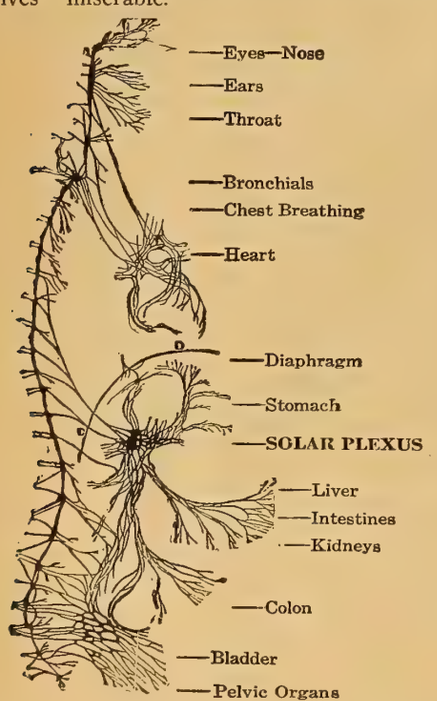
"NERVES"

A subtle and dangerous malady which is undermining the vitality of the American Nation

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

"NERVES"—We hear it everywhere. The physician tells his patient—"It's your Nerves." Sensitive and high-strung women complain of their "Nerves." You see evidence of "Nerves" everywhere—in the street, in the cars, in the theatre, in business, and especially in your own home—right in your own family. We Americans are a nation of nervous people. This is known the world over. Our own Nerve Specialists admit it. It is caused by our "Mile-a-minute" life; the intenseness of our Natures in everything we do. It is making us the most progressive nation on earth, but it is also wrecking our people. Our crowded insane asylums prove it. Medical records prove it. Millions of people have sub-normal Nerve Force, and consequently suffer from endless organic and physical troubles, which make their lives miserable.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

What is meant by "Nerves?" By "Nerves" is meant Nerve Exhaustion (Neurasthenia), lack of Nerve force. What is Nerve Force? We might as well ask "What is electricity?" We do not know. It is the secret of Nature. We *do* know that it is the vital force of life, a mysterious energy that flows from the nervous system and gives life and energy to every vital organ. Sever the nerve which leads to any organ and that organ will cease acting. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous system consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works incessantly to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, or, in any way, consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, the natural result must be Nerve Bankruptcy, in other words, Nerve Exhaustion, Neurasthenia, or "Nerves."

There is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion—its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and, as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die—so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which can readily be recognized.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; backache; headaches; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

How often do we hear of people, running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ is weak or diseased? How often do we hear of people racking their brains, trying to discover the reason of their failure in business, in a profession, love, or any undertaking? They would give anything to lay their finger on the stumbling block of their lives—the door that locks out their ambitions, the wall that blocks their progress. The answer is: Lack of Nerve Force. In short, Nerve Force means Life Force—Brain Force—Vital Force—Organic Force—Dynamic Force—Personal Magnetism—Manliness and Womanliness.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever stood in a bread line.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever been down and out.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever acknowledged himself "licked."

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever failed to attain success.

This, of course, applies to women as well as men. And, on the other hand, WITHOUT Nerve Force no person of either sex in any walk of life has ever reached the top, has ever achieved success, or has ever gotten the fullest enjoyment from life itself. WITHOUT an abundant supply of Nerve Force our lives are wrongly adjusted, we fail to utilize our full powers, and we cheat ourselves of our birthright of health and vigor.

"A sound mind in a sound body" depends upon sound nerves. And to be a WINNER, even in a small way, demands, *first of all*—NERVE FORCE. If your NERVES have reached any of the three stages of depletion, you ought to take immediate steps to determine the cause and to learn what to do to build up your Nerve Force.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 90,000). My instruction is given by mail only. No drugs or drastic treatment of any kind are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific, and always effective.

Paul von Boeckmann

Author of Nerve Force and scores of other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects. Over a million of his various books have been sold during the last 25 years.

Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats, a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in recent issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

I shall agree to send you further information regarding my system of treatment FREE and without any obligation on your part. Everything is confidential and sent sealed in a plain envelope.

You should read my 64-page book, "NERVE FORCE." The cost of this book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The book is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body for the first time.

Read the book at my risk, that is, if it does not meet with your fullest expectations, I shall refund your money PLUS your outlay for postage. My advertisements have been appearing in this and other standard magazines for more than 20 years. This is ample evidence of my integrity and responsibility.

The following extracts are quoted from letters written by people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent *Free* upon receipt of 25c with the book Nerve Force. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books. Address:

PAUL von BOECKMANN,
110 West 40th St., Studio 115, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I desire to investigate your method, without obligation of any kind. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Enclose 25c if you wish the book.

Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

Almost at once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through this amazing scientific discovery.

SCIENCE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, coarse, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness—almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, remove the dead scales on the surface of the skin, clear the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child's.

The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When dust bores deeply into these pores and clogs them, impurities remain in the skin. The result is not always noticeable at first. But soon the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face "breaks out" in pimples and blackheads. And if the impurities are still allowed to remain, the complexion becomes ruined entirely.

The New Discovery Explained

Certain elements, when correctly combined according to a chemist's formula, have been found to possess a powerful potency. These elements, or ingredients, have been blended into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, delicately scented. It is applied to the face with the finger tips—just as a cream would be applied.

The name given to this wonderful discovery is Domino Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied every one of the millions of tiny pores in the skin awaken and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-foods. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stifled them.

Allow Domino Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you will feel the powerful beauty clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A warm towel will soften the clay, and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it you will roll off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unmasked—beneath the old complexion will be revealed a new one with all the soft, smooth texture and delicate coloring of youth!

Removes Pore Poisons At Once

Domino Complexion Clay does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them *at once*. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a feeling almost of physical relief as the facial pores are relieved, as the magic clay draws out the accumulated self poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results of only one treatment—the whole face will appear rejuvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion be brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normally closed, tired lines and bagginess will vanish, mature lines will be softened. Domino Complexion Clay brings life and fervor to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

This marvelous new discovery absorbs blemishes, and impurities, lifts away the coarse, dull, unsightly complexion and unmasks an entirely new complexion underneath—one as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! It cannot harm the most sensitive skin.

Send No Money

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. Don't send any money—just the coupon or a postcard, and a jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once, freshly compounded and direct from the Domino House. Although it is a $3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

Our $10,000 Guarantee.

Producers and Consumers Bank
Philadelphia, Pa.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The Proprietor of Domino House has protected this bank in the sum of $10,000 so that we may in turn guarantee to the customers of Domino House that this firm will do exactly as they agree.

If they fail to do so, this Bank hereby agrees to return to the customers of Domino House the total amount of their purchases from them, said amount at no time to exceed in the aggregate sum of Ten Thousand Dollars.

Yours very truly,

BENJ. B. BOWMAN
ASST. TREASURER.

ONLY $1.95

Send No Money

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Domino Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works *always*. You won't have to wait for results either. They are immediately evident.

Just mail the coupon—no money. A postcard will do. Test for yourself this remarkable new discovery that actually lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, beautiful new complexion. Don't delay. Clip and mail the coupon now, while you are thinking of it. Domino House, Dept. 3211, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia.

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. 3211,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance, you may send me a full-size $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you wish you may send money with coupon and save postage.

(Price outside U. S. $2.10, cash with order.)

Loses 74 Pounds

Feels and Looks Like a New Woman

Amazing Discovery Enables Mrs. Denneny to Lose 10 Pounds the Very First Week. She Has Lost 74 Pounds Already and Is Still Reducing. No Drugs, Starving, Exercise, Rolling, Painful Self-Denials or Discomforts.

"I WEIGHED 240 pounds. I had tried all kinds of anti-fat cures without success. Then one Sunday I saw your advertisement. It sounded so good that I sent for the books.

"The very first week I lost 10 pounds and kept reducing steadily. I lost 74 pounds and am still reducing. My friends say that I already look 10 years younger.

"Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. But now I can RUN upstairs. Formerly I felt as if I were suffocating if I walked fast for 2 blocks. But now I can walk a mile just as fast as I can go and without the least sign of suffocation.

"I never felt better in my life. There is not a sign of my former indigestion now. I sleep like a rock. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples.

"I have reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear smaller shoes now. They were 'sixes,' now they are 'fives.,"—*Mrs. Mary Denneny, 82 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J.*

Mrs. Denneny's experience is but one of many similar ones. Within the last few months over 300,000 men and women have been shown how to reduce to normal weight and secure the slender, supple figures of youth by this pleasant method.

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual.

Secure New Vigor Also

This natural method also builds your health and gives you renewed vitality and energy. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye and a more elastic step. Many write that they have been astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed could not be effaced. Your nerves are improved and your sleep is more refreshing. You regain youthful vigor and spirit as well as a youthful form.

And you obtain all this without any discomforts or self-denial. You make no change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you may even *increase* them.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Mrs. Mary Denneny, of 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J., before and after losing 74 pounds by this wonderful method. She also banished nervousness, weakness, insomnia and digestive disorders. Her complexion improved wonderfully. She is still reducing and will continue to do so until she reaches her normal, ideal weight.

10 Days' Trial — Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 8 easy-to-follow lessons called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show you how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on 10 days' trial to any one sending in the coupon.

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need to do is to mail the coupon or write a letter or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penn··, and the course will be sent you at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only $1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is $3.50, but $1.97 is all you have to pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (*If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.*)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Complete Cost for All Only $1.97 Plus Few Cents Postage

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Dept. W-2811
43 W. 16th St., New York City

If you prefer, you may copy wording of coupon in a letter or on postcard.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,
Dept. W-2811, 43 W. 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's $3.50 Course on "Weight Control—The Basis of Health," in 8 lessons. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment, and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Street.....

City..... State.....

Price outside U. S. $2.15 cash with order.

How Would You Like to Reduce to Your Ideal Figure?

Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (his normal weight) in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and sick; had stomach trouble all the time. I feel wonderful now."

Ben Naddle,
102 Fulton Street, New York City.

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I feel better than I have for months."

Mr. Geo. Guiterman,
420 E. 66th St., New York City.

Loses 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your method delightful. In just 30 days I lost 28 pounds (8 pounds the first week). My general health has also been greatly benefited."

E. A. Kettle,
225 W. 39th St., New York City.

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

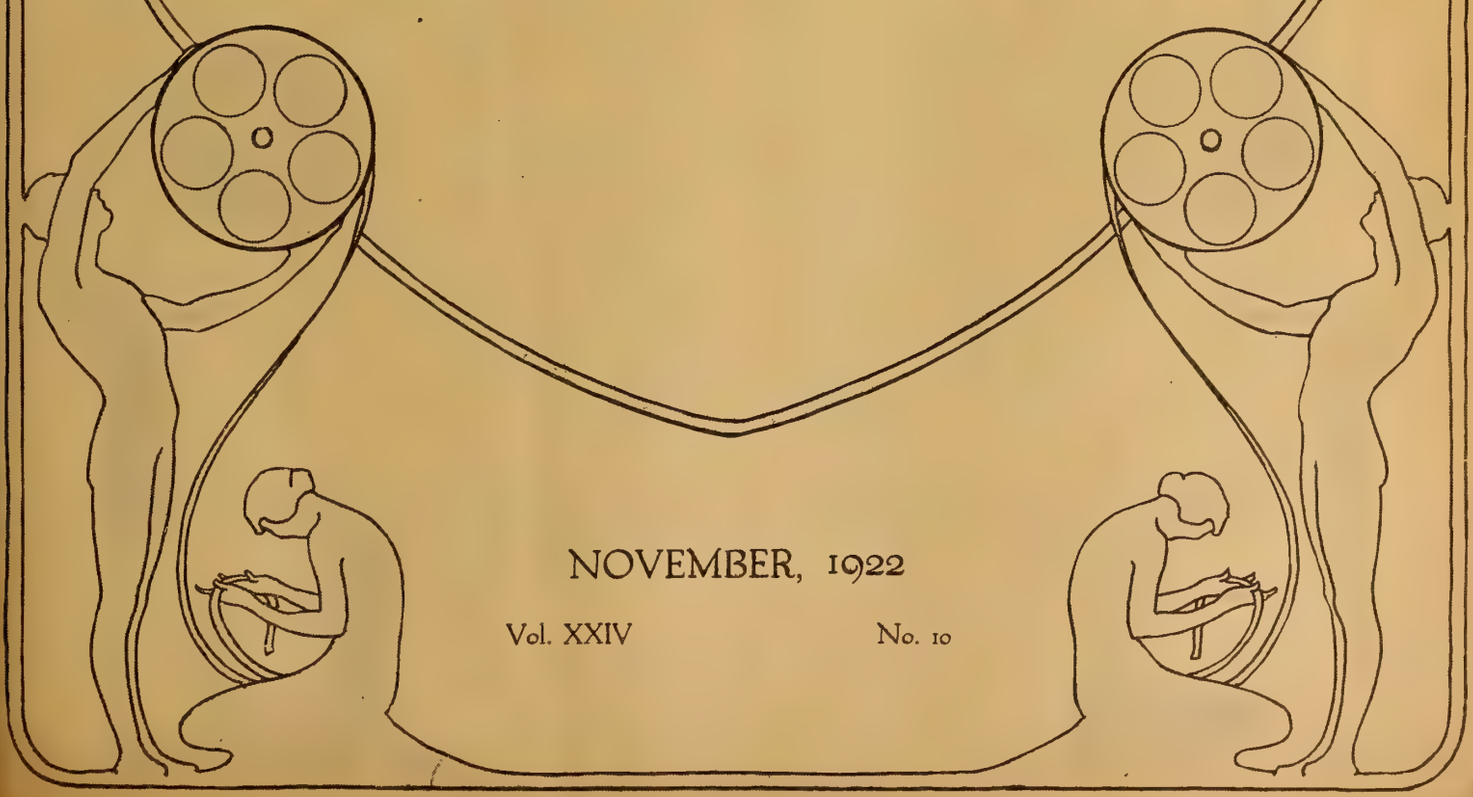
Consider the Other Years

For a long time Youth has monopolized the screen. Flappers with and without philosophies . . . April courtships in blossoming orchards . . . and finally golden stretches of honeymoon days. These things, lovely to behold intermittently, have held the screen with too few exceptions.

It is long since time for the motion picture to consider the other years. The Middle Years . . . the Harvest Years . . . what of them?

And these later years are possessed of compassionate understanding, deeper emotions, and of problems intertwined with Time. Their gifts to the drama are greatly to be desired.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the motion picture will consider them and, considering them, soon venture to reflect them.



NOVEMBER, 1922

Vol. XXIV No. 10

For nightly cleansing a cream with just enough oil to cleanse thoroughly and not clog the pores

A special cream for the nightly cleansing

UNLESS you keep your skin thoroughly clean it becomes dull looking. No matter what you do during the day, dust and fine particles of dirt bore their way deep into the pores.

Everyone realizes this when she comes in from a dusty trip, but every day your pores collect much dust and dirt that ordinary washing cannot reach.

To cleanse your skin thoroughly you must use a cream with just the right amount of oil to remove every particle of dirt from the pores and work out again.

Creams with too much oil clog the pores. Creams that are too stiff stretch them. That is why it was so important to develop a cream with *just enough oil* and no more. This cream is Pond's *Cold* Cream.

This delicate cream is snowy white, very light and never has that greasy smell.

Tonight after you have washed with warm water and pure soap, smooth a little Pond's Cold Cream on your face and neck. Let it stay a minute. It will work its way into the pores and out again, bringing all the dirt with it. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how necessary a thorough cleansing is, and that ordinary washing is not enough.

Smooth out the little lines before they grow deep

Pond's Cold Cream does more than cleanse; it keeps your skin supple and stimulates it. Use it now to smooth out any little fine lines before they have a chance to fasten themselves and grow deeper.

No one cream, however, can care for your skin completely. As a protection against exposure and a base for powder, you need a cream without any oil—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream.

Use both these creams every day. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair or clog the pores. Buy them in convenient sizes of jars or tubes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
151 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Our Portrait Gallery

MADGE BELLAMY

What's in a name? The charming ingénue of "Lorna Doone" is surely the *belle amie* of thousands of screen devotees the whole world over

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

Marguerite de la Motte finished playing opposite Douglas MacLean in "A Man of Action," to begin work immediately upon "Ching Ching Chinaman"

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

Altho she has always done excellent work, it took "Hurricane's Gal" to bring out the latent power of Dorothy Phillips and establish her firmly on the top round of the cinema ladder

Photograph by Sykes

WANDA HAWLEY

Wanda Hawley is the blonde heroine of "Burning Sands," another story of the desert, fascinating sheiks, and great loves

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

CORLISS PALMER

The success of the first two films of Corliss Palmer have been so great that she will shortly start work on her third production

Photograph by Freulich

HOUSE PETERS

With new laurels whirled around his head by "The Storm," House Peters is starting out for another conquest with "Rich Men's Wives"

Romance . . . .

No novel has ever supplied it more abundantly than "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Perhaps that is why it has long been the favored book in the libraries of boarding-schools and seminaries.

Old Romance

The screen version of the Major novel finds Marion Davies as the heroine. It is said to be faithful to the text in every instance, and possessed of great beauty. That seems likely when you learn that Charles Urban designed both the settings and the costumes

The Big Harp

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

When John McCormack fell ill recently, the hero of "The Miracle Man" and "Why Change Your Wife" and "If You Believe It, It's So" and "The Prince Chap" and "Male and Female" and — but anyway, when John McCormack fell ill recently, Thomas Meighan was as upset as tho his brother were at death's door.

It seems incredible that a man who can keep four large theaters running simultaneously in the immediate vicinity of Times Square—and Thomas Meighan is doing that, this very day —should need to draw upon another's name for recognition.

But when it came to shooting scenes at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue at mid-day, it took the name of John McCormack, Irish warbler par excellence, to evade the Thou Shalt Not of the police squad.

Likewise in San Francisco, on the far side of the continent, Daniel O'Brien has been chief of police there for many years and still is. Tommy keeps him supplied with McCormack records. Consequently when Tommy's company comes to town there isn't a back alley, much less a main thorofare, which isn't his for the asking.

And so we come to the Mexican oil king—E. L. Doheny.

Thomas was working with his company in Catalina, off the coast of California, the spearmint isle where the flavor lasts, owned by Wrigley himself, and press agented by Al

Thomas Meighan has the most complete set of McCormick records outside of the archives of the talking machine company itself. He plays them all and loves them all. He and John—film star and song star—are the oldest and best of friends. Above you see Thomas Meighan as he appears in Cecil B. de Mille's "Manslaughter," in the rôle of the barbarian chieftain

AS all the world knows, three-fourths of the police force of any city is Irish.

It is for that reason that Thomas Meighan, as a conversationalist, does not figure in this story.

We'll do the talking ourselves.

An Irish tenor, a police captain, a Mexican oil king—they count largely in this narrative, but most of all the Irish tenor. You've heard him, or heard of him—John McCormack.

Thomas Meighan has the most complete set of McCormack records outside of the archives of the talking machine company itself. He plays them all and loves them all.

While shaving, in the bath, between drinks—it doesn't matter.

Meet him in the vicinity of a Victrola and a long glass, and you've got to listen to at least six records before you can get away.

He and John, film star, song star, are the oldest and best of friends.

The Siamese twins might have been closer—but we are advised on best authority to doubt it.

Thomas Meighan is as Irish as the Police Force and John McCormack is His Best Friend

Jolson in his famous song *Avalon*. He needed a yacht in the worst way; one that could pass for the floating palace of the British Prime Minister. Mr. Doheny of Mexican Petroleum was the only man in the vicinity with such a palace at his command—one of the largest in the world.

Various emissaries were despatched to the Doheny ship, and one and all returned with flat refusals.

Thomas finally offered to try himself, being naturally eloquent, ye know, and persuasive like. And there was always his friend, John McCormack, to fall back upon. And John was a great favorite of the elder Doheny himself.

Thru the magic name, Thomas secured an interview with the hosts of the yacht themselves, and as a result gained the use of one deck of the ship for an entire day, with permission to cruise anywhere within reasonable distance of Avalon while the private yachting party kept out of the way.

That's how much John McCormack's name means.

The yacht? Watch for "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow" and you'll see it.

In other ways John McCormack has played an important rôle in Tommy's life. One of the latter's closest friends today is

(*Continued on page* 102)

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Tommy Meighan married Frances Ring, you know. They have lived happily ever since, with Frances content to let friend husband do the starring act for the family. The family numbers two and they live modestly enough in a bungalow nestling conveniently in the shade of the Hotel Ambassador. Above is a new and exclusive camera study of the Irish Thomas, and at the left with Lois Wilson in a scene from "Manslaughter"

Flavored with Jazz

When a Mae Murray production comes to a theater, the musicians proceed to get out their jazz scores—— "Broadway Rose" is the latest effort born of the Mae Murray-Robert Leonard combination. Here you find two beguiling glimpses of Mae in the title rôle.

Recently we permitted a magazine to go to press without one photograph of Rodolph Valentino in its pages. Our mail-bags overflowed! There came letters by the hundred—letters of protest, of regret, of pleas, and of threats . . . Great is the vogue of this Latin youth with the brown skin and deep eyes!

Rodolph the Rajah

Rodolph the Rajah! . . . Four studies of Señor Valentino in his forthcoming production, "The Young Rajah"

Do Women Dress

Yes!

Says Antonio Moreno

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

"Of course, women dress to please men," says Antonio Moreno. "Woman revolves about man's opinion, as the earth about the sun. I say this impersonally; with no smugness or self-satisfaction. Man's esteem . . . man's adoration . . . these are necessities of every normal woman's happiness"

Did the Indian girl of America's primeval days adorn herself with gay beads and fringes and brilliant feathers to please her mother, her aunts and her girl cousins, or to please the handsome young braves?

And, after all, why should we condemn vanity in woman? Rather, shouldn't we applaud it?

Think of the hours she spends planning, shopping, posing, primping — all that she may be found pleasing in the eyes of the masterful sex.

I use that adjective, "masterful," advisedly. Woman may deny that man is her master; she may sing her rights and her emancipation, but she fools none of us. We know it is merely talk-talk-talk. For woman is a dependent creature, and she always will remain one. It is a law of Nature.

Mind you, I admit a few exceptions—but they are so few they are negligible.

Woman revolves about man's opinion as the earth about the sun. I say this impersonally; with no smugness or self-satisfaction. Man's esteem, man's adoration—these are necessities of every normal woman's happiness.

In view of all this, isn't it a logical consequence that women should dress with an eye to the effect upon men?

Take your woman past middle age; take your aunt, your mother, or your sister; in short, take any woman who isn't trying to make you fall in love with her—why, even she has you in mind when she shops for as simple a thing as a handkerchief.

And when she buys a hat that she considers the last word in chicness and becomingness, unless we men—we sons, we nephews, we brothers — approve, her world shatters to bits about her shoulders.

It is exceedingly difficult for a mere man to conceive the importance that a new hat assumes in feminine eyes. It is a symbol of worldly success, of personal pride, of breeding, of character. Show me her hat, and I will tell you the woman.

Furthermore, women not only dress for men, they live for men. Byron—*was* it Byron?—wrote wisely when he penned:

"For men, love is a thing apart—
'Tis woman's whole existence."

To me, the American woman is the smartest on earth. Personal pride, accompanied by astonishing good taste, is a common trait in her, from the society leader to the shopgirl. There are, of course, the women of the very poor, who have neither the time nor the means for other than caring for their homes and their children. These women are not to be criticised. It is force of circumstances, not lack of desire, that keeps them down.

(*Continued on page* 90)

OF course they dress for men.

There isn't a man in the world who will dispute me.

And it is not only the young or near-young woman who adorns herself for us, either—nor the girl-in-search-of-a-husband or the woman-who-would-be-popular. Let me tell you a story to prove this:

The last time I was in Italy, two old servants of my childhood, Pietro and Fiametta, came to give me their greetings. Fiametta was wearing a brand-new costume with enough frills and puffs and gay embroidery for a flapper—and she with the face of a hundred wrinkles. I complimented her on the dress and Pietro wagged his head and explained:

"She just like all women—she dress for us—for you——for me—for the men, always." And then he added, scornfully:

"And she a grandmamma, too."

Oh, yes, women are the same the world over—from Felice, the Broadway flapper, to Fiametta, the Italian grandmother.

Even the lady of the Esquimaux spends weeks patiently embroidering her fur garments with beads and colored strips, using only a clumsy bone needle. And does she do this for the sake of her children or the other women?

To Please Men?

No!

Says Gloria Swanson

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

IF I answer this question directly—with a "Yes" or a "No"—I should have to consider women as coming from the same mold—all having the same tastes, emotions and reactions.

But women do not come from the same mold. Every one has her own definite personality. To ask her to dress to please a certain man, woman, or group, is to ask her to change her personality.

Of course, there are women who really do dress to please men. These are the women who are interested in men to the exclusion of all else. These are the women who will appear demure and Quakerish in a simple, unornamented frock of neutral tone when they wish to interest and please the old-fashioned man who hasn't the tiniest vice and who knows not the sound of jazz.

Again, these women will appear as super-fashionable as the mannequins of the Parisian boulevards when they wish to please the critical man-about-town.

Or, with equal ease and effectiveness, they will impersonate a dashing sportswoman, a flapper, a college girl—a dozen different types. But with each change of dress they are forced to change their personality. These women are found chiefly among the idle well-to-do of the cities and the fashionable resorts.

Another class that dresses to please men, largely, is made up of the poorly paid working-women—the shop-girl, the telephone operator, the typist, etc. The ambition of any of these girls is frankly but one thing—marriage. Therefore, can you condemn her if she endeavors to dress, not to please *men,* but to please *man?*

Assuredly the poised, intelligent business woman does not dress to find favor in the eyes of the opposite sex. She dresses, as the business man does, for her own pleasure, convenience, and comfort.

As for the woman outside the large city, she dresses to please other women. Of this I am certain.

She has more woman-interests than has her metropolitan sister. She belongs to many clubs, both social and instructive. When she chooses a new gown that will be worn at the Wednesday Bridge or the Friday Browning—even tho it may also be worn dozens of times where men will be among those present—does she choose this dress with an eye to pleasing herself—or the men—or her women friends?

The answer is obvious.

In another class are the women who do not care one whit about their appearance. Perhaps they have passed thru one or two phases I have mentioned and come finally to a complete indifference to outside opinion.

At times these women are quite trying to look upon, but occasionally they are magnificent. One often gets striking and unusual suggestions from observing their clothes.

Says Gloria Swanson, "Assuredly the poised, intelligent business woman does not dress to find favor in the eyes of the opposite sex. She dresses, as the business man does, for her own pleasure, convenience and comfort"

Our stage and screen stars are past-masters of the art of perfect gowning. They are so much in the public eye; they know that the way to their public's heart is to look their loveliest, so they dress to accent their best points of grace and beauty. However, they often sacrifice themselves to the public and appear in costumes quite unsuited to their mood.

As for myself:

Frankly, I dress to please my public when making a picture. My gowns are a part of my profession. I have always adored clothes tho. From my earliest remembrance I have reveled in them.

Little Gloria is the same way. When I brought my things home from Paris I had to do a special dress parade just for her benefit. She crowed with delight.

(*Continued on page* 90)

More Cinema Than Sinning

By
MALCOLM H. OETTINGER

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

"NOPE," said Mabel Ballin, letting a crocodile tear drop into her tea, "we've made some pretty weak ones so far, but just you wait!"

Patience will, in this case, be its own reward. These Ballins are Married People (I promised I'd mention the name of their next picture) but, unlike so many Married People, they are not prosaic and settled.

These Ballins are Married People (I promised I'd mention the name of their next picture) but, unlike so many married people, they are not prosaic and settled. And altho I have never seen them working, I'll bet they manage to have lots of fun

The vestibule held forth interesting things. There were two bells, one labeled *Hugo Ballin*, the other *Mabel Ballin*. As I pushed *Mabel* I wondered whether they subscribed to Fannie Hurst's matrimonial ideas. I hoped not. As a matter of fact, they dont. The two cards are just to make it easy for strangers and interview-hounds and book-agents.

"We have two apartments," Mabel explained, "because one would be too small. As it is, we haven't room enough to eat." She noticed my worried look. "But we do," she added quickly. "We eat out."

Off the screen, Mabel Ballin has bobbed hair and ingenuous eyes and a rather carefully reserved manner. If you know her, she is undoubtedly an entertaining talker; something, perhaps, of a *raconteuse*. Candor compels the admission that the silver-sheet enhances her beauty: she is more eyefilling on than off.

As the opening sally at the top of the page would suggest, Mabel is not at all satisfied with the combined Ballin efforts thus far.

"We tried hard with 'Jane Eyre,' and we rather like it. But 'Married People' will be by far the best we've done so far."

Hugo, the husband, nodded agreeably.

"We know so much about married people," Mabel explained. "'The First Year' might have been called that, you know. Well, this is a celluloid edition of 'The First Year' . . . in a way."

Photograph by Victor Georg

The Ballins Are Married People - - - Regular People

La Ballin is a potentially delightful young matron with a never-to-be-doubted sense of humor and a gift for saying the right thing

This is one screen celeb who does not take herself seriously. Of course we were lounging comfortably far from any studios, absorbing tea and romantically heart-shaped pasties. On the set, Mrs. Ballin may be a veritable Modjeska of temperamental emotion . . . but I doubt it.

"The hard thing to know," she said, "is what sort of pictures to make."

I agreed with her. She is an easy person to agree with, because if your views differ from hers, she changes the subject—a not undiplomatic method of procedure.

"If you make a 'Sentimental Tommy,'" she pointed out, petulantly, "the critics say 'Wonderful!' but the exhibitors say 'Thumbs down!' So next time you make 'East Lynne'!"

To find out just what the public does want, the Ballins ran a scenario contest in Chicago recently, and bought three of the winning scenarios.

All photographs by Victor Georg

"These," said Mabel, "are by the people, for the people, and all the rest of it. And we're making all three, to see if the fans will like real fan stories. 'Married People' is the first of the Chicago scripts."

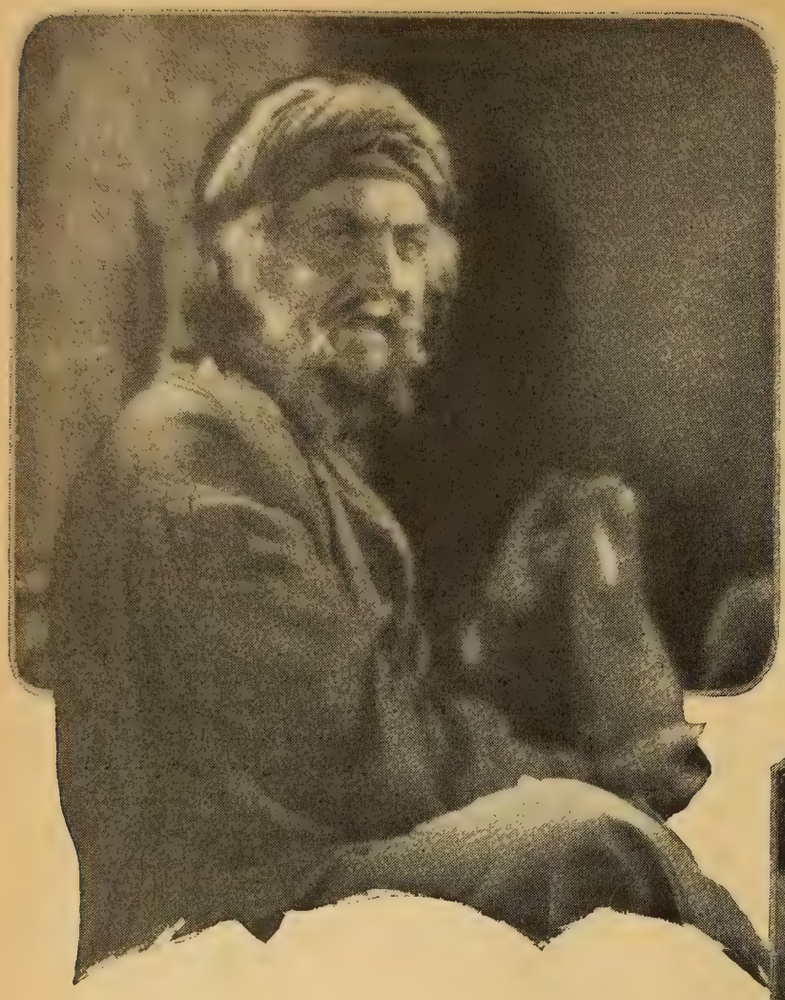
The Ballins are unquestionably sincere in their desire to turn out Better Pictures—whatever that means. Nowadays, I venture, ninety-nine flappers out of a hundred care little whether it be a Better Picture or not, so long as Rodolfo graces it with his brilliantined presence. And Mabel Ballin is altogether whole-hearted in her ambition to play a wide range of parts—"Characters."

"I was spotted at birth as an ingénue. The thing has stuck to me pretty closely. I've been the persecuted heroine, the ditched country lass, the betrayed flower-girl, all with astounding regularity. All thru my cellulife I've been more cinema than sinning. And it is hardly necessary to add that I hate it. I yearn to burst out in a picture that grants me two grains of common sense, at least. Two grains, mister," she pleaded. "Two grains ain't so many, mister."

"Journey's End" was the Ballin attempt to do a picture without a single

(*Continued on page 89*)

In the Land of the Rising Sun



Photographs by John Ellis

These three scenes from "Omar the Tent-maker" speak eloquently of the rare beauty which the camera has captured. Guy Bates Post is entrusted with the stellar rôle. And Virginia Faire, the dusky Fame and Fortune Contest winner, also contributes a colorful and important characterization

Burning Sands

A George Melford production for Paramount from the novel by Arthur Weigall. Adapted by Olga Printzlau. *Copyright 1922 by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. All rights reserved.*

By
NORMAN BRUCE

IT is not a bad job to be under secretary to the English Colonial Government in Cairo. There are—perquisites. Dark-eyed ones with fruity mouths and slim ankles on which glass bangles tinkle. Robert Barthampton had no quarrel with the fate which had sent him to this land of white-hot sunshine and bazaars and laughter that rang like temple bells. A land of eternal afternoon, a Lotus Land, steeped in forgetfulness.

A personable young man, Barthampton, with his English look of just having taken a bath and his rather jaunty carriage, his manner of devil-may-care which is so fascinating to the sex that has a taste for forbidden fruit. To be sure, men didn't much care for him and Lord Blair, his superior officer in the Legation, who was famous for the things he did not say, said nothing about Barthampton so pointedly that people whispered that the taciturn Commissioner to the Sudan positively disliked his young associate. Indeed, after the unfortunate death of Captain Walker at the hands of the fuzzies, or desert tribesmen, it was whispered—but why repeat gossip?

Muriel Blair, for one, refused to listen to malicious tongues. The women of the post were cats. She told Bob Barthampton so, as they sat in the moonlight on the Embassy terrace toying with salad and coffee while the orchestra inside played the Barcarolle which was like moonlight put to music, and purple mists and all tremulous, thrilling things which can trouble the heart of man.

"If you knew what your faith means to me!" Barthampton murmured. He put the least suspicion of a tremulo into his deep voice, laid a hand over the little white one on the table. "Sometimes, Muriel, I get disheartened at the thankless task I'm performing and wonder if it's all worth while—"

She couldn't guess that afternoon in the garden of the House of Closed Shutters on the hillside

She couldn't guess that afternoon in the garden of the House of the Closed Shutters on the hillside above the Nile there were three dark-eyed houris who had playfully dropped grapes into his mouth and endeavored to the best of their ability to make his sad lot endurable

above the Nile there were three dark-eyed houris who had playfully dropped grapes into his mouth and endeavored to the best of their ability to make his sad lot endurable. Not that he cared particularly for Muriel's cool, frozen, champagne kind of beauty, still, she was the belle of the English colony, and had a good many comfortable English pounds-a-year in her own right, and a man had to stop playing around and settle down some day. Or, at least, he had to make a decent pretense of not playing around and settle *up* with his creditors, and Muriel would make a nice little wife.

"Just because you happened to have given the order for poor Captain Walker's trip out into the desert to the Oasis El Hamarin," she went on indignantly, taking the hand away but not *too* suddenly, "why should everybody say mean, hateful things? *You* cant help the fuzzies being brutes and murderers, can you? Oh!" cried Muriel stamping her foot in its silver slipper, "they make me sick."

"Little Champion!" Barthampton said softly, and this time he inprisoned both the small hands while the music sobbed silver notes like tears and the starfire made of the night a fairy day—"Muriel, cant you guess what I want to say to you, sweetheart?"

Perhaps it was because he made love a bit too perfectly, like a fine actor taking a part instead of a mere man who should stammer and hesitate and in other ways prove his inexperience at love making—at any rate Muriel drew back hurriedly. "No, I haven't the *least* idea," she said breathlessly, and then inconsistently, "please, Bob—dont yet! I dont want you to say —anything, so that I would have to decide—anything tonight. They're playing Kalua! Let's go in. Too much Sahara is like champagne, it goes to one's head."

"Little Champion!" Barthampton said softly, and this time he imprisoned both the small hands while the music sobbed silver notes like tears, and the starfire made of the night a fairy day—"Muriel, cant you guess what I want to say to you, Sweetheart?"

Robert Barthampton, following the golden head into the Embassy, was not displeased with the way things were left. He had gained a certain standing without sacrificing his freedom. As a wife Muriel would be perfect, as a sweetheart she was a trifle insipid and missy for his rather exotic tastes. His complacency therefore suffered a shock when he beheld the lady upon whom he held, so to speak, an option, talking with a stranger in evening clothes, immaculate if of an old-fashioned cut.

"I say," he stopped another member of the Embassy, indicating the newcomer, "who's the blighter? His get-up is pure Victorian, eh what?"

"Fellow named Lane, I believe; Daniel Lane," was the reply; "nobody seems to know what he's doing here—unless it's His Sphinxship—" the nickname for Lord Blair. "Seems to be making progress with the frail contingent if he's not a glass of fashion and a mold of form!" He moved away, smiling maliciously at the other's discomfiture. "Barthampton gives me the creeps! Talks cricket, but if I'm any judge he isn't cricket! An Englishman that gets pally with blighters that bump their faces on the ground toward the East three times a day needs watching!"

In a corner of the ballroom more or less secluded by potted palms Muriel sat out, without the least compunction, three dances which had been taken by a Younger Son, a Subaltern and a Commercial Knight. The attraction she felt for Daniel Lane was hard to analyze, a quiet chap with a lean face, bronzed by desert living, and no stock of small talk such as the other men poured into her ears. It was curious how companionable silence could be, Muriel marvelled, the silence that was like that of the Sahara, full of unspoken things.

"The last time I danced it was the cotillion," Lane confessed, when she had suggested that they try the Society Walk. He smiled whimsically, "That dates me, I'm afraid! I've been away from cocktails and one-steps and all the other tokens of civilization a long time!"

"That is satire, I suppose," Muriel said ruefully; then, with a sidewise glance, tentatively, "you're a stranger to Cairo? But surely you're not an *American—*" her tone held horrified protest. It was as tho she had said, "surely you are not a savage."

"No," smiled Lane, "not that I would mind being one, tho I suppose your idea of Americans is a nation of souvenir hunters, who chip off fragments of the Sphinx and peck away at the pyramids with a cold chisel!"

It *was* provoking. At the end of an hour's talk Muriel knew no more about Daniel Lane and his reason for being in Cairo than at the beginning, but she knew infinitely more about the desert. Here was a man who knew every mood of the Sahara, from its pearl-misted dawns, its lure of mystery, its splendid distances to its

"I saw him talking to Azim, the old rug-dealer, in the bazaars this afternoon," Barthampton said. "The Arab was calling upon Allah to witness something and beating his chest, but your Mystery Man has a face like a carved gourd. Cant see your reason for interest in him! In fact—but I suppose I ought not to mention it to *you* . . . "

cruelty, its treachery—"like that," he said, of those strange gaudy flowers that shrivel at a touch—"like that of the mirage that promises and betrays."

He spoke of the camel-thorn, shaking gaunt skeleton arms on the arid blasts; of the simoom, tossing gusts of sand against the copper moon. Muriel felt as tho she had never seen the desert. He made her feel very young and immature and schoolgirlish, dissatisfied with herself.

"As if—" she confided plaintively to her bosom friend, Kate Bindane, after the ball, when the two were engaged in the rite of taking down their hair and performing mysterious ceremonials with cold cream in Muriel's apartments, "as if, you know, I were one of those pink sugar-candy doll ornaments they have on bride cakes—saccharine, insipid! I dont know why I like him—but, Kate, I *do!*"

"Someone told me he came from the Oasis El Hamarin," Kate said, trying the effect of her profile in the mirror; "they say he lives in an old monastery—and has come down to advise the government on the Arab situation."

"A *monk!*" Muriel gasped. Kate shook her head, archly.

"Not at all! Quite the contrary in fact, my dear Innocence! Didn't you tell me that he said he was going to live outside the city walls while he was in Cairo?" She looked immensely knowing. "Cant you imagine why?"

Muriel could not, but guessed that the question called for a blush, and furnished it. "Dont be patronizing, Kate! I suppose he wants to be quiet — goodness knows, what with bells jangling and dogs barking and camels whooshing, Cairo is a bedlam!"

Kate tossed her head, with an approving eye on the mirror. "Silly! Under the new law one cant have a harem inside the walls of Cairo any more. Never trust those ascetic-looking men, my dear—*cherchez la femme*, or rather, *cherchez les femmes!*"

"I think you're beastly, Kate!" Muriel cried warmly; "you and Bob Barthampton were dancing and I suppose this is some of his gossip warmed over. Some men may be all alike, but I know Mr. Lane is different—oh well, you know what I mean!" But the seed of suspicion had been sown and the fruit thereof was the green, bitter fruit of jealousy.

Her father, besought for Daniel Lane's biography, admitted that he lived at the Oasis El Hamarin where he was a bosom friend and confidant of the Sheik Ali. "I believe he is a student," Lord Blair said vaguely, "a philosopher or something of the sort. Good family, Oxford — " he smiled faintly, "yes, a bachelor" — tho Muriel had not asked the question, "that's about all I know."

"But what is he doing in Cairo, Dad?" Muriel insisted, "Come across! I'll be mum, honestly!"

BURNING SANDS

THE CAST

Muriel	Wanda Hawley
Kate Bindane	Louise Dresser
Mr. Bindane	Fenwick Oliver
Governor	Winter Hall
Secretary	Harris Gordon
Lizette	Jacqueline Logan
Barthampton	Robert Cain
Lane	Milton Sills
Ibrahim	Albert Roscoe
Old Sheik	Cecil Holland
Hussein	Joe Ray

His Sphinxship coughed, took up his paper, "Cairo," he said, dryly, "is an excellent place to do—almost anything, my dear. Salubrious climate, interesting monuments of antiquity—see Bædecker."

"The only thing anybody ever got out of father," Muriel pouted when Robert Barthampton came to tea that afternoon, "was a tooth, and then the dentist bent his forceps beyond repair!"

"I saw him talking to Azim, the old rug-dealer, in the bazaars this afternoon," Barthampton said, balancing his cup nicely on his knee. Under his lowered lids his eyes were venomous, but his tone was carefully casual. "The Arab was calling upon Allah to witness something and beating his chest, but your Mystery Man has a face like a carved gourd. Cant see your reason for interest in him! In fact—but I suppose I ought not to mention it to *you*—"

"I'm not a baby!" Muriel rebelled, "I read Balzac and Ellen Key!"

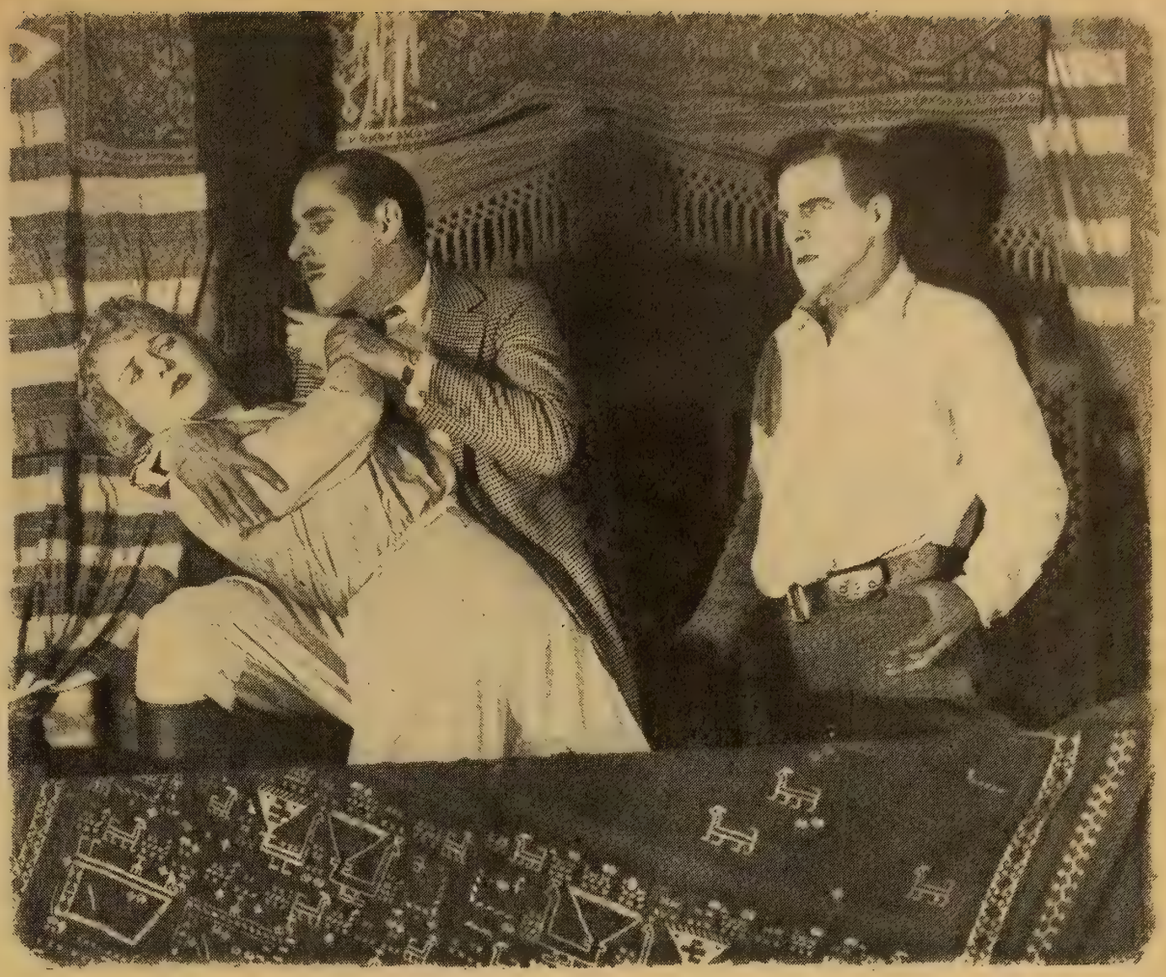
"I happened to be in the Occidental Café, the other night," Barthampton said, with every appearance of reluctance; "I had two natives with me, Ibrahim and Khargeth — we were discussing business, you understand. Mr. Daniel Lane of Nowhere in Particular came in and—well, there's a pretty little French dancer at the Café, Lizette, they tell me her name is—" he took an artistic sip of tea, set down the cup and rose, flicking his lavender kid gloves; "the two natives swore that they've seen the girl visiting Lane's camp outside the gate at night. Not a pretty story for such exceedingly pretty ears, but you insisted, remember!"

He strode away, stroking his small moustache complacently. "Aha! Fancy we're even, Mr. But-inski!" Barthampton muttered vindictively, "coming between a man and a kiss! A Don Quixote of the cafés! Galahad of the gutter!" Lizette was a pretty, tempting, little thing. She could have been —useful. He could forgive Mr. Daniel Lane for flirting with Muriel, but when it came to interfering with his designs on slim-waisted, red-lipped, little dancing girls — Barthampton grew hot at the memory of his humiliation.

Muriel Blair sat for some moments after her caller had gone staring into her cooling tea. Her own violence of emotion surprised her — a man she barely knew, a nobody, who was not even good-looking according to her sophomoric standards! She laughed shortly, angrily. "So he's a rotter—a cad! Still, perhaps Bob is lying—" the thought cheered her. But how could she be sure?

She was distrait thru dinner, listening only vaguely to the conversation between her father and a visiting Englishman of preternaturally solemn aspect, which had to do with some Arab plot or other. The Arabs were always plotting! "The Oasis El Hamarin—key to the whole irrigation scheme—poor Walker's memorandum stolen—"

"Do not make so much swear!" said a voice at his side calmly. Lizette, dark coils of hair slipping down about her shoulders, was already tugging at the ropes that bound him



Torn by Daniel Lane's furious fist from the struggling girl in his arms, Barthampton staggered back—tottered on the edge of the parapet——

Did Daniel Lane keep a harem outside the walls? *Did* a dancing girl visit him every night? She must find out! She would take Mustapha, her dragoman, and Naida, her maid, and ride thru the North Gate as soon as the streets grew quieter. What was her father saying? "Sheik Ali is friendly, but his son Ibrahim—some traitor among us is in with the Arabs—the unfriendly tribes will join their forces against us—"

Muriel's heart was thudding sickeningly as she guided her small native pony thru the winding midnight streets in which white shadows slipped by on padded feet and voices spoke bodilessly. She was doing an unwomanly thing for a feminine reason. There would be time enough to despise herself later on—all that she asked now was to prove to herself that she need not despise *him*.

From behind high garden closes came soft slurring laughter, the sound of kisses. Somewhere a lute was throbbing. The bells in the darkened bazaar tinkled drowsily. And now they were without the gate and the desert lay before them, mysterious in the dimness. Here and there against the red flare of bonfires hooded figures sprang out in sharp silhouette and were as suddenly gone.

"Bedouins mebbe!" muttered Mustapha uneasily. He was a city Arab and distrusted emptiness, silence, spaces.

"Hush!" said Muriel, nervously. Out of the dimness like a phantom had suddenly risen the white bulk of a tent and from its location she knew that it must be Lane's. To plan to steal out into the city in the dead of night to spy upon a man who had never declared any regard for her was one thing, but she suddenly discovered that it was a very different thing actually to do it. Her nervous hand was taut upon the bridle rein, a sob of pure panic crept into the throat—*there was someone before her!* A woman's figure made a dark blur against the tent flap—Lizette—

Now the flap was drawn aside. A low, deep murmur,

(*Cont'd on page 99*)

They were two primitive creatures, he the protector, shaken with animal rage, she the cave-woman, sheltered in her mate's arms. Male and female, created He them so

The Social Czar of Hollywood

By
BURDETTE KINNE

THE most enviable social position among the "movies" of Hollywood is occupied by an English butler! In Hollywood dialect the word "movie" means any motion picture actor; one sees signs on apartment houses: "Movies not wanted, dogs not allowed." And when I say an English butler I dont mean an actor who plays butler parts in pictures, I mean a regular, beef-eating, heavy-jowled British servant. He's a long, funereal individual, with a face like a gravestone and he looks as tho he'd jump six inches if you suddenly hissed "Juggins, my gum!" in his ear. He wouldn't have to make up at all if he wanted to play butler parts, but he doesn't want to. His is a much more important rôle than any played on the screen. He is the Lord Chesterfield of the Cinema, he is the master of social etiquette, the final authority on formal procedure. He knows which fork to use and when. He knows the difference between dinner and evening clothes. And he knows exactly how a perfectly poised English lady bawls her brother out for misbehaving at the breakfast table. He is, in short, that almost unbelievable institution, the perfect English servant.

But why does he occupy this, so to speak, enviable social position in Hollywood? By what right, divine or otherwise, does a servant, even a British servant, lord it over our idols, our gorgeously beautiful male and female stars, our fabulously wealthy movies? Well, think it over a moment. Is there anything more sidesplitting than social functions in motion pictures? Haven't you wondered where they got so many clothing store dummies for men, and shopworn actresses for women? For what mysterious reason do they still dance those funny steps that you forgot while you were in high school? There is only one thing funnier in this whole amusing world, and that is screen college boys: forty-year old, thin-haired "extras" slapping one another on the back and giving their college cry, usually in a room hung with pennants and pictures of actresses of the vintage of Lillian Russell. And your curiosity has certainly been aroused by the hoary tradition of having a dinner guest eat peas with his knife, when it has always been obvious to you that the most hopeless moron would instantly figure out that it cant be done. The answer to all these interesting, if rhetorical, questions is simple: The screen is peopled with actors, and actors is actors now and forever, world without end.

Actors is actors! They live in the unreal world of the stage, a world which has nothing to do with formal dinners and the etiquette of High Society. When they face reality, your world and mine, they become either sentimental or maudlin or desperate. In the first two conditions they are unendurable to others, in the last unendurable to themselves and then they commit suicide. The typical Shakespearian actor lives a life of blank verse, he booms a Macbethan line of ten syllables when he orders a cup of coffee, and he strikes a Hamletian pose preparatory to a sad soliloquy when his landlady meekly asks him for part of his last six months' rent. And Juggins, our perfect English butler, on the contrary has done nothing all his life but take orders for coffee, and has never had to pay a cent of rent. The movie knows nothing about dull dinners and tepid teas, his meals mean the excitement of allowing a cafeteria full of people to

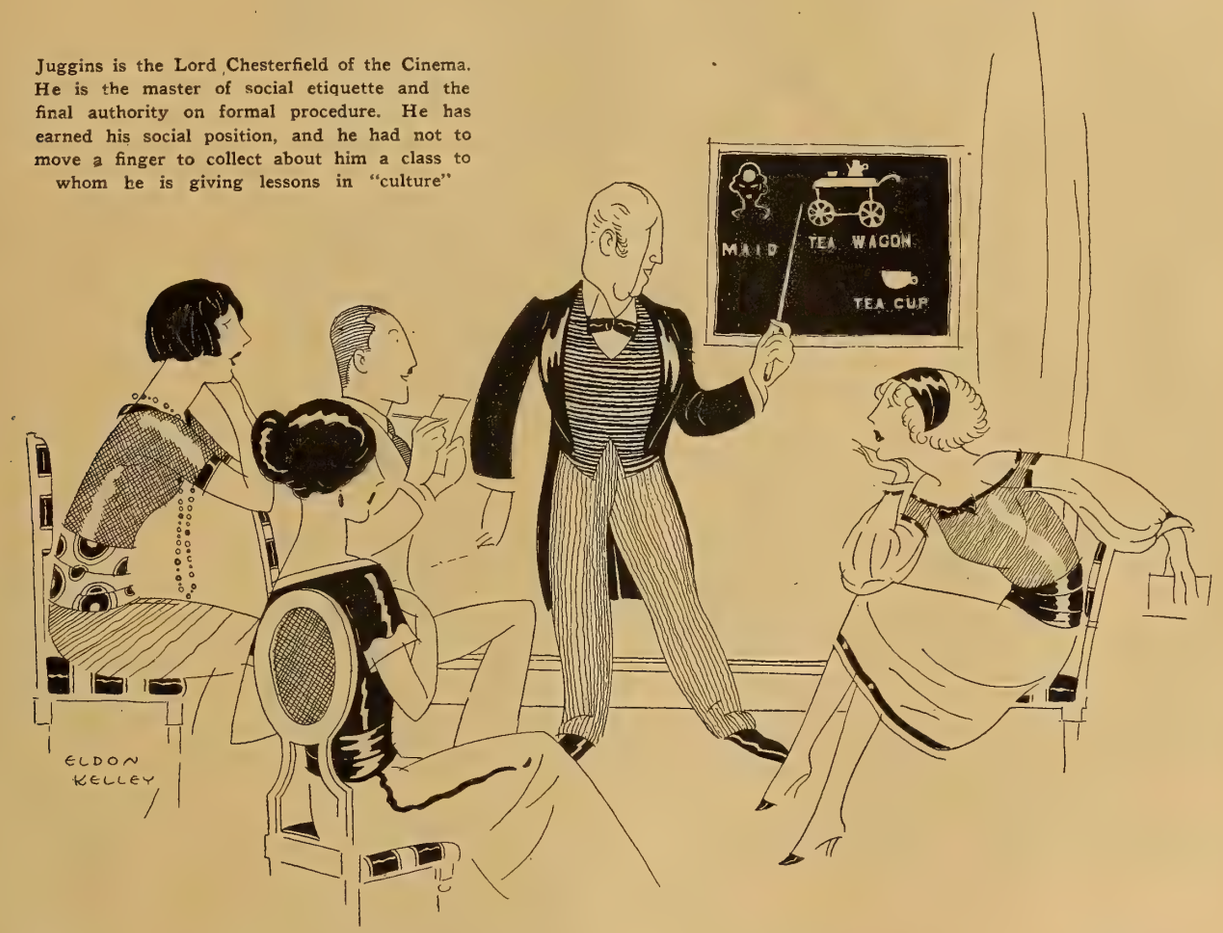
"Rotten! Give us some action! Show that you are insulted!" bawled the director. But Juggins unconsciously silenced him forever by saying quietly and with satisfaction: "Perfectly well-bred! She must be a lady!"

Once an English Butler, He Now Enjoys the Enviable Position of Professor of Etiquette

stare at him, and the end of every meal is a stick of spearmint gum.

But you thought the director knew all about these things, you thought he told the movies just how to behave and what to do? Ask the movies themselves about directors! And the movie will tell you that directors are the dumbest tribe with whom it has ever been his misfortune to be thrown. And what more proof that the movie is right do you need after the director hires an English servant to tell him how ladies and gentlemen behave?

At this Juggins, for the first known time in his movie life, burst into unrestrained, un-British speech. "Quite remarkable!" he exclaimed, and he clapped his hands together once or twice, "Bully, you know, absolutely bully!" His words stopped the mouth of the director, for that personage had been about to shout: "Rotten! Give us some action! *Show* that you are insulted! How d'you expect him to know. . . ." He got out only a small part of his natural reaction, however, for Juggins unconsciously silenced him forever by saying, quietly and with satisfaction: "Perfectly well-bred! She must be a lady!"



Juggins is the Lord Chesterfield of the Cinema. He is the master of social etiquette and the final authority on formal procedure. He has earned his social position, and he had not to move a finger to collect about him a class to whom he is giving lessons in "culture"

A friend of mine was recently given an important part in the next production of one of the most famous directors in the United States. She was to play the rôle of a young English noblewoman. Juggins, as I have chosen to label this invaluable butler, had been employed by the director to supervise the social details of the picture. Who else could do it, who else knew anything about the life of English nobility? The first scene actually "shot," with the camera man cranking his machine and the lights properly focused, was the breakfast of the young noblewoman (my friend) and her brother. The brother presents himself at the table still smoking his cigaret. This is shockingly incorrect and his sister is annoyed, not to say insulted, by his indifference to his conduct. My beautiful, intelligent friend indicated her objection by a mere pussing of her lips and what is known as "narrowing" her eyes. Her brother pays no attention and she is forced to say, coldly and without changing the expression on her sculptured features: "Gerald! Your cigaret!" And she bends her head again to her breakfast.

The movies standing about looked at him and then at their director, back at him and then at one another. They stood in frozen speechlessness, their world tumbled about their heads. They expected their czar to annihilate Juggins; they could not imagine a director's "taking that" from anybody. But they had forgotten, if they even knew anything about the strength of knowledge and the helplessness of ignorance. Juggins knew and the director didn't. How, the movies asked themselves, could they be expected to know that anyone anywhere ever behaved like that? In their lives a man smoked a cigaret when and where he pleased, and if the female of the species objected it was the occasion of a magnificent and soul-satisfying family fight. And here was Juggins approving of a scene in which there had been no heaving bosom and no palpitating chest, in which not an eye had been rolled and not a feature wiggled. Juggins had earned his social position, and he did not have to move a finger to collect about him a class to whom he is giving lessons in "culture."

Memories - - -

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

Miss Forrest is lacking in the usual cinema pose. And she is well read. We realize that any film cutie, who mentions Shaw and Wells, is immediately put down as intellectual. But the blonde Ann Forrest is honest-to-goodness well read

ANN FORREST surprised us in several ways. First, she was so blonde that we did not recognize her. Not that this is much of a surprise to the hardened interviewer. We have long ceased to entertain surprise over hirsute tints. Actually, Miss Forrest is blonde to the *nth* Scandinavian degree. It required a half dollar and a bell boy to locate her among the noon gathering of Claridge flappers.

But, surprise number two! Miss Forrest is really lacking in the usual cinema pose. And she is well read. We realize that any film cutie who mentions Shaw and Wells is immediately put down as intellectual. But the blonde Forrest is honest-to-goodness well read.

Not that it interferes with your having a pleasant afternoon with her. It isn't a handicap, we assure you. Miss Forrest told us that she was moody and gloomy most of the time and that she then read such cheery bits of literature as Dostoyefsky's "The Idiot" to help her drooping spirits. We gazed at her tanned and healthy five feet five and dared her to be gloomy. We double-dared her to be moody. We told her we simply would have to see it to believe it.

At which she startled the waiter serving us tea by her denunciation of our ideas of geography. She forgot all about being moody to tell us that she is Danish and not Swedish and several other pertinent things about knowing better. We told her that we vaguely remembered Anna Q. Nilsson's telling us the same thing not so long ago.

"What is she, Danish or Swedish?" Miss Forrest snapped.

"Scandinavian," we brilliantly replied.

"She's Swedish, I'm Danish; get that straight."

The interview thus got under way pleasantly and geographically.

It seems that Ann—you simply cant call her Miss Forrest even in a dignified interview—had but recently returned from a visit to her birthplace on the Danish island of Fano in the North Sea.

She came to America with her parents as a little girl with pigtails, but the memories of childhood still linger. "I never had such a thrill as when we sighted the island, which is some eight miles by four miles in size, at dawn from our steamer. I just choked with tears. Once ashore, I could hardly wait to race out to the old farm where we had lived. Strangers live there now, but they kindly let me rove about. Do you know what I missed most? Our old dog. That dog was in all my childhood fancies, together with an old apple tree where I had had a swing. That was gone, too. I guess those two things hurt worst.

"Of course, the changes among the people I had still remembered were disturbing. We never realize how swiftly life moves until we go backward. Most of the girls I had played with were married and had two or three babies. I felt like both a centurian and a child. Everyone was wonderful to me. I even received an invitation to play in the big theater at Copenhagen, where they usually demand years and years of apprenticeship and experience. Sometime, maybe, I shall go back there."

Miss Forrest went abroad primarily to play in "Love's Boomerang," made in France by the Famous Players. It was after the completion of this picture that she visited Denmark and later went to Germany.

"One tremendous impression stands out of my German visit," Miss Forrest remarked. "That is of the remarkable way the German is plunging into work. The land

Ann Forrest Talks to James Fredericks

teems with industry. This courage in the face of things stirs you strangely and you come away with the odd feeling that, after all, the Germans will come on top — or near it—in the final show-down. Such indomitable industry cannot fail."

Miss Forrest said that the thing that impressed her most in all her trip abroad were the olden buildings, structures that have stood thru the ages. "It thrilled me to just run my fingers over the ancient wood," she said. "The wood seemed to speak to me of other days and I always liked to walk about alone, to talk to it. I'd say, 'Good old wood, what have you to say to Ann?'" Which shows an odd whimsical note is a part of the Forrest make-up.

Miss Forrest's vividest impression of her whole trip abroad was of a walk at midnight thru a French town. "There was nothing else to do at night and we players frequently took long walks. That night hinges in my memory. There wasn't a single light in the whole stretch of the sleeping town. Just the shadows of the quaint old buildings and of the towering cathedral. We stopped on a little bridge just as the chime of midnight sounded. That was really the big moment of my journey across the Continent."

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

"Once in Denmark," said Ann, "I choked with tears. I could hardly wait to race out to the old farm where we had lived. Strangers lived there, but they let me rove about. Do you know what I missed most? Our old dog. The old apple tree where I had a swing was gone, too. I guess those two things hurt worst." Above. Miss Forrest is seen in conference with Director John Robertson

But to turn back to things of the screen.

Miss Forrest is particularly definite on one point, she wants to play on the stage soon.

She believes William de Mille to be the leading cinema director—the one man feeling his way to the film technique of the future.

She confessed that her real name is Anna Kromamm. She got her first start in film work

(*Continued on page 93*)

Photograph by Campbell Studios

"Kind of Crazy"

By
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

YOU know the kind of a fellow everybody thinks I am—a wild, reckless daredevil, toying with death, flirting with danger, and so on: that's the way they all figure me. A kind of D'Artagnan in real life. That's what they all think, dont they? Sure they do.

When I was in France, somebody suggested that I should put on "The Three Musketeers." To tell the truth, I had already made up my mind to do it; but I felt, under the circumstances, it was up to me to be a little bit coy about it; so I said to them, "Oh no, gentlemen, not I; a Frenchman should play the part of your great D'Artagnan."

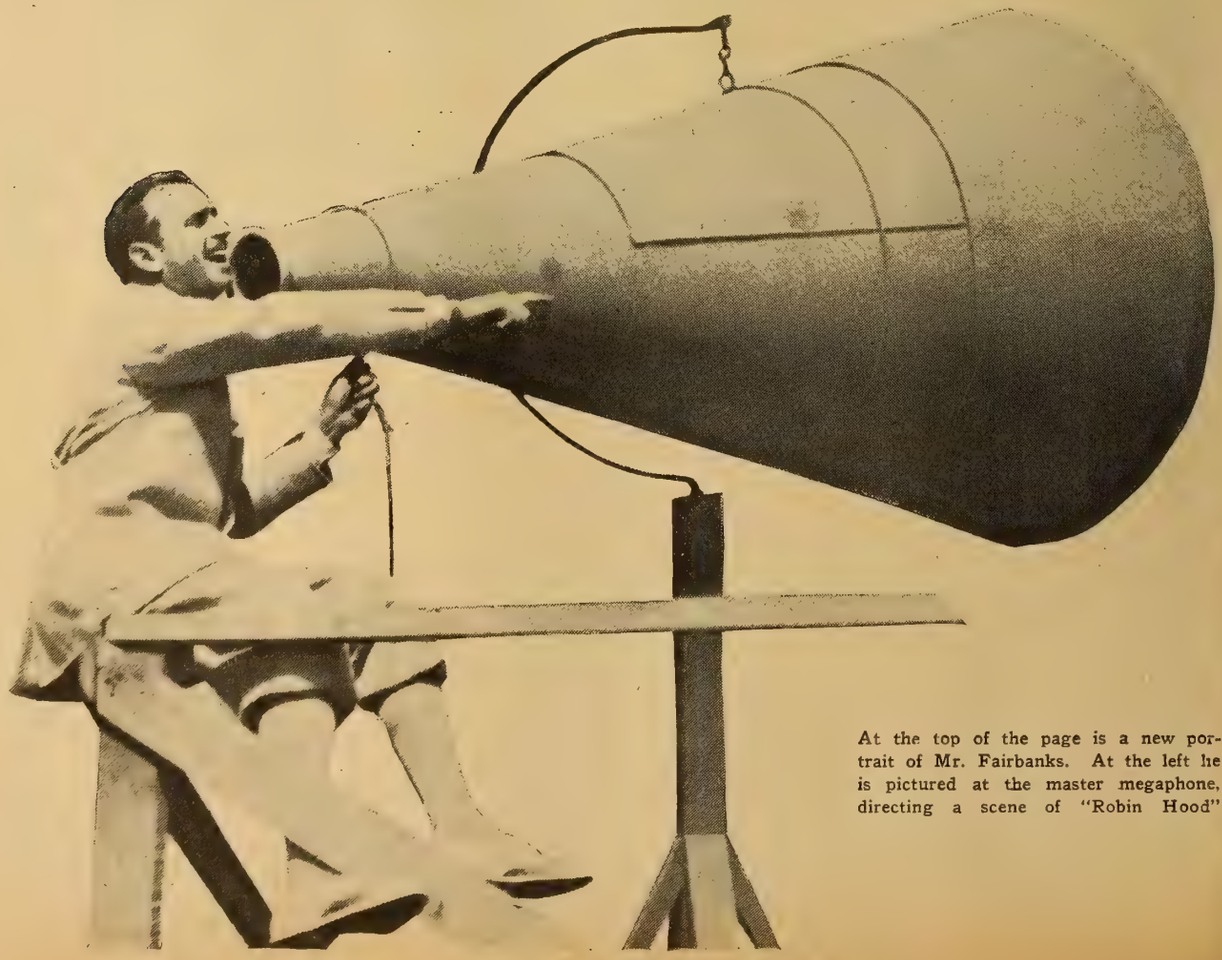
They had an excited consultation and announced the verdict to me: they had the consultation in the French language, but they slipped me the decision in English.

"No," they said, "we have talked it over; you are just the one," they declared, all smiles and excitement, "we have agreed that you are just the one to play D'Artagnan. He was just like you . . . kind of crazy."

That's just the way everybody figures me. They have an idea that my favorite way of spending a quiet, restful hour would be standing on my head on the top of the Woolworth tower. They think that I couldn't possibly get a satisfactory

When I was in France, a group of Frenchmen said I was just the one to play D'Artagnan. "He was like you," they said, " . . . kind of crazy."

That's the way everyone figures me out. They have an idea that my favorite way of spending a quiet, restful hour would be standing on my head on the top of the Woolworth Tower"



At the top of the page is a new portrait of Mr. Fairbanks. At the left he is pictured at the master megaphone, directing a scene of "Robin Hood"

view of the Grand Canyon except by going out on the farthest edge of Inspiration Point and tettering there upside down, standing on one hand.

Well, now I am going to tell you the truth: I am not like that at all. The real Doug Fairbanks is a different kind of fellow, honest.

You know in reality I am the most cautious, careful guy in the world: afraid of all kinds of things. You know I am one of these guys who cant do anything on the burst of the moment. I always have to sit down and figure it out so carefully that most of the fun is gone before I get round to doing it.

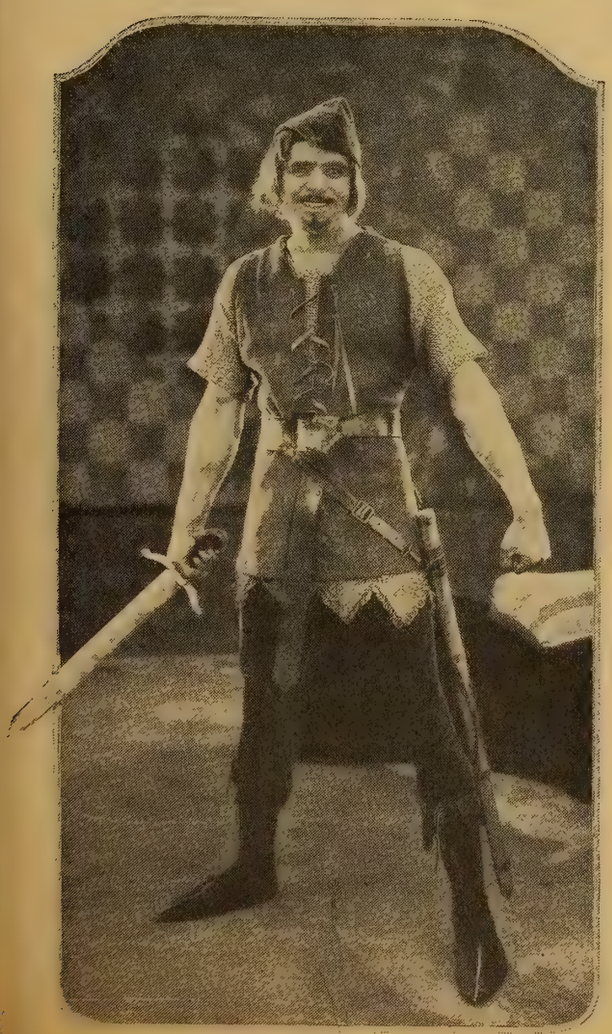
To see me in a picture, you would think I just never gave any thought to anything in the world: just spent my life blowing bubbles, eh? Well, I'm not like that at all: I just worry all the time. I keep worrying about everything.

Those Frenchmen made a very bad guess. I am not like D'Artagnan at all—not the least bit in the world.

You know if you get right down to cases, that fellow was a brute and a bully. He went around picking quarrels with everybody and killing folks who hadn't done anything to get killed for. If I were really like D'Artagnan, I'd be in jail. It was hard to make a picture out of him. It sounded all right in the book,

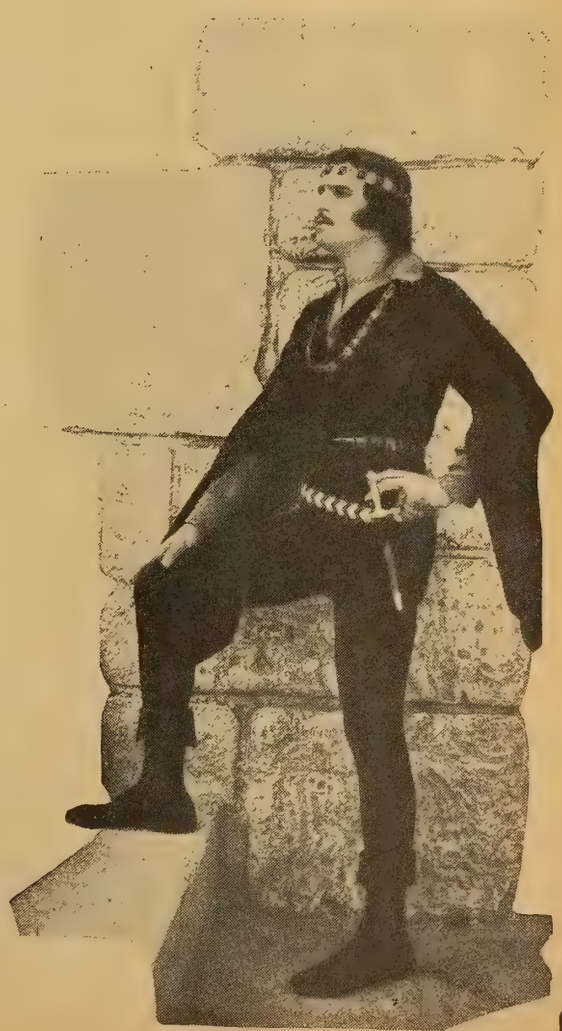
(*Continued on page* 94)

Photograph by M. Spurr, L. A.



In reality I am the most cautious guy in the world—afraid of all kinds of things. I sit down and figure things out so carefully that most of the fun is gone before I get round to doing it.

Above are Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks at Beverly Hills. At the left and right, two character studies from "Robin Hood"



Mystery plays are popular this season. Perhaps because of the contrast they offer to the realistic and often depressing dramas which have predominated. The next D. W. Griffith offering goes in for mystery—mystery and rapid action—namely, "One Exciting Night"

All photographs by Frank Dien

Griffith Goes In For Mystery

The cast, as you might judge from these previews, is an interesting one, comprised of Carol Dempster, Henry Hull, Charles Mack and other competent players

The Purple Highway

By JANET REID

EDGAR CRAIG neared the end of the sun-baked road. His goal was before him. And it did not tempt him. A large, rambling stucco house. The stucco had been allowed to peel, and the peeling gave the house an air of having blistered in the August sun, of having been allowed to suffer. The grounds were in the same condition. Weeds had choked out the more aristocratic growths. There were one or two flower beds, evidently kept in order by a hand that loved flowers, but that had despaired against the onslaught of disorder.

"On the whole," thought the young man, grimly, "it looks like a Home for Failures."

He entered the gate. A commotion was going on to one side of the house. He stood for a moment to see what it might be. There were five or six men sitting near the scene of the agitation, near it but not of it. Dreary looking men enough. They, Edgar Craig knew, were the Failures. Well, they looked it, too. They were our own kin of the weeds. Only less vital. Tired looking men. Life had done them out.

The commotion, which consisted upon close view, of the violent shaking of a huge and very much faded rug, suddenly subsided by the rug's falling dustily from the line to the ground, and the cause of the commotion crawling from beneath it. A girl. Edgar Craig dropped his bundle and ran to the assistance of the girl.

"That rug is too heavy for you," he said, as he extricated her, "why doesn't somebody help you with it?"

The girl rubbed a smudge from among the many smudges on her face and looked up at him.

April Blair had dreamed dreams ever since she could remember. . . . And when she left the bleak and dismal Home for Failures, she took with her a horde of precious dreams. . . .

Read how she followed the Purple Highway until at last she found her Dream Ship in harbor, golden sails unfurled.

"You mean *them!*" she said. She indicated the Failures. "Not them!" she said, but without malice. Then, hastily, "You're the plumber, aren't you? You'd better go right in. Mrs. Carney's having a fierce time with the kitchen sink, and if she catches you wasting time out here she'll skin you."

Edgar dismissed Mrs. Carney with a wave of his hand. "Why," he persisted, "dont some of those fellows help you when they see you doing heavy work like this?"

The girl laughed. "They never helped anybody but themselves in all their lives," she said. She added, "That's why they're failures."

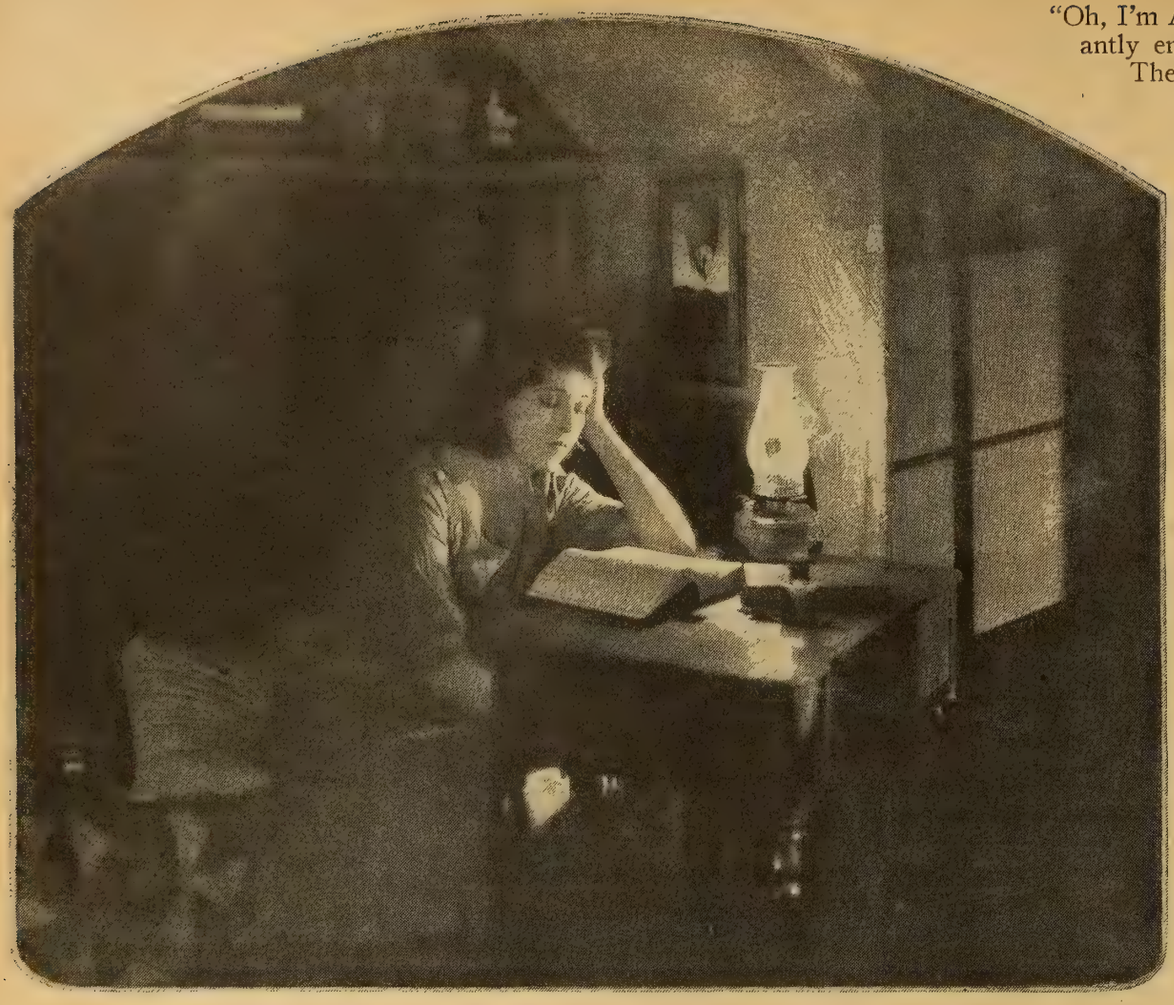
Edgar Craig considered. "Evidently," he said, at last, "you dont believe in failures?"

The girl shook her bright, tossed hair, "I do not," she said. "They're quitters, that's all they are. They couldn't get the plum they wanted out of the pie and so they just sat down and howled about it. I'm sorter sorry for them . . . that's as far as I go."

"Tell me about them," said Edgar.

The girl glanced in the general direction of the kitchen window. If Mrs. Carney were to see the plumber loitering away his good time with her while the kitchen sink was in the process of running over, they'd both get skinned alive, and yet she couldn't resist the temptation offered by this pleasant-faced man, with the interested eyes and the nice manners.

"Well," she said, "that's Manny Bean over there. He's the almost great theatrical manager. At this moment he's telling Mr. Lawton, the might-have-been-famous interior decorator, 'How and When to Succeed.'



Under her cherished print of Maxfield Parrish's ship, reading Longfellow's poem, "The Secret of the Sea," from her tattered little volume, the girl dreamed of the day when, with sails furled, the Dream Ship should come into harbor

For a failure he knows more about success than David Belasco. The one blown up too tight is Mr. Willis, the once near-great portrait painter, and the other one, the one with the smoky looking eyes, is Mr. Willis who wrote about a hundred scrap basketsful of novels that never got published. He knows more about good writing than Charles Dickens. The man who's reading is the only one who isn't really a failure at all. His name is Joe Renard. He was a famous violinist and he had an accident to his wrist — his right wrist — he couldn't play any more. Poor Joe——"

"And you dont feel sorry for any of them?"

"I *said* that I felt sorry for them, but I dont believe this Home stuff is the right kind of sympathy. The only home for failures should be the graveyard. Before the funeral they should keep on trying or they're only quitters with *nom de plume.*"

Edgar Craig tried to laugh. He didn't manage it so well. He wondered what the girl would say when she found out that he wasn't — well, the plumber.

"And you?" he said, "who are you?"

"Oh, I'm April," she said, pleasantly enough, "I am a relict. The relict of a Failure. My Dad was a Failure. He died here and after he died Mrs. Carney said I owed her at least two years' service to pay back all she had done for him—nursing—and the last rites and all that. That's why I'm here. But some day——"

"Yes——?"

"Some day" was, however, relegated to an even more distant future than is the halcyon moment's customary calendar-fate. The voice of Mrs. Carney was heard from the kitchen precincts shrieking out in indignation. The figure of Mrs. Carney, immensely bosomed and equally belligerent, followed the voice. Almost immediately the whole wrathfulness of Mrs. Carney was upon them, facing the calm young man, glowering down upon the abashed April.

"And me," said Mrs. Carney, "with my hands full and the kitchen sink full at one and the same moment. And you, good for naught as you are, carryin' on with the plumber's apprentice, for 'taint likely such a tiddle dee wit would be the plumber hisself, right under my very labors."

Edgar Craig interposed himself between Mrs. Carney and the girl.

"Mrs. Carney," he said, "both you and Miss April are mistaken. I'm neither the plumber nor his apprentice."

"Then . . . " said Mrs. Carney, with indignation rising before a new storm. . . .

"I'm the new Failure," said Edgar Craig. He smiled grimly at April, as he started to follow Mrs. Carney into the house, nodding as he passed the other Failures, in comradely manner. . . .

. . . .

Mrs. Carney was on Jury Duty. The Home for Failures learned it with joy to a man—and a girl.

Inevitably this meant that Mrs. Carney would be away for an entire day. Perhaps several entire days. Impossible to what this meant to the Failures. Peace. Sunshine.

THE PURPLE HIGHWAY

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Kenma production of the scenario by Rufus Stull, adapted from the stage-play, "Dear Me," by Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton, as produced by John Golden. Directed by Henry Kolker, and starring Madge Kennedy. The cast:

April Blair	Madge Kennedy
Edgar Prentice	Monte Blue
Dudley Quail	Vincent Coleman
Foe Renard	Pedro de Corboba
Manny Bean	Dore Davidson
Mrs. Carney	Emily Fitzray
Mr. Quail	William H. Toaker
Mrs. Quail	Winifred Harris
Shakespeare Jones	John W. Jenkins
Mr. Ogilvie	Charles Kent

Impossible to describe what it meant to April. Only the night before she had been what she would have called "in the glumps." When she was in the glumps, she generally wrote a letter to herself. She had written letters to herself ever since she had been old enough to hold a pencil. They were the kind of letters she would have liked Someone Else to write to her, save for the fact that there *was* no Someone Else.

Last night she had begun "Dear Me: It doesn't look as tho my Dream Ship ever would come in. The tide goes out and out. Maybe it's because I haven't a kinder heart. I suppose I hurt the feelings of Edgar Craig, talking as I did about the Failures and after all I'm only one myself. Maybe Mrs. Carney wishes she had someone to write *her* Dear Me letters. She never gets one. Maybe the Failures just didn't know about Dream Ships. Anyway, I must be ever so much kinder to them all, or else my Dream Ship will never come in."

Under her cherished print of Maxfield Parrish's ship, reading Longfellow's poem, "The Secret of the Sea," from her tattered little volume, the girl dreamed of a day when, with sails furled the Dream Ship should come into harbor—and as she dreamed awake, sleep continued the Dream . . . and lo, with her on the ship were Edgar Craig and Manny Bean and Joe and all the other Failures . . . Failures no more . . .

. . . . .

The next day Mrs. Carney announced her departure with many vinegary adjurations to April.

Ten minutes after the irate departure April conceived her great plan. There should be a picnic. They should make believe that they were none of them Failures, but very great Successes. She would sing for them. Joe would fiddle. Edgar Craig should read some of his poems or tell them the idea for a new play. Manny Bean should say how it had better be produced. They would take lunch and go off into the wood where the blistering stucco and the rank weeds could not remind them of their own lives.

At the breakfast table she announced the plan by unfurling a sheet of brown paper upon which she had inscribed in huge and magnificent letters:

IN HONOR OF MRS. CARNEY'S ABSENCE
GRAND ALL-DAY PICNIC
IN THE RAVINE
COME ONE!! COME ALL!!

"She cant possibly be back before night," she explained hastily as she saw fear and longing playing fifty-fifty on the worn faces of the Failures. "We'll pretend we've found Freedom—just for today."

On the triumphant way to the ravine April and Edgar Craig walked along, leading the way. Joe was right in

It was while the Failures were crowning April Queen that Mrs. Carney came upon them. April was draped in a red tablecloth, holding a bramble and in the very act of knighting Edgar, when the picnickers were stricken into silence

After supper Dudley took me out in a barge on the lake and it was like fairy-land, and I was the Princess Beautiful and he was Prince Charming, only I kept seeing another face in the black jewelly waters—Edgar's face. I'm getting tired of Failures!

back of them, cuddling his fiddle as tho it were a baby.

April was talking excitedly. "Of course this isn't all," she said, "of course there's a Stream of Life. Jacob built his ladder, you know, and climbed to Heaven. We could all do that . . . if we tried."

"I tried," said Edgar Craig, "many times and I failed."

"You mean your plays? Oh, but you only tried for yourself. For your own fame. That's why you failed. You were not good enough yet. You hadn't suffered enough, or loved enough. You didn't build enough rungs to your ladder."

"How do you know so much, young Wisdom?"

April laughed and sighed. "I just feel things in here," she said, "I know about Dad. He was a success while mother lived, and then when she died he didn't care any more. He didn't care about anything or anybody. He began to fail."

In the ravine April set her stage. They were each and everyone, she said, to do the things they had wanted to succeed at. The others would take turns being audience. Jackson, the juggler, should begin, with the potatoes. She related to Edgar the depressing fact that he had tried once before with Mrs. Carney's eggs and the ensuing disaster had been indescribable.

In the ravine, Jackson performed potato marvels. The homely vegetables described gyrations in the air marvelous to behold. Jackson beamed with long deferred joy as the ravine rang with the applause started and sustained by April. He tried to imagine that he was in the Palace theater in New York, that Manny Bean was a great booking agent; that he had "made good"—he tingled for an hour after.

Mr. Willis was prevailed upon to read excerpts from his last failure, and favorable criticism was the order of the day.

Joe fiddled, altho under protest. "I cant sing for you," April said, "unless you get me into the spirit of the thing."

Joe and Edgar fought as to who should wait on the forthcoming Light Opera Prima Donna—and Edgar was as sweet as ever . . .

And then April sang for them. And when she sang, the Failures knew, down to Jackson the juggler, that whatever their past failures might have been they had, in their midst, a potential Success. The girl's voice rose, radiant and pure, above the ravine, above their uplifted faces, above, it seemed, the very tree-tops.

And as she sang the Jacob's Ladder song, by unanimous request, a vision came to the Failures, playing hookey for a summer day, from Life. Where the trail crawled out of the ravine it seemed to stretch along a marvelous pathway, beginning in darkness, but growing ever brighter and ever brighter as it wound away up, up, eternally up to floods of supernal light, to a celestial city, seen dimly, but blessedly and surely. Upon this pathway the figures of men and women are seen, groping at first, but growing ever surer and surer as they near the light. And as if possessed by the vision and suddenly inspired April rose and still singing beckoned them to follow her, suddenly crying, "Come on! Let's climb! Let's climb!"

It was while the Failures were crowning April Queen that Mrs. Carney came upon them. April was draped in a red tablecloth, holding a bramble and in the very act of knighting Edgar Carney, when the picnickers were stricken into silence.

Mrs. Carney charged, roaring! She threatened April with umbrella, purse, arms and voice. "You hussy!" she shrieked, "you're fired. You get off of this place in fifteen minutes or I'll burn every rag you own!"

There was an instant's silence, then, amazingly, April rose with a loud, glad cry. "I'm free!" she sang out to them, "Free to begin my climb! Come one! Come all!"

. . . . . .

Dear Me:

It's all wonderful. I'm sitting under my Dream Ship picture, but it isn't in the Home for Failures any longer. And I feel that it's nearer to me. I'm free. Edgar is free. Joe is free. Manny Bean is free. They all came when I came. They followed up the trail.

Of course, we're not in the Celestial City. Not yet. In fact, we're only in an attic studio, but from the funny diamond-paned windows we can see a magical city that turns to an opal in the twilight and in the morning is like a pigeon blood ruby, fiery and fine.

Edgar is writing his play. Joe is composing music. And some day soon someone is going to give me a chance to sing on the stage. Then our Ship shall have come in.

Edgar works very hard. We all do, but we're so thankful for no more Mrs. Carney that we dont mind having too little to eat sometimes. Edgar says that Man Does not Live by Bread alone, and, Dear Me, that's very true. We had great hunks of bread at Mrs. Carney's, because that was one of the provisions of old Amos Prentice's will when he left the home to Failures, but often and often I was very hungry and the bread didn't help a bit. I dont feel that way now. Good night.

. . . . . .

A Month Later

Dear Me:

A wonder has befallen. I am to sing on the stage. Edgar and Joe went out early this morning and told me they might be gone all day. When

(*Continued on page* 103)

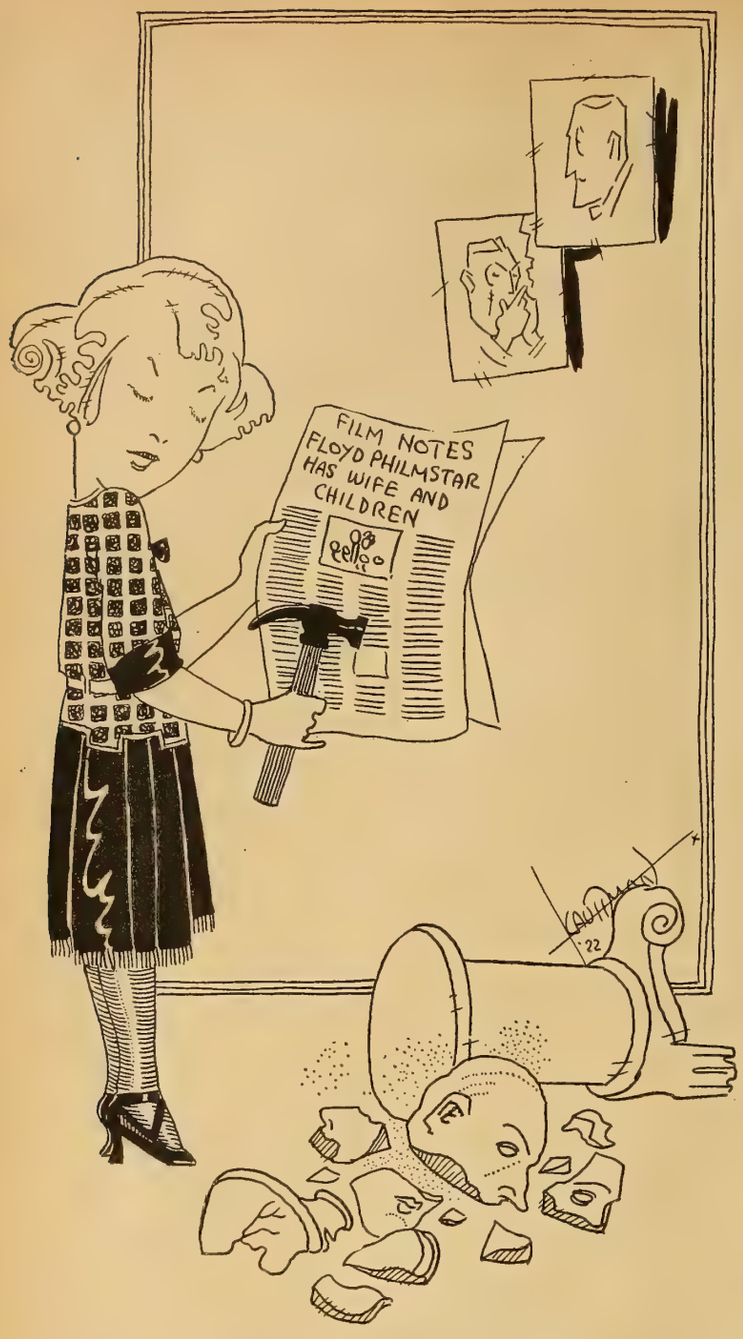
And then Edgar dried my tears and showed me the foolish dear print of my Dream Ship . . . And he held me close and kept whispering, "Dear me . . . Dear Me"—while the *April* set sail and cruised around the harbor in the path of the moon

The Movie Fan

By

HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman



Woe to her nicely painted Idol . . . if she Finds out that he has a Wooden Head . . . an Extra Wife . . . or a Real Past To his credit

Messieurs et mesdames

We Present. .

The Movie Fan

(While she's not . . .

Looking . . .)

She may live in

Pinochle, Wisconsin, but

She Holds the Whip on

Hollywood. . . . She

Has a thousand marionettes in

Grease-paint dancing to her

Bidding and . . .

Thrice Blessed is the

Beautiful Young Actor who

Can hand her a

Thrill . . .

He gets Front Covers

On the Magazines . . . and

He can wear White Knicker-

Bockers on the Boulevard

Without . . .

Some Village Cut-up asking

Where He Left His

Horse . . .

His former friends feel like

Frost-bitten Eskimos

Confronting the Aurora Borealis

If they try to speak . . .

To Him. . . .

And he's as chummy as an

Untrained Seal. . . .

But . . .

Beware the Movie Fan

When she Starts

Howling . . .

Woe to her nicely painted

Idol . . . if she

Finds Out that he has a

Wooden Head . . . an Extra

Wife . . . or a Real Past

To his Credit . . . Idols are a

Total Loss unless they can be

Worshiped . . . and they're not

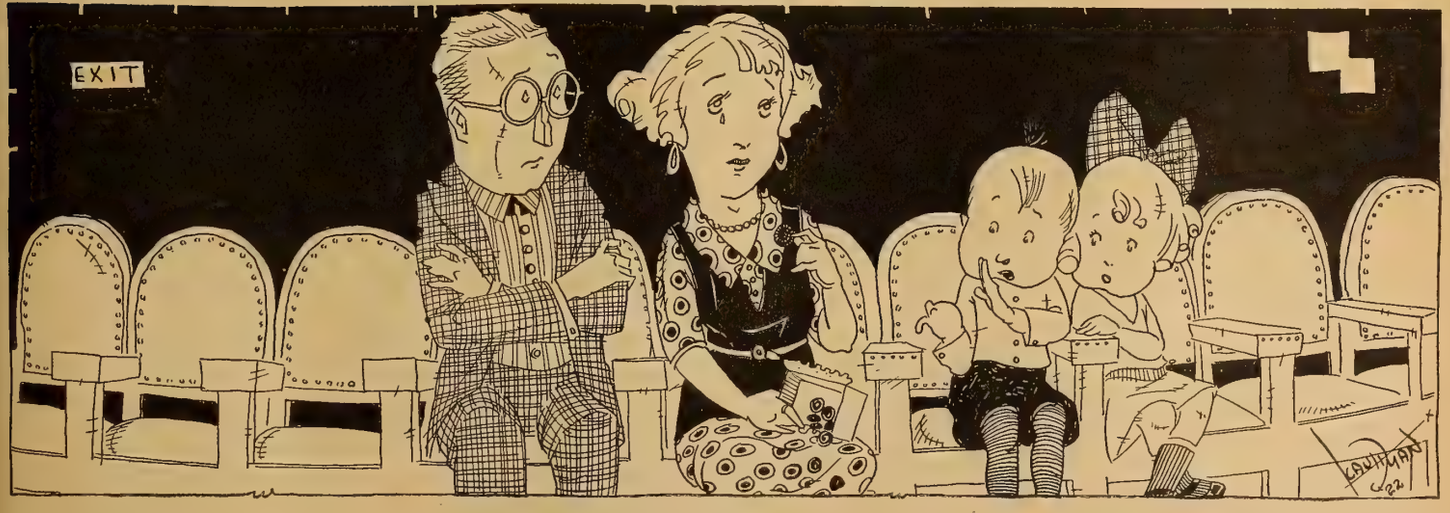
Supposed to Shimmy in their
Shrines. . . .
The Movie Fan
Knows what she Doesn't
Want . . . and usually
Gets it. . . . She is a
Self-elected One-Man-
Critic . . . and her
Favorite Pastime is
Watching the Stars Fall. . . .
When Things Grow
Dull . . . She
Concentrates on Hollywood and
Makes It Tremble. . . .
She can cause an
Eruption that
Would make the
Best Efforts of Vesuvius
Look like a
Fireworks display on
July Fourth . . .

The natives Run For
Shelter . . . and the Cinamese
Face a barrage of
Cameras with their
Wives and Mothers
(Even tho they have to
Bribe the dears . . .)
And
Take the Censors Out
For a Square
Meal . . .

They know that old Diogenes
Could find his long-sought
Honest Man . . . and have him
Roped and Tied . . . e'er they
Found One Contented Movie Fan . . .

Messieurs et mesdames
We Present
The Movie Fan
(. . . And *Run* . . .)

She may live in
Pinochle, Wisconsin, but
She holds the whip on
Hollywood . . . She
Has a thousand marionettes
in
Grease-paint dancing to her
Bidding . . .



Out From the Comedy Fold

By EDWIN SHALLERT

EYES that are like an unhappy black twilight . . . Her most decisive feature . . . A nose that tries to pretend to be pretty . . . Lips, cheeks, hair—well, what matter? I was almost as unaware of them as one is of woman's ears nowadays. Then, besides, I am not going to paint a portrait of Dale Fuller; I am only going to set down my impressions of an interview with her, and these are ineradicably mental.

You saw her? No doubt. Everybody who viewed "Foolish Wives," did, and remembered her. She played the serving maid. Hers was the most conspicuous acting in the picture outside of Eric von Stroheim's. "Foolish Wives" may not have been your ideal of a story, but Dale Fuller's emotion when the flames were about to devour the chateau was a throbbing success. And now she is to have another big rôle in von Stroheim's new Viennese drama.

To Eric von Stroheim belongs the credit for Dale Fuller's discovery—at least, as a dramatic type. It is as this type that she promises now to become popular. She belongs to that newer class of actresses who are bringing character and brains, rather than just simply beauty, to the screen.

Von Stroheim selected her for his picture from a photograph. The least attractive photograph, in fact, among the many that I have seen of her. It was an old comedy pose. Miss Fuller, herself, called it "waiting for the pie."

When she arrived at the studio in answer to the director's call, she wore a neat tailored suit, a hat designed to be fetching, and a veil to suit. Von Stroheim looked at her doubtfully.

"It isn't possible that you are Dale Fuller," he half-questioned.

"Yes," she answered, with a natural sprightliness, "that's I'm."

"But you dont look a bit like this picture . . . It isn't possible," and he took the photograph from his desk and compared it dubiously with her face.

"Can you make yourself look like that?" and he flashed the comedy pose in her face.

Miss Fuller told him to wait and she would. Off came her hat. She grabbed her hair and pulled it tightly back, let the light die out of her eyes and her chin sag. Instantly she was

Photograph by Freulich

You remember Dale Fuller. Everyone does who saw "Foolish Wives." She played the serving maid. And hers was the most conspicuous acting in the picture outside of Eric von Stroheim's. Dale Fuller's emotion when the flames were about to devour the chateau was a throbbing success. And now she is to have another big rôle in von Stroheim's new Viennese drama. At the top of the page Miss Fuller is seen in the rôle of the serving maid. At the right is a new camera study

Eric von Stroheim Discovered Dale Fuller and Gave the Screen a Dramatic Actress

transformed into the likeness, or as close thereto as possible without proper make-up.

Nevertheless, von Stroheim wasn't satisfied. He put her thru a series of tests, making her register emotions alien and strange to her, while he and his wife looked on as a critical audience. Finally he was satisfied and engaged Miss Fuller for the picture. Not only that, but he became so interested in her hidden ability that he built up her part, giving her an exceptional opportunity to prove herself. And she did.

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am for

Photograph by Freulich

Von Stroheim selected Dale Fuller for his picture from a photograph. The least attractive photograph, in fact, among the many that I have seen of her. It was an old comedy pose. Miss Fuller herself calls it "Waiting for the pie." You will see it at the left

what he has done," continued Miss Fuller. "He was the first and only one to see that I could be a serious actress, and he gave me my big opportunity. No matter what happens to me—if I have great success at any time, or if I fail—I shall always feel a debt of gratitude to Mr. Von.

"My admiration for his work is unbounded. With him everything is art for art's sake. Even if he did

(*Continued on page 97*)

Miss Fuller recently appeared with Agnes Ayres in "Borderland," in which production she is pictured at the left

Beauty Reigns—

We Present Three American Beauty Contestants

Photograph by Pach Bros.

Above is Alice Palmer of 798 West End Avenue, New York City. Brown eyes and hair and a fair complexion contribute to her beauty

Photograph by Victor Georg

At the left is Virginia Rousseau of 2711 So. Normandie Avenue, Los Angeles. Her fair complexion is enhanced by grey eyes and brown hair. Above is Mary Beth Milford of 1944 So. Figueroa Street, also of Los Angeles. She is a blonde, with large blue eyes and quaint curls

Photograph by Hillary A. Bartly

Chaplin *vs.* Lloyd

A COMPARISON BY HARRY CARR

YOU cant compare people unless you have some basis of comparison.

Charlie Chaplin and Hal Lloyd can best be compared in terms of pumpkin pie.

It's this way:

Every healthy boy has an appetite that reaches and envelopes pumpkin pie. You never have to bother asking him if he likes pumpkin pie: you just keep on shoveling it out—and marveling at the caverns that nature has created.

In time the boy outgrows pumpkin pie. His tasting apparatus makes subtle experiments with rare and delicate dishes: with strange and illusive flavors; with sophisticated and complicated dishes. But in the end, when his jaded taste tires of these fancy things, he comes back to pumpkin pie, youth and experience!

Photograph by Gene Kornman

Charlie Chaplin laughs at the world to keep from crying with the world. In his heart Chaplin is sad. Harold Lloyd has a heart full of laughter. He is the sunshine on laughing waters. His comedies are a reflection of himself

Just so with cooks. The Iowa "hired girl" rests her reputation on pumpkin pies. She may not know how to tinker with queer dishes that have long French names. But with a pumpkin pie, she is a mighty performer before the Lord.

At the other extreme is the great chef. He has his own country home and a valet. He gets a salary that sounds like the bill for the German reparations. He can take a piece of chuck steak and make it taste like venison. He performs on a cook stove like a virtuoso on a pipe-organ. And usually, his great pride is—pumpkin pie. Great art is simplicity.

And those are the terms in which we must think of Hal Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin.

They are without doubt the two greatest comedians the screen has produced. Perhaps the two greatest comedians that have ever lived.

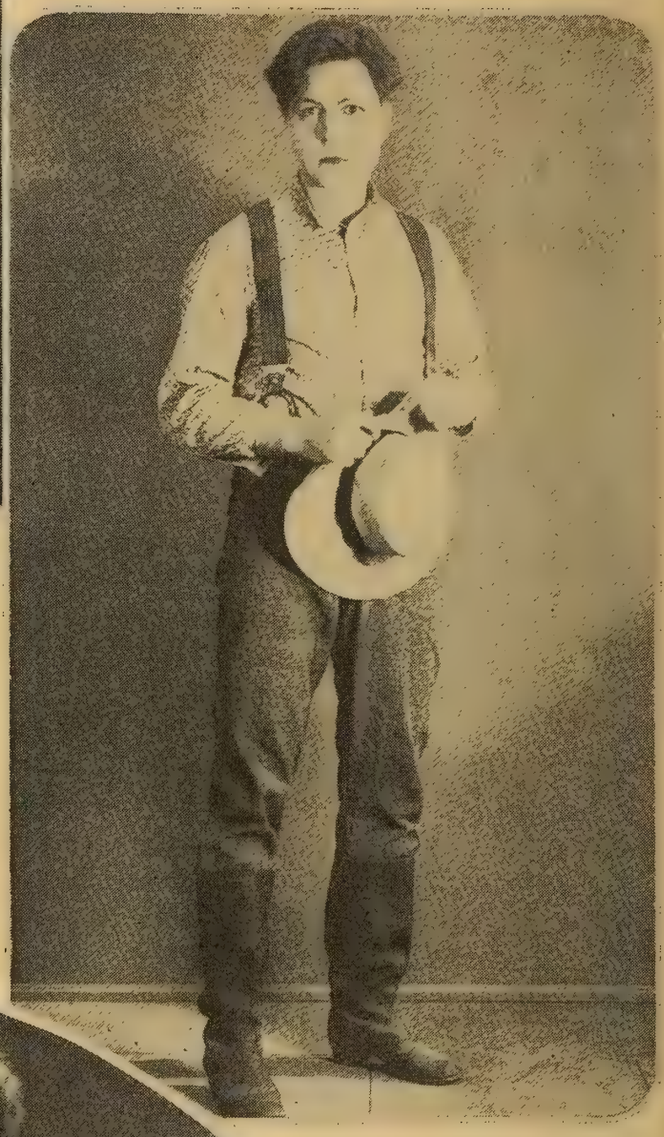
But Hal Lloyd is the eager boy who likes pumpkin pie because he is gloriously and gorgeously young. Charlie Chaplin is the subtle, experienced artist who has tasted all the intricate flavors the world has to offer and has come back to pumpkin pie.

Hal Lloyd is the young colt who frisks and kicks up his heels out of sheer exuberance of youth and high spirits. Charlie Chaplin is the wise old circus horse who frisks— and knows why.

Chaplin is the conscious artist. He can tell you that slapstick is, when reduced to its fundamentals, the most subtle and difficult of arts.

(*Continued on page 96*)

Harrison Ford did not just pop into the movies from the luxurious life of a Los Angeles real estate office. Nor was he spotted by a director at a bar and elevated to stardom overnight. He has worked for all he has attained



"Life is a sort of experiment," he said. "We have a vast opportunity here to mold ourselves to some good end"

At the top of the page is the latest portrait of Harrison Ford; just above he is seen as Reuben in "The Old Homestead," and at the left he is farcifying, if we may coin a word, with Connie Talmadge

The Measure of a Man

By GORDON GASSAWAY

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

THINGS just happen. It is in the telling of them that they become significant. The man who catches a fish merely catches a fish, but listen to him telling about it and you'll see what I mean.

So it was in my first meeting with Harrison Ford, one of the leadingest leading men of the American screen. To the casual observer it was just the meeting of two fellows, by appointment, in the lobby of a large and popular hotel. But in a manner it was significant, particularly in regard to Harrison's second remark.

"Let's go eat—I'm hungry as a bear!" That is what he said, and it led easily and gently up to a luncheon in the hotel grill. A grill, by the way, which is the lair of the interviewer, for here he traps his prey and feeds off his bounty and his personality. At a nearby table Eric von Stroheim was submitting to the professional probings of a lady interviewer. At another table Lois Wilson was being luncheoned and questioned.

"This seems to be a movie hangout," quoth Harrison as we unfolded our serviettes—they call 'em that in this hotel. I think the waiters, when at home, ask their wives for the napkins, however.

But I was not interested in those about us. I was intent upon taking the measure of this very popular young screen idol. What makes one youth more popular than another? That is what I intended to find out. I had already decided that it must be what lies within, and I wanted to discover what lay within the mental processes of Harrison Ford; for despite the fact that all the world loves a lover, in the abstract, a large portion of the world has come to love Harrison. It takes something more than merely being presentable, physically, and being cast in the rôle of a lover. There must be intellect, soul, character and something else. This *something else* is perhaps the most important of all. Peter Pan had it; David Warfield has it to a marked degree, and Ethel Barrymore is full of it. It is sympathy, humanity, compassion and love—and the juice of youth, making inconsequent the passing years.

Harrison Ford is vibrant with youth. It flashes from his very clear brown eyes and flows in his veins like sap in a healthy young pine tree. His attitude toward life and people and books is imbued with the freshness of adolescence.

(*Continued on page* 108)

The Head of the House of Keaton

Here he is—Joseph Talmadge Keaton.
There never was such a baby!
Ask his father, Buster Keaton——
Or his mother, Natalie Talmadge Keaton——
Or his uncle, Joseph Schenck——
Or his aunts, Norma and Constance Talmadge——

We fondly hoped that Buster Keaton would be caught smiling after this event, but, alas—the picture at the right finds him as inscrutable as ever. At the top of the page, Mr. and Mrs. Keaton marvel over the young man who now rules their household; and just above, Constance Talmadge asks you if you notice the family resemblance

Across the Silversheet

Characters Come to the Shadowdrama from Balzac, Dumas and Ibañez

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Above is Rodolph Valentino as the toreador hero of "Blood and Sand." Lila Lee and Nita Naldi assist Mr. Valentino in making this a splendid production.

At the left is a scene from Dumas's "Monte Cristo," as presented by William Fox. Hardly anyone could fail to be concerned over the thrilling action.

Below is Norma Talmadge as the emotional and passionate Duchesse de Langeais. Conway Tearle is the hero. The title of this Balzac novel has been changed to "The Eternal Flame" for screen purposes

WHEN you see Norma Talmadge in the Balzac story, "La Duchesse de Langeais," inexplicably called "The Eternal Flame"; and the William Fox production of Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo," you will stop to think of the fortunes these two men would have received for the motion picture rights to their work if they had lived today. And you will consider also the splendid screen material they fashioned long years before the motion picture was dreamed of.

First to consider Miss Talmadge in "The Eternal Flame."

It has been agreed that shallow women are the women who play the most successful game with men—the women who flirt best and achieve the greatest reputation as coquettes. Personally we doubt this, but, whether or not it is true, it was not the case with the beautiful Duchesse de Langeais. First offering her love to the unworthy Duke, she was humiliated and hurt beyond measure. Then she adopted the subterfuge of concealing her emotional nature beneath the cloak of coquetry. Because she had less faith in men did not mean she had less love to offer. Subconsciously she knew of the leaping fires with which she was playing. It gave her game a rare flavor to comprehend some of the throes to which she was submitting her countless victims. And when she finally came to love again, she loved with a measure greater by far than would the phlegmatic beings who saunter casually along the emotional byways, shunning the broad highways of life.

The end is not faithful to Balzac, but you are not likely to harbor resentment. The waste of such love would have been a frightful extravagance. And you realize on what a high wave of popularity the Duchess and her General would have ruled the titled circle of Paris.

Norma Talmadge came to the screen without theatrical experience. Yet we doubt

(*Continued on page* 110)

Descriptive Comment on

Above, Mabel Normand in "Head Over Heels." At the right, a scene from "Divorce Coupons," in which Corinne Griffith is starred. Below, Viola Dana in "They Like 'Em Rough"

Head Over Heels—Goldwyn

MABEL NORMAND will not win the laurel wreath with this picture which takes her and you back to the time when she frolicked about on the Sennett lots executing acrobatic high jinks. If you have seen "Mickey" or "Molly O"—you will wonder what has come over Mabel. You will wonder if she has been playing "Auld Lang Syne" on the melodeon. The picture is rather ancient, since it was made when the star was with Goldwyn, and features her as a product reared among the hurdy-gurdys of the New York streets. We sharpen our blue pencil for "Head Over Heels."

Divorce Coupons—Vitagraph

Corinne Griffith has played the poverty-stricken, tho aristocratic, Southern girl before—so she is able to conduct herself accordingly. We dont know why the South should always furnish these high-caste impoverished families—probably one reason being the appropriateness of a tumble-down mansion and the dilapidated fence which surrounds it. The story is familiar and depends upon the fatal letter—an age-old device. Corinne in a burst of foolish confidence advises her chum that she will marry only for money. She sets her cap for the Crœsus and lands him. You know by this time that she falls in love with her husband. The journey to New York and a life of affluence enable the aristocratic Corinne to show cause why she is called one of the best-dressed actresses on the silversheet. You who like her (and who doesn't?) will admire her dressmaker even tho you are but mildly entertained.

They Like 'Em Rough—Metro

The dynamic Viola Dana in a hoydenish caprice. The title gives it away. She who gets spanked is a little girl with a little curl and when she is bad she is naughty. The irresponsible Viola appears in the fore-part of this inconsequential bit of fluff as a spoiled child—a character which she has made mellow thru occasional repetition. Seven years elapse and the peppery girl becomes our modern flapper, tho her willpower is as dominant as when she frolicked about with a little Lord Fauntleroy for a playmate. Enter the dynamics. The boy brings a shock in his complete transformation. But good little boys always grew up into bad little boys. And the erstwhile sweetheart is disguised with a heavy beard. The irresistible hoyden stops playing at romance when cave love beckons. A story of high jinks every foot of the way. And pleasingly diverting.

Other Screen Productions

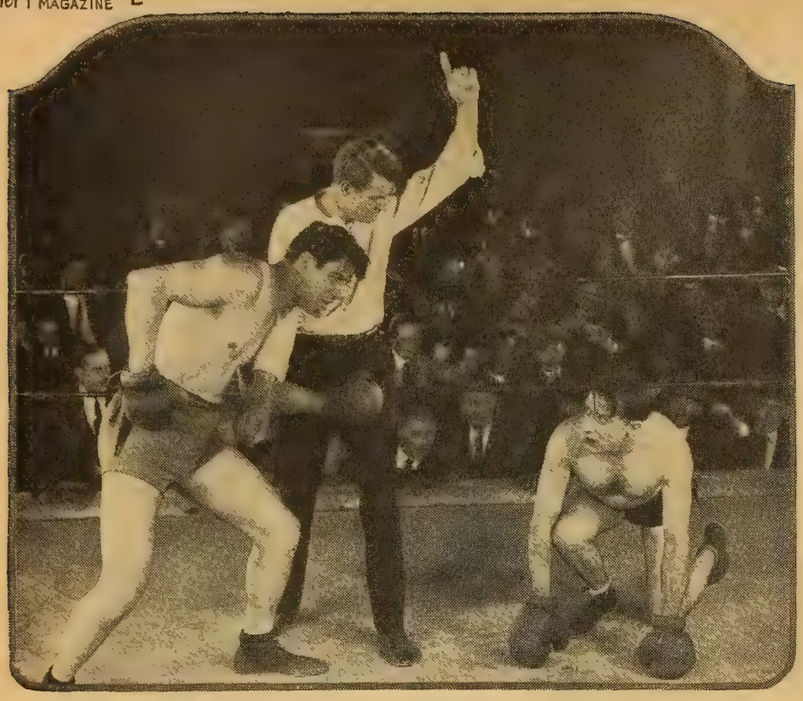
Married People—Ballin-Hodkinson

Here we have a prize scenario, written by a Chicago stenographer—the contest being conducted by a newspaper of the big metropolis on Lake Michigan. And because it is publicized as a prize-winning story, we are apt to look more closely for its merits to discover if there are any demerits. Such is human nature. "Married People" is not an inspired tale. It carries the familiar central idea of a house divided against itself because a romping child isn't present to cement the strained relations. So Hugo Ballin, a good director with half an opportunity, carries on for six reels, showing the flighty caprices of a pleasure-loving wife, and the irritability of an extravagant husband—a husband who has spoiled his pretty spouse. Mr. Ballin has revealed a fairly interesting picture—tho the idea is too familiar to intrigue the imagination. He wont mind it if we tell him that pulling a sheet over a corpse's face has gone the way of the painted exterior. A little child is adopted and the frowns on the faces of the unhappy couple are obliterated. The sets are opulent and the cast is adequate, altho Mabel Ballin seems to step out of character in her attempt to portray a "Ritzy" manner.

The Married Flapper—Universal

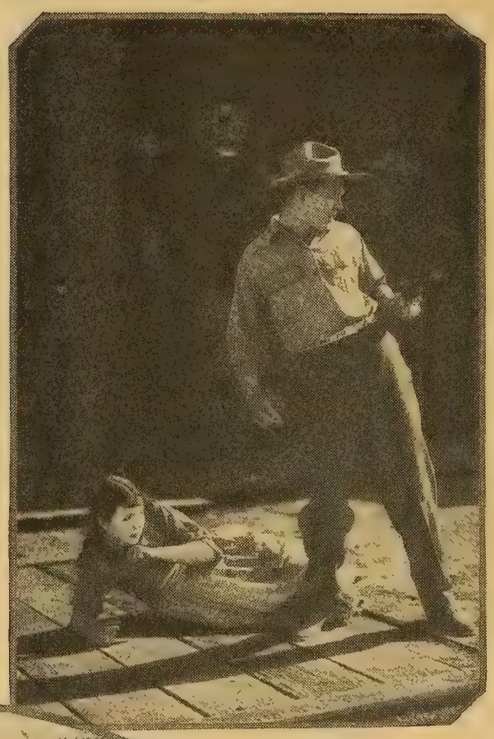
In this picture the personable Marie Prevost is "peterpanning" as a vivacious, flirtatious wife. Which is to say that she marries Kenneth Harlan upon short notice with no intention of giving up her flapper tendencies. This is a story which skims the surface of marital infidelity. Everyone knows that a flapper likes to experiment without suffering the actual experiences. Consequently when Marie plays with fire—the fire lingering in Philo McCullough's eyes—you know for a certainty that after a slight disagreement she will appreciate the marital obligations. The fear of a censor's blue pencil has kept this story from getting down to the rock-bottom of the flapper complex. In "The Married Flapper" it is Marie's privilege to rescue a silly imitator. In doing this it is obviously developed that friend husband catches her in a stray apartment. The climax introduces an auto race after the style of Wally Reid. When hubby, to recoup his fortune, is entered in the contest and unfortunately breaks his arm, the pretty spouse takes the wheel and drives under the wire a winner. This episode is linked up with a real race out Beverly Hills way. Will the opus entertain? Well, it's nothing to make a fuss about. Lucille Rickson as the silly gosling gets more into character than the star.

Above, a scene from the Hugo Ballin production depicting Mabel Ballin and Percy Marmont. At the left, Marie Prevost as "The Married Flapper." And below, a scene from "The Woman Who Came Back"



The Woman Who Came Back—Playgoers

Best sellers never fail to reach the screen. Remember "Sonia" by Stephen McKenna which created some stir with those who group themselves around the reading light? It has been picturized under the title of "The Woman Who Came Back," and offers none of its fictional highlights in its new form. The best that can be said of it is the characterization of Sonia by Evelyn Brent—an actress who has not basked in the spotlight of publicity. Miss Brent does not always convince, principally because she does not use so much repression as the part calls for. Sonia's is a story of a heartless flirt who sheds her wings when the great war breaks out. So you see it is a story of regeneration. A dash of hokum is sprinkled on the English school scenes. It should be edited. A fair enough picture for those of you who take them as they come—giving a little quarter for the sake of charity.



At the top of the page is Frank Mayo in "Afraid to Fight." At the right is "Smudge," with Charles Ray. And below is Dorothy Gish once more—in "The Country Flapper"

Afraid to Fight —Universal

This title is the correct antithesis of the late Woodrow's famous expression which elected him. It also has something to do with the war. An ex-pugilist has returned from the big conflict with his lungs in such bad shape from being gassed that his own Jack Kearns is doubtful whether he will ever be able to enter the ring again. The youth is eager to put on the gloves again—that he may support a mother and a crippled sister. Simple, isn't it? So they send him to the mountains and the rich and rare ozone completely restores him to health. A picture with one scene—the fight; a picture written around one character—the pugilist. The result? Oh, so much padding to give it five-reel dimensions. It moves so quickly, however, that you dont have time to notice the reinforcements. And Frank Mayo enlists his stalwart services for the heroic rôle. He still appears to be camera conscious—as if he doesn't possess enough confidence in himself.

Her Gilded Cage—Paramount

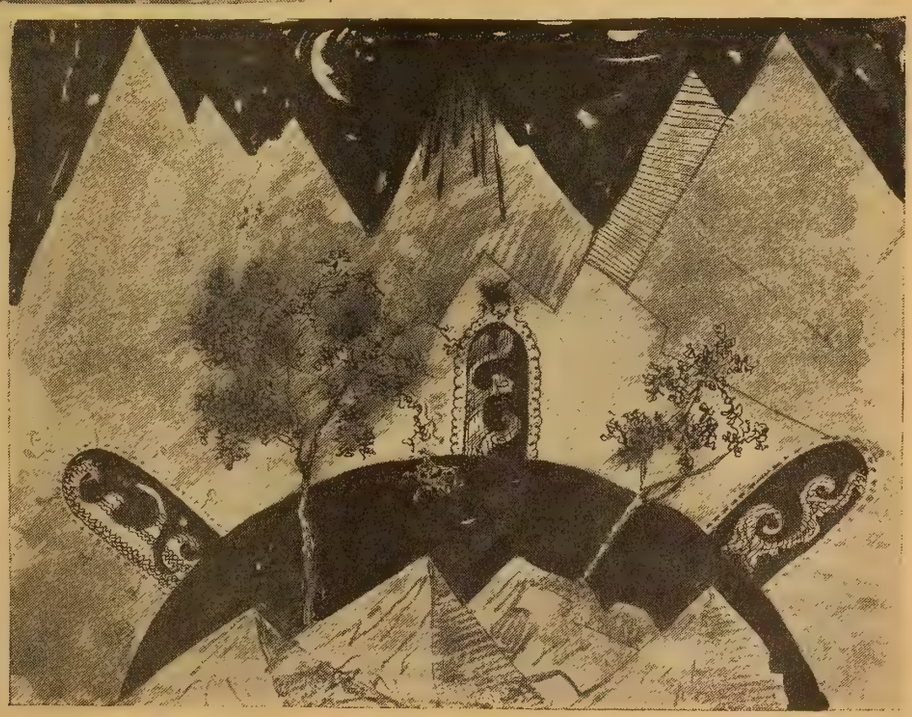
This bizarre picture suggests to us that Director Sam Woods has been in conference with Cecil De Mille. All of the latter's penchant for gorgeous display has been caught by the former. Take away its costumes and settings and the production is valueless and commonplace. A tale of American publicity methods in putting over an obscure French cabaret performer

(*Continued on page* 118)

Settings *à la* Ballin

Hugo Ballin is celebrated for his murals; a very fine example of his work is the Executive Chamber at Madison, Wisconsin. He has exhibited at practically every National Academy Show since his first entry won the Shaw Prize in 1905. Since then he has won many prizes, and his work has been hung in the National Gallery at Washington and the Montclair Museum. He is one of the many artists who have taken their artistic talents into the movies. Mr. Ballin has the settings of eighty-six feature pictures to his credit

In these three sketches for a feature which is to be filmed at Rome, later in the year, Mr. Ballin has symbolized many things, and altho the reproductions are in black and white, there is an atmosphere of brilliant, exotic color suggested. Always his settings emphasize and bring forth the strong points in the film story



Photograph by Milton Brown

"The Three Musketeers" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" . . . they are not productions to scoff at. But tho Barbara La Marr played a leading rôle in each, it is in "Black Orchids" that the key lies to her final success or failure

The Black Orchid

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

SOMETHING there is in Barbara La Marr, something disturbing, something sirenic, something, surely, that makes strong men weak.

Witness Edwin Schallert, grim critic of the *Los Angeles Times,* before whom the filmament bows down as to its God. He it is who heralds the birth of stars, or with his Jovian sardonic bolts, hurls them back to Oshkosh. But of Barbara he says:

"She is made for lurking tragedy . . . one feels the beat of ravens' wings about her . . . she mirrors even joy as would a deep tarn . . . her radiance is that of moonlight in the heavy shadows of the night. . . . Calypso she is, burning with a flame of subtle ecstasy."

Knowing the granite man, Schallert, you would appreciate that.

Something there is in her, something sirenic, something insinuant; her resonant voice perhaps, the olive of her skin, or the wild luxuriance of her beauty. She will revive the superlative among the critics and the rave among interviewers.

You saw her perhaps; perhaps noticed her, in "The Three Musketeers." She was Lady de Winter, whose sly lily hand Doug bit so neatly. But, you are scheduled to be stunned by her in "Black Orchids," Rex Ingram's latest production, in which she plays Zareda, the mystic, beautiful and cruel.

It is a title strangely apt, "Black Orchids." It savors, as Barbara, of lurking tragedy and of deep tarns, glistening inkily. Barbara is as one might imagine a black orchid, compellingly, curiously, beautiful. The story, strange and sombre, is of Rex Ingram's own creation; the picture will be; Barbara La Marr will be.

There are vistas behind Barbara La Marr, vistas of tears, of happiness, despair, faith, love, and at the end of them Destiny, working quietly, relentlessly, molding her. She comes to the screen a woman. She brings to us not only a new face, the paltry thing that producers are belching about with such hideous din, but a new personality. She is a product of the slow turning wheels

"She is made for lurking tragedy . . . one feels the beat of ravens' wings about her . . . her radiance is that of moonlight in the heavy shadows of the night . . . ."

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

Photograph by Milton Brown

of experience. With Ramon Samanyagos she stands, the vanguard of a new generation of screen players; players with substance, players with intellect, players with depth and subtlety and understanding, with background. Today motion pictures are as the screen upon which they are projected—all surface. Tomorrow they will have perspective, distance.

A woman, and yet Barbara is young still. Born of French and Italian parents, a flower from the union of the two tempestuous races, she is at once volatile and languorous, gifted with a sheer physical opulence and a counter fascination of mind that has made her pliant clay for experience. She leans toward psychic things, sincerely, convincingly, without the fatal ostentation of Yogi yap-yap. She is that unique figure, an exotic without pretense. Because she believes in clairvoyance she does not deck herself in black velvet shrouds nor her apartment in pussy-willows.

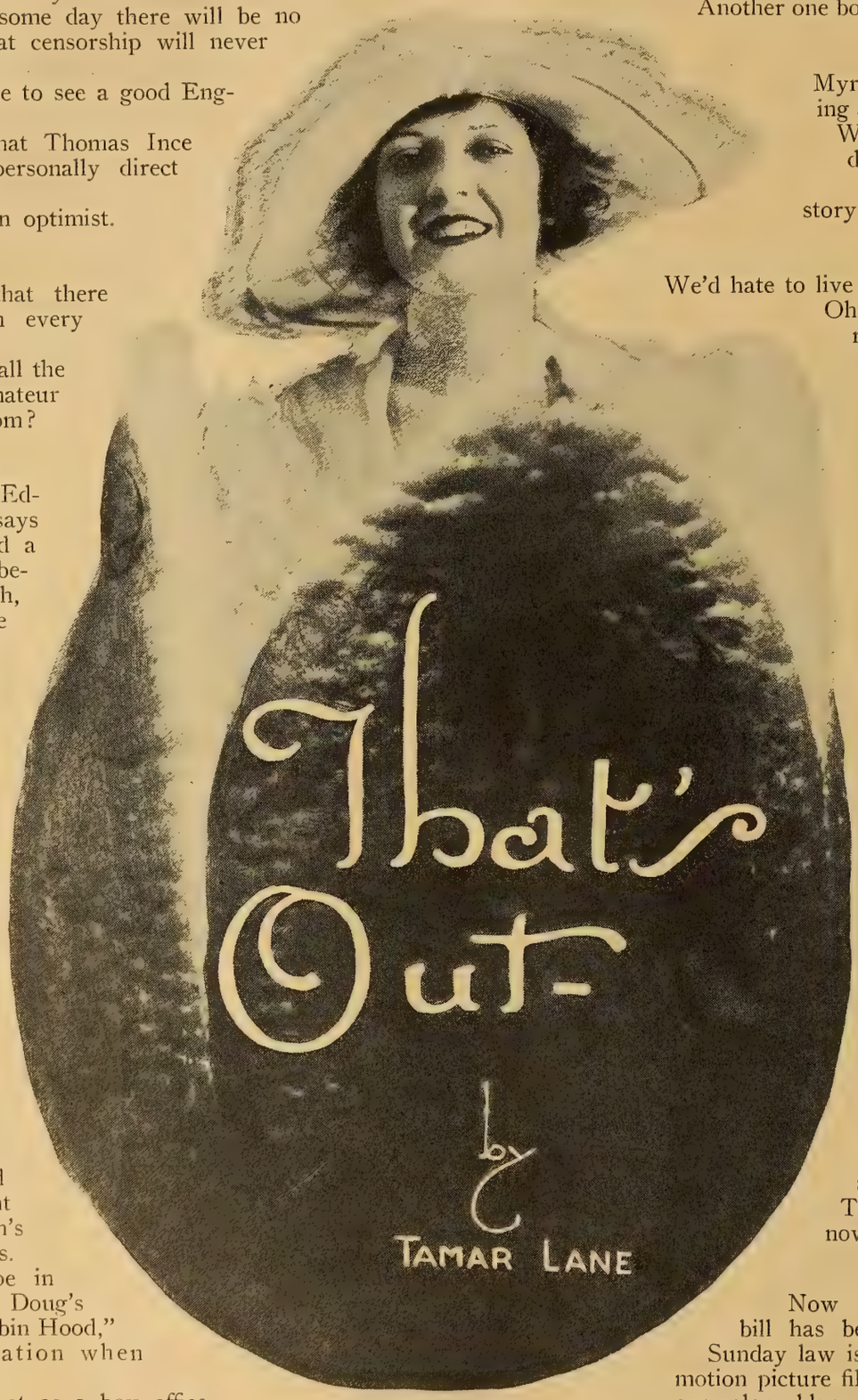
Her career began when she was seven, a child prodigy, a dancer. She continued so into her teens, tripping lightly enough for the most part but occasionally punctuating matters with a dull thud, when Life, gruff comedian, yanked the carpet from beneath her feet. That—the dancing, not the dull thud—accounts for her walk, an alluring thing in itself, but provocative when spiced with high French heels.

(*Continued on page* 93)

That's Out-

by

TAMAR LANE



Photographed by Paramount thru the courtesy of May McAvoy

I Am an Optimist

I EXPECT Will Hays to revolutionize the silent drama.

I believe the producers will forget all about making money and think only of the screen's welfare.

I believe Griffith, De Mille, and other big directors will cut out all sex stuff from their pictures.

And I think the movie audiences will still fight to get into the theaters if they do.

I imagine that some day there will be no reformers and that censorship will never come to pass.

I hope sometime to see a good English production.

I have faith that Thomas Ince will some day personally direct another picture.

Surely, I am an optimist.

Barnum said that there was a fool born every minute.

Then where do all the rest of the amateur scenarios come from?

Scenario editor Edward Montagne says that he received a scenario from a beginner last month, that wasn't a true story written from life. So he bought it.

Why is someone always suggesting that subtitles be done away with when the titles are often the best part of the picture?

Our Own News Monthly

"Blood and Sand" brings Fred Niblo to the front as one of the screen's foremost directors.

The inside dope in Hollywood is that Doug's latest picture, "Robin Hood," will be a revelation when released.

It is claimed that as a box office attraction William de Mille is beginning to rival brother Cecil.

Now that Frances Marion has gone into the producing business with her own company we can expect a good picture once in a while.

Now that Marshall Neilan is with Goldwyn, will he settle down and give us some pictures like he did in the good old days?

Movie game is still in bad shape. Only three million-dollar productions were announced this month.

Stars That Will Shine

Virginia Valli—Quite some beauty. Watch her climb to the top.

Mary Philbin—Pretty and talented. Another one bound for high honors.

Myron Selznick is making a picture called "One Week of Love." Wonder how he'll be able to get the whole story into five reels.

We'd hate to live in Pennsylvania and Ohio where long-nosed meddlers cut out all the interesting parts of the pictures before they allow them to be shown.

Eric von Stroheim is casting for his new production. Parents who would like their children to appear as full grown leading men and women when this production is finally released should apprentice their off-spring to Mr. von Stroheim immediately.

I saw another old picture the other day. It wasn't announced as old, but everyone knew it. The boss of a factory called a man in and gave him a raise. They're not doing it nowadays.

Now that the censorship bill has been passed and the Sunday law is becoming effective, motion picture film will come in only one color—blue.

Wonder What Would Happen to the Movies—

If Valentino should lose his hair pomade?
If Theodore Roberts should swear off smoking?
If von Stroheim should break his monocle?
If Tom Mix lost his horse?
If Ben Turpin should get good looking?

White Shoulders

By
PETER ANDREWS

VIRGINIA PITMAN shrugged the famous white shoulders resignedly.

"Oh, very well, Mother," she said in a flat, weary voice, "I'll marry the man. I dont object to him particularly. But I'm not going to do it right away. In the fall—perhaps."

Mrs. Pitman accepted her victory complacently and withdrew to her own reflections. It had been a long battle, a war of attrition, as it were; for Mrs. Pitman knew that the constant dripping of a drop of water would in time wear away a stone. She had led a warped and frustrated life and she had determined with all the strength of a somewhat small soul that her daughter should escape what she had endured. That was poverty—a galling and shamefaced poverty that had to be concealed at all costs; not picturesquely poor, having nothing, but genteelly poor, having everything but money: birth, breeding, position, ancestors, and aspirations. She had one very valuable asset for the furtherance of her plans, an asset and at the same time a hindrance — a beautiful and wilful daughter.

Virginia was the toast of the small Southern town in which they struggled for their foothold on the steps of better things. A girl of temperament and rare charm, a thing of firelight and dew, with a beauty that would have drooped the head of another Helen of Troy. "White Shoulders," they called her; for the most priceless pair in all the South adorned her slender body. Virginia had a raft of youthful swains but the discriminating eye of Mamma Pitman discarded them all. Colonel James Singleton was to be the—er—victim.

Not exactly that, because he was quite madly in love with "White Shoulders." He was not unprepossessing, neither young nor old, but decidedly rich—oh, as rich as any impecunious Southern gentlewoman could wish. It was true that Virginia did not object to him particularly, but she still cherished the quaint old-fashioned notion that marriages should be made for love, and nothing that remotely resembled that sweet emotion had stirred in her maiden heart.

> Virginia Pitman cherished quaint old-fashioned notions. She believed marriages should be made for love. . . .
>
> But her beauty was the one asset of her family; her family enduring a galling and shamefaced poverty. . . .
>
> The only solution to their problem was the marriage market . . . where youth is sold to age.

Worn out by her mother's importuning she had at last agreed upon an engagement and had endured the ardent love-making of the infatuated Colonel, with an apathy painful to see in youth. She had even concurred, in the same spirit of apathy, in her prospective husband's payment of certain bills that had driven a harassed mother to the wall. She was drifting along on the sluggish current of resignation when something happened that altered her course as suddenly and sharply as a great blow.

There was a grand ball at Judge Blakelock's beautiful and exclusive old home, to which only those who "belonged" were invited. The flower of a mournfully effete aristocracy paid its respects to one of its oldest and most distinguished members. Money was never the open sesame in the South and naturally Virginia and her mother and young brother were included. Being young and full of life Virginia shook off her dis-

A pretty style for Virginia it was, with wide hoop skirts and frilly, alluring pantalettes, and the low-cut bodice with its straight line around her slim shoulders . . .

"My beauty," he said hungrily, laying his hot hand on her cool, white shoulder, "soon—soon all this perfection will belong to me. I wish I could claim it now. You're driving me wild, you little devil"

tressing apathy and decided to enjoy herself. Years afterward her mind would still go back to her hour of terrible trial in the big ballroom—so hideously unexpected and so calamitous the outcome. Nothing ever quite succeeded in obliterating it from her memory.

It was a costume party and the guests had all decided to go as their own grandfathers and grandmothers. A pretty style for Virginia it was, with wide hoop skirts and frilly, alluring pantalettes, and the low-cut bodice with its straight line around her slim shoulders, making the upper half of her look like the lovely Florentine heads one finds in art shops.

Such a golden galaxy of beauty one seldom sees, or such a splendid array of gallant men. The glory of the old South—the before-the-war South was miraculously restored. But Colonel Singleton, flushed with a highly vicarious triumph—the triumph of Virginia's beauty—was drinking heavily. She had eluded him for the greater part of the evening, but at last he cornered her on a little balcony outside the library.

"My beauty," he said, hungrily, laying his hot hand on her cool, white shoulder, "soon—soon all this perfection will belong to me. I wish I could claim it now. By G---you're driving me wild, you little devil!"

He drew her close and kist her resentful mouth long, hard, frankly animal kisses.

She shivered and jerked herself away with an angry sob.

"You—you—beast!" she cried in an agony of disgust and humiliation. "You are drunk. Oh, I can never marry you! Go away from me. I never want to see you again. You—you—"

A furious crimson flush mounted to the man's brow. He really was not himself, and a little later, catching sight of Virginia on the grand staircase that led down into the ballroom, he called thickly for the music to cease.

"Look at her!" he exclaimed in a hoarse, unnatural voice, pointing to the shrinking girl, "she's a nice piece of merchandise! Bought her on approval—I did, from her own mother. But I dont want her now. Going to send her back. The very clothes she has on her back I paid for. But I'm thru being bled. Go back to your mother, you damned gold-digger. I wouldn't have you."

An appalling silence fell over the assembled guests. Singleton stood at the foot of the stairs, swaying slightly, a malignant leer distorting his features. There was a horrified gasp and several men stepped toward him, but Virginia's own brother was first, white with wrath.

"You dirty cad!" he said in a voice that trembled in spite of him, "you will retract your words and apologize to my sister immediately or, by G---!"

"Retract nothing," Singleton replied in sheer bravado, sobered by the dangerous glint in the boy's eyes. "It's all true. She only wanted me for my money."

The boy hesitated only the fraction of a second. A revolver shot shattered the awe-struck silence; a gasping cry of pain; a vast intaking of breath, and babel claimed the throng. Singleton lay dead and a smoking pistol was taken from the boy's nerveless hands.

. . . . . .

Virginia Pitman shrugged the famous white shoulders resignedly.

"Oh, very well, Mother," she said in a voice of ineffable weariness, "I'll marry the man. If that is the only way to save Robert, why I will, of course."

Once again Mrs. Pitman hugged a pitiful victory to her heart. Driven from one town to another by the unsavory notoriety that had attached itself to her daughter, the frantic woman had come at last to the end of her rope. Every cent they could beg or borrow had gone toward the defense of Robert, whose trial was dragging out interminably.

WHITE SHOULDERS

Novelized, by permission, from the First National attraction, adapted from the story by George Kibbe Turner, and directed by Tom Forman. Starring Katherine MacDonald. The cast:

Virginia Pitman, known as "White Shoulders" ..... Katherine MacDonald
Mrs. Pitman, her mother ..... Lillian Lawrence
Robert Lee Pitman, her brother ..... Tom Forman
Cole Hawkins ..... Bryant Washburn
Clayborne Gordon ..... Nigel Barrie
Colonel Jim Singleton ..... Charles K. French
Judge Blakelock ..... James O. Barrows
Little Jimsie Blakelock ..... Richard Headrick
Maurice, a modiste ..... Fred Malatesta
"Cupid" Calvert ..... Lincoln Stedman
Uncle Enoch ..... William DeVaull

The kindly old Judge Blakelock, who was defending him, assured them that he would do all he could. He *was* doing all he could, but still many months had gone by and the boy was not free. They had no more money nor any prospects of any. Every piece of jewelry they had between them was gone. Mrs. Pitman was desperate.

But there was another rich man on the horizon. There were always men where "White Shoulders" was and some of them had money.

This time it was one Clayborne Gordon, who was paying her assiduous court. There was a close second to Gordon in the person of Cole Hawkins. He was first, so far as Virginia was concerned, but he only *seemed* to have money, while Gordon's was materially visible in a beautiful country estate, a fine big yacht, a stable of thorobreds and a car for every day in the week. This concrete evidence settled it and Virginia stifled dutifully the budding romance in her heart toward Cole. However, that young man was one of those dogged spirits who dont take "no" for an answer, and knowing of the harrowing circumstances that were driving the girl toward Gordon, he refused to be dismissed.

Mrs. Pitman believed that by this time they would have left their horrible story behind them, that surely that cruel besmirching would no longer cling to her hapless daughter. This was the third time they had moved to escape it, and in this obscure quiet town she felt comparatively secure.

But alas, for her pathetic hopes! It was not until after she had announced her daughter's engagement to Clayborne Gordon that the rumors began. And once begun they rolled in in a great flood tide that promised to engulf them once more. Soon Virginia was looked at askance and whispered about as "the girl that was involved in the Singleton murder," and that she was marrying Gordon only because he had money enough to buy her brother's freedom.

Now every self-respecting person objects to being made use of. People have a way of preferring to offer what they have to give rather than to have it taken away from them, be it ever so skilfully done. They like to think it is they themselves who matter, not the things they can do. It is at once a betrayal of a man's pride and self-respect, and when anyone discovers that he is merely being used, the results to the user are usually disastrous. Clayborne Gordon was no exception. An ancient code of chivalry persisting in him, the last heir of the breeding and tradition of an old Southern family, forbade any open retaliation, but he very promptly broke his engagement—or rather gave Virginia an opportunity to break it, which the girl did, sadly and yet with some relief.

Talking it over later with his friend Cole Hawkins, he half way apologized for his impulsive act.

"But hang it all, Clay," he said, "a man cant be married just for his money. It was perfectly plain she didn't care for me in the first place. Only I was so blindly in love I couldn't see it. And after all, the family would never have accepted her. You know what a proud old man father is. He would have forbade my marrying her and there would be hell to pay. Still . . . " and Gordon relapsed into gloomy silence.

"Well, I haven't any proud old father," was Cole's reply, "thank Heaven for that! But if I had a thousand and each one of 'em separately and individually forbade me to marry her—I'd still do it. Virginia Pitman is the finest, bravest girl I ever met, and some day you'll think so too. Let me tell you right now, Clay," the young man added, growing serious, "that I shall ask her again to become my wife. I've already asked her a dozen times. Now that she needs the protection you have seen fit to withdraw from her—maybe . . . "

He left in disgust with his friend, tho at the same time relieved to have him and his millions out of the running.

The boy hesitated only the fraction of a second. A revolver shot shattered the awe-struck silence. Singleton lay dead, and a smoking pistol was taken from the boy's nerveless hands

Yes—he loved her, and so he went to court with her—sat with her and held her tense hands in his own, while the lawyers fought out the case in their incomprehensible legal terms and their appalling impersonal manner

At the little hotel where Virginia and her mother were stopping, he found a girl white-faced, dry-eyed and dull with despair. Robert's case had come up for trial again and continued anxiety and strain had almost drained her dry of emotions. She brightened at the sight of Cole tho. Here was one person in the world who did not believe her a degraded creature and she instinctively turned to his clear-cut sympathy and understanding. He loved her and wanted her—just for what she was—inside. He hadn't ever mentioned her beautiful shoulders. She doubted if he had ever even noticed them. But no matter, he loved her. It was the one light in her dark days.

Yes, he loved her and so he went to court with her and sat thruout the nerve-racking and inevitable concomitant of red tape that ties up all court proceedings. Sat with her and held her tense hands in his own while the lawyers fought out the case in their incomprehensible legal terms and their appalling impersonal manner.

At the end of the day things looked a little better for her brother but the agonizing suspense was not yet ended. Cole would not let the girl go home to spend the evening in a stuffy little hotel bedroom.

"I've a brand-new racer," he told her. "She'll do sixty—if you want excitement—or if you want a calm, cool, peaceful ride I can throttle her down to forty. Come on dear. Just forget your troubles for a while. You've confessed everything I think—even tho I knew it long before you ever told me. Now there is nothing between us, sweetheart . . . Let's take a ride."

They had supper at a little wayside inn and away from it stretched a long white road shining like a ribbon of moonlight across the meadows. Over mile after mile of country they sped, silent and content. Cole would have gone on forever but Virginia brought him back to earth with a gentle suggestion that going home ought to be thought about, at least.

"Besides, Cole, there is a storm coming," she said. "See how still the air is, and look at that big cloud bank over beyond those hills. It has almost climbed as high as the moon. Soon that will be gone and you might not be able to find your way back in the dark."

"Oh, I could steer by the light in your eyes, sweetness," Cole replied, but he swung the big car around dutifully.

The storm was closer at hand than they had thought. Indeed, the way home lead right into it. Soon they were swallowed up in blackness and Cole slowed down to a mere twenty-five miles an hour.

The rain began to fall in great drops, spattering the dust of the road with round wet spots, which doubled and trebled in countable seconds. Then the heavens opened and poured forth a solid wall of water. Cole slowed down to fifteen.

Terrific rolls of thunder added to the confusion of the night. The road appeared and disappeared with the coming and going of giant streaks of lightning; now lighted clear as daylight for a brief second and now as black as evil itself. Cole felt his way gingerly over the slippery road scarce able to see ten feet ahead, each raindrop catching and reflecting the light from his powerful lamps in a gorgeous iridescence and completely obliterating the outline of road and roadside.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the car catapulted thru the air and went down . . . down . . . a hideous crashing sound . . . a stifled cry, and everything was still . . . except for the rain beating upon the smoking mass of débris that had once been a beautiful car.

After a little while a figure crawled painfully out from under the wreckage. It stooped with manifest effort and reached out torn arms to a body lying very still, half buried under the heavy tonneau. Panting with weakness and exhaustion Virginia drew her lover laboriously out from under the car—superhuman effort—made so by the force of a great love. She bent over him with a trembling she could not control, and laid her head against his heart. A faint beat reassured her. He opened his eyes slowly. They were dark with pain, but he smiled.

"Dearest," he whispered, "are you hurt?"

"Oh, no, Cole darling—but you?"

"I'm all right," replied the man, and fainted dead away by way of proving it.

Virginia stood still for a moment in an agonizing quandary. Suddenly thru the noise of the storm came the mournful, insistent siren of an approaching automobile. The horrible fear of another accident filled the heart of the panic-stricken girl. The bridge had given away and she and Cole and what was left of the car lay at the bottom of a steep-sided ravine. She must warn the approaching car somehow or other, but could she ever get to the top? She jumped to her feet and started the perilous climb, breathing a terrified prayer for her lover.

Above the roar of the downpour could be heard the cautious and continual sounding of the motor siren. Nearer and nearer it came. Dear God! Would she be too late? She climbed painfully from one jagged rock to another, waiting after each step for a flare of lightning to show her the next one. She slipped over and over again, and clutched wildly for support, tearing her arms and hands on the rocks and brambles that covered the steep sides of the ravine. She seemed to be making no headway at all. And all the while the car was coming closer. Suddenly over the top of the bank she caught the bright glare of its approaching headlights.

How she ever did it she never knew. She only knew that from somewhere came "the strength that sometimes comes to help the desperate weak;" and panting and breathless, bruised and torn, she somehow did get there in time.

"Stop! Oh, stop!" screamed an unexpected voice, and a wild disheveled figure suddenly appeared, outlined in the bright light from the lamps, in the road before them, waving its torn and bleeding arms to attract the attention of the car full of people. For a moment she stood there, swaying dizzily in the rain, before the occupants climbed out of the car and ran toward the fainting girl.

"My God!" said a man in an awe-struck whisper, "the bridge is out! But for this girl we would all be at the bottom of the ravine!"

"Why, it's Virginia Pitman!" exclaimed another. "What strange chance is this, that I should owe my life to her?"

It was the Prosecuting Attorney who was trying her brother's case.

"Oh," cried Virginia weakly, "please—let—my—brother—off," and she collapsed.

When Virginia opened her eyes again she really thought for a moment she had got to Heaven. Cole, with his cheek against her hair, was saying:

"Robert is free, dear. He is downstairs with your mother. And . . . and . . . I love you. Will you marry me right away? I cant wait any longer, dearest."

"Ah, Cole," replied Virginia a little sadly, laying one bandaged arm around his shoulders, "you dont want a wife that is being whispered about."

"No," cried Cole joyfully, "but you're not being whispered about. Your name is being *shouted*—everywhere—by everybody. You are just about the most beloved and popular daughter of Dixie that there ever was."

"Oh, I love you," said Virginia with some irrelevance, but for Cole it was an entirely satisfactory answer.

"Robert is free, dear," he told her, and then softly, "and . . . and . . . I love you. Will you marry me right away? I cant wait any longer, dearest!" . . .

The Erstwhile O. Henry Girl

All photographs by Witzel, L. A.

AGAIN the adage anent false gold's glitter. . . .

And again proving that stardom is not the proper paradise that laymen usually think it is.

"It has been said that I am very unreal—that I cannot possibly act," said Agnes Ayres. "The truth of the matter is this: In my own life I have had sorrows which it didn't behoove me to vent publically. I have repressed my own emotions so much that I have had difficulty in stimulating them"

For, in reality, this stardom is ofttimes a particular Gethsemane whose lilies are hidden tears and heartaches, and often is the road to it paved with sharp-edged rocks of disappointment, disillusion and despair.

Nor is it particularly *wonderful* to be born beautiful, for it is then a foregone conclusion that you balance your pulchritude with a minority of brains. And, from time immemorial, you are relegated to the limbo of human bric-a-brac.

Chance to be ornate or ornamental, and people will invariably regard you as *not* being useful.

Chance to be sharp tongued and raw boned, and you get credit for being compensated with an active cerebellum.

Ever since Agnes Ayres stepped almost overnight into the limelight, a varied coterie has arisen in her path to smite her with its weapons of criticism.

"Wooden" . . . "brainless" . . . are among the epithets hurled at her.

And, because a screen star really has no direct means of retaliation, Miss Ayres has suffered singularly.

All because she is—*beautiful!*

One has only to say three words to the lovely heroine of "The Sheik" to realize that various stones cast in her direction have sorely bruised her. For she is the type of woman, sensitive, high strung, who reacts keenly to stimuli. And who, instead of striking back at her adversaries, is more apt to offer the other cheek to be struck.

What she needs to inspire her are confidence, sympathy. Offer it to her, and you find her naïve and the possessor of one of the most active brains in the picture firmament.

A retiring girl who is essentially nervous and who has no spirit of fight is Miss Ayres. Rail at her and she collapses; treat her with the consideration that is born of social understanding and she comes to life just as a tired rose when its stem has been

By
RICHARD
BISHOP

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

It is a sincerity of purpose which has induced Agnes Ayres to study piano and voice after studio hours. In a year—maybe two—she will try the stage

placed in cool water.

She is fully conscious that persons have criticised her and her work. At a glance you can tell that her confidence in some one has been misplaced, that her faith has been a bit shaken—yet she is too well bred to discuss it.

"It has been said," she declared, half apologetically at first, "that I am very unreal, that I cant possibly act. The truth of the matter is this: In my own life I have had sorrows which it didn't behoove me to give public vent to. I have repressed my own emotions so much that later I have had difficulty in stimulating them.

"One doesn't parade his soul publicly, does he?"

But the truth of the matter is that, when Miss Ayres came West from New York, certain persons regarded her in the light of an intruder. It was her *beauty,* in the first instance, that got her name into electrics. Therefore, having nothing else to villify, the professional 'knockers' dusted off the beauty-without-brains bromide and gave it a place on their shelf of mental kitchen gods.

And it has been this God-given pulchritude that has been her greatest drawback.

"Women dont as a rule like me," she said. "I refer to women, my co-workers, in the film industry. But, on the other hand, the larger portion of my 'fan' mail is from women and girls.

"If I am doing a scene, it is impossible for me to characterize if someone on the 'set' is criticising me. I get self-conscious and worried. If a director were to shriek at me, I would be ill; if he *swore* at me, I'd leave the studio.

"Not long ago I was working in a close-up. We had rehearsed the scene until we felt we had gotten everything possible into it. They were 'taking' me—and, all of a sudden I could sense that a person who was inimical to me was standing behind the camera telling someone how *terrible* I was. I could neither see the person nor hear the remarks—but my scene was ruined, for the mental change instantly showed in the expression of my face.

"A long time ago I made up my mind that I would accomplish something definite. The screen interested me and I got work as an 'extra' in New York. I made a study of my work. It is as fascinating, as romantic, as any story book, but it is *work*—as hard as any manual day-labor. For, in it, you must use both your brain and your body.

"My family were not particularly anxious for me to be an actress. I could have gone home to Chicago and played at being social, but that is the half-way world.

"It was my extreme desire *to accomplish something* that kept urging me on. And once I had the good luck

(*Continued on page* 95)

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

Photograph by Paramount

THE burning question is about Fatty Arbuckle.

When Will Hays recently visited Hollywood, it was generally understood that an attempt would be made to have him lift the ban from the Arbuckle films. Fatty's manager, Joseph Schenck, had a talk with Mr. Hays: the next day, it was announced that Mr. Arbuckle would leave for an extended trip to China and way stations. And echo only answered "why."

I understand the real truth is that Mr. Hays felt it would be rocking the boat to have Roscoe restored to good standing just now; and that the less the public saw of him, the better. Anyhow, Fatty is on the bounding billows headed for the Orient.

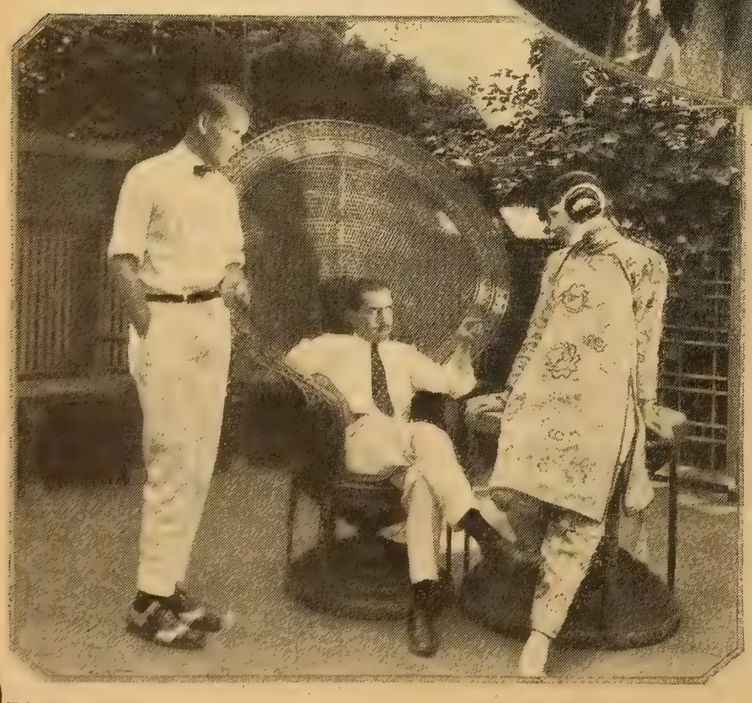
His case is a tragic one. Fatty is worse than broke. He is so hopelessly and irredeemably ruined financially that he will never get on his feet again in a money way.

Mr. Schenck, who is Norma Talmadge's husband, intends to give Fatty all the money that will be earned by his million dollars' worth of pictures now on the shelf.

Hattie, the hair-dresser at the Lasky studio, was called in to assist in the arrangement of Rodolph's locks recently. As the Toreador in "Blood and Sand," his cue had to be perfectly braided. Below, Constance Talmadge—or Ming Toy—resorts to the reliable feminine wiles in order to gain a point with Director Sidney Franklin. No mention was made as to the identity of the standing youth

Before they started for Arabia the other day—the two Talmadge girls and their mother and Norma's husband—Schenck gave out a most interesting interview to the Los Angeles papers. He told how he had come to this country, a half-starved immigrant boy. He made his way thru college on a salary of $4.50 a week, eating his meals at a free lunch counter, and sleeping in a room he rented for a dollar a week on the East Side.

He finally saved up money to buy a drug store on Lexington Avenue. One day, out at old Fort George at the upper end of New York, he rented a little empty gallery for a beer parlor. By happy chance, he was able the next summer to rent the whole of old Fort George for an amusement park, making $100,000 the first summer. One day a penny arcade man came along and wanted to rent space. Schenck traded him an interest in the park for an interest in the penny arcade: thus was his fortune founded, for the penny arcade man was Marcus Loew.



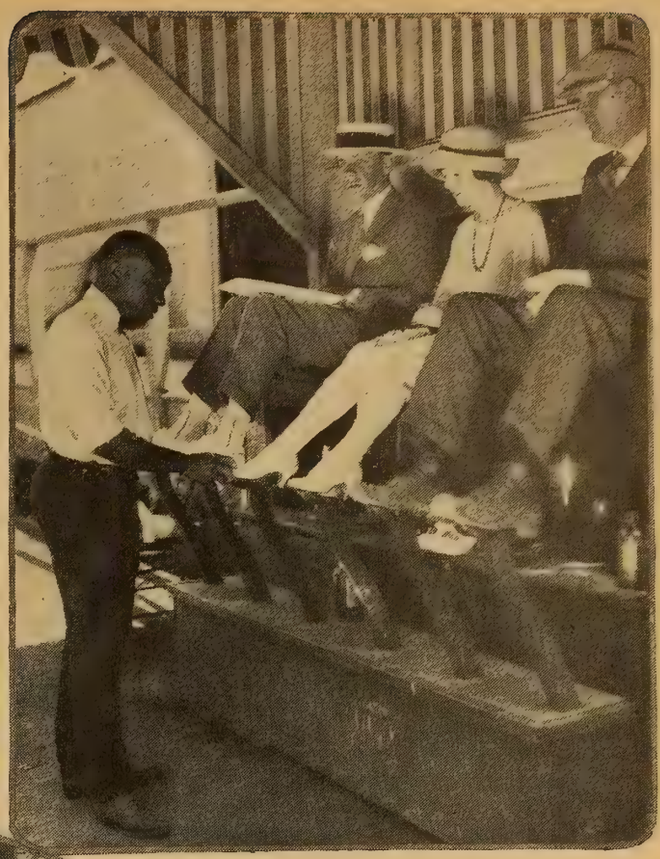
Wallace Beery, Enid Bennett and Douglas Fairbanks forget the medieval days of Robin Hood long enough to give their undivided attention to things modern

News from the Land of Orange Groves and Motion Picture Studios

Norma's husband is now many times a millionaire. "Dont ever monkey with small money," was his advice. "It is just as easy to make a hundred thousand as a thousand."

Eugene O'Brien, who was Norma's leading man in "A Voice from the Minaret," narrowly escaped being killed recently when an automobile truck struck him. He was out for a walk in the gloaming when a Jap came whirling along with a vegetable truck and Mr. O'Brien's next conscious impression was of a nurse and a hospital bed. For a time it was thought that he might die, but he seems to have escaped with a bad scalp wound. In dressing the wound, however, the doctors were obliged to shear off his beautiful blond locks, which seriously interfered with his taking part in Laurette Taylor's film version of "Peg O' My Heart."

When the Talmadges return from a tour that will include England, France, Germany, Italy, Algeria and Arabia, Norma will make a picture from the play "Within the Law": after that "The Garden of Allah." Constance will make three pictures, none of which has been selected.



Write your own caption for the photograph above. Oscar is the bootblack at the Lasky studios. There ought to be a good line in it about shining the stars. Incidentally the young lady in the picture is May McAvoy. At the left, Norma Talmadge stops for a conference between scenes during "The Voice from the Minaret"

At the right is the company of "Tess of the Storm Country" during the filming of an exterior scene. The gentleman on the raft-platform, who is seen with the megaphone, is John Robertson. The tiny figure in the boat is Mary Pickford

Rex Ingram's latest find is a young sculptor named Kamuela Searl who has had a most astonishing career. Born in a little Hawaiian town, he never had a pair of shoes on until he was seventeen years old. He came to Los Angeles and hung around as an extra without much success. Frankly, he was a lounge lizard. About eight months ago he happened to try his hand at potter's clay. Almost over night, he became a recognized genius. In eight months, he has become a famous sculptor. Various California cities have ordered his statues. Luther Burbank, who has been the despair of sculptors, was modeled with such success by young Searl that the

(*Continued on page* 106)

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified.

Hundreds of letters have come to our desk championing Señor Valentino. To print all of them would be impossible, but we think the one below especially interesting.

Editor Motion Picture Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR: I'm peeved! Rodolph has been insulted, and I cannot let it pass! I refer to Ethel Croft's letter in the July issue. In it she pans "The Sheik," and says that she "came in when Valentino was rolling his eyes all over the set and thought at first he was Ben Turpin!" Gosh! Can you imagine it? I think Mr. Valentino was quite in keeping with the flashing-eyed, smiling character of "Ahmed Ben Hassan" and he couldn't have been better. "The Sheik" was a good picture, even tho it was knocked so by the critics, etc. The people loved it and flocked in perfect droves to see it, so that's the main thing. What if it *was* a bit from the book? All picturizations of books that I've seen have been different from the original story. Why pick on "The Sheik" in particular? How could they have made it just like the torrid story in these days of the dog-goned censors? Also, I cant see why so many claimed that Valentino was so awfully young for the rôle. While not old, he surely in no wise suggests the juvenile! I thought the only fault of the picture was the performance of Agnes Ayres, who, tho she tries hard and is sweet and pretty, was never cut out for an actress.

Rodolph Valentino is the reason for the majority of Letters to the Editor these days. Let someone criticize him adversely and the mail-bags overflow with protests

We've all been reading in the newspapers about Rodolph's recent matrimonial troubles. Rather unfortunate to happen just at this time, when the Movies are inclined to be attacked owing to those other tragedies. But still, his offense is not so awful. Others "got away with it" in the past and, I presume, he thought he could, too. At present he is so awfully popular that I think he will not suffer from this, and I do hope the Movies themselves wont.

The other evening one of the papers commented quite nastily on the fact that they had discovered that Mr. Valentino does not spring from a high-class Italian family, and that at one time he was a dishwasher, bus-boy and several other things. I say the lower his origin, the more menial his past work, then the greater credit he deserves for rising to the heights he now occupies. Lots of our own boys, even those with moneyed parents, good educations and "pull," do not achieve what Rodolph Valentino has achieved—we must admit that. Credit where credit is due!

I haven't a "crush" on the Signor, but I do think him a very good actor—one of the sincerest and most earnest I've ever seen upon the silversheet. His personality is very fascinating, and it must be said that if he is at all conceited (which in his case would be only natural), he succeeds admirably in hiding it. No egotism is made manifest in his work. He's fine—the most popular film luminary ever. The Valentino furore is still abroad, and let's trust the public will not think less of him on account of his present notoriety.

Rex Ingram is my favorite director. His productions are great! I admire the lovely Mrs. Ingram, too, and am anxiously waiting for "The Prisoner of Zenda"—also that Ramon Samanyagos (is that the correct spelling?) who is predicted as "Rudie's" rival!

I enjoyed muchly that letter from Jule D. Stolz in—the June number, wasn't it? That person is quite a clever letter-writer.

Things seem to be breaking better in Moviedom now than they have been breaking of late. I hated to see such depression. The world would be an awful place indeed if anything happened to the Movies, and I want to see them get firmly upon their feet again and go over the top! Then, let's hope that all who are in any way connected with them will see that their future behavior is such that it will not blacken the industry, for it most assuredly has suffered from the effects of some recent escapades.

Well, yours for better days,

Sincerely,
(Signed) P. G.
West Orange, N. J.

The following letter comes from Australia and it is interesting in its discussion of many players:

DEAR EDITOR: For many months I have wanted to have my "say," and at last have got the necessary impulse or inspiration, or whatever it is one has to have. First of all, let me speak of the Trio of Lasky's—Glyn, Swanson and Valentino. In the July issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Jose Cando, of Manila, wrote a panegyric to Miss Swanson, praising her acting, her beauty, etc. I cannot agree. To my mind she is as artificial as most of the stories in which she appears, and only appears to advantage when she is not dressed in the loathsome "creations" with which De Mille is pleased to clutter her. How much better she was in "Something to Think About" and the island episodes of "Male and Female" than "Dont Change Your Husband" and "The Great Moment."

Valentino?—well, the girls here rave over him as the girls of other parts of the world do. The folks who write for the magazines say he is taking the kingdom over which Wallace Reid reigned. *Entre nous*—there has been many a meteor flash up in the sky, but they have never disturbed the old-timers like Mars and Venus. If Wally Reid is the sensible man we all think he is, he wont lose any sleep over Valentino.

Elinor Glyn I pass over—she is beyond words. I prefer Valeska Suratt of blessed memory. Why Jesse L. Lasky fosters such utter rot as these three put over on the public is beyond me.

I consider William *the* producer out of the De Mille brothers. Cecil is so unreal, so hectic, that after a while his pictures become nauseous. Of course, there are people who like to see the kind of homes that C. de M. imagines *might* be possessed by the Elite—who among those who prefer more of the truth would not turn to the excellent fare which William de Mille gave us with the

(*Continued on page* 121)

Shapely polished nails and even cuticle

—*a social requirement*

One application of Cutex will leave the nail rim beautifully smooth and even

No one dreams any longer of cutting the cuticle.

Everywhere specialists and skin doctors have warned us that it is cutting which ruins the cuticle. The more we cut and clip, the more we have to, as every time we use scissors we are creating the very roughness and unevenness we are striving to overcome.

And yet there is a safe simple way in which everyone can have the shapely, polished nails and smooth even cuticle that social necessity now requires.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick and dip it into the bottle of Cutex. Work around the base of the nail, carefully pushing back the cuticle.

Then rinse the fingers, pushing the cuticle gently downwards when drying the hands. The ugly dead skin will simply wipe away, leaving a firm even nail rim. Next work under the nail tips to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

A dazzling luster

Then the polish—that last touch of grooming.

The new Liquid Polish will give you in a flash a dazzling luster that resists frequent washings.

The new powder polish goes on with a few light strokes and gives you a jewel-like shine. It has a somewhat stronger tint than the others on account of the present vogue for pink finger tips.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in four sizes, at 60c., $1.00, $1.50, and $3.00. Or each Cutex item comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or if you live in Canada, Dept. M-11, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren, Dept. M-11,
114 West 17th Street, New York.

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name.....

Street.....
(or P. O. Box)

City.....State.....

The new Introductory Set

The Juvenile Critic

By

DOROTHY WHITEHILL

OH dear Punch, I dont think I'll go to the movies any more! They make me want such a lot of things I cant have. First there was Strongheart, that beautiful dog, and then there was Jackie Coogan and Mary Pickford's curls and now—oh now, I want Tony, just Tony.

Punch, he's the most loveliest, most beautifulest, most adorablest horse in all the whole entire world. He belongs to Mr. Tom Mix, and I must say that as long as I cant have him I'm glad Mr. Mix can because he loves him nearly as much as I do and, of course, Tony just simply adores him even more than he would me, I suppose, just at first anyway.

The picture I saw him in was so thrilling that I couldn't sit still. It was all about Mr. Mix who was named Jim Perris. One day he was out in the country and he saw a lot of wild horses and Tony was one of them, and they were running all over without a strap of harness, just anywhere they pleased.

Jim saw Tony and decided that he would just have to own him some day, but first he had a man he wanted to shoot because once a long time before the man had fired a shot and broken his banjo and hurt his leg.

But a perfectly horrid Mexican caught the beautiful Tony first and, oh Punch, he was wicked to him and did all sorts of cruel things like beating him with a long whip, but Jim caught him and he just gave it to him. He beat him with his own whip and I was just as glad as I could be.

A very pretty girl was watching from a window and she was glad too and Jim fell in love with her, but he didn't know that her father was the man he wanted to shoot.

There's a race next and the old Mexican tries to make Tony lose, but Jim rides up and cuts his bridle reins and he wins anyway. Of course that makes the Mexican mad and he tries to punish Tony, but Tony breaks away and tramples him to death and everybody said "thank goodness" except Uncle Roddy, who said "fair enough."

Then Jim goes to live at the Ranch so that he can get ready to go off and hunt for Tony and he does catch him, but I shan't tell you another bit because Uncle Roddy says it will spoil it for you.

Please go and see it, and then you will understand why I want that most precious horse. The end is the very best part of the whole picture.

Your affectionate sister, JUDY.

DEAREST PUNCH: I am glad I decided tc go to the movies just once more after I saw "Just Tony" because if I'd stayed away I never would have seen "Puppy Love," and there's a dog in it that is just too wonderful for words.

He belongs to a little newsboy and he goes with him and carries the papers in a wagon that he pulls. The little boy lives with a big ugly man that hits him and takes away all his money.

Nobody, no matter how mean they were, could get ahead of that little dog; he goes and gets the policeman a cigar and the policeman makes the man who stole the little boy's papers give them all back.

Then the little boy finds the prettiest little girl who is lost and takes her down to his house and leaves her with the dog and she says she is hungry, and so the dog goes out with his wagon, and in the very funniest way he gets her a whole dinner. He brings it home and sets the table, and when everything is ready he goes into the other room and takes a chair away from the man who is just going to sit down, so that he sits on the floor instead. He does it three times, and each time I laughed harder than the time before.

(*Continued on page* 101)

"Just Tony" really stars Mr. Mix's horse, and it is so thrilling you can hardly sit still. At the left is a scene from "Puppy Love" that has a dog in it just too wonderful for words

The *Secret* of Beautiful Hair

How movie stars keep their hair soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and luster, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Kathleen Clifford

A new camera study of Kathleen Clifford who is returning to the films after an absence of several months . . . Remember when Kathleen used to go in for masculine impersonations?

Good Bye Gray Hair!

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram).

How Hair Loses Its Color

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry, or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair.

The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color. The hair has simply blanched.

How New Discovery Restores Natural Color

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, quickly restores the true, original color to gray hair—to hair that has blanched. It is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is pleasant to use—none of the muss and trouble or ordinary color restorers.

It makes no difference whether your hair was black, brown, blond or auburn—Tru-Tone works equally well, making your hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is—Tru-Tone will restore it and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid — almost colorless. It contains tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone, therefore, not only restores the natural color to your hair but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time. You can use it with absolute confidence, knowing that it cannot possibly discolor the hair or harm it in any way.

This Bank Guarantee Protects You

To protect every user of Tru-Tone we have placed a deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. This guarantee insures the return to you of your money if, after a fair test of Tru-Tone, you are not delighted with the result. Tru-Tone simply has to do what we say it will, or it costs you nothing.

Surely you are not going to miss this wonderful opportunity to restore the true, original color to your hair. Think of having once again the beautiful, lustrous hair you had years ago—when you put it up for the first time! Think of restoring the true color to your hair!

Send No Money

Nothing can so thoroughly convince you of the wonderful power of Tru-Tone in restoring the hair to its natural color as trying it. That is why we are making this very special introductory offer.

If you will fill in the coupon and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-sized bottle of Tru-Tone in plain sealed package—no marking to indicate contents. No need to send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair. Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color. Just mail the coupon—but do it NOW before you forget. A postcard will do if you prefer it.

Read What These Delighted Users Say

"I am ready to 'boost' True-Tone for it has restored my hair to its natural color, and I have good faith in it."

Mrs. E. W. Harris,
1042 Lake Avenue, Pueblo, Col.

"I find my hair has grown thicker with the use of Tru-Tone, and while there are still a few gray hairs left, the color is a beautiful light brown, just as it was years ago. I am delighted."

Miss Lillian F. Schoellhorn,
2903 Allen Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

"Your treatments of True-Tone to my hair did wonders."

Mrs. H. Witty,
702 N. Minn. Ave., St. Peter, Minn.

"I received your Tru-Tone, and think it is a wonderful restorer. My hair was almost all gray and I think that I got your remedy just in time for my hair. Now my hair is almost its natural color. I shall recommend it to all my friends."

Mrs. O. D. Moody,
414 So. 5th Street, Columbia, Mo.

ONLY $1.45

Send No Money

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only $1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for $3.00. If after a fair test you are not delighted with results, simply return what is left and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer; the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T-3211, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send No Money

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. T-3211,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only $1.45 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save postage.

(Price outside U. S. $1.60, cash with order.)

Greenroom Jottings

Remember Evelyn Greely in the old World Film pictures? A few months ago she was playing in the English company of "Bull-Dog Drummond" with Carlyle Blackwell. While in Holland she attended a banquet and she is photographed above in the costume she wore

THRU the brilliantly lighted lobby of a New York hotel passed a man. His eyes were concealed behind colored glasses and a heavy mustache shaded his mouth; something about his catlike tread and the lithe swing of his shoulders seemed familiar. Was another movie being staged? If so, it must have been slipped in between "Blood and Sand" and the forthcoming "The Spanish Cavalier," because the furtive looking gentleman was none other than **Rodolph Valentino.** Why was he thus avoiding publicity. Could it have anything to do with the fact that **Winifred Hudnut** was thereabouts.

Madge Kennedy will not appear in the film version of **"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."** **Mary Pickford** will. There was some sharp bidding for the picture rights, which were finally acquired by the Kenma Corporation, the Madge Kennedy Company. But after the great demand for "The Purple Highway," Miss Kennedy's last picture, the company suddenly decided that it did not want a costume play for their next release; also, they have found a striking story. Miss Pickford was still anxious for the "Dorothy Vernon" story, and it has been formally transferred to her. The Kenma Company paid $15,000 when they acquired the film rights. The last published bid when they threw it on the market and Miss Pickford acquired it was $80,000. The final price has not been given out.

Mary Carr, "the screen's greatest mother," has started work on her new film, an adaptation of Florence Bingham Livingston's novel **"The Custard Cup."** It will be released under the title of "Penzie." **Miriam Baptiste,** who made such a success in "Humoresque," is to have an important part in it, also. Miriam has retained her naturalness and has not become self-conscious as so many child actresses do after their first success. The picture is being filmed in the Fox Eastern studios.

Frank Niblo, the director and former stage celebrity, has announced that his first production for Mr. Mayer, released thru Metro Picture Corporation, will be Walter Hackett's popular **"Captain Applejack,"** in which Wallace Eddinger has been disporting himself for the last nine months. Mr. Niblo was the director of "Blood and Sand," so there is practically no question of the success of "Captain Applejack."

Bebe Daniels is going to have one of the best rôles in her career. She is to be featured in the Penrhyn Stanlaws production for Paramount, **"Singed Wings."** Conrad Nagel also plays a leading rôle. **Pen-**

Glenn Hunter says a picture may either be made or marred in the cutting. Perhaps that is why Director Tuttle and he do the best part of this job themselves

Regarding Motion Pictures and the People Who Make Them

Yes — it's Wallie Reid! In the title rôle of "Clarence"

rhyn Stanlaws has taken his artist's eye to the movies; his pictures are always beautiful, but what is more they are beautifully balanced.

There is a rumor, and it seems plausible, that **Jack Pickford's** new and exceedingly beautiful wife **Marilyn** by name, **Sally** by reputation, is going into the movies, probably as co-star with her husband.

Tish, Mary Robert Rinehart's popular enthusiastic maiden-lady character has at last reached the screen. **Trixie Friganza** has the lead, and it is to be released by W. W. Hodkinson.

Lee de Forrest has solved the often tried invention of the talking movie, according to Cyril Brown who cabled the information to the *New York Times.* The synchronization is said to be perfect. Mr. De Forrest sailed from Europe, with his discovery, the middle of September. He is to give a demonstration in the States. The invention is called the phonofilm. The principle is the photographing of sounds on a standard moving picture film. It is possible to photograph ten consecutive sound paths on one foot of film; by a simple mechanical devise this film is run off continuously, making it possible to deliver everything from grand opera to a political speech.

Mrs. Rodolph Valentino, or Winifred Hudnut, or Nastacha Rambova, used to design costumes and settings for the Nazimova productions, as you know. Here she is with Madame and Charles Bryant, director and husband of Madame

Max Linder's burlesque of Douglas Fairbanks "The Three Musketeers" has been released under the name **"The Three Must Get Theres."** Meanwhile, Max is abroad filming a super-production, the name of which has not yet been revealed.

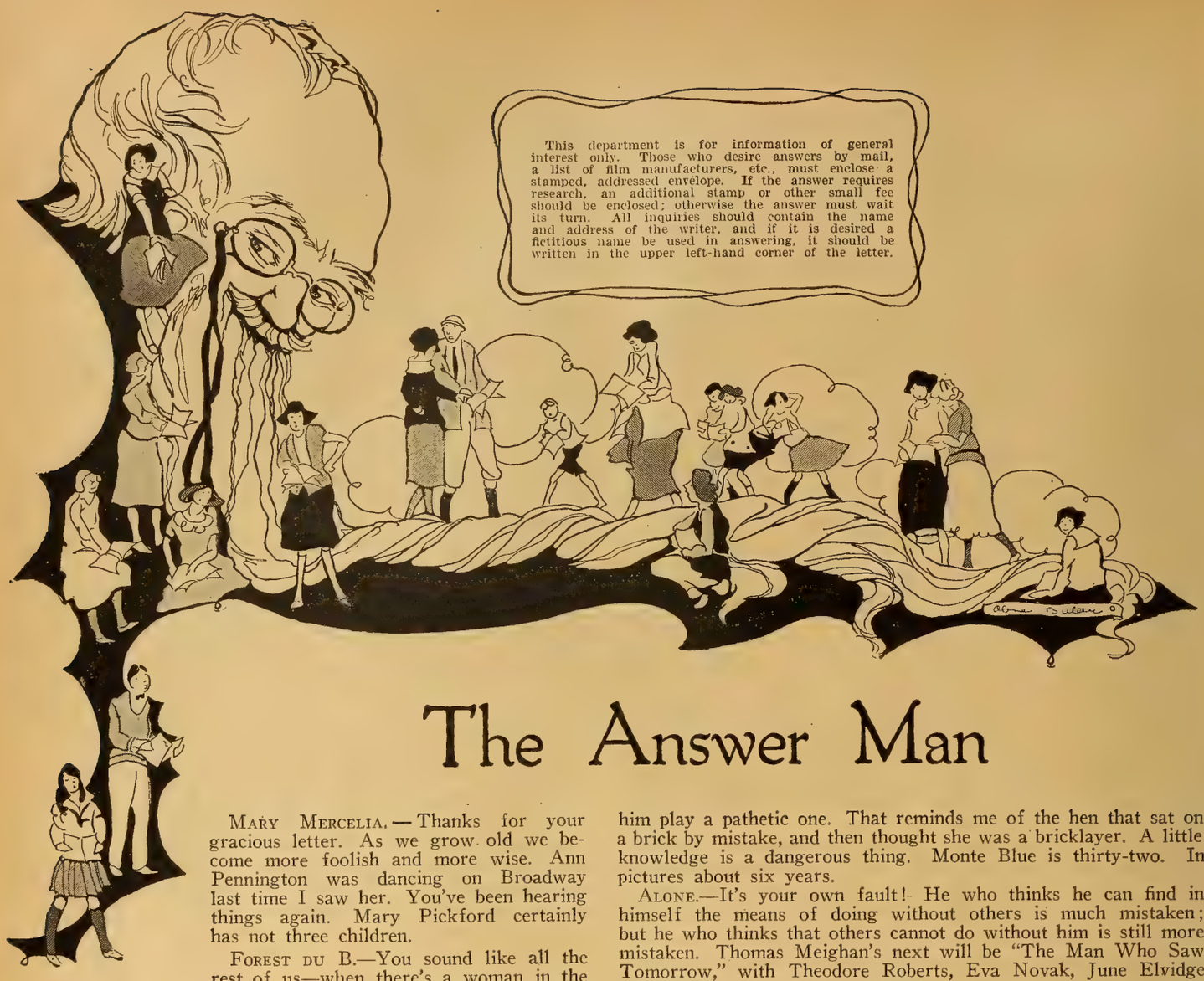
Richard Barthelmess is to be featured in a series of productions by Inspiration Pictures Inc. to be released thru the First National. The first picture will be "The Bond Boy," from George Washington Odgen's famous story. The next one scheduled for release is "Fury" and, after that, there is much talk of Richard and his company getting the habit, which seems to be growing among the directors, of going to Europe to film one of these super-productions which make the press-agent fairly ache to get at his typewriter.

Colleen Moore, so they say, will be "made" by her new picture **"Broken Chains."** At least, that is what they are saying at the Goldwyn studio. Heretofore, Miss Moore has always had comedy drama, but in this production she enters the field of tragedy drama and proves that she is an actress, which was always suspected.

Viola Dana, even if **"June Madness,"** her new release, fails to attract by its plot, will always have a large feminine audience, for her wardrobe is said to be a complete revue of the current fashions.

Jack Holt, whose new film is "Making a Man," from the story by Peter B. Kyne, got an unsolicited bouquet handed to him when during one of his pictures a remark came trickling from a seat in a Broadway theater. Said the unknown voice, "Jack Holt is the only man in the movies who wears evening clothes as if they belonged to him." Rather nice for Jack but awfully hard on—well put in your own names.

(*Continued on page* 88)



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

MARY MERCELIA.—Thanks for your gracious letter. As we grow old we become more foolish and more wise. Ann Pennington was dancing on Broadway last time I saw her. You've been hearing things again. Mary Pickford certainly has not three children.

FOREST DU B.—You sound like all the rest of us—when there's a woman in the case. As our friend Thoreau says "The tenderness and affection of a woman, her mild prophetic eye, her finer instincts, exert an influence on man from which he is never weaned." Elaine Hammerstein and Conway Tearle are being featured in "One Week of Love." Can you imagine it!

EVA G. W.—I dont want to exhaust my saliva glands licking stamps, so send a stamped addressed envelope when asking for return information. A stamp is not sufficient. Glad you like our magazines. That's right, and tell us what you want. We're here to please you, you know. Charles Ray is working on "The Girl I Love," from James Whitcomb Riley's poem. Patsy Ruth Miller opposite him. You're welcome, come again.

IRVIN E. P.—Cheerio, cheerio, you say reading my department drove away the blues and headache. Physicians please take notice. Wesley Barry is playing in "Little Heroes of the Street." No, I never played in the game of love. I play dominoes, checkers, and chess. They're lots safer. Chess is an ancient game of Eastern origin, probably brought into Europe by the Arabs. The invention is doubtfully ascribed to China, Persia and Egypt. The origin of the game of checkers is unknown, but some authorities call it a modern game. It was known as early as the sixteenth century, however.

GRANADILLA.—So you think I am being serenaded. I call it bombarded. Wait until you see Constance Talmadge in her "East Is West." Oh yes, the American men always lift their hats when saluting women. Dont the New Zealanders? Dont know the exact percentage, will look it up. If I haven't been affected with an enlarged condition of the cranium due to excessive flattery before this, I never will. Have no fear.

TED SCOTT.—You say you intend earning your living by writing photoplays. Dont! Dont! Dont! Take my advice, Ted, and go back to school. You cant get enough of it. I mean the school! Ruth Roland has just finished "The Riddle of the Range" and is ready to work on her next serial. She's letting no grass grow under her feet. William Farnum in "Without Compromise," and Agnes Ayres in "A Daughter of Luxury."

MABEL.—You have an idea. Good! Start a contest as to who is the best lover on the screen—Wallace Reid, Rodolph Valentino or Eugene O'Brien. All right, let's start.

M. B. ADMIRER.—Buster Keaton in a tragic rôle? Ah, I saw him play a pathetic one. That reminds me of the hen that sat on a brick by mistake, and then thought she was a bricklayer. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Monte Blue is thirty-two. In pictures about six years.

ALONE.—It's your own fault! He who thinks he can find in himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken. Thomas Meighan's next will be "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow," with Theodore Roberts, Eva Novak, June Elvidge and Leatrice Joy. Write me again.

BOSTONIAN.—Why, it was that illustrious novelist George Sand who said "The happiness of a woman is lost if she cannot consider her husband as her best friend." You know she had a very unhappy marriage and then turned to literature. Well, I was going to say something, but I better not. Yes, I have met both the Gish sisters personally. Charming girls. Herbert Rawlinson is playing in "Other Men's Shoes." He wears his own shoes, you know.

DOROTHY.—No, ice cream was not discovered by the Esquimo. Neither was pie for that matter. Ice might have been, for all I know. Ice cream was first mentioned by Marco Polo, who visited Japan in the thirteenth century and brought back tales of water and milk ices which were among the delicacies then known to the people of the East. Dustin Farnum's next picture is "The Yosemite Trail," with Irene Rich.

FRANKIE M.—I am always glad to hear from the temperate critics. The irate, self-satisfied ones only make me laugh. Frank Mayo is playing in vaudeville. Harry Carey in "If a Woman Will" and William Russell in "A Modern Knight."

FLAPPER FRANCES.—You say "He who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks." You're right. Yes, there have been prosperous exceptions, but it pays in the long run to travel in the straight and narrow way. According to the Good Book this means everlasting bliss while the other course means everlasting blister.

E. B.—So you are a cheer leader in a deaf and dumb institution. Help, help! Do you need any new yells? Mary Carr is forty-six and has six children. There is no picture entitled "The Man Who Came Back" but there is "The Woman Who Came Back."

ESTELLE M.—Well one way of telling whether an actor is married or not is by noticing whether he carries a baby most like a lamp or an overcoat. Yes, Dorothy Dalton in "The Siren's Call," and Dorothy Phillips in "Hurricane's Gal." London has thirty-eight miles of underground railways. In New York we call the Jewish Submarines. You refer to "Pale Hands I Loved Beside the Shalimar" taken from the Kashmiri Song from Laurence Hope's "India's Love Lyrics."

SUPERFLUOUS.—Oh no, the censors do not allow striking in pictures. In the picture "At the Stroke of Twelve" you didn't hear any striking, did you? Foolish question no.——. Zena

A clay of such amazing powers no less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being, applied in a moment; starts its work in ten minutes; and—

"There she stood with a perfect complexion"

.—In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

This Astounding Beauty Clay Makes a New Skin in 40 Minutes!

Here Is the Greatest News About Complexion Ever Brought to America. Even the Dullest Skin Yields to the Simple But Wonderful Method Used Abroad.

By MARTHA RYERSON

I AM going to tell you how a pleasure trip to Sunny Wales resulted in learning a *real* beauty secret. It is a secret of Mother Earth's; a natural, normal and gloriously swift way to end forever an unlovely complexion. I went to Wales with the worst skin a girl could have; one afternoon I left it in the hills! I exchanged it for one of soft texture and full of color. And this is how:

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder "I took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I *did.*

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud.* I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did *not!*

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman ever will have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out.* Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when we met in the garden of the little inn later that afternoon was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist. Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we stayed on, he worked all day at his "mudpies," as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last, using the natural Welsh clay as a base, he produced a compound as miraculous in its effect—only ten times more smooth and pure than the clay used by the peasants abroad.

Any One May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay had brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of any one who did not regard it as worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I *know.*

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have. It is *so* healthful to use, it *cannot* grow hair (in fact, its action checks that undesirable downy growth) and it keeps pores their natural size because it is laid on and *not* rubbed in.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! *My father has made you a remarkable offer in the next column. Read carefully.*

New Shipments from Abroad!

Free Distribution of $5.00 Jars Extended

To the public: My first offer of full-sized jars without profit exhausted my small stock of imported clay. But we have just received more, imported direct from the British Isles.

Therefore, I resume for a time the offer of a full $5 jar without any laboratory charge. You may have *one jar only* for the bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expense of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to $1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even this small sum of $1.87 is not really a payment—regard it as a *deposit,* which we will return at once if you are not satisfied this miracle clay is all it is claimed to be.

Send no money, please, but pay when postman delivers. Just $1.87 plus postage. Or, if handier to receive jar prepaid, enclose $2; same guarantee holds good

Wm. Ryerson
Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS
Century Bld., Chicago, Dept. 127

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full sized, regular $5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of $1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. ..... *State* .....

Keefe in "After Midnight." You say you wrote to Rodolph Valentino and asked for his picture and you heard from some distributing company saying he did not send pictures without payment. I'm surprised at this. Perhaps he doesn't need any more admirers.

BILLIE.—And you are crazy about the movies—and Wallace Reid is your favorite. Calm yourself, child.

R. V. FAN.—Once more this oft-repeated, irksome task must be accomplished: R. V. is twenty-seven, born in Italy, address him at the Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Los Angeles, Cal. Of course I like New Orleans' pralines.

CURIOUS.—Well, well, you need not approach me with fear and trembling. I neither bite, bark, nor scratch, and am "too proud to fight." Yes, past the eighty mark. Agnes Ayres is not married and she has been in pictures about five years. She was with Vitagraph once. Priscilla Dean in "Lady Raffles." Johnny Walker you refer to and he is playing in "Capt. Fly-by Night." Write me any time you are blue and lonesome.

MINNIE C.—Minnie, you ask the impossible. Yes, too bad Marshall Neilan directs more than he plays. He prefers money to applause apparently. He is directing Claire Windsor, Claude Gillingwater, Nigel Barrie and Rockcliffe Fellows in his first Goldwyn picture "The Stranger's Banquet."

CLARA T.—So you dont believe I am eighty. All right, come on in and have a look at me. Yes, William Elliott is coming back in pictures again. Lon Chaney is going to do "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" for Universal. Great story!

ELEANOR D.—Old deeds for old people, and new deeds for new. Oh but von Stroheim is now directing "Merry Go Round" with Norman Kerry and Mary Philbin for Universal. We will see it next April. Maurice Tourneur directed the exterior scenes of "The Christian" in England and the interior scenes in Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix, Mae Bush, Gareth Hughes, Mahlon Hamilton and Claude Gillingwater in the cast. You're welcome, write me again.

TULIP TOWN.—No, Mary Miles Minter is not married yet.

P. A. W.—Maybe you refer to the Famous Players Ball. Yes?

MARJORIE B.—You say "If all the tombstones are reliable, all the bad people must live forever." And right here let me say that most men die of their medicines and not of their maladies. Jack Warren Kerrigan is not playing now. I understand he is living on the interest of his money. Marguerite Clark apparently is thru with pictures. Art Acord is doing a serial for Universal. Jack Mulhall in "Broad Daylight." But jealousy is the sister of love.

NANCY.—Eat an apple on going to bed, and you'll keep the doctor from earning his bread. Tyrone Power is to play in Richard Barthelmess' next picture "Fury." Also Dorothy Gish. He has just finished "The Bondboy." That was George Stewart in "Anne of Green Gables." Let me hear from you again, Nancy.

PEGGY B.—Yes, it was too bad about the Sweet-Hart affairs. I saw "Blood and Sand" and thought it was a very fine thing. Fred Niblo is sure coming to the front. Yes, and Rex Ingram is doing "Where the Pavement Ends" in New York. Yes, Eugene O'Brien was run over by a truck. Mildred June married Dr. Edward Capps. Congratulations!

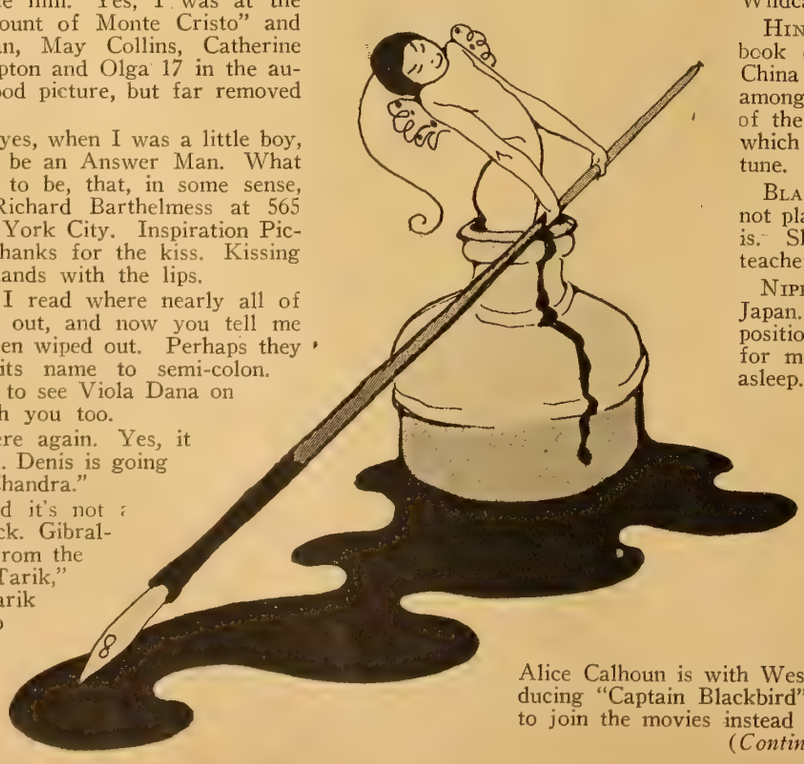
HA, HA.—Any relation to Minnie? Never argue with a man who talks loudly, for you could never convince him. Yes, I was at the opening of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and saw Mary Thurman, May Collins, Catherine Calvert, Hope Hampton and Olga 17 in the audience. It was a good picture, but far removed from the book.

VIRGINIA S.—Oh yes, when I was a little boy, I always wanted to be an Answer Man. What we earnestly aspire to be, that, in some sense, we are. Address Richard Barthelmess at 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Inspiration Pictures, of course. Thanks for the kiss. Kissing is merely shaking hands with the lips.

TRIXIE 16.—Yes, I read where nearly all of Swatow was wiped out, and now you tell me half of colon has been wiped out. Perhaps they will now change its name to semi-colon. Stop! So you want to see Viola Dana on the cover. I'm with you too.

CURIOUS.—You here again. Yes, it is true that Ruth St. Denis is going to play in "Haris Chandra."

U. R. WISE.—And it's not a brick either, it's a rock. Gibraltar takes its name from the Arabian "Gebe-al-Tarik," or Hill of Tarik, Tarik being an Arab chieftain who erected a fortress there in 711. Ralph McRae — please page him!



M. L. S.—Oh yes, Eugene Sue's "The Mystery of Paris" is to be released under the "Secrets of Paris." Montague Love, Gladys Hulette, Effie Shannon, Edmond Breese and Lew Cody in the cast. Oh yes, I always vote—vote for the best man. Did you know there were fifteen women mayors of cities in the United States? Wallace Reid is thirty-one and Harrison Ford about thirty.

Tobby Gray.—I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you whether Wallace Reid has any relatives in Washington, D. C. Richard Talmadge in "The Speed King." Franklyn Farnum in "The Firebrand." Yes, everything would go right if it were not for the "buts" and "ifs."

CATHERINE.—That's right, but little beams of moonshine, little hugs and kisses, make the pretty maidens change their names to Mrs. You must write me more about your interesting career. Orville Caldwell played in Mecca, the stage production, and he is now playing with Katherine MacDonald.

DIMINUTIVE DAVE.—What you say is true, but a baby's brain grows more in the first year than in all its remaining life. Lon Chaney, Harrison Ford and Marguerite De La Motte are playing in "Ching Ching China Town." Tom Forman is directing them.

SPANISH GIRL.—Yes, that was Pedro de Cordoba as Ramon in "Marie Rose."

MABEL 17.—No, I am far from perfect. It is well to keep your eye on perfection, but you musn't expect anybody to reach it. Yes, I have my buttermilk every day. I couldn't live without it.

E. L.—Better write direct to our Circulation Department for back numbers.

MARY M. W.—I read that your city has one hundred thousand idle. Does this refer to working men only? We have that many idle rich men in our little town. John Harron in "Thru the Barn Door." Maurice B. Flynn in "The Old Nest."

NORMA C.—Why, New Jersey got its name in honor of Sir George Carteret, Governor of Jersey Island; while Georgia was named in honor of George II. You say Lillian Gish is loved by everyone in New Zealand. She is loved by everybody in America, too. Eddie Polo in "Captain Kidd." Write me again.

GEORGE W. T.—He who wants little seldom goes wrong. Kenneth Harlan and Enid Bennett in "Thorn and Orange Blossoms." So you think somebody ought to find a nice old ladies home for the censors. They probably would find fault with that. You seem to think that "Beyond the Rocks" has been "trimmed" by the censors. I wouldn't be surprised.

PHYLLIS.—No, I never wore a mask. I am going to have my beard made into a silver fox. Wont that be grand. Marjorie Daw is with Owen Moore in "Love Is an Awful Thing." Write me again, I'm always here.

LUCILLE.—Well I try not to be sarcastic. Blanche Sweet is playing in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" with John Bowers, Barbara La Marr, Lon Chaney, Louise Fazenda, Elmo Lincoln, Joseph Dowling and June Elvidge. No, I didn't get to California as I intended.

BILLIE.—There isn't anything more I can say about Valentino. What do you want me to say, Billie?

R. S. V. P.—Well, here I am. You know the hippopotamus is nearly blind, but can scent a white man two miles to windward. Bryant Washburn opposite Viola Dana in "June Madness." Alice Calhoun in "Little Wildcat." Just call on me any time you like.

HINO.—Yes, that must be an interesting book on customs. I should like to go to China too. Did you know it was customary among the Chinese to adorn the silk garments of the children with the design of the tiger, which they believe drives away any misfortune. Betty Blythe in "How Women Love."

BLACK BEAUTY.—No, Lillian Walker is not playing now. Haven't any idea where she is. Shirley Mason in "The Little Schoolteacher."

NIPPON GIRL.—All the way from far off Japan. So you think I have a very sweet disposition and think "Old Rip" is a fine name for me. Yes, but he spent half of his life asleep. I'm quite peppy, y'u know. Corinne Griffith is playing in "One Stolen Night," an Arabian love classic. Write me again.

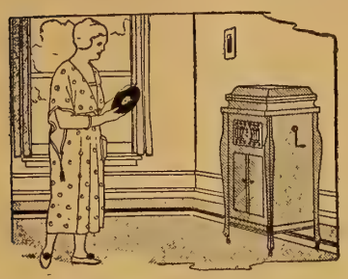
MOVIE LOVER.—*Más vale saber que haber* means better be wise than rich. No, that was just a trick. Madge Bellamy is to play in "Garrison's Finish" with Jack Pickford.

MOVIE NUT.—So you think it pays to be good. Just what led you to this conclusion. Goodness is the only investment that never fails. Alice Calhoun is with Western Vitagraph. Yes, Goldwyn is producing "Captain Blackbird" on the island of Tahiti. It is better to join the movies instead of the Navy and "see the world."

(*Continued on page* 115)

Losing 103 lbs. to Music!

Wallace Makes New Record Reducing Mrs. Derby in Less than 4 Months



The Sworn Statement of Three Quincy Citizens

We, the undersigned, have known Mrs. Harry Derby for years. Her amazing reduction by Wallace records came under our almost daily observation. We hereby testify to the entire truth of statements that follow.

A. J. Liebmann
J. D. Bunch
J. F. Newman

BEFORE

AFTER

ASTONISHING CHANGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY ONLY FOUR MONTHS' USE OF THE FAMOUS WALLACE REDUCING RECORDS

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN

QUINCY, ILLS.—In a happy little community of homes which fringe Vine street, I discovered Quincy's happiest woman. All because she accepted an invitation to try a novel way of getting rid of a mountainous burden of flesh. Only last January, she was fat beyond hope. By May, her weight was normal!

To readers who are overweight—a few pounds, or many—I shall offer Mrs. Derby's amazing experience, just as it was related to me:

"When the postman brought the phonograph record with a free reducing lesson, I never dreamed Mr. Wallace could make me weigh what I should. The best I had hoped for was a little relief—for I could scarcely get around, I was so heavy.

"The first few days of the course showed nothing, except I guess I felt better. After a time I began to lose. One day at market I stepped on the scales, and saw I had lost twenty pounds. Needless to say, I kept on with the records. Each week showed a little more reduction, until before long the neighbors all noticed the difference. I kept on losing right along, and I finally was down to the size my last picture shows."

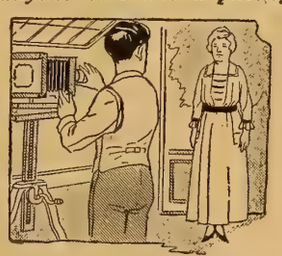
Now, one might think 103 lbs. reduction in only four months required the most strenuous efforts. But Mrs. Derby did nothing extraordinary; she followed the regular instruction that Wallace gives anybody. It was no harder to reduce her than those but ten, twelve, or twenty pounds overweight—it merely required more time.

To get thin to music is really a "lark" compared to any other method of reducing. In fact, Mr. Harry Derby told me his household was frankly skeptical of real results when his wife started the Wallace course, just because it all looked and sounded too good to be true. There is nothing to "take," you don't have to starve; just a few movements with a thrill to each—that seem all too short because they are set to music. I guess it's the sheer fun of *doing* it that starts so many men and women on the melody method of reducing. But it's the sudden, certain *results*—the fat that's played away to the tune of a pound a day—that keeps them enthusiastically at it, and telling others about it.

Mr. Newman, Quincy photographer (notice his signature to statement above), took two photos of Mrs. Harry Derby which are reproduced here. This is an indisputable evidence of Mrs. Derby's improvement—just as the camera saw it. I only wish you could see the lady herself! Not a sign of flabbiness, nor a wrinkle to show where the excess flesh had been. I am almost willing to believe her assertion: "I can now do anything a 15-year-old girl can do!"

I have met scores who restored normal weight and measurements by Wallace's novel, and so enjoyable method. My sister reduced by it, so did a brother; and two aunts of mine swear by it. Forty or fifty lbs. reduction through use of these remarkable records is fairly common. But Mrs. Derby's achievement—103 pounds in a few days less than four months—sets a new record.

Are *you* overweight? And if you are, why remain so? *A normal figure is possible to anyone who has a phonograph, and will give Wallace's music method of reducing a chance.* The above should be sufficient proof of this, but Wallace still offers free proof in your own case.



Your simple request on the handy form below brings the full first lesson free of any charge whatever. A regular-sized, and double-face phonograph record, and photographic chart with complete instructions. Pay nothing; promise nothing, except to *try* it. Results will cause you to send for the rest of his course in a hurry!

Don't ponder another day as to whether Wallace can reduce *you*. Tear out this coupon, and let him prove he *can*.

WALLACE,
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago:

Please send record for the first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial.

*Name*_____
(47)

*St. and No.*_____

*P.O.*_____ *State*_____

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg

An Old Family Secret

BASKING under the blue skies of sunny Italy centuries ago was a beautiful maid, reflecting in her cheeks the color and warmth of her native land. She had finished her toilette and was admiring, by the aid of a hand mirror, the magic effects produced by the application of that formula which had been a guarded secret in her family for generations.

Ah! If other maids but knew the secret, what rivals in beauty she would have! Science has solved her secret.

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Sempre Giovine
Meaning
"Always Young"

The Pink Complexion Cake

60c

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is not a cold cream nor a soap but a *combination* skin nourisher, cleanser, beautifier—made in cake form of pure vegetable oils, which have a close affinity to the natural oils of the skin.

Applied to your face at night, it softens the secretions and thoroughly cleanses the pores of the dust and grime of the day, producing a satiny smoothness, and the freshness and bloom of youth. "Always Young" indeed is the girl or woman who uses Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay.

Send you name and address for seven-day trial size cake free. Bring charm and loveliness to your skin.

Full size packages at almost all toilet counters

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company
Department 1268
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 83)

Winifred Westover and **William S. Hart** have effected a reconciliation, says a caption under a very affectionate newspaper picture of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hart.

Movie accidents have been far too prevalent lately. One real tragedy occurred when John Stevenson, an actor from the George B. Steitz studios, plunged to his death. He missed his swing to an elevated girder from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, as he was doubling for Pearl White in her new picture called "Plunder." Whether he was impeded by his costume or whether the girder was so dust incrusted that his fingers slipped will never be known, for he never regained consciousness.

Jean Hersholt, the screen villain, while playing in "Tess of the Storm Country," tried to make his fight so realistic that he got Lloyd Hughes, his opponent, all worked up and one of Lloyd's punches knocked Hersholt completely over a table; he fell so heavily that he injured his spine. While not a permanent injury, it will be painful for a long time.

Alan Dwan, who is to direct **Rodolph Valentino** in his new starring vehicle **"The Spanish Cavalier,"** may be right when he says it will, if possible, surpass "Blood and Sand." We have the greatest confidence in Mr. Dwan's ability as a director, but he has set a great task for himself; and Rodolph, too, will have to go some to surpass his acting in the Ibañez adaptation. Nita Naldi is to play opposite Valentino.

Ann Forrest was finally permitted, by the English authorities, to act in William Fox's production of **"If Winter Comes"** which was filmed in England. The ban that stopped Miss Forrest at first was a misinterpretation of the new English Immigration law, which states that no foreign labor be imported to do work that can be done by an Englishman. It was finally decided that Miss Forrest did not fall in this category. This final ruling should be of great interest to producers.

In an interview with **Will Hays,** after his return from the Coast, the *New York World* says that the one hundred and sixty directors addressed by Mr. Hays were very much impressed and enthusiastic at the ideas he expressed and promised to give him their heartiest cooperation in raising the standard of the films made in California. Eastern directors please take notice.

Mr. Hays said of Adolph Zukor, "There is a man who is greatly misunderstood in this country. From way down deep in his heart he has the conviction that this thing—this big thing—which we are trying to do, is a matter of personal and patriotic duty. Mr. Zukor has long since made money secondary in his viewpoint of the screen. He is now heart and soul in favor of doing everything in his power to make motion pictures not only a medium of education in America, but an ambassador and foreign representative thruout the world, which will reflect true American taste and character."

The Women's Board of Foreign Missions, in its annual report, blames the American movie for a great deal of trouble that the American missionaries have in the Orient. The report went on to say that the Orientals viewing the Western films conclude that all Americans are barbaric savages who gamble for a living, drink whisky like water, carry two guns and a bowie knife and kill their fellow men as a pastime; that American women are

(*Continued on page* 114)

When the nice Dick Barthelmess was making exteriors for "The Bond Boy," he used to stop now and then to tell the neighborhood children stories. Up in the Bronx the "Children's Hour" came true

More Cinema Than Sinning

(*Continued from page* 31)

subtitle. In "Married People" they are attempting still another innovation.

"You know," said Mabel, hunching up on the lounge, and biting a corner from her heart, literally rather than figuratively, "you know how people hate to see the cameraman's name and the art director's name and the chief wardrobe mistress and the assistant technical director's name all flashed on the screen just before the picture. Well, in our next one, we open without so much as showing the *title!* Not even our director's name!" She grinned at the placid Hugo. "That," she concluded, "will be a novelty, wont it!"

"It wont bother me at all," said the director of the Ballin *ménage,* "because people simply wont be able to blame the picture on me. And they cant help but recognize Mabel."

Despite the fact that they take picture-making to heart, the Ballins permit the humorous element in their make-ups to dominate. I have never seen them working, but I'll bet they have lots of fun.

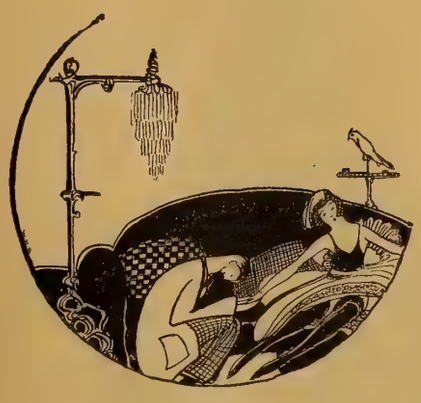
"We discuss all of our stories together, before turning a single crank," said Hugo. "Mabel helps me immeasurably in all of the work."

For a moment I was afraid he was going to pull a Merton and say "My wife is my best pal, but at the same time my severest critic." He didn't. I sighed in relief. (It really wasn't fair to suspect him of such a bromide, because the Ballins are too clever to be bromidic.)

"This is the first time I've been interviewed by a man," confessed Mabel. "I'm afraid I'm not quite myself. You know how we women are." She turned to her dog for consolation.

La Ballin, then, summarized, becomes a potentially delightful young matron with a never-to-be-doubted sense of humor, a gift for saying the right thing, and, as we go to press, a rather obvious restraint that made one interviewer feel that he was the Board of Censorship or Mrs. Grundy's elder son, Gus.

The Ballins are married people—and, in the language of Percy MacKaye—regular people.



Good News

That millions of women tell

Millions of women, all the world over, have found a way to prettier teeth. Some by dental advice, some by this ten-day test.

They have spread the news to others. Now wherever you look you see glistening teeth, and more smiles to show them.

We urge you again to accept this test and prove to yourself what they know.

Must combat film

That viscous film you feel on teeth must be combated daily. Otherwise it clings, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar.

It also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Why it remains

The tooth brush and the ordinary tooth paste cannot effectively combat it. So nearly everybody, however careful, had teeth discolor and decay.

Dental science has for years tried to combat this condition. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them, and leading dentists now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, called Pepsodent. It corrects some old mistakes. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

It does far more

Pepsodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

You'll know at once

Pepsodent brings quick results. A week will make them conspicuous. Once you see and feel them you will never go without them, or let your children miss them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the delights of Pepsodent, with the added protection and beauty it brings.

Do this without delay. Cut out the coupon now. This is most important.

PAT. OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over today. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 958

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 270, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

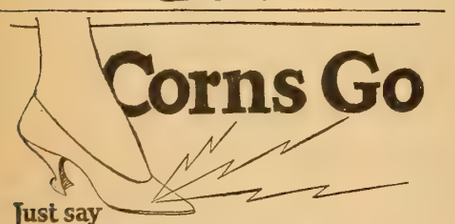
DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

Dept. O-29, Park Ave. and 129th St. New York



Just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

© B & B 1922

Do Women Dress to Please Men?

(Continued from page 29)

Yes!
Says Antonio Moreno

Take the shopgirl, for instance. To the foreigner, she is perhaps the most startling of our American women. On weekdays, in her trim black skirt and waist, she is just a shopgirl, one of many—a rubber-stamp. But on Sundays and holidays she blooms suddenly into an individual, with individual preferences and prejudices and an individual taste in self-adornment. Occasionally the result is regrettable, but more often one can place the American shopgirl, dressed in her best, beside one of New York's Four Hundred and be utterly confounded to point the difference. I am speaking of appearance only.

Abroad, the ideal of beauty is vastly different. It is more of an acceptance than a striving. Let nature take its course; that seems to be the theory. The result is a beauty of uncertain standard, fat or lean as fate decrees. You will often find a very delicate and beautiful face on a billowing body. To Americans the one would spoil the other. But the European man likes the more voluptuous type of woman. It is all a matter of viewpoint.

The American woman has made an ideal of her body and she takes every means to see that she shall not be disillusioned—nor the man she loves.

There is a reply that is made to such things as I have been saying. It is this:

Fundamentally, men are more vain than women.

I think that a man dresses well merely because of his self-respect and his desire for cleanliness. The one instance when man might be said to dress consciously for a woman is when he is in love with her and wishes to impress her. If he makes his impression, you surely cannot blame him for feeling a little vain—can you?

Yes, to impress a woman is an art. When there is love—a deep interest—yes, men dress for women. But only then. Women dress for men always, whether they be heartfree or not.

Vanity is woman. Woman is Vanity. And that is praise—not criticism.

No!
Says Gloria Swanson

I believe that the screen has become the most powerful medium for the establishment of new fashions. I strive always, for the sake of my film admirers, to keep a few months ahead of the modes. I am in constant touch with Paris, seeking out the new tendencies in hats or gowns, learning the latest novelties—the little things that play so important a part in the French dress.

But all this is for my public—understand?

For my very own self—well—

As I write this I am wearing a dress that, frankly, would disappoint my screen friends. Callot designed and executed it, too. It is a soft crêpe de chine, cut round at the neck. It falls straight from my shoulders and is caught around my waist with grey sash ornamented with plaques of carved ebony. The skirt touches my ankles, which are clad in heavy grey silk.

My slippers are French—black.

On a nearby chair hangs a scarf of silver fox. On the seat is a severely plain black felt hat that sweeps back from my forehead.

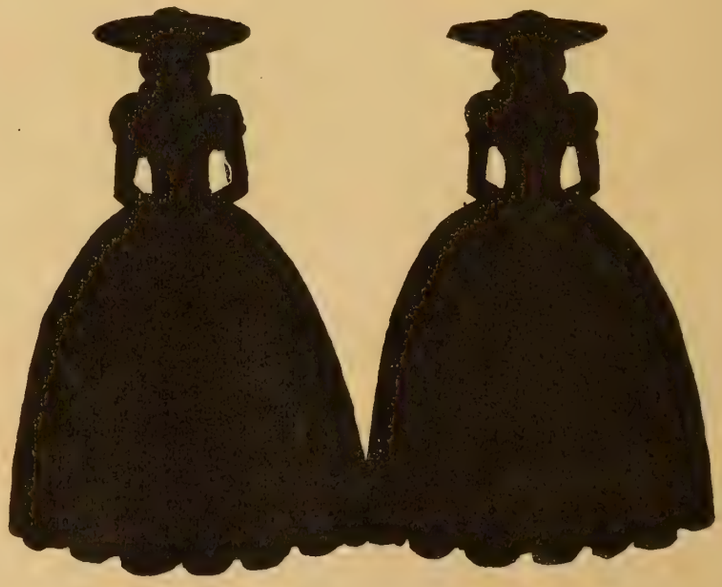
As I glance in the mirror I notice but one thing that relieves the monotone: I have tucked into the wrist of my left sleeve—did I mention that they are very long and tight?—a brilliantly batiked handkerchief, like a little driftwood flame.

No—this costume would not please my public if flashed on the screen. And I'm not so sure that it would please all of my women friends—only the most discriminating would appreciate the artistry of its cut.

As for the men—I do not know if it would please them, and I do not care.

As for myself:

Well, it heads my list of "personality" gowns. I wear it when I wish to feel my happiest.



To make you lovelier

ALL through the ages women's beauty has swayed the hearts of men; and every woman longs for her full share of this power.

However attractive you may be, it is possible to make yourself lovelier if you use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. This is a vanishing cream that when worked well in is a protection for the skin against wind, sun, and dust — a delicate foundation to which powder adheres evenly, and from which it will not easily rub off.

Then, apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of a delightful perfume.

Now a bit of Pompeian BLOOM for a softly glowing color. And do you know that you should always experiment in the placing of rouge? Study the contour of your face. Perhaps you will look better with more color on the cheek-bones. Perhaps it is the center of the cheek where a deeper shade looks well.

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the BLOOM. And instantly the face is radiant with added youth and beauty.

Before retiring, cleanse the face thoroughly with Pompeian NIGHT Cream (a cold cream). In the morning you will find the lines of fatigue have faded and your skin will be soft and velvety.

Pompeian FRAGRANCE, a talcum powder, smooth and refreshingly perfumed, brings you charm.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, Day Cream, Bloom, 60c each; Night Cream, 50c; Fragrance, 30c. At all toilet counters.

Get New Mary Pickford Panel
(and five Pompeian samples)

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The rare beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7½.

We will send you for only 10c this beautiful portrait of Mary Pickford and samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM (a rouge that won't crumble), NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty) and FRAGRANCE (a talcum). You can make many interesting beauty experiments with these samples. Please use coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2129 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Beauty Products

© 1922, The Pompeian Co.

TEAR OFF NOW AND MAIL
Or put in purse as shopping-reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford. Also please send me five samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below

KOTEX

One Problem Less

STUDY lamps instead of pine torches. Printed books instead of written parchments. Women welcome instead of barred at schools of higher learning.

Habits and customs change. Living conditions improve. Grandmothers and mothers used birdseye and other bulky sanitary pads. Today a new sanitary habit has been made possible by Kotex.

Kotex is a sanitary pad that does away with many embarrassments.

It is easy to buy without saying "sanitary pads" by simply asking for "Kotex." It is sold in department, drygoods and drug stores. Everywhere. It comes in a blue box which has no printing except the name "Kotex."

Kotex solves an age-old laundry problem by removing it, for Kotex is cheap enough to throw away and easy to dispose of by following simple directions found in each box.

Two sizes—Regular and Hospital size (additional thickness). Many find it economical to have a supply of each. Kotex are far superior to old fashioned birdseye.

The first box usually—the second box always—results in the discovery of a new comfort, a new convenience, a new economy, a new habit. Keep Kotex always on hand. Ask by name for Kotex.

Regular Size
12 for **60c**

Hospital Size
6 for **45c**

Sample of either size mailed in plain wrapper on request.

Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's restrooms everywhere — hotels, office buildings, theatres, and other places—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.

Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Boul., Chicago

New York Office: 51 Chambers Street — Factories: Neenah, Wisconsin

Copyright 1922, C. P. C.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

The Black Orchid

(*Continued from page* 65)

She seems very much in earnest, talking to you—and probably she is not. She is a woman versed, one senses, in human nature, an adept at the art of reaction, to whom a man or a woman is more or less interesting reading. Thus, she will talk for your benefit, charmingly, vivaciously, even eagerly; but probably just to see what reaction she may obtain from you. Exasperating; yes. Fascinating; heavens, yes!

She turned this knack to writing for a year or more, accomplishing six scenarios for Fox before she felt the lure of the lens, and found a small part with Anita Stewart in "Harriet and the Piper." "Black Orchids" will mark her definite graduation from the rank of novice—and it is only her seventh picture. She says, with a sigh of content, that at last she has found something to which she wants to cling, to carry on to fine completion. She has been hitherto much like the giddy weathervane, swinging from profession to profession, career to career, touching each with the brilliance of her gilded whirling but accomplishing, in the end, nothing but a wearisome gyration. It is a phase that, to some degree, all of us go thru before we find ourselves at last.

"The Three Musketeers" and "The Prisoner of Zenda"—they are not productions to scoff at. But tho Barbara La Marr played a leading rôle in each, it is in "Black Orchids" that the key lies to her final success or failure. Reminiscent of Poe and De Maupassant, with a thread of the uncanny running thru it, it is a story that will lift a strong personality to exultant heights, but crush a frail one like an eggshell. Barbara, then, is audacious.

In her very description of herself there is a curiously colored mood:

"When I am happy I am like a cat, sleek and purring, quite useless. It is when I am unhappy, with an ache perhaps in my heart, that I do my finest work."

One expects—perhaps it is her profile, her red mouth—that she will speak in a Parisian *patois,* naughtily. Her decided ease of English blasts one with surprise, even tho it is leavened by a roundness of tone that is pleasantly alien to California ears. She seems most in character when, in mirth or malice, she adopts "ze accent."

Vistas of tears, of despair, faith, love, and springing from them, a black orchid, a flower of wisdom, of strange, perverse beauty . . . Barbara La Marr.

Memories - - -

(*Continued from page* 41)

as a "stunt girl" with Universal, that is, doing the daring things the leading lady would not—or could not do. "I was baptized Ann Forrest in the Grand Canyon by William Farnum," she says.

She believes the secret of real acting is throwing yourself *mentally* into the character you are playing and in thinking — not acting — the part. "Substitute thought for pantomime," she says. "That's all."

Dividend checks from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are received quarterly by more than 200,000 telephone users.

Owned by those it serves

Less than fifty years ago an application was made for a patent which created the possibility of speech between distant points. It was the culmination of years of study, research and experiment. It suggested a new aid in commerce and domestic life; a new tie to bind the people together. But it was only a suggestion —a dream.

To make that dream come true required the creation of an organization unlike any other. It demanded a kind of scientific knowledge that was yet to be formulated, as well as a type of equipment still to be devised. And it necessitated the financial and moral support of many communities.

Out of this situation grew the Bell System, bringing not only a new public service, but a new democracy of public service ownership—a democracy that now has more than 200,000 stockholders—a partnership of the rank and file who use telephone service and the rank and file employed in that service. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company exists to serve the people and is owned directly by the people—controlled not by one, but controlled by all.

Evolution is going on. Each year the ownership is more widespread. Each year the various processes of the service are performed more efficiently and economically. Each year new lines and extensions are constructed. The responsibility of the management is to provide the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost and to provide new facilities with the growth of demand. To do these things requires equipment, men and money.

The rates must furnish a net return sufficient to induce you to become a stockholder, or to retain your stock if you already are one; after paying wages sufficient to attract and retain capable men and women in the service. They must adequately support and extend the structure of communication.

These are considerations for the interest of all—public, stockholders, employees.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Start-now to use

Millions—Billions In use today

IT'S A PLEASURE TO DO MOUNTING THIS WAY

Engel "Art Corners"

NO PASTE NEEDED

QUICK EASY ARTISTIC

Handy as a Stamp Just slip on corners of picture, then wet and stick. World's favorite method for mounting kodak and camera pictures, postcards, clippings, etc. into albums. Made in square, round, oval, fancy and heart shapes of black, grey, gold, sepia and red gummed paper. Sold at photo supply, drug, stationery and dept. stores. If dealer cannot supply you, send 10c for full package and free samples to

ENGEL MFG. CO., Dept. 69-L, 4713 No. Clark St., Chicago

10¢ BUYS 100 OF A KIND

IN CANADA 15c

BEAUTY has helped many a girl to success

It's simply good business judgment to keep freckles from marring your attractiveness

Reauty has brought many a girl all her heart's desires. The history of the world proves that charm is almost magical in its possibilities.

Its power makes it well worth while for you to cultivate your attractiveness. Don't allow your clear youthful skin to have freckles. Remove them with

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Now sold in the new purple and gold box

It leaves the skin without a blemish, and causes no downy growths. Well groomed girls always keep it on their dressing tables.

If your druggist has no supply, write us direct. Mailed in a plain package. 50c a jar. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Send today for booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" containing helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 33 Aurora, Ill.

YOU CAN PLAY THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR JUST LIKE THE HAWAIIANS!

Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. **In half an hour you can play it!** We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to **only four**—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is **only a matter of practice** to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Our complete course of 52 lessons includes FREE a Beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 pieces of Music. ***Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.***

Your favorite instrument given away FREE with first lesson. SPECIAL COURSES UNDER FAMOUS TEACHERS. Learn to play VIOLIN, TENOR BANJO or UKULELE.

This Makes a Splendid Christmas Gift.

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway (Woolworth Bldg) New York

Please send me full information about your 52 easy lessons and FREE GUITAR OFFER.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....M.P.M.-11

"Kind of Crazy"

(*Continued from page* 43)

but when you showed it in a picture you had to show men being run thru with swords and dying. If I hadn't been very careful, that could have been a horrible thing. We steered away from the idea that he was killing people and that the people were dying by always giving his fights a comic finish. That made people laugh and they forgot the real significance of these fights. But I would hate to be like the real D'Artagnan. Say, I couldn't kill a chicken. I hate to see anybody get hurt. As a real D'Artagnan, I would have been a false alarm. My batting average in the "Three Musketeers" would have been about zero minus.

Another thing that was hard for me in making that picture was crying with disappointment when they turned him down for The Musketeers. Do you remember? He breezed in with his letters of introduction, but the commandant of the corps just laughed at him and wouldn't let him belong.

Now that's where D'Artagnan was all wrong so far as my character and his are concerned. I couldn't cry over anything like that. I never can get up any emotion of self pity: that isn't the stuff that makes me cry at all. Flags, beautiful music, all that stuff . . . yes. I can cry over such things. But I never could squeeze out any tears over being sorry for myself. If I had a disappointment I would just cinch in my belt and have another whack at it from another angle. In a way there is something kind of interesting about a disappointment. Nothing to cry about.

But I had to cry about it: that was all there was to it.

I went out that morning and I just called up the spirits of Dumas and old D'Artagnan themselves.

I said to them "Boys, we got to cry." I said to Dumas, "You put it in the story, so you must know how it's done." Well, they were with me. Yes, sir: I could feel them. I was all ribbed up for the grandest little cry you ever heard of in your life. Yes, sir, tears would have flooded the place. Absolutely: you would have had to put the cameras in a life-boat. But just as I about to burst into emotion, Fred Niblo, my director, said in a voice of agony and woe, "Now Doug, remember this is the big scene: this is the picture." Now, can you imagine that? I ought to have killed him right there on the spot. Fred's a good fellow and I am very fond of him: but I should have killed him right there. If I had been like the real D'Artagnan I should have. How could I cry after that? Dumas and the spirit of D'Artagnan sneaked away and left me flat and we had to resort to the good old glycerine squirter.

I like Robin Hood as a character better than D'Artagnan. Robin Hood was a regular. He didn't go around picking fights and killing folks as a form of outdoor sport. He risked his life for other people. He was unselfish and lived a life of self-sacrifice. He didn't think about himself at all. He was ready to fight and die for his king and he was the protector of the poor and the weak. Yes, sir, Robin Hood was some lad. To my mind he is typified by the breeze: you know that is what they called him. All motion and wholesomeness. I'm for Robin Hood.

Of course I'm really not a bit like him—not a bit in the world like him.

Do you know we are usually the antithesis of those whom we admire? This idea that we grow to be like our ideals is a lot of bunk.

Collaborator's note: At this point, the cautious, careful, worried, conservative Mr. Fairbanks got a great idea. He saw a big fire ladder and got a flashing inspiration to see if he could climb it, without its resting against anything—just leaning against the air. After he had picked himself up and disentangled himself from the fallen ladder, somebody suggested that it would be a lot of fun to stand on one's head on one of the movable camera platforms and be whirled across the studio floor until the camera platform hit an obstruction: this would naturally whirl you thru the air into a high wire fence as tho you were a human cannon ball: of course you might be killed in the process, but . . . "Yes, that's a great idea," said Doug, brightening up. He wasn't killed but I cant figure out why. Yes, sir, he's a quiet, timid, conservative citizen, is Doug.

PARENTALLY RESTRICTED

David Lloyd George sighed. "I wish I was more famous," he said pathetically.

"More famous!" cried an enthusiastic admirer. "Why, man alive, you couldn't possibly be more famous than you are."

"Oh, yes, I could," declared the great premier. "I would be unspeakably more famous if my parents had substituted for the 'David'-part of my name 'Harold.'"

THE CAMPER'S LAMENT

By Hugh Holbrook

I like to hear the night birds as they murmur in the trees,
I like to hear the river's drowsy tune;
I like to watch the campfire as it dances with the breeze,
And I like to gaze, enraptured, on the moon.
I like the days of sunshine and the nights divinely sweet,
The fragrant air about me as I roam
Thru forest-paths long silent—yet my joy is incomplete:
I'm longing for the picture shows at home.

REGRETS

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence every soul had fled;
He calmly watched the tongues of flame
Like banners overhead.

He sighed and murmured tearfully,
"I have but one regret;
Too bad the moving-picture men
Cant take me in this set."

The lip-stick is taking the place of slapstick in comedies.

The way of a man with a maid eventually leads to the motion picture theater.

SO MANY STARS!

Johnson: "What did Glimpsky say after he was kicked by the mule?"

Timpkins: "He wanted to know if he was in Hollywood."

The Erstwhile O. Henry Girl

(*Continued from page 73*)

to "break in" as an actress. I wanted to stay until I proved conclusively to myself that I couldn't act.

"Never yet have I been satisfied with any scene or sequence in which I've played. There have been times when I've seen my performance run off in the projection-room that I could have wept bitterly—times when a scene did not register at all the way I had planned in my own mind to have it register.

"And, sometimes, I would think to myself, 'What *is* the use?'"

There are two quantities which Miss Ayres finds it in her province thoroly to dislike. They are meddlesome people who, she says, "haven't sufficient intelligence to mind their own business," and (2) *pretense* of any kind in one's make-up.

"It has always been a philosophy of mine to be genuine with those with whom I come in contact," she added, simply. "I should rather have one friend than any amount of metal dollars—but, above this, I would prefer to *be* someone's friend."

It is this sincerity of purpose that has induced her to study piano and voice after studio hours—at a time when she's usually tired by the day's work; when, normally, she could be enjoying herself in some usual frothy pastime. And . . .

In a year—maybe two—she will try the stage. She will not be unprepared, for she is now a member of a dramatic class.

"I should like—oh, so much!—to dance!" she said. "And I would have studied, had my health been good enough.

"Society means nothing to me. It is an empty half-world that certain ambitions of mine have carried me far above. And, just as my friendships are built on long understanding and knowledge of my friends, so would any romance be twice as long-standing that might punctuate my life. An actress does *not* have to be mesmerized by a love-affair to be able to 'feel' her professional emotions."

To be able to play any part is Miss Ayres's desire. And it is her signal satisfaction, she told me, that exhibitors have informed Paramount, her producers, that the public has wanted her as a star.

Miss Ayres's success has been meteoric. For some time she struggled along, known as "the O. Henry girl," in a series produced by Vitagraph. Then, out of a clear sky, she jumped into international prominence in "Go and Get It."

Her stature and her beauty make her seem out-of-place in calico rôles. Yet, within, she is not a crêpe-de-chine soul. She has driven the same car for four years—and the filmfamous have a traditional habit of changing automobiles almost as often as their theatrical make-up.

Rather recently Lasky commenced to star her, but the happy change seems not to have affected her disposition. She played in the all-star casts of "Held by the Enemy," "The Furnace," "Forbidden Fruit," "The Affairs of Anatol," opposite Wallace Reid in "The Love Special," and with Valentino in "The Sheik," as co-star.

But in her next production, "The Lane That Had No Turning," she was starred, and since then she has illuminated "Bought and Paid For" and "The Ordeal."

But her way has been hard. *Simply because she is beautiful.* Good looks have been her big drawback—and she told me, with her sad-sweet, beautiful smile, that she'll go to any length obliterating them in a rôle—if *that* will give her a chance to act.

For all is not gold that glitters.

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B——, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile——." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B——, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B—— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose——. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B——'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently (diseased cases excepted). Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

M. TRILETY,
1792 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me without obligation your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's, and other First Class Drug Stores.

DULL HAIR—How to correct its color

DOES YOUR HAIR ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished you knew of something that would make your hair look better, richer in tone—your own color brightened?

Golden Glint Shampoo supplies the color complement which will wonderfully enhance the natural beauty of your particular shade of hair, without changing its color. It adds beauty, a "tiny tint", the little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.

Do not confuse Golden Glint Shampoo with henna. Henna, if effective at all, will gradually make the hair redder and redder. It is in this respect that Golden Glint Shampoo is entirely different. It is *not* like henna, for every trace of the applied tint is removed with each successive shampoo. What it does for the hair is entirely superficial, like a rouge or a face-powder. It does not penetrate the fibre of the hair. You can remove it by washing as cleanly and as completely as a rouge can be wiped from the face.

This temporary quality enables you to maintain always the same wonderful improvement in your hair. No matter how long or how often you use Golden Glint Shampoo, the effect will be just what will be best for your hair, whether it is dark brown or the lightest blonde. Medium brown hair looks best of all after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

If you really wish to make your hair soft, fluffy and bewitching with a new lustre, have a Golden Glint Shampoo today. Responsible hairdressers all use it, or you can buy a package at your druggists. If he hasn't it, send 25c direct to—J. W. KOBI CO., 119 Spring St., Seattle.

Golden Glint

S H A M P O O

Chaplin *vs.* Lloyd

(*Continued from page* 55)

Only two kinds of men can attempt buffoonery with success: the brilliant, analytical mind that knows how to make it charming with shades of *finesse* and delicacy that the spectators do not dream of when they laugh: or the youthful genius who has the joy of laughter in his heart. And the coarser and rougher the comedy, the more difficult to make it real art. Chaplin, alone, can make low comedy great art.

You have to know both men intimately to appreciate these distinctions.

Chaplin makes me think that the people who believe that souls come to earth again and again must be right.

The birth records have it that Charlie Chaplin is in the early thirties. But I know better. He is as old as the pyramids. He has lived a million years. He has suffered and laughed for ages—for long dim ages. He has been the Empress Theodora and a pickpocket, and the pope and an alley cat and a soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers, and a street beggar and the queen of a harem and many other things.

His comedies always have the suggestion of something infinitely piteous. I dare say this is because, when he laughs, there is behind the laugh the memory of the deaths that he has died and the loves he has lost.

Stark Young, the famous dramatic critic, told a women's club in Hollywood that Charlie Chaplin is the greatest actor that ever lived. He did not speak of Chaplin as a great comedian. Just a great actor. Chaplin has passed the place where anyone can rightfully speak of him as a comedian because that implies that he is just a funny man. Chaplin is not funny. He is just an artist. He reaches down into his artistic soul and mixes a little of this and a little of that like a wise necromancer—and the result is a picture that sends the audience off into howls of laughter.

Once in a while when Chaplin makes a bad picture—which he does quite frequently—you hear poor fools say that Chaplin is thru. Strange to say they are right. I think he is thru with the comedy that we have come to think of as "Chaplin comedies." Before he finishes his artistic career, I think people will have forgotten that Chaplin ever made funny pictures. His other pictures will reach such superb heights of artistry.

One of these days, Chaplin will really let himself go and the world will stand amazed.

Hal Lloyd is an entirely different type. He is a clean, lovable boy. He is just the kind of boy every young mother envisions when she looks down into the cradle at the little, wrinkled, raw, puckered-up stranger who is the soul of her soul. He is the kind of boy that old bald-headed Pa hopes his flapper daughter will marry.

You love him on the screen because he is a boy you would love off the screen. He is brisk, clever, snappy, sympathetic and lively. He likes to laugh himself and he knows what other people like to laugh at. He never slips off into the subtleties of sardonic satire. Chaplin laughs at the world to keep from crying with the world. In his heart, Chaplin is sad. He has the sadness that all very great geniuses have known. Lloyd has a heart full of laughter. He is the sunshine on the laughing waters. His comedies are a reflection of himself. As they grow greater and finer and sweeter and more sympathetic, they reflect the growth of his character.

Lloyd will never be other than a great

comedian. He will make people laugh; and the love and good spirit that he sends out will come back to him. In a little while, he will be very rich. You can already see this success reflected in the mellowness and sweetness of his character. One day he will retire—a generous, liberal man who will make many people happy with his money just as he has made many happy with his laughter. He will have a happy old age.

Chaplin will never be really happy. The lot of the great genius is to be sad. He knows life too deeply. He will see life slip away at last, still striving to make his art envision his golden dreams. The creative artist is always the child reaching for the golden moon. And Chaplin is the greatest of all creative artists.

Out From the Comedy Fold

(*Continued from page* 53)

not like you, he would make you give the best that is in you. He never tries to make his own personality stand out above anyone else's when it would interfere with making a scene artistic or convincing. Many people have been disappointed in 'Foolish Wives,' no doubt, but that is not Mr. Von's fault, for he did everything in his power to make it really artistic."

Playing the rôle of the maid was really a taxing duty for Miss Fuller. Happy-go-lucky as a rule, she concentrated every atom of energy on her portrayal. She thought about the part so much, and put so much effort into it over a long period, that at the finish she had lost nearly eighteen pounds weight. Not long after she was taken ill with double pneumonia and lay at death's door for weeks.

Her principal dread since her success has been that she might become identified with maids permanently. She has had no end of offers to play them since her recovery from her illness, and has turned down every one except a comedy crinoline part in the picture, "Borderland," starring Agnes Ayres.

"I dont want people to think of me as the *maid* in 'Foolish Wives,'" she asserted. "What I mean is that I dont want them to think of me in connection with any rôle that I play. I want them to think of the rôle itself. When they think of a serving maid, I would like very much if they would recall the part I played in Mr. Von's picture. I want my rôles to have a sort of universal significance, if possible, but I dont want them to be any more me than as if they were my children. I want them to have an individuality of their own."

You can see from this that the aim of Miss Fuller is versatility. It evidences a native shrewdness that is hers. She has observed the troubles other players have had avoiding identification with a certain type, and she wants to keep from running into the same narrow strait.

Evidently, Mr. von Stroheim is encouraging her in her purpose. The part she is to play in his Viennese picture is a wife.

To test her out while casting the picture he disappointed her horribly. He told her that he would have nothing for her to do. She was so downcast that she commenced to cry. But as soon as she did, he said, smiling:

"That's all right, Dale, I just wanted to see whether you could still act. Of course, you're going to play in my next picture."

Dale Fuller has always been doing something or other professionally. First it was music. She planned an operatic career, but finally made up her mind that singing

NO WONDER ROUGE NEVER GAVE A NATURAL COLOR!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush

Science now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skillfully rouge is applied, the task is *impossible.*

In creating the wonderful new English Tint, the *great handicap of rouge came to light!* The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used *must positively change upon the skin after it is applied.* No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat English Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature.

Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of English Tint to banteringly criticise the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a woman companion. She in turn challenged her critic to use his vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a scientist turned his hand to a task which had baffled the cosmetician since rouge was first used.

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available *the effort proved futile.*

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of differing shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none was perfect.

Then accident stepped in and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion.

GORDON GORDON, Chicago

Sole American Distributors of Princes Pat English Tint — Princess Pat Cream—Almond Base Face Powder—Instant Astringent—Princess Pat Perfume.

Princess Pat English Tint

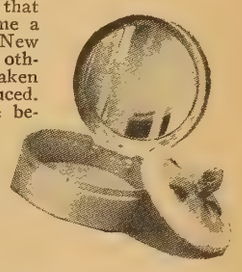
"The Amazing Million Dollar Beauty Secret Had at Last Been Discovered"

Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!* The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat English Tint, had at last been discovered.

English Tint Is Waterproof!

Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make English Tint waterproof. And such wonderful success attended his efforts that one may actually go in bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. English Tint on the cheeks will not run or streak, even if rubbed with water. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet it vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

English Tint comes in only one shade, of course; for the one shade *blends perfectly with every complexion!* It is as perfect in daylight as under artificial light.



So it is no wonder that English Tint has become a veritable sensation. New York and Chicago, and other large cities have taken all that could be produced. Dealers everywhere are being supplied as fast as possible. Meanwhile, however, we will be glad to send a free sample to every woman who reads this advertisement. Mail coupon today!

Mail This Coupon For Generous Sample FREE

GORDON GORDON,
Dept. 211, 2701 South Park Ave., Chicago.

Entirely Free, send sample of Princess Pat English Tint to

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Watch for

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

in the best one yet

"The Bondboy"

"OUR Dick" has surpassed our greatest expectations in producing pictures of unusual artistic merit, pictures that fascinate and delight everyone. You already know what wonderful pictures he made in "Tol'able David" and "Sonny."

We can safely promise you that you will like "The Bondboy" even better. Like "Tol'able David" it is the story of a Southern farm boy in which "Dick" will have the same type of heroic rôle. There will be a notable supporting cast, including Mary Alden, Mary Thurman, Virginia MacGee, Charles Hill Mailes, Ned Sparks and Lawrence D'Orsay.

And it was made by the same directorial genius, Henry King. The picture is presented by Inspiration Pictures, Inc., taken from the famous story by George W. Ogden.

Keep this picture in mind and watch for the play date at your theatre, for you have a most unusual treat in store

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

FREE Wonderful Book

Tells how to learn to mount *birds, animals, game-heads and tan skins.*

Learn by mail. A necessity for hunters and nature lovers. Quickly learned by men and women. Fascinating. *Success guaranteed.* Decorate your home and den with splendid art. Make big profits from your spare time. Write today for illustrated book. It'll delight you. N.W. School of Taxidermy, 1528 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age. Farmer Burns, 1528 Ry. Exchange, Omaha, Neb.

WHITING-ADAMS
BRUSHES
FAMOUS FOR THEIR QUALITY
Most extensive and best line of Toilet Brushes in the world
Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 113 Years and the Largest in the World

wasn't her *forte*. The best she could hope for would be something in musical comedy. She tried that, but never had any real success until she was given a funny bit to do. That immediately settled her comedy destiny.

Just about the time she was beginning to succeed to parts she was called back home to Los Angeles by an illness in her family, and that was when she decided to go into pictures. One often *decided* in those days. Charlie Murray, whom she knew, introduced her to Mack Sennett, who gave her her first job. She was subsequently featured with Fred Mace in "Crooked to the End," and played the wife of the inn-keeper in "Bathtub Perils," if you happen to remember that aqueous Saturday night affair.

"My life has certainly been a variable one," mused Miss Fuller. "I've always explained it because I was born under the sign of Gemini. I'm a June bug. And they say that people born under the sign of The Twins never get very far, because their natures are divided. One twin or the other is always dragging you in the opposite direction from the other.

"It's funny that when I was on the stage, several times I was just on the verge of great success, and then some outside event would interfere.

"I was married when I was fifteen and became a widow when I was nineteen. And I've never married again because I've become so absorbed in work. But I suppose that as soon as my career dominates my life entirely, well, one of those heavenly twins——"

"In other words," I said, "your career will be cut short by marriage."

"No, I dont think so," she answered meditatively. "You see, I've always been intent on *doing something,* even from childhood. I was never satisfied unless I was patterning or designing, whether it was dresses, or dovecots, or canary cages.

"I'm not obsessed with the idea of becoming famous. Dont think that. Simply —I love work and just naturally must give about everything I have to it. That's oftentimes hard on husbands and relatives. One so frequently comes home after being busy all day frayed and frazzled and tired and cross.

"Then, too, picture work. That is so all-absorbing. And one can never be certain of hours. It's oftentimes agonizing.

"I know how my mother felt the first time that I came in at nine o'clock the next morning. She looked at me severely and said—'Where have *you* been?'

"When I told her that I had been working, she declared that the next time I expected one of those all-night sessions she would accompany me. She did. She fell asleep, but stayed until four o'clock in the morning. Then she went home, and never accompanied me again.

"Domesticity and a career? Well, I dont know. But then, born under the sign of The Twins, you can never be sure of anything, especially yourself."

Burning Sands

(*Continued from page 37*)

indistinguishable as to words, fell upon the stillness. The sob escaped from Muriel's quivering lips in a little broken sound—like the smashing of idols. They had both gone into the tent . . .

She could not guess, of course, that the dancer, grateful for Lane's interference a few nights before with Barthampton's drunken advances toward her, had come to warn him now of an attack which was to be made that very night upon his camp. To the eye of jealousy it was all very clear. Night, a furtive woman-shape bent on a sordid errand, and overhead the hooded secret stars. Muriel went back thru the crooked streets, by the murmurous garden closes, by the square where a Zanzibar girl danced furiously in a pool of green light spilled from the lantern above the portico of a brothel, seeing nothing, aware of nothing save the pain in her own heart.

Thru the dark hours she lay sleepless, staring at the arched window thru which the tower of the mosque lifted against the clear pale sky. So that was what men were! Men with grave, steady eyes and humorous mouths, students and scholars, all alike when a Lizette smiled with poppy-painted lips. She hated men, hated *life*. Never, so long as she lived, would she marry anyone!

Nevertheless her traitor heart sent the swift blood racing over her cheeks the next morning when she came out of the Embassy to find Daniel Lane leaning on the balustrade above the goldish pool. At her step he turned, a glad light leaping to his grave eyes. "Muriel!" He corrected himself in confusion—the man blushing like a schoolboy, "Miss Blair I should say, I suppose! But I may as well confess that I've been thinking of you by your first name!"

Muriel disdainfully did not see the hand that he held out. "You wished to speak to my father?" Her tone was frosty, with the tinkle of ice in it.

He was too much a man of the world to show discomfiture. Bowing, he stepped back, tho his face was white. "Yes. I am leaving at once for the Oasis El Hamarin where I have had word that my good friend, the Sheik Ali, lies at the point of death."

"Going!" cried Muriel before she remembered that, of course, it made absolutely no difference to *her* what he did. To prove her indifference she turned partly away, giving him the privilege of looking at a scornfully lovely profile. "I suppose you have already bade good-bye to your pretty friend of the Café Occidental?" The tears of mortification smarted in her eyes. She had spoken like a vulgar, bad-tempered schoolgirl instead of the woman of the world she would have had him think her.

Daniel Lane gazed at her curiously. "You think me capable of a tawdry intrigue?"

"What else can I think?" Muriel shrugged. "I saw Lizette last night—I was riding on the desert for—for the adventure of it!"

The man's face was imperturbable. "Then you almost found your adventure with a vengeance," he said dryly; "my camp was attacked by Bedouins at two o'clock. Fortunately we were able to drive them off without much difficulty. However, if I may suggest it, the desert is not precisely the place for young and beautiful girls after sundown." He bowed again cere-

Cartoon Stars make big money

"Andy"

"Min"

"Sis"

"Skinnay"

"The Tooneville Trolley"

"Powerful Katrinka"

Sidney Smith, Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox and other cartoon stars make from $10,000 to $100,000 a year. Bud Fisher makes over $50,000 a year from Mutt and Jeff. R. L. Goldberg's yearly income is more than $125,000. Yet both Fisher and Goldberg started as $15 a week illustrators. Ministers, bookkeepers, and mechanics have become successful illustrators and cartoonists through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning. Don't let your present job hold **you** back. Capitalize **your** cartoon ideas. The way is now open to you.

Send Six Cents for A Road to Bigger Things

This book shows studio pictures of the 32 greatest American cartoonists who are on the staff of the Federal School. It tells how **in one course** you can learn cartooning, animated cartooning, chalk talking, and window card writing. One of these is **your big field.** It shows how by home study, you can learn the skill, stunts, short-cuts, and the professional touch of these famous cartoon stars on the Federal Staff.

These stars make big money from simple cartoon ideas. Do you want their fame and incomes? Just fill in your name, age and occupation and address, and mail the coupon with six cents to cover postage for this book that tells you how you can qualify. Do it Now.

Federal School of Applied Cartooning
1120 Federal Schools Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

TEAR OUT COUPON ALONG THIS LINE

Please send by return mail my copy of "A Road To Bigger Things." I enclose six cents for postage.

NAME ..... AGE.....

ADDRESS ..... OCCUPATION.....

CITY AND STATE.....

1120

Boys and Girls Earn Xmas Money
Write for **50** sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for **10c** a set. When sold, send us **$3.00** and keep **$2.00.**
NEUBECKER BROS., 961 East 23rd Street, Dept. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y.

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. **B. N. Bogue, 3067 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.**

$2 Brings this 2K Size Genuine Diamond Ring

$2.00 brings this genuine diamond ring for 10 days' free trial. Seven perfectly cut, blue white diamonds set in ALL PLATINUM by a patented process **resembling** a 2 Karat single diamond. The likeness is amazing.

No Red Tape—No Delay

Send only $2.00 and ring comes to you charges paid. After 10 days' trial, pay balance $4.65 a month for 10 months. Price only $48.50. **If not satisfactory after trial, return it and your deposit will be refunded. 10 months to pay on everything.**

FREE. Write today for ROYAL catalog of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Thousands of gift suggestions shown in our $2,000,000.00 stock. Address **Dept. 588.**

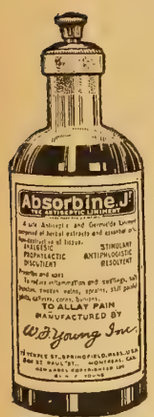
ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
35-37-39 Maiden Lane-New York

Never neglect cuts!

Be safe rather than sorry. Infection lurks where least expected. When tools and implements slip and cut the flesh, apply an antiseptic.

Absorbine, Jr. is cleansing and healing. The prompt application of a few drops often prevents serious consequences.

For burns and bruises, it draws out the pain and is instantly soothing and cooling. It reduces swellings and inflammation.



Absorbine, Jr. is the powerfully concentrated liniment for strains, sprains and overworked muscles. It is safe, being composed of herbs and essential oils, and is of a clean, pleasant odor without the usual liniment stain.

Know more about this remarkable guardian of the skin, and its uses.

At most druggists, $1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c. postpaid.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
92 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue - - New York City

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

MEN WANTED! POSITION GUARANTEED

Earn Up to $250 per Month, Expenses Paid

Big demand for trained men in this fascinating, new profession. Many splendid opportunities thru contact with railway officials. Travel or remain near home. Pleasant, healthful, out-door work.

Start at $110.00 per Month with expenses paid. Prepare in three months' spare-time study at home. Any average man can easily qualify.

POSITION GUARANTEED

If, after completing preparation, we do not secure for you a position paying at least $110.00 a month and expenses we refund your enrollment fee in full. YOU TAKE NO RISK.

Don't Delay—Investigate Now. Send coupon for free Booklet No. D-861 today.

STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE
Buffalo, N. Y.

Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-861 giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

moniously and turned to meet Lord Blair who had come out on the terrace.

He had not offered explanation or excuse. Yet Muriel had a spanked feeling as tho, somehow, she were in the wrong.

"If I could just be certain that he is—*good*, I would be willing to hate myself!" she told Kate Bindane wistfully. "It doesn't matter any more, somehow. What does it mean when something *hurts* here all the time?" she laid her hand on her breast.

"It means," said her experienced friend, "that you're growing up, my dear, and growing pains always accompany that process! Come with my father and me—we're going to camp on the desert for a week for his hay fever. The poor dear has gotten so he cant even swear for sneezing and it's time something was done. It will give you a chance to learn your own mind."

So Muriel went out onto the desert and looked at its silver dawns and golden noons thru Daniel Lane's eyes; saw a thousand beauties she had never dreamed of—and learned her own mind. At the end of a week she came to Kate, in her riding clothes, and told her palely that she was going to the Oasis El Hamarin and find Lane. "I am going to beg his pardon for what I thought of him," Muriel said quietly, "no matter what I saw, no matter what anyone could tell me, I know that he is fine and clean and—and dear. If he should want me——" she drew a quivering breath.

"It's easy to see that in that case he wouldn't have to commit suicide on account of your coldness," Kate said dryly. Then she kissed the girl. "Run along, you absurd baby! You'll probably find that your moon is made of green cheese. The only difference I've ever found between men was a difference in collar and hatband sizes, still—you never can tell!"

Daniel Lane, pacing the veranda of the Sheik's house, was musing on the tricks Fortune plays mankind. Here was he, for instance, who had fled away from Life to study and think, thrust into the position of leader of a band of desert Arabs by the death of Sheik Ali and facing the immediate prospect of an attack upon the Oasis El Hamarin by Ali's son Ibrahim and the forces of the Oasis El Kasar! A peace-loving student forced to turn his plowshares into a sword and play the hero whether or no! If it were not that grave issues for the English government hung upon keeping El Hamarin in friendly hands he would have refused the rôle thrust upon him, but El Hamarin was the key to the new irrigation plan——

The thread of his thoughts snapped short as he stared at the small, dusty figure before him. "Muriel—you *here!* Good God, this is a nice mess——" He sprang forward, caught her arm and propelled her into the cool dimness of the hallway. "Dont try to talk! This place is going to be attacked at any moment by as nasty a bunch of cut-throats as ever wore a bournous, and when it is it wont be any tea-party! I'll have to hide you in the tower!"

In the whirlwind happenings of the next hour the thought of the girl whose safety depended upon him was as a sword and buckler to Daniel Lane. The scholar was transformed into a soldier who directed his men, and finally fought beside them, jaw set, until the flat of a kress struck him full on the temple and he went down in the melee, swept on and submerged with a black rushing tide.

When he came back to life it was to find himself bound securely to a staple in the wall, staring dizzily at at least four Barthamptons grinning four derisive grins. "Once before," said this composite crowd of Barthamptons suavely, "you interfered

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
238 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.
Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

LEARN

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester** or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!
FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

"I Don't Enjoy Society Because This Unsightly Hair On My Face Makes Me Look So Ugly."

But there is a way to get rid of unsightly hair, safely, privately, permanently. There is one—and only one—treatment that kills the hair root. After other treatments the hair grows thicker and stronger than ever. The Mahler treatment permanently removes superfluous hair. It can be used in the privacy of your own home at comparatively small expense. Send three stamps today for full particulars sent in plain sealed envelope.

D. J. MAHLER CO.
881-K Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

AGENTS $6 a Day

Should be easily made selling our Concentrated Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors, Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Preparations. Over 100 kinds, put up in collapsible tubes. Ten times the strength of bottle extracts. Every home in city or country is a possible customer. Entirely new. Quick sellers. Good repeaters. Not sold in stores. No competition. 100 per cent. profit to agents. Little or no capital required. Elegant sample case for workers. Start now while it's new. Write today—a post card will do—for full particulars **FREE**

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 7211 American Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

$ $ For Photoplay Ideas

Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 926 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Publishers Scenario Bulletin-Digest
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort.. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100%.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed leggs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, Specialist, 247 L, Ackerman Bldg. Binghamton, N. Y.

with my attentions to a—let us say— a lady. I see that the pretty Lizette is here——" he was holding out a tiny handkerchief, faintly perfumed, before Lane's horrified gaze; "this time I do not think that you will interfere——"

He was gone, into the Sheik's house. Lane could hear him ascending the stairs. On the other side of the wall sounded voices, trampling feet, moans. Evidently the Oasis had been taken by the invaders. Even if class distinction should save Muriel from Barthampton what could he do for her against a wild horde of desert savages?

"Do not make so much swear," said a voice at his side calmly. Lizette was already tugging at the ropes that bound him. "*Mon Dieu!* If I but had a knife—"

"Those damn things couldn't cut butter!" snarled the caveman who had been Daniel Lane of Oxford; "untie the knots! And for Christ's sake hurry! *She's* up there, alone with that cad——" Never a word, my poor Lizette, of your being here! Never a thought of you!

As she worked Lizette panted out her tale: how she had heard of the proposed attack and ridden to warn Lane, after sending a message to the Embassy for help. "They should soon come," she finished, "and when they do they will hang that so-bad Meester Barthampton of a certainty!"

But Barthampton was not hung after all. Torn by Daniel Lane's furious fist from the struggling girl in his arms he staggered back, tottered on the edge of the parapet while they watched with horrified eyes, and then—with the shouts of the rescue party of English soldiers in his ears, the man who had been a traitor to his country and his caste fell backward over the railing of the tower whining with fear.

"Dont look!" Lane said, gathering the girl close. "You're trembling! If there was anything worse than killing he deserved it!"

"He said——" Muriel quivered, "that I was no better than the dancer he'd expected to find here! He said I'd do as well—as Lizette——"

The work of careful generations was undone in the last few savage moments. They were two primitive creatures, he the protector, shaken with animal rage, she the cave-woman, sheltered in her mate's arms. Male and female created He them so. Always the memory of that first kiss with the desert burning tawny before their eyes would remain with them fragrant as the strange, spiced sweetness of the flowers that grow in desert sand.

But there were other kisses in the English drawing-room to which Daniel Lane brought his bride of the Sahara, that were fairly satisfactory too——

The Juvenile Critic

(*Continued from page 78*)

The man and some of his friends decide to kidnap the little girl, and they have the most exciting chase until the little girl and boy get into a sort of shed and stay there. But Mr. Dog goes for help. He tries to tell the policeman about it, but he just wont understand, so the dog takes his hat and runs with it; and he does it to the next one, and finally there are just loads of policemen all running after the dog, who, of course, leads them to the very place where the men have broken down the door.

The little girl's mother comes, and she is so glad that her daughter is safe that she says she will take the little boy and the dog home to live with them for always. The dog was perfectly sweet, and I wish I had him too. Lovingly, JUDY.

A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

Banish
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Pimples
Freckles
Superfluous Hair
Oily Skin

I tell you how to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Beautify the Lips; Banish Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots Blotches, Sallow and Oily Skin; Beautify the figure, by building up or reducing; Remove Superfluous Hair, Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the skin of Pimples; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.

Send for My Booklet—FREE

Just clip this coupon, write name and address and mail to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Investigate! It costs you nothing to write and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to EVERY WOMAN LIVING, whether homely or beautiful.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 4011, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS."

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Note the remarkable improvement in the same face

You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes with

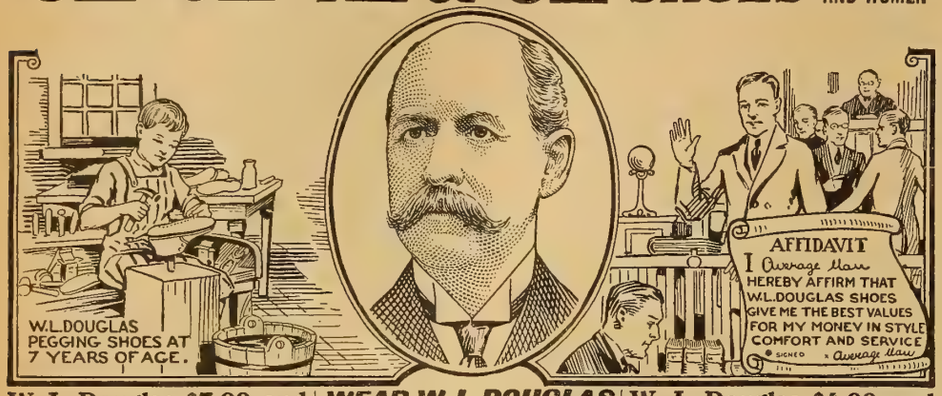
Maybelline

More than all else, well-defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow is the secret. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you. Unlike other preparations, absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not spread and smear on the face or make the lashes stiff. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades, Black and Brown. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad *now* as a reminder.

MAYBELLINE CO.
4750-54 Sheridan Road CHICAGO

W. L. DOUGLAS

$5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country.

WEAR W.L.DOUGLAS SHOES AND SAVE MONEY.

W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $4.50 shoes for boys, best in quality, best in style, best all around shoes for boys.

All W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 110 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you.

It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

W. L. Douglas

Write for Catalog Today
Pres. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
132 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

FREE

Amateur Writers will find just the help they need in this illustrated journal for writers of Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems, Popular Songs, etc. Contains many money making hints on how and when to sell. If you would write for profit, send for FREE copy TODAY.

THE WRITER'S DIGEST
722 Butler Building, Cincinnati, O.

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three to six months' course. Modern equipment. Day or evening classes. Easy terms. Ask for **Catalog No. 29.**

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	BROOKLYN
141 W. 36th St.	630 So. Wabash Ave.	505 State St.

Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY **Dept. 205** **CLARINDA, IOWA**

The Big Harp

(Continued from page 25)

David Warfield. At the opening of the new Warfield Theater in San Francisco, the final link in the tremendous chain of Loew houses that joins the two coasts of the American continent, Thomas Meighan was persuaded to be present, but only thru the belief that he would meet there his old friend David Warfield. Warfield didn't appear and so Tommy had to recourse to Dan O'Brien again for company. Good company it was, too, says Tommy.

But one of the greatest bonds between Warfield and Thomas is their mutual admiration for John McCormack.

For several years before he became famous in "The Miracle Man," Thomas Meighan supported David Warfield on the stage. The friendship begun then has never died.

Numbered among the other big guns of the stage with whom Tommy has played are William Collier, William H. Crane and Frances Ring. He co-starred with Frances in George Ade's "The College Widow," both in New York and London, and in the middle of the show's run he married her. They have lived happily ever since, with Frances content to let friend husband do the starring act for the family.

The family numbers only the two of them and they live modestly enough, in a bungalow nestling conveniently in the shade of the Hotel Ambassador, huge caravansary of Los Angeles and location of the Cocoanut Grove, rendezvous of film folk.

They have no children, but contrary to the general belief that Thomas's chief enjoyment is throwing babies down wells just to hear them splash, Tommy has a strong inclination toward orphans. He imports them in bunches from the orphanage every once in a while—and entertains them by playing John McCormack's records.

And so the next time you put on a record of "Kathleen Mavourneen" or "Mother Machree" and the liquid notes pour out of the sounding box, notes to make strong men weep—even Dan'l O'Brien—remember that you're listening to Tommy's friend. You may like Tommy pretty well—you cant deny that his six odd feet of brawn is well set up—but you'll like him a darn sight more after that.

The Purple Highway

(*Continued from page 49*)

they came back, I was sitting in the dark watching the city and thinking about my Dream Ship coming in. When Edgar and Joe came in, I could tell a great thing had happened because their faces were like lights in the dark room.

"You're to sing!" they cried out, and Joe rushed over and kissed my hands, but Edgar just stood there and looked at me and *shone*. Finally he said, "A manager has come to see you . . ." And Joe added, "You'd better light the candle so he *can!*"

I did and at first I didn't know who he was—he was so splendid and fixed up, and then I saw who it was and I cried out, not very nicely, I'm afraid, because I was so disappointed and afraid that it was only a joke after all, "Why, it's only Manny Bean!" But Edgar saw that I was really disappointed and so he explained right away that, yes, it *was* Manny Bean, but not "only" Manny Bean, because now Manny was the manager for Shulanger, the great producer. He had followed us when we left the home and had just plunged right in and made the folks around Times Square take him for what he was. And there stood Manny, puffing up like a great, funny old pouter-pigeon, but not saying a thing now that he was a success as he had used to say things when he was a failure. And I just hugged him and kissed him and told him he was a part of my Dream Ship, and then they told me how they had found the play for me and how Shulanger wanted me to sing and how I was to start rehearsals right away. And then Manny went out and bought some supper and Joe and Edgar fought as to who should wait on the forthcoming Light Opera Prima Donna, and Edgar was as sweet as ever—and I felt sorry for him, too, because of all of us he seemed the only one who had not succeeded, since Joe was to write some of the score for the play. But I encouraged Edgar all I could and told him not to mind, that he could be my press-agent if his play wasn't accepted, and he said he was that anyway and kissed my hand, and then I sang for them and all went merry as a marriage bell!

Oh, ship of Dreams, radiant and real . . . you are coming . . . you are coming . . . Ship Ahoy!

Three Months Later

DEAR ME:

I dont have very much time to write to Me now, despite the fact that Me is much more worth the writing to now than Me was five months ago. I told that to Edgar today and he looked funny in his eyes and said he didn't know about that and then I pouted and he said of course that he didn't mean it—he was just a boor—didn't know any better and I was not to mind him and I said I wouldn't. And he said that of course I didn't have time to write Dear Me letters when half a city was writing to me, and I would soon have to have a secretary to answer them for me. Oh, it's all like magic! Five months ago I had to write letters to myself and now myself cant even read the letters she gets.

For the play "made good." *I* made good! I shall never forget the opening night in Bridgeport if I live to have great-great-great and then still *greater* grandchildren. The house did what they call "come down." I had to "take the curtain" ten times and I was simply hurt with the avalanches of roses. All the élite were there—especially Dudley Quail and his lady-mother. Manny says the Quails own

Let DIAMONDS say Merry Xmas

642 AD—18" indestructible Pearls of unusual sheen and lustre with White Gold clasp, set with genuine Diamond. $14.50

643AD—Premier Ring. Blue-white quality Diamond. $95.00

644AD—Engraved Premier with fine Diamond $37.50

645 AD—Hexagon Ring—fine Diamond. $55.00

654 AD—Gent's Tooth Ring, Blue-white quality Diamond. $110.00

647 AD—Gent's Round Belcher with Blue-white quality Diamond. $80.00

653 AD—White Gold Hexagon Cluster, 7 quality Diamonds $59.50

656 AD—Famous 19 jewel Illinois 20 year engraved octagon case, engraved gilt dial . . . $39.75

649AD—Premier Cluster, 7 Blue-white quality Diamonds. . $73.50

650AD—Gypsy Cluster Ring, 7 Blue-white Diamonds $87.50

651 AD—Solid Platinum Ring, Blue-white Diamond. $118.50

652 AD—14 karat White Gold 15 jewel rectangular Wrist Watch. Special Price . . . $33.65

NO MONEY DOWN

Any of the startling diamond values pictured here can be yours without risking a single penny. Each item is ideally suited for Christmas and will make a charming gift. No matter what you select, you pay **only a few cents a day.** Your selection sent on your simple request without a single penny down. If you don't agree that it is the **biggest bargain** you have ever seen, return it at our expense. If you keep it, pay at the rate of **only a few cents a day.**

YEARLY DIVIDEND

You are guaranteed 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also, 5% bonus privilege.

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

Send coupon today for your copy to Dept. 1528. See the greatest display of Diamonds and Jewelry bargains in America for yourself sold under the Lyon Charge Account Plan.

SEND FOR MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

J.M.LYON & CO.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE-NEW YORK
In Business Nearly 100 years

J. M. LYON & CO.,
2-4 Maiden Lane, Dept. 1528
New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once your big 128 page MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK, showing thousands of America's greatest diamond and jewelry bargains.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Do Your Eyes Betray You?

Do your Eyes show your Age—or Make you seem Older than you are? Are they Dull, Tired, Lifeless? There's No Need to have Unattractive Eyes, for *Murine* Quickly Restores the Bewitching Sparkle and Radiance of Youth.

Murine contains no Belladonna or other Harmful Ingredients. It Refreshes Weak, Weary Eyes—Makes them Clear, Bright and Beautiful. Use it Night and Morning. Sold by all Druggists.

Send for FREE Book on Eye Beauty

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
Dept. A, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Why Good Dancers Are Popular

EVERYONE admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. There is no need of being a wallflower! By my remarkable new easy method, *anyone* can learn the newest dances at home in a few hours. Much less expensive than from a personal teacher. No music or partner needed. So simple even a child can learn quickly. 60,000 *have learned dancing by mail.* Your own success is **guaranteed.**

To prove I can quickly and easily make you an accomplished dancer, I will send you **FREE,** in plain cover, a lesson in Fox Trot. Secret of Leading and How to Gain Confidence. For mailing of free lessons, send 10c. Learn in private—surprise your friends. Act *now* and be a good dancer *soon!*

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 423, 100 5th Ave., N. Y.

"BECOME A LIGHTNING TRICK CARTOONIST"

MAKE MONEY CHALK TALKING. SEND $100 FOR SNAPPY PROGRAM OF TRICK DRAWINGS WITH INSTRUCTIONS BY A PROFESSIONAL CARTOONIST. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. CIRCULAR FREE. BALDA ART SERVICE, D-13, OSHKOSH, WIS

The Road To Health and Beauty

A daily check on your weight marks your progress on the road to ideal health and beauty. Know exactly the progress you are making; guessing is dangerous. Weigh yourself daily without clothes—it is the only safe way. The

HEALTH-O-METER
"The Pilot of Health"

will gauge your health correctly and conveniently. Just step on and read your correct weight on the dial. Thousands are in use. See, try and examine the Health-O-Meter at our expense. Our illustrated circular gives the all-in-your-favor details. Write—right **now.**

Continental Scale Works
Dept. Z-2125 W. 21st Place, Chicago

all of the money in Connecticut and besides that he is very nice, too.

Such a funny thing—the man who wrote my play is Edgar Prentice, son of old Amos Prentice who founded that dear, funny, mistaken old home for failures. I wanted to meet him, but Manny and Joe tell me he has gone abroad. It seems that his father founded the home in memory of his son, in whom he was terribly disappointed and who had disappeared. Now he's a success—he and I—a relict of the Home. Life is a fairy tale.

Edgar—my poor old Edgar Craig—didn't come to my opening. He sent a funny little note and said that of course he would be thinking of me, but he couldn't afford the carfare to Bridgeport just then. If Edgar weren't still a failure I'd be quite happy. He's the cloud on my horizon. It cant be that he is lazy—and yet—Joe says he isn't working "just at present."

Dudley Quail and his mother gave me the most "magnificentish" party I ever even heard of after my Bridgeport opening. Their home is like the homes you read about or see in *Town and Country* and *Vanity Fair* and such like—gardens and sunken gardens—and factotums—and terraces and pergolas and swimming pools and artificial lakes. We had a supper just full of things I didn't know the names of—and after that a great spectacle and they crowned me Queen and I knighted Dudley with one of the long-stemmed roses I was carrying, and just for a moment I felt choky and queer because I thought of the picnic in the ravine and how the failures made me Queen and I knighted Edgar with a black-eyed Susan, like as not. But of course I cant become sentimental. That would spoil my career.

After the supper Dudley took me out in a barge on the lake and it was like fairyland and I was the Princess Beautiful and he was Prince Charming, only I kept seeing another face in the black, jewelly waters—Edgar's face. I'm getting tired of failures!

A Month Later

Triumph after triumph, dear Me! The New York opening was an ovation. Even the Press excelled itself. And I've been interviewed and interviewed *and* interviewed by oldish-young ladies with endless personal questions and smooth-faced young men. I feel like the old nursery rhyme, "Lawk a'mercy, can this be I?"

Dudley Quail came to New York with me, because I'd told him about the attic studio and he said that of course I mustn't go back there to live any more and he was coming along to jolly well see that I didn't. He came to the attic studio with me, and Joe and Edgar were there and they were all very stiffish and polite to one another, and I told them that they'd understand that I couldn't very well give that as an address to interviewers and all, *now,* and Dudley told me to hurry along and how had I ever existed there and I told him how I had worked and worried and that it had been pretty strenuous, but then, it was all a part of the Self-Made Woman, and he said he supposed so, but he hated to think of me under those circumstances and to please hurry along and he'd find me a suite at the Giltmore, and I told Edgar and Joe to be sure to come and see me, and as I went out I slipped Edgar a fifty dollar bill, "just as a loan," 'cause I know how proud he is—and he hurt me, he looked so seedy and sad.

I think Dudley Quail is going to ask me to marry him. I know that he is. I dont know why I dont throw my hat up to the very heavens and hurrah—Dudley Quail—once I couldn't even buy the Sunday sup-

There's No Excuse For Anyone To Be Without Money

To Men and Women, Boys and Girls, the Magazine Business Offers An Exceptional Opportunity.

When a married woman with her home and two children to look after can earn $100.00 in a single month; when a man who never before earned more than $35.00 a week can now take home $75.00 every week; when a young lady can earn $10.00 a week just in odd moments; when an invalid who has not left his bed for years can earn enough to support himself and family; when a mere boy can earn $10.00 every week and attend school too; it speaks pretty well for the business they are in, doesn't it?

These people take yearly subscriptions for magazines. Everyone of them will tell you what enjoyment and what big money they get through their work. Moreover they will tell you that what they are doing others can do and that it does not require special ability but instead, only honest effort.

1	Subscription	a	day	earns	$25.90	a	month
2	"	"	"	"	60.50	"	"
3	"	"	"	"	92.50	"	"
4	"	"	"	"	162.50	"	"
5	"	"	"	"	325.00	"	"

No matter how much time you may have nor how you may be situated, if you want more money, we will gladly tell you how to get it. Send at once either a letter, postal or the handy coupon below.

CUT HERE

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Desk 11-M.

Please tell me how I can make money in the magazine business.

Name .....

St. and No. .....

City ..... State .....

Finish This Picture

Fill in the missing lines. See how close you come to the original drawing. The above picture was drawn by Student Wynn Holcomb. We have a great number of students and graduates whose work appears in magazines and newspapers all over the country.

Can You Draw?

If you like to draw write for our book. Read about our new method Home Study Course in cartooning, illustrating, designing. Learn at home, by mail, in spare time.

Become an Artist

Illustrators, Cartoonists, Commercial Artists make big money. You can earn $25 to $100 a week and more. Learn under personal direction of one of America's most famous newspaper, magazine, advertising artists of 30 years' successful experience.

Book and Outfit Free

Complete outfit free to new students. Write for handsome book, "How to Become an Artist." Tells what Course includes, shows many drawings made by many of our students.

Write Postal NOW

Don't miss our book. Even if you have no previous knowledge of drawing, our Course will enable you to become a successful cartoonist or illustrator. Many students earn money while they are learning. If you are ambitious to get ahead, to earn more money, write for our free book and special offer now. You can do as well as our other successful students! Write now for free book, "How to Become an Artist." Mail letter or postal.

Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 1900 Marden Bldg. Washington, D. C.

Clear Tone
FOR
PIMPLES
Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. $1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.
FREE
WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.
E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

plement to read about him in the Society Doings—but—I—dont know——

I'm very childish, I suspect. I still imagine my Dream Ship—and somehow, he doesn't fit on it. He fits on the barge on the artificial lake, with the electric lights making a bought-and-paid-for Fairy Land out of Bridgeport, Conn.

Six Weeks Later

DEAR ME:

This will be your last letter. For two reasons. One is that you wont need them any more. The other is, that you dont deserve them.

Dear, poor Me—how stupid you have been! With your failures! With your success! With all the fangle-dangle that has surrounded you. With all the glitter—and none of it really truly gold—except——

But dear, stupid Me—some day there may be some little dear Me's, and they will want to know all about you and they must know the bad with the good, you see.

I'll just have to blurt it out. I dont know any other way. It's this: Edgar Craig is really Edgar Prentice! *He* wrote my play. *His* money backed it. *He* insisted that Shulanger and Manny Bean manage it so that I might have an opportunity. Oh, I made good—of course. But it was Edgar—Edgar who wrote the play, who believed enough in me to spend his own money on, who loved me enough to step into the backest sort of a background and let me walk my haughty peacock walk to success, handing him "tips" as I went. He must love me very, very much indeed not to laugh at me now—silly Me!

It seems that Edgar had failed time and time again in his chosen vocation of playwright and his father, who wanted him to be a lawyer, was furious at him and told him to get out of the country until he could come to his senses, and when Edgar left old Amos Prentice founded the Home for Failures as a sort of cynical monument to his son. And then Edgar came back and failed again and, as cynical as his father, decided to commit himself to the Home his parent had thoughtfully endowed—and that's how I blessedly met him.

And then he wrote this play—not to succeed—but because, more than anything on earth, he wanted *me* to succeed, and he felt that he understood me and what I could best do, and so he wrote the play that is "the hit of the season." Shulanger says that it is just as good as all of his other ones were bad. And when Shulanger accepted it he told him that only Dear Me could sing in it, and when Shulanger wouldn't take a chance on an unknown, Edgar told him that he was really Edgar Prentice with the Prentice millions in back of him, and that he would back it if Shulanger would produce it. And there we all were.

And then came opening night in New York with its triumph—and Edgar not there and I felt hurt and sort of alone, even tho I knew that Dudley Quail was there waiting to take me to supper—and while I was waiting for him to take me I wrote a note to Edgar and sent it to him and asked him to come at once, and then I wrote a Dear Me note and told Me how much I knew I loved Edgar, even if he was a failure and then they came to me, Joe Renard did, and said that Edgar had started to the pier to sail for Europe and I made him get a taxi and take me to him, and we locked Dudley in the dressing room so that he couldn't follow and I suppose while he was there he must have read my Dear Me note because he was furious, they tell me, when he finally got out

Enchanting Complexion Beauty
is *the* result
of every

Boncilla

Facial Pack

THE action of this clasmic pack goes right to the source of complexion troubles, and corrects them positively and permanently, in the most natural manner.

Boncilla does, definitely, six important things which assure perfect complexion:

1. **Clears the skin and gives it color**
2. **Removes pimples and blackheads**
3. **Lifts out the lines**
4. **Closes enlarged pores**
5. **Rebuilds drooping facial tissues and muscles**
6. **Makes the skin soft and velvety**

Three Complete Facial Packs, only 50c

Most dealers are now supplied with the Package o'Beauty which contains enough *Boncilla* Beautifier, *Boncilla* Cold Cream, *Boncilla* Vanishing Cream, and *Boncilla* Face Powder for three to four complete facial packs. Or, if you choose, you can send the coupon below, with 50c, and we will mail you a Package o'Beauty postpaid.

Barber Shops and Beauty Shops everywhere give *Boncilla* Facial Packs, or you can buy *Boncilla* Preparations at department stores and drug stores.

***BONCILLA* LABORATORIES,**
443 *East* South *Street*,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

I enclose 50c. Please send me, postpaid, introductory *Boncilla* Package o'Beauty

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

1 Col. M.P.M. 11-22

Corliss Palmer Powder

CORLISS PALMER

Extract from Motion Picture Magazine

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in BEAUTY and in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

We have the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, One Dollar a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that *does not look like powder*—"art that conceals art."

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send One Dollar or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps, and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

—and in the meantime Joe raced me to the pier and there stood a yacht, graceful and ready to sail, and on the side was painted the name *April,* and I just seemed to fly on board calling "Edgar! Edgar!" —and there he was—and then they told me the whole marvelous story—and Edgar kept saying "But you found you loved me when you thought me a failure," and I kept sobbing, "Oh, dont, darling, oh dont, darling . . ." And then Edgar dried my tears and showed me the foolish, dear print of my Dream Ship that I had had in my room at the Home and in my attic studio, and he told me that he had bought and planned this truly real Dream Ship for me—Dear Me—and I said, "And for you—for *you* and Me—" And he held me very close and said yes, and for all the other failures, they were all aboard in different jobs and the old Home was closed down—and then he just kept whispering "Dear Me . . . Dear Me" . . . while the *April* set sail and cruised around the harbor in the path of the moon.

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued on page* 75)

work is to go into the Hall of Fame in Washington. All of which is astonishing to everyone except Searl. He says this is the explanation: that in a previous incarnation he used to be a priest and sculptor in Egypt. In proof of this statement, he has given engineers a striking explanation of one of the building mysteries of ancient Egypt. Incidentally, he is a trained athlete and in the South Seas kills the festive octopus by grasping the critter's eye with his teeth. Sounds rather nasty, but the octopus is not a particular animal. Should he be put on "Toilers of the Sea," Mr. Ingram will probably use Searl as the hero.

Douglas Fairbanks yearns to shoot a lion or elephant or something. Wherefore he and Mary intend going to Africa. It is on their cards to go to Mexico sometime in the early winter and to Africa next year. The chief object of the African tour will be hunting. The exact time of their trip is contingent upon the release of "Robin Hood," for which the most elaborate preparations have been made.

It remains to be seen whether or not Bill Hart's matrimonial troubles will interfere with his intended starring venture for Paramount. Bill has had little to say on the subject except to deny that his sister had anything to do with the inharmony in the household, or that Will Hays had been called in as a mediator. It is understood that a liberal property settlement has been made upon Mrs. Hart, who was Winifred Westover of the films, the stepdaughter of Clyde Westover, a veteran newspaper man and scenario writer.

Nita Naldi, the vamp lady in "Blood and Sand," is lucky in being exactly the type of girl that is said to be the logical successor to the flapper. "The mysterious slim woman who has lived" is to be the fashionable type; and this fits the svelte and startling Nita. Off the screen she is a charming and matter-of-fact young woman. She says she was the worst dancer in the Winter Garden chorus and used to be sworn at because she fell over her own feet. To see the graceful Miss Naldi, however, is to know that she is "spoofing." She is absolutely the only girl of her type on the screen.

Bull Montana has made a triumphal return to Hollywood. He says, as a result of his tour to his homeland, that Italian girls are a' right; but the only real dolls are in Hollywood. "Bool" was deeply offended by the fact that the people in Italy took off their hats to him and said, "Mister Montagni." "Bool" was filled with pride to observe that every member of the reception committee that came to meet him at the train had at least one "tin ear."

He is working on a new picture called "A Punctured Prince."

Stung by the gossips who intimated that they were living on little Jackie Coogan's earnings, his father and mother have gone into court and had themselves appointed his legal guardians; this compels them regularly to report to the court as to the disposal of the child's $800,000 a year income. Jackie's mother has recently suffered a very dangerous operation.

Charley Chaplin is very proud of the fact that he was the only one outside the Pickford-Miller family invited to be a guest at the wedding when Jack Pickford married Marilyn Miller. Charley, by the way, has finished his First National contract.

When a dentist tried to charge her $1,500 for filling one of her molars, little Zazu Pitts got her dander up. She proceeded to go thru voluntary bankruptcy, in the course of which her sole assets were revealed as a husband and a baby. Both Zazu and her husband, Tom Gallery, are working in "A Daughter of Luxury" made from Leonard Merrick's "The Imposter" and in production at Paramount. Agnes Ayres is starred in the picture and Paul Powell is directing.

Mildred Harris, who made a favorable impression in her vaudeville sketch in Los Angeles, was perfectly frank about it: She was terribly disappointed that former-husband, Charley Chaplin, did not come to see her or send a single flower.

Florence Vidor has just signed a contract to do four pictures for the Associated Exhibitors. Her first story will be based upon a famous stage play.

Tom Forman, who has just finished directing Katherine McDonald in "White Shoulders," as well as playing in the piece, is to direct a series of photoplays for B. F. Schulberg: one of these pictures is to be made from "Ching Ching Chinaman," the Wilbur Daniel Steele story which was put down as the finest story of one of the E. J. O'Brien lists.

Max Linder has written from Paris that he intends coming back to Hollywood in the future to make more pictures.

Eric von Stroheim has selected Norman Kerry to play the masculine lead in his forthcoming picture "The Merry Go Round." Special uniforms have arrived from Vienna for the production.

How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Elinor Glyn

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, *and thousands of copies are still sold every year.* My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for $500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. *You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.*

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing.*" This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

"*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing*" tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS. You may have a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE. You need not send a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press before you sleep to-night. This little act may be the turning point of your whole career. Who knows?

THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 279, Auburn, N. Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing.*" This does not obligate me in any way. (Print your name and address plainly in pencil.)

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

It had never occurred to him

HE seemed to have all of the qualifications for business success. Yet, somehow or other, he didn't advance as he should have. Something seemed to stand in his way.

The thing that held him back was in itself a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) *never* won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it is a handicap. And the pathetic part of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has given the smoker pleasure. Usually—and fortunately, however—halitosis yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Recognized for half a century as the safe antiseptic, Listerine possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat unpleasant breath. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is right. You *know* it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells a great deal of Listerine. For it has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

The Measure of a Man

(*Continued from page* 57)

"I have no set philosophy," he replied, in answer to my query on that subject, as the waiter departed with a sand-dabby order. "I'm not convinced of anything in particular. I dont want to be 'set' in any one line. What I am wondering about now is how far business and art mix. There is a question in my mind this week as to whether an actor should be a good business man, or should leave his business affairs to others and devote all his attention to portraying the characters they give him. What do you think?"

He has a trick of turning the interview upon the interviewer. But that is characteristic of his general mental outlook—questioning and weighing every circumstance, but not looking ahead for trouble. I soon found, however, that he is inclined to be serious and not at all frivolous. He did not just pop into the movies from the luxurious life of a Los Angeles real estate office, nor was he stopped by a director at a bar and elevated to stardom overnight. He has worked for all he has attained. For several years he was on the stage before he took up the screen.

"You must have been playing 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' then!" I ejaculated, when he told me of playing on the stage in London, for he is really very young—as young in years as in spirit. Altho he played in London, he was born in St. Louis. There is a trace of the Southern drawl clinging yet to his voice.

"Let me see," went on I, intent, rather, on performing a major operation on the backbone of my sand-dab, "you have established an enviable reputation as a peripatetic leading man. As Shakespeare has said, a man in his time plays many parts. You've played with many queens. That's interesting."

"Yes," he answered, retrospectively, lifting the corners of his straight, firm mouth in a little smile, and buttering a roll, "there was Constance and Bebe, Norma, Marguerite, Vivian, Lila, Wanda, Ethel and Christine."

"Some record!" I acclaimed. The operation had been successful. The sand-dab, fresh from Catalina, was at my mercy. Can you guess who they all are? It's a sort of puzzle and I'll give a prize to the one who guesses the surnames of all those girls. The prize will be the backbone of the very next sand-dab I catch in the Alexandria. If you say the names over rapidly, they will sound like that famous song in the "Merry Widow" which had to do with Lolo, Floflo and Cloclo. Remember? But Harrison Ford is not a Prince Danilo. If he were not so young and so full of life, I think he would be almost pedagogic and perhaps wear bicycle tire spectacles.

The collection of books in the Ford home is noted. He reads a great deal, and between pictures he collects volumes. At present he is engaged in obtaining the entire and unexpurgated works of Edgar Lee Masters. He already has the Spoon River Anthology, so if you have any of the others, he would appreciate it if you would send them to Hollywood.

There is no camouflage about Harrison, and no subterfuge. He is a hard-working young man, bent upon maintaining the decorum of Hollywood and just as unpicture-like as you could imagine. As a matter of fact, volumes of publicity to the contrary, the majority of youngsters in picture-land today are not at all more bizarre than the thousands who infest our schools and colleges. Perhaps they are a little more serious, a little more intent upon a future goal than the average unprofessional youth—that is all.

"I think that every picture player in America should spend a part of every year in New York," he told me, just after he had risen to speak to Lois Wilson who had finished her third degree and was passing out—out of the grill, I mean. "The months I spent in New York with Constance Talmadge, that is, at her studio, were perhaps the most broadening of my life.

"There are scores of girls and fellows in the Western studios who have never had a chance to get East. At least they have never taken the chance. If you dont take chances in this life, chances wont take you. I think a player, particularly a young one, is very apt to get into a rut by remaining stationary. Of course, books are all right to relieve the monotony of plain existence, but travel, after all, is the greatest panacea for ruttism. I intend to get on to New York every so often from now on!"

In saying this he does not seem to be preaching from a lofty height of world-wide experience, but rather as a successful young professor who has accomplished a difficult experiment and knows whereof he speaks.

"Life *is* a sort of experiment," he continued, taking my own thoughts out of my mind. "We have a vast opportunity here to mold ourselves to some good end. I try to take advantage of it. I've just returned from a motor trip to San Francisco. It was an opportunity to see lots of country while I was waiting for an engagement and so I took it. One has no chance to stagnate if one keeps moving. There's that old story about the rolling stone getting a wonderful polish, you know." His smile, really, is as refreshing as a summer breeze. The world seems to be Harrison Ford's oyster, and in opening it he is different from a great many of us. Instead of expecting to find it bad, he is sure that it is quite good.

He has no "grand" manner in speaking of himself or of his engagements in pictures. When I asked him what he expected to do next for the screen, he was quite frank in saying that he didn't know. He did not hint that Mr. So-and-so had been trying to sign him up for life to a fabulous contract or that he expected to start a company of his own. He was merely a very presentable young leading man waiting for a chance to do some work.

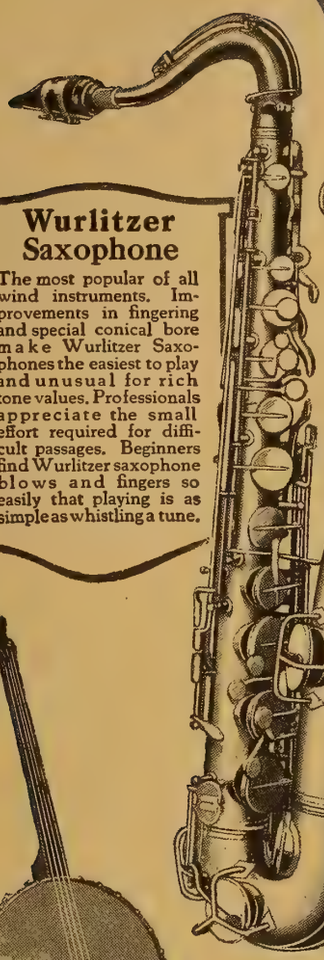
"I wonder what the proof of popularity is," he mused, with his strongly artistic hands cupped in front of him on the table. He had reached the little-coffee period. "I've never gone in for publicity, much, perhaps because I didn't know how. I'm frank in saying that I do not know how the producers judge our box-office value. There is still a great deal I have to learn about some angles of the picture business—but they aren't camera angles!"

After all, the measure of the popularity of Harrison—one doesn't call him Harry, tho I dont know why—is not because he is merely presentable, with a profile which attracts flappers, old and young, but because, I think, of his natural and naïve outlook on life, his simplicity of soul and his freedom from any Freudish complexes. He is twentieth century Youth, etched with the fine shadings of Southern gentility!

Trade Mark *Registered*

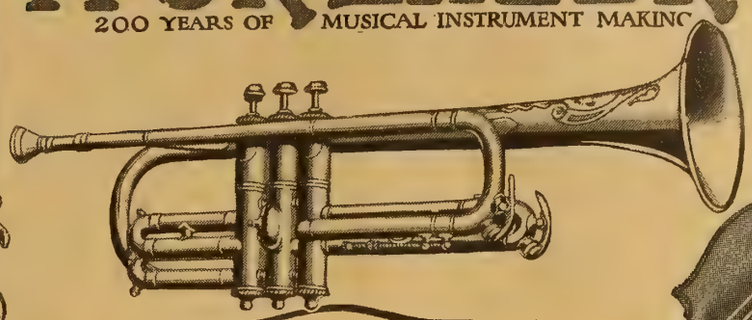
WURLITZER

200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING



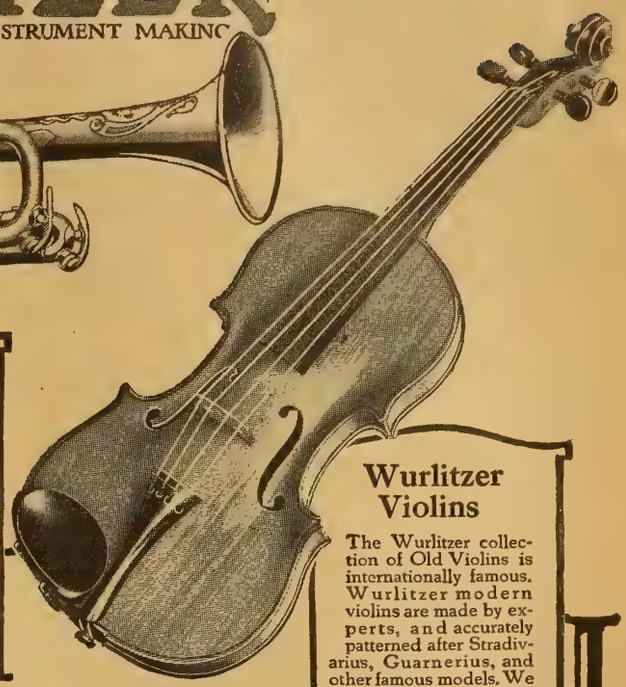
Wurlitzer Saxophone

The most popular of all wind instruments. Improvements in fingering and special conical bore make Wurlitzer Saxophones the easiest to play and unusual for rich tone values. Professionals appreciate the small effort required for difficult passages. Beginners find Wurlitzer saxophone blows and fingers so easily that playing is as simple as whistling a tune.



Wurlitzer Cornet

Noted for accurate pitch and clear, even tones in both soft and loud playing. Valve pistons individually ground to insure smooth, easy action and absence of leakage. The Wurlitzer Cornet is the standard of all brass instruments. Once "lipping" is mastered very little practice is required to play simple band music.



Wurlitzer Violins

The Wurlitzer collection of Old Violins is internationally famous. Wurlitzer modern violins are made by experts, and accurately patterned after Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and other famous models. We especially urge young people to take up the violin. Practice is necessary, but simple music and orchestra work comes very quickly.

Wurlitzer Stringed Instruments

Wurlitzer banjos, guitars, mandolins, ukeleles in all their various forms, are made by expert stringed instrument builders. They are assembled with particular attention to close fit at all joints, to give true vibration and full resonance. Stringed instruments are the easiest of all for beginners to "pick up"—some can become good players almost without effort.

Any Musical Instrument

On Trial

WURLITZER will send you *any instrument* for a week's trial in your own home. No obligation to buy—no expense for the trial—you do not risk a penny. Wurlitzer instruments are known the world over for artistic quality and excellence of workmanship. Used by the greatest musicians, bands and orchestras. The house of Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for over 200 years.

Easy Payments

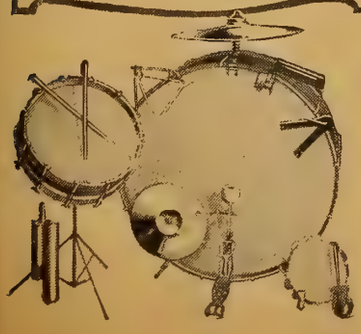
Payments are conveniently arranged in small monthly sums—a few cents a day will pay, All instruments to you at lowest factory prices. Special combination offers on complete musical outfits—velvet lined case, all accessories, self-instructor, etc.—everything you need at practically the cost of the instrument alone.

Send for New Illustrated Catalog!

The greatest musical catalog ever published! Over 3,000 articles—every known instrument described and illustrated—many of them shown in full colors. Wurlitzer has stores in over thirty cities. No matter where you live, you can buy Wurlitzer instruments direct by mail the same as at any of the stores. Send the coupon today!

Wurlitzer Trap Drum Outfits

Wurlitzer drums are noted for their snappy, brilliant tone. Every conceivable drummer's trap is included in the Wurlitzer outfits — cymbals, triangle, whistles, bells, tom-tom, wood blocks—nothing is lacking. A sense of rhythm usually means that playing the trap drums will be almost instinctive.



Wurlitzer Trombone

The favorite of professional bandsmen. Tone remarkable for sonority and clearness, absolutely pure in all registers. Slides are drawn to a great hardness and perfect line, insuring easy action and perfect intonation. A popular instrument for "jazz" and dance music, as well as in bands.

Copyright 1922
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1528

117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati — 329 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
120 W 42nd St., New York — 250 Stockton St., San Francisco

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full descriptions of every known musical instrument. Also tell me how I may have any instrument for free trial in my own home, and may pay for it in easy installments. No charge, no obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(State musical instrument in which you are interested)

DIAMONDS and other Jewelry ON CREDIT

N1—$60.00 N2—$85.00 N3—$100.00

These 14K. solid gold rings with white gold prongs are set with superior quality blue-white, perfect cut diamonds unexcelled in quality.

N4—Seven blue-white diamonds set in Platinum, forming solitaire cluster ...$48.50

N5—Artistic Platinum top, white gold shank Friendship ring set with 5 blue-white diamonds. $135.00

N6—Beautiful hand-engraved white gold mounting set with superior quality blue-white diamond. $50.00

N7—Unique Platinum top, green gold ring with one superior blue-white diamond...$40.00

N8—Gentlemen's massive hand-engraved Belcher ring one superior diamond. $45.00

N9—These white gold inverted hearts are set with one superior quality sparkling diamond...$75.00

BUY TODAY

N10—"Sweetheart" Platinum ring—diamond set in heart shape design. The sides of ring are hand carved and pierced with four Cupids—synonymous of love. PLATINUM $150.00

10 MONTHS TO PAY

Your choice of these splendid SWEET specials; genuine, blue-white, perfect-cut diamonds. Sent ON APPROVAL. Examine at Our Risk, then pay only one-fifth of the price if satisfied; **balance in ten monthly payments.** SWEET'S Policy: You must be satisfied or no sale.

Beautiful De Luxe Catalogue FREE

Amazing collection of precious gems, watches, Jewelry, silverware, etc., richly pictured. The Lowest Prices, the Highest Quality. **Ten Months to pay on everything.** Write today. **Address Dept. 312-S.**

Capital $1,000,000

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"

L·W·SWEET INC.

1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

DRESSMAKING

Learn at Home—New, Easy Method

Have a $20 dress for $6, a $5 blouse or skirt for $1.50—be better dressed for one-third what your clothes now cost. By a wonderful, new, easy method you can learn at home in spare time to make all your own and your children's clothes, or prepare to earn $25 to $40 weekly as a dressmaker. Pictures explain everything. Send at once for 64-page free booklet and special low-price, easy-payment offer to those enrolling now.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 19-L, Scranton, Penna.

Cuticura Talcum

Fascinatingly Fragrant

Always Healthful

Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass. Everywhere 25c.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 59)

if any lauded star of the footlights could have offered a worthier screen portrayal. The screen translation of a rôle is an art in itself, and an art which we firmly believe Miss Talmadge to have mastered.

It was as the emotional and passionate woman that Norma Talmadge gained her high place in the ranks of motion picture stars. It is in this rôle which she does her finest work and the Duchesse de Langeais is this type of woman.

You will enjoy the other members of the cast too. Conway Tearle as the lover, de Montriveau, was as attractively bored as anyone could be. Irving Cummings was Count de Marsay; Rosemary Theby the unpleasant Madame de Serizy, and Wedgwood Nowell the Marquis de Ronquerollès.

It is a costume play, of course, finding its locale in Paris during the reign of Louise XVIII. Costume plays seem to be no longer taboo. Not long ago no producer would touch one of them. Evidently someone has discovered that people have been the same thru all the ages—especially where matters of the heart are concerned—and that we of the twentieth century are capable of sympathizing with and understanding those others who have gone before.

We are still conscious of disappointment in the William Fox production of "Monte Cristo." The story itself is quite as thrilling on the screen as it is in the novel. Dantes is jailed on the night of his wedding-feast, thru the conspiracy of jealous friends. Alone in his cell for years, he digs his way into the adjoining cell of an old Abbe. And when this Abbe dies he substitutes himself in the sack which is thrown into the sea. He discovers a great fortune on the island of Monte Cristo and returns to his old life, fabulously rich and *incognito* to mete out punishment to those responsible for his imprisonment.

Hardly anyone could fail to be concerned to some extent over such thrilling action. But seldom do you feel any vital regard for the future of the characters.

Sympathy for the characters you create is fundamentally necessary. And it is this quality which the players of Monte Cristo seem to lack. They come forth on the screen and do the things which Dumas had his characters do. That is all.

John Gilbert, for example, did not seem to feel the indomitable courage of Dantes who, escaping from the death sack and the raging sea almost at the cost of his life, pulled himself onto the rocks and flinging out his arms valiantly, proclaimed with surging hope, "The world is mine!"

This was true of the other players also. The inspiration for their acts was missing. As a matter of fact, we have not yet determined whom Estelle Taylor as Mercedes really loved—or whether, loving no one, she switched back and forth in her affections to suit her convenience.

Personally, we think Spottiswood Aitken as the Abbe Faria gave the finest performance. He seemed actually to be the old Abbe and he so submerged his own personality in his portrayal that we did not realize who he was until we consulted our cast-sheet.

Virginia B. Faire, one of the Brewster Publications Fame and Fortune Contest winners, is cast as Haidee, an Arabian Princess, and it is interesting to note the

(*Continued on page* 112)

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

As a girl, Mother's box of Lablache fascinated and tempted me. Its daintily fragrant powder cooled and refreshed *my* skin. Now, in grown-up years, Lablache is still my choice for its purity, softness and clinging quality.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send* **10c** *for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston Mass.

A New Perfume

As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of Rieger's new creation—

Parfum Rienzi

Perfume $2.50 per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. $2.00. At druggists or department stores.

Send 25c (silver or stamps) for regular 50c bottle. Made by the originator of—

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for 6 months, Lilac or Crabapple $1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet $2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 20c stamps for miniature bottle. Send $1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25c bottles—5 different odors.

Paul Rieger & Co. (*Since 1872*) **100 First St., San Francisco**

Send 25¢ for TRIAL BOTTLE

PLAY PIANO BY EAR in 4 Weeks!

Young and old can now learn to play piano by ear without notes or music by our brand new quick and easy 10 lesson method. Send now for

FREE Sample Lesson!

and play real chords at once. The World's simplest, easiest method. Nothing else like it. No musical experience necessary, play piano as easy as you hum or whistle a tune. Be a ragtime artist. Send for FREE sample lesson now before edition is gone. Don't delay.

DAVID PIANO COURSE 376 CUTLER-HAMMER BLDG. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents.* It will be worth many dollars to you!

This Booklet

will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and you will want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

Brewster Bldg., - - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Five Fair Faces

from the thousands that hope to be reflected in the American Beauty Mirror

Do You Wish Your Face Reflected There?

IMPORTANT

Brewster Publications herewith announces the **closing date** of the American Beauty Contest—**December 15, 1922.** Any photographs received bearing a postmark of a later date will be disregarded.

You still have time to become an entrant. Read the simple rules and consider the splendid rewards that may come to you.

We are *not* looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

THE REWARDS

To the woman who our illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera, the theaters, our wonderful library, the famous "East Side," great museums, the celebrated Greenwich Village, all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world—Fifth Avenue—and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars ($1,000)

REMEMBER

The judges of our Beauty Contest are well-known artists, writers and editors.

All photographs of entrants will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan* Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE · CLASSIC · SHADOWLAND and Beauty

There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

8. The most beautiful pictures received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

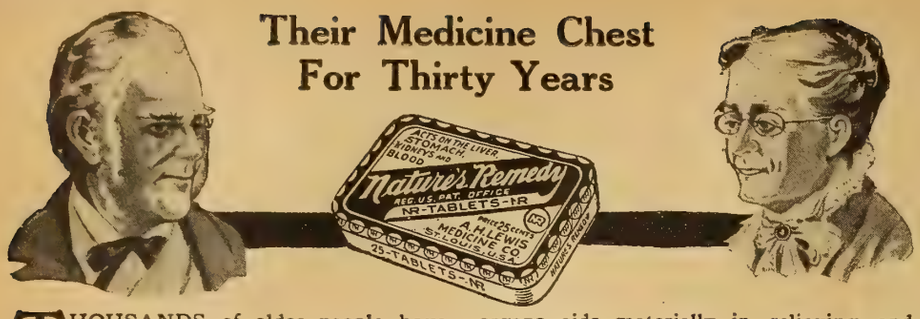
It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation (optional).....



Their Medicine Chest For Thirty Years

THOUSANDS of older people have been using Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) since it was first offered to the public more than thirty years ago. They have found this remedy a real help in relieving and preventing constipation and the train of distressing disorders which accompany irregular elimination. To them, the red and black box has been a medicine chest for thirty years.

What Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) has done for others it can do for you. Nature's Remedy is *more than a laxative*. It acts on the liver, stomach and kidneys, and by increasing the activity of the eliminative organs aids materially in relieving and preventing constipation, biliousness, headaches, the tired and out-of-sorts feeling, and rheumatism. Try an NR Tablet tonight; see how much better you will feel tomorrow. At all druggists.

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients; then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE COMPANY, Department K St. Louis, Mo.

SHADOWLAND
SPEAKS TO THE ART LOVER

FOREWORD:

The future of painting resides in America. We have the talent, the serious purpose; we have a group of young men whose work is daily finding a larger and more enthusiastic audience.

The aim of our new art—Futurism, Impressionism, and the like—is the overthrow of photographic realism, and the restoration of design to painting.

RÉSUMÉ:

Since June, 1921, **Shadowland** has been publishing a series of critical articles, written by recognized authorities, on the work of our new American artists, and reproducing in full color two or three distinctive compositions of each man.

Among the artists whose work has been reviewed and reproduced are Allen Tucker, Ernest Lawson, George Bellows, Bryson Burroughs, William Yarrow, Maurice Prendergast, Homer Boss, Thomas Benton, John Marin, Preston Dickinson, John Sloan.

DECLARATION:

Shadowland plans to continue this series that has attracted so much cooperation and favorable comment.

In the **November** number there will be a critique and reproductions of the work of Hayley Lever, than whom no living painter of landscapes has a deeper feeling for movement. "The waters on his canvases vibrate in the light; his trees feel the impact of the winds."

In **December, Shadowland** will reproduce and review the work of Charles Demuth who, you will remember, two years ago in Paris, executed a series of circus scenes and vaudeville phantasies whose impeccable artistry drew world-wide comment.

SHADOWLAND
FOR NOVEMBER

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.

WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. D
64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

Full particulars and Booklet Free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
211 Ryrie Building Toronto, Can

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 110)

manner in which this girl is mastering screen technique.

Others in the cast are Gaston Glass, Maude George, Renee Adoree; and Emmett J. Flynn is responsible for the direction.

"Blood and Sand" is another novel which adapts itself admirably to the screen. However, Viñcente Blasco Ibañez, because of previous checks for the screen rights to his stories, is naturally aware of the screen's existence. And so, it may be, that the screen was in his subconscious mind when he fashioned the novel of "Blood and Sand."

It was as an Ibañez hero—Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"—that Rodolph Valentino came into prominence. Since then, despite the fact that his vogue has increased enormously, he has for the most part been unfortunate in his stories. "Blood and Sand" is kind to him in that it offers him the rôle of Juan Gallardo, the celebrated toreador.

While Señor Valentino does not give the screen characterization, the subtle yet comprehensive interpretation which Otis Skinner presented to the stage production, he fits the rôle so admirably that it is not unlikely that further effort on his part would have resulted in a theatrical effect. Rodolph in the gay trappings of the toreador . . . living to love, and loving to live. . . . His vogue will be greater than ever. . . .

The story finds its background in Spain, where life is a series of scarlets and golds at the best; where love is the *pièce de résistance* and serenades break the hush of evenings while pale faces gleam behind latticed windows. And because Juan is Spain's premier toreador, the action centers about the bull-ring.

Juan is not a hero because of his constancy and exemplary behavior. There is Carmen, his wife. And there is Doña Sol, his temptress.

Nita Naldi is the temptress. Her wiles are not particularly subtle but she succeeds with Juan, and you have an uncomfortable conviction that, subtle or otherwise, she would probably succeed with Juan the world over.

Lila Lee seems to us to be worthy of more attention than she has been shown. She has actually succeeded in living down her ill-advised and premature stardom by the sympathy and understanding with which she has portrayed rôles, important and unimportant, which have since come her way.

And now a word about those behind the screen—

Fred Niblo as the director has maintained the high standard he has set for himself thru his consistent achievements. And June Mathis who wrote the scenario, is said to be responsible for the fact that the majority of the subtitles are excerpts from the novel. Miss Mathis is to be complimented upon her discrimination and her originality. We hope that other scenarists will take cognizance of the success with which Miss Mathis has respected the author.

The last picture which we consider this month is "The Masquerader." This production brings Guy Bates Post to the screen and we find the means of expression which he has employed behind the footlights holding him in good stead in what for him is a new field of drama.

"The Masquerader" has enjoyed popularity between the covers of the Thurston novel and on the stage. In it Mr. Post creates a dual rôle. It is not the sort of

thing dual rôles have so often come to be, however—a series of remarkable camera feats. Instead of serving the dual rôle, Mr. Post causes it to serve him.

John Chilcote, a public character in England at the outbreak of the World War, has sacrificed his brilliancy to self-indulgence. He becomes mentally and physically unfit for the work he has undertaken. His cousin, John Loder, by name, who is his replica, in manner and appearance, undertakes to carry on the work.

As Chilcote, Mr. Post is called upon to portray the drug-addict; his nerves destroyed and his diseased imagination constantly conjuring horrors.

As John Loder, he is the masquerader, frequently uneasy in his precarious existence, yet obliged to keep on that he may save the honor of his family.

On the whole the production is well cast with Edward M. Kimball, excellent as Brook the trusted family servant, and Ruth Sinclair, the aristocratic wife.

It is seldom that anyone steps onto the screen from the legitimate ranks with such success.

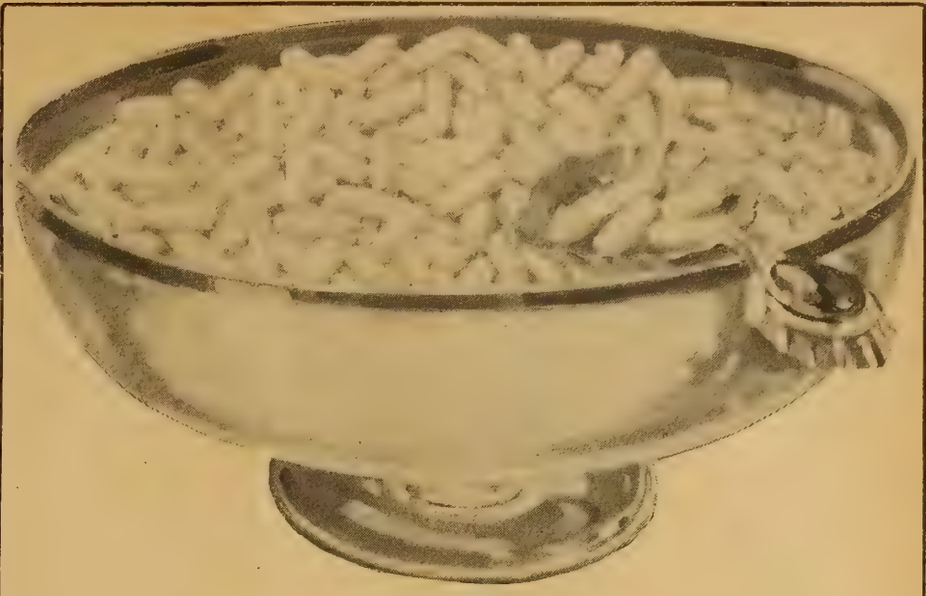
WANTED—A JOB

By James Edward Hungerford

I'm looking for a movie job—most any kind will do;
And let me say that gents like *me* are far between, an' *few!*
I'll do a "bit" or "character," or be a leading man;
I'll play a villun, rough an' tough, or suave an' spick an' span;
I'll hire the "supes," or build the "sets," or grind a cam'ra crank;
I'll keep your books, an' count your cash, an' put it in the bank—
For I'm a movie man, my friend, of versatility,
Who knows the "ins," an' "outs," an' "curves," from A to X Y Z!

I'll write your scripts, an' do your "subs," an' continuity—
Which *shows* I'm not afraid of *work,* as you can plainly see—
I'll hunt "locations," act as "props," or hand the bunch their pay;
I'll do high dives, or ride a bronc—or anything you say.
I'll take a megaphone in hand, an' spout director's slang;
Or, if you wish, I'll take your plant an' run the whole shebang!
For I'm a movie man of great superiority,
Tho must confess, I'm in distress, an' B-R-O-K-E.

I'll risk my neck like "Dougy" does, or "ride 'em rough," like Mix;
Take custard pies between the eyes, an' "fall" for dirty tricks;
I'll stretch my neck like Turpin's is; do Charlie Chaplin's walk—
No matter *what* I'm told to do, I'll promise not to balk.
So lead out any job you've got; I care not what it be,
Just so it fits a movie man of high degree—like *me.*
For I am such a man, tho *this* I tell you *secretly:*
I'm doggone *tired* of being *hired*—an' F-I-R-E-D!



At 4 O'Clock

Puffed Rice with melted butter

Children need between-meal foods. Their little stomachs are too small to hold a five-hour food supply.

Crisp Puffed Rice and douse with melted butter, to greet them after school. They will eat them like confections—these flimsy, nut-like grains.

Or serve them Puffed Wheat in milk.

At 8 O'Clock

At breakfast, serve Puffed Rice with cream and sugar. Or mixed with fruit. It forms the finest cereal dainty children ever get.

It is whole rice puffed to bubbles—flimsy, flavory tid-bits, with a taste like toasted nuts.

At 9 O'Clock

At bedtime serve Puffed Wheat in milk. Whole wheat forms almost a complete food. In this form every food cell is fitted to digest.

Millions of homes recognize Puffed Wheat as the ideal good-night dish.

Steam Exploded Grains

In every Puffed Grain we create over 100 million explosions. Every food cell is thus blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete.

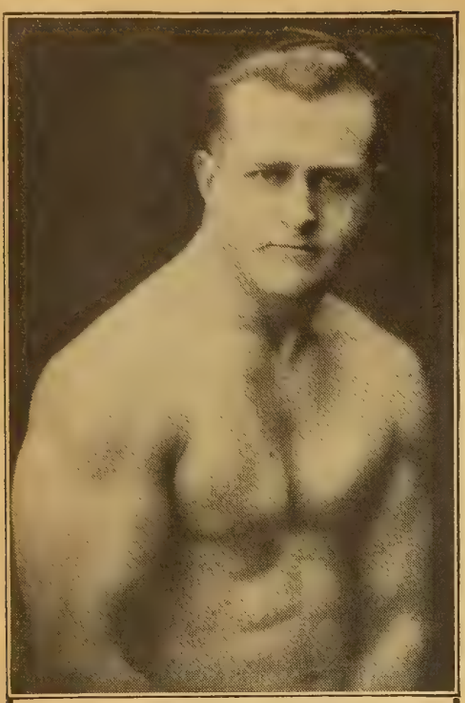
The airy, crisp grains are as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts. So they make whole grains delightful. Children eat them morning, noon and night, in place of lesser foods.

That is what children need, and what mothers want. Children who eat whole grains in plenty are not underfed.

Keep both kinds always ready.

Puffed Wheat — 8 times normal size.

Puffed Rice — Puffed to bubbles.



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

How Strong Are You

Can You Do These Things?

Lift 200 lbs. or more overhead with one arm;
Bend and break a horse shoe;
Tear two decks of playing cards;
Bend spikes;
Chin yourself with one hand

Can you do any of them? I can and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. **Any man.** It is natural for the human body to be strong. "It is criminal to be weak." I have taken men who were ridiculed because of their frail make-up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

I WANT YOU FOR 90 DAYS

These days call for speed. It once took four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less than one. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two full inches. But I don't quit there. I don't stop till you're a finished athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it comes the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will have the spring to your step and the flash to your eyes. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

A Doctor Who Takes His Own Medicine

I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many tests and experiments, I discovered the secret of progressive exercising. I increased my own arm over 6½ inches, my neck 3 inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Physicians and the highest authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well-proportioned body and the abundance of health which go with it? Are you true to yourself? If so spend a pleasant half hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

Send for My Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT" It Is FREE

It is chock full of photographs both of myself and my numerous pupils. This book is bound to **interest** you and **thrill** you. It will be an **impetus**—an **inspiration** to every **red-blooded man.** I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his—**absolutely free.** All I ask is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. **So it's yours to keep.** Now don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life. Tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
DEPT. 311 305 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 311, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 88)

dance-hall girls who smoke cigarets, drink and sell themselves for "a smile or a coin." Evidently the poor Oriental fails to grasp the idea that missionaries can come from such a race.

Crane Wilbur is now a relative of the famous Sarah Bernhardt, having married **Suzanne Caubet,** the divine Sarah's niece. They are honeymooning somewhere in California.

Henry B. Walthall is returning to the dramatic stage this fall in a play by Ethel Clifton. What the name of it is has not been announced, but it's due on Broadway early in the season.

The Atlantic Film Company must have saved money in making its latest picture "Only a Few of Us Left." All the settings were taken on Long Island; Society coming thru nobly and lending their houses, gardens and atmosphere. Rosalind Fuller has the lead in the picture and Reed Howes plays opposite her.

Lon Chaney is going to use several of his "thousand faces" in the Metro release **"Quincy Adams Sawyer."** He'll have a great opportunity, as he is at one and the same time, the poundmaster, the tax collector, a music teacher and lawyer. We often wonder if Lon gave Benda the idea for his masks.

The contemplated merger of the Associated First National Pictures Inc. and the Goldwyn Pictures Inc. has been called off. Negotiations have been going on for a year, but both companies finally reached the conclusion that the difficulties involved in a contract of this size were too many. It is understood that the Goldwyn Company will continue its distributing organization and, as in the past, the producing of its own photoplays.

Rochester, from whence came the famous slogan "Picture ahead; Kodak as you go," is going to have a new five million dollar movie theater. It is to be in connection with the University of Rochester and dedicated to the enrichment of community life. The building is connected with the Eastman School of Music and shows that at last the musical people are beginning to realize that the movies are a complementary factor to music.

The Affiliated Distributors, Inc., lost the suit started by Oliver Curwood to prevent their using his name in connection with the film "I Am the Law." Curwood said that the film in no way resembled his story by that name and that he refused to sell the use of his name. The Distributors, Inc., seemed confident that Curwood had understood the purpose for which his story had been purchased.

AN ENVIED EYESORE

By Frank V. Faulhaber

1st "Extra": That old hag over there makes more money than any of us. She's in there every day.

2nd "Extra": Well, there are too many beauties like us around here, but she's the only "sight" on hand, as it takes courage for one like her to show her face, naturally she's lucky, for she gets all the ugly parts.

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed
FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will Show Reduction Taking Place in 11 Days or Money Refunded

Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period) return the Reducer at once together with the instruction book that accompanied it and your $5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you wish quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes night and morning. By a gentle manipulation the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines, or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere or will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of $5 plus 20 cents to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance ($5.20 in all).
Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. **Or if you prefer, send for a free booklet.**

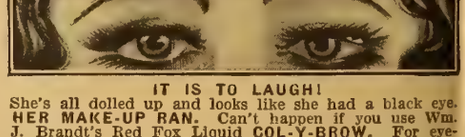
DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street, Dept. 58, New York

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" **require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.**
Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
132 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



IT IS TO LAUGH!
She's all dolled up and looks like she had a black eye. **HER MAKE-UP RAN.** Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid **COL-Y-BROW.** For eyebrows and eyelashes. **WILL NOT RUN.** Absolutely harmless. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail $1.00.
HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A, 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK

BUNIONS!

Hump Vanishes—Pains Stop

TRY IT AT MY RISK New marvelous "Solvent" to treat bunions. Stops Pain almost INSTANTLY, banishes the ugly hump and tired, swollen, burning condition. You can WEAR A SMALLER SHOE WITH COMFORT—test it at my risk. First trial CONVINCES. No apparatus, no plaster, no shield or pad. It is PEDODYNE FOR BUNIONS. Prepared only by Kay Laboratories. You will say it is WONDRRFUL—AMAZING, so quick, so sure does it act. Don't waste time and money on useless methods. Don't suffer. Try PEDODYNE AT MY RISK. Write today before you do another thing. Just say "I want to try PEDODYNE."

Address **KAY LABORATORIES**
Dept. B-360 186 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Destroy Hair and Root

Just cover the undesirable hair with fragrant, soothing Wizard Stick, remove in a few minutes and you'll find hair and ROOTS have been gently lifted out as if by magic! Not merely dissolved to the surface, but you'll be amazed to SEE the actual ROOTS that have been removed from BELOW the surface so gently that you didn't feel it! You will be delighted with the soft smoothness of the skin. You will be forever relieved of the continual annoyance and expense of ordinary methods that merely temporarily remove surface hair.

ONE complete $5.00 treatment is ALL you EVER need even for the most stubborn growth of superfluous hair. Send money with order or pay postman when treatment arrives.

Write for Free booklet, "Superfluous Hair Truths."

LOURIM CO., Dept. M, LITCHFIELD ST., BAY CITY, MICH.

Perspiration

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. **Destroys all bodily odors.**
2. **Checks perspiration without discomfort.**
3. **Absolutely harmless.**
4. **Actually benefits the skin.**
5. **Serves as a vanishing cream.**
6. **A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.**

"WONDER"

Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

E. FRANK & CO.,
34 Monroe St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don't Wear a Truss

MR. C. E. BROOKS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 296-D State St., Marshall, Mich.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE
69 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 86)

DANA S.—You certainly write a clever letter. Lon Chaney is with Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. He is playing in "Adams Quincy Sawyer." Yes, Alec B. Francis has been on the stage. I saw "Clarence" on the stage. Alfred Lunt was Clarence. He played later with Billie Burke in "The Intimate Stranger."

MINERVA.—Thanks for the delicious fudge. It helped make my disposition sweeter. It still can stand more sweetening.

RUSSELL H.—I'm sorry for you. You remember what George Sand said—"Ah, you men, how little do you love! . . . When it is not vice that hardens your souls, it is virtue; whether base or noble, you love nothing but yourselves." Mae Busch has just returned from Europe where she was taking scenes for "The Christian." So you want to know what Rodolph Valentino uses on his hair. Maybe he uses mucilage or paste. Rodolph would never forgive me if I insinuated it was plebeian vaseline.

E. M. YPSILANTE.—No, Pola Negri is not married, she's a widow. She is expected to come to this country very soon. Yes, I have a great many friends. The reason we are so changeable in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the heart, while it is easy to know those of the head. Most people have so little in their head. Louise Lorraine is playing in "With Stanley in Africa."

WILLIAM C.—Mae Murray is playing in "Coronation." Since she is sticking to one word titles, perhaps her next will be "Epidermis," which may be a movie version of "The Skin Germ."

R. V.—Admirer; Swanegri Twins; Just Jackie; Pearl White and Louis Lorraine Admirer; Hermione; Louis Cl; Miss Billie B.; Nettie; Wanaka L.; E. O. B. A. Sorry to put you in the alsorans. Better luck next time.

No, there is no iron in the substance of the diamond. It is a crystalline form of carbon. But it takes several "iron men" to buy one.

ELEANOR L. S.—Of course I love music. As a matter of fact, it was love who invented music—the lively shadow world of song. Jacqueline Logan is playing in "The Tailor Made Man" with Charles Ray.

MARY E. S.—Yes, I am just as happy as a lark in my little hallroom. It is not what we possess that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. If you live according to nature, you will seldom be poor; if according to opinion, never rich. Think these statements over, they might mean something. So now the favorite seems to be Joseph Schildkraut.

MRS. J. M.—You want some information about Harry Lacy. I pass.

PEGGY MAY.—Of course Alaska belongs to the United States. It was originally called Russian America (now Allan Street, New York has the same name), and first visited by Behring 1741. Madame Nazimova and Lila Lee are 5 feet 3 inches high. No, Betty Blythe in "Should Husbands Know" and Martha Mansfield in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

U. O. ME.—What a pretty little name. Did you find it in Orino? Yes, that was Flora Finch in that Torchy comedy. Marjorie Seaman, Mrs. Ralph Graves, played in "Free Air." Yes, Harry Snub Pollard married Mrs. Elizabeth Bowen, and not Marie Mosquini. Earle Metcalfe in that Goldwyn picture "The Bitterness of Sweets." Drop in again sometime.

(*Continued on page* 124)

GENUINE DIAMOND $97.50 A CARAT!

A slashing of diamond prices by Basch! Price cut to $97.50 per carat. Nothing like this in years. A sensational under-selling of the market. A chance to save from 35% to 50%. A saving made possible by our recent importations. On account of the increased buying power of the American dollar in Europe, we were able to make large purchases far below market prices. This, and our plan of selling direct by mail, enables us to offer diamonds now at the startling price of only $97.50 per carat.

A Wonderful Bargain in a Beautiful Diamond Ring

Note the exquisite diamond ring shown above—a Belais 18k white gold ring, newest basket filigree design, choice of ¼, ½, ¾ or 1 carat genuine diamond. A wonderful diamond bargain at $97.50 per carat. Order either size diamond for free examination at your bank or express agent.

A-1001—¼ Carat, $25.00 A-1003—¾ Carat, $ 77.50
A-1002—½ Carat, 53.75 A-1004—1 Carat, 102.75
(Price includes cost of ring itself in addition to diamond)

Send No Money

Just select from our catalog the diamond you would like to see and we will send it to you for free examination. No money down, no obligation to buy. If you decide that you don't want to keep diamond, return at our expense and you won't owe us a cent. This is an open free examination offer wherein we take all the risk. You are the sole judge—no salesman at your elbow to influence you. We guarantee in full every diamond we sell.

FREE BOOK

Write today for our big new Diamond Book. See the extraordinary diamond bargains we are offering. Rare values also in fine watches, cutlery, silverware, etc. Mail coupon today. Book comes FREE and postpaid—Clip Coupon NOW.

Everything in diamond jewelry shown in this big book—and everything at the new cut in price. See the amazing offerings.

L. BASCH & CO., Dept. L-11
State and Quincy Sts., Chicago

Gentlemen:—Please send me your big free book, telling about your price cut in diamonds and showing your full array of diamond jelwery.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Scientist Discovers Skin Laxative

WOMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan—an English scientist, scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means that a beautiful skin is now a mere matter of personal cleanliness; made beautiful while you wait!

The element he has found physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip into your easy chair; in less than an hour the skin pores *move*. Impurities clogging your facial pores are instantly banished; even the pores themselves are contracted and rendered invisible. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous.

Cleanses Pores and Beautifies Any Complexion in Forty Minutes!

The scientific name of this new element is Terra-derma-lax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. Soon, you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. Terra-derma-lax must be fresh, so every jar is dated and shipped direct.

AMAZING OFFER! NO LABORATORY CHARGE FOR FIRST JAR!

Prescription cost of this marvelous beauty clay has been $5. But so all may try it, just one jar (full size) will be sent for $1.88—the bare cost of materials, plus postage! See offer below:

With each jar (two months' supply) comes McGowan's own directions. Pay postman the small, actual cost charges of $1.88, plus the few cents postage on delivery; or if you expect to be out, $2 bill enclosed will bring jar prepaid. In either case, anyone whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and astonishing benefits, may have money back.

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
329 Plymouth Court, Chicago

Please send two-months' supply of freshly compounded Terra-derma-lax. I will pay postman $1.88 plus postage. My money to be refunded unless results delight me within five days. [208]

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

EARN MONEY AT HOME

By coloring and selling our line of black and white Greeting Cards and Folders. Beautiful designs—Fascinating work—Big profits. Our 1922 Christmas and everyday line is in stock. Our illustrated catalog "Pleasant Pages" gives all information. It's free. Or send $1.00 for sample box of cards and folders. When colored will retail for $4.50.

Little Art Shop, Inc., 632 F Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Let us send you records and letters from LaSalle students admitted to the bar in various states. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1178-L Chicago

We Interview Theda Bara

(*Continued from page 22*)

famous Afternoons chiefly because, as I knew, I had been pre-heralded as the American Vampire. They expected me to give them a thrill. It is hard to say what they did not expect. And when I went to the first of these gatherings, dresssed in simple white and wearing a garden hat, their surprise was so great as to cause them not even to recognize me. When they did . . . well, I didn't live up to expectations.

G. H.: Are you glad of your success? Or do you think you'd be just as happy—as contented, let us say—in private life?

THEDA BARA (*wisely*): I'm glad of it now because not to have achieved it once I set out to would have meant failure. But if I had it all to do over again I would do very differently.

A. W F.: You mean you wouldn't go in for a public career?

THEDA BARA: When you're in public life, particularly in theatrical life, you belong to the public. You are, for instance, recognized everywhere. You have constantly to be on parade. You are everywhere talked about. You have the feeling of necessity of looking at all times, whether you feel like it or not, your best.

If you were plain Mary Jane Grey and you felt like sitting on the beach with Johnny Jones and holding hands you could do it without comment. But if I were to attempt such an indelicacy (the famed and Bara eyes expressed the inexpressible—her voice was thoughtful, a shade wistful): It would have been simpler to have been happy in a cottage somewhere with those I really love. The rest is mostly things—and after you have them, what do things amount to? I can remember thinking some time ago that if I could ever have a car and all the perfume bottles I wanted to buy and pretty rugs and hangings and all that sort of thing that I would be utterly happy. Well, I have them now . . . (she shrugged. We knew what she meant. Alack and alas, she had rubbed Aladdin's lamp, the genii had come with the magical jewels and precious things and, lo, they were only stones. Their glitter had gone with her dreams of them). Books . . . (she was going on) and green hills . . . friends . . . they are best . . . they are all . . .

(*The car has stopped before the apartment house again. Miss Bara alights and orders the interviewers to be dropped wherever they find it convenient. She delicately omits mention of the Subway.*)

THEDA BARA: The next time you see me I'll probably be at work again, and it's not unlikely I'll have a few effects . . . at least, a long and tapering cigaret holder. Good-bye . . .

G. H. and A. W. F. (*in unison*): Good-bye. We've enjoyed it—without the effects.

(*The car rolls on downtown . . . toward the Rialto . . . toward the city crush . . . toward the Subway . . .*)

G. H.: *Well?*

A. W. F. (*intelligently*): Well *what?*

G. H.: What's your profound opinion?

A. W. F. (*at once*): I like her. I like her very much indeed. I like her even better—no, very much better than I thought I would. It would have been more difficult, I admit, to have press-agented her as she is, but it would have been worth while, it seems to me.

And it's too bad one cannot see her eyes on the screen. They are fascinating and misty and searching . . .

G. H.: She doesn't see very well, my young Romancer . . .

A. W. F.: Well, what she does see she sees like a painting by Corot, my *young* Realist . . .

G. H.: I like her *mind*. She's read everything. I like that. She can talk, not about herself, but about other selves and other subjects.

A. W. F.: There's something of the Old World about her, too, did you notice that? She doesn't lean forward and strive to please as most people do today. She leans back, reposefully, and without any semblance of effort, holds her own.

G. H. (*futuristically*): I never see pictures, but I shall go to see hers as soon as may be . . . how about it?

A. W. F.: All right, let's. Here's the Subway entrance. It's our cue. Dont pull your stuff . . . *I* have the nickels!

(*They exeunt*).

IN HOLLYWOOD

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

In Hollywood, the stars are bright,
Commands are rattled, "Camera! Good!"
Thruout the movie day and night,
In Hollywood.
One meets a monk in cloak and hood,
Or cavalier with sword bedight,
En route to nearby place for food.

Here Time turns backward in its flight,
And history flies as we ne'er could
Anticipate, but this is right—
In Hollywood.

$1.00 Down

Brings This **6-Piece Library Set**

New Set with Large Roomy Divan

Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this sensational furniture bargain to your home on 30 days trial. Straus & Schram's newest offer—a complete 6 piece set of fumed solid oak living room furniture *including a wonderfully comfortable and roomy divan*—and at a positively sensational price reduction. Only $29.85 for the complete set on this offer—on easy payments of only $2.70 a month; $40 was the former price for a set like this; a special factory sacrifice makes this slash in price possible now. Seize this opportunity on our special approval offer—we take the risk.

30 Days Trial

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction—the beautiful finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price—**even for spot cash.** Then if not satisfied for any reason, return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

Only $2.70 a Month

If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $2.70 a month until you have paid $29.85—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day, less than one fritters away every day for trifles. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. **No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.**

New 6-Piece Set—Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. All the four chairs are padded; seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

Large Divan will give extra seating capacity to your library, living room or parlor. It is an unusually massive comfortable piece with beautifully designed back. Arms are broad and comfortable. Measures 46 inches wide outside and 36 inches long inside. Thickly padded seat is 19 inches deep. Height of back 22 inches. Posts are extra massive.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide, shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

Sewing Rocker is unusually attractive and useful. Seat, 17x17 in., height 35 in.

Library Table—a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock; massive, dignified. Top measures 23¼x34 in.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ in. high; the top is 12x12 in. Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 175 pounds.

Order by No. B6944A. $1.00 with coupon, $2.70 a month, price $29.85.

Price Slashed!—*Send Now*

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Sent upon request, with or without order.

Don't delay. Just send $1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit to show you are really interested. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial—we take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied—no obligation. Send coupon today—NOW!

Straus & Schram, Reg. A1528 W. 35th St. Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Reg. A 1528 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. B6944A. $29.85.

Name _____

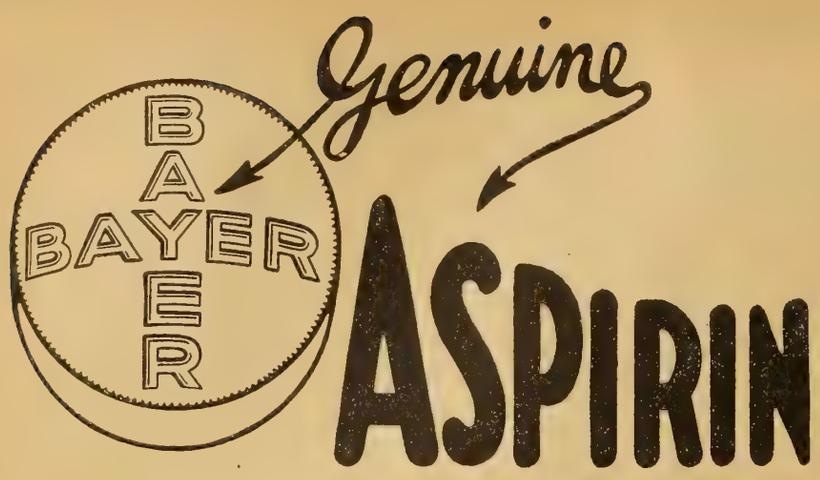
Street, R.F.D. or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ *State* _____

If you only want catalog put X in box below:

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's, Children's Clothing



SAY "BAYER" when you buy Aspirin

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for colds, headache, toothache, earache, neuralgia, lumbago, rheumatism, neuritis, and for pain in general. Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At drug and dept. stores. Send 10c for miniature can.

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

Beauty

Distinctive Features in the December Number

"If I Were Fourteen" by Lillian Montanye

The first article of a very human and penetrating series that will appeal to all women—from the Flapper to the Grandmother. "Why, that's exactly how I'm feeling and thinking right now!" Miss Fourteen will exclaim as she reads this sane, sympathetic narration. "If I Were Twenty-One" follows, in the January number.

"The Beauty Parlor" by Dorothy Calhoun and Gladys Hall

A one-act play that will give you many a chuckle and make you think, as well. A group of sophisticated New York specialists open a Beauty Shop in a Middle-Western town. Wives are made over and husbands wake up! And you'll never guess the surprise climax!

Additional Features by Artists and Experts

Part II of "The Place of the Beauty Specialist in the Community," by Mme. Helena Rubinstein, the woman at the top of her profession. An illustrated article that settles your question: "Shall I bob my hair?" A portfolio of exquisite ladies, photographs of chic Parisian costumes, beautiful color prints, sketches, etc.

Descriptive Comment on Other Screen Productions

(*Continued from page 62*)

for the entertainment of Yankee yokelry—it suggested a fairly amusing line of satire. But in order to build a heart tug (the producer has been faithful with the stage version, known as "Love Dreams"), the stereotype core of an ancient formula has been employed. The mam'selle follows instructions of the press agent to save an indigent uncle and cure an invalid sister. Hokum, isn't it? And artificial if you must know that in the background is the saintly figure of the romantic artist. Gloria Swanson does not have anything to do but roam the sets like a strutting peacock—one of the sets being catalogued as an expensive New York hotel suite, but which really resembles the Hollywood conception of a harem. Feast your eyes on Gloria's frescoed limbs, her costumes and the rich backgrounds. There is nothing of consequence to stimulate your brain.

Smudge—First National

Charles Ray has emerged from his slump in "Smudge," a story which carries the same characteristics as his previous pieces, tho containing far greater substance of plot, and therefore more plausible. To show you that a story can be found from most any idea, the author, Rob Wagner, has observed the California fruit crop and acted accordingly. That industry is so large that he couldn't have missed it. Take notice that stoves are used to protect the groves from an occasional frost. But how to invent a smokeless heater to keep the adjacent country from becoming smudgy? This is easy for Mr. Wagner. So many words and Charles Ray accomplishes it. And various threads of romance, intrigue and what not are employed to complete the pattern. The question arises—why not descend upon Pittsburgh? There is enough plot and counter-plot in "Smudge" to knock the yokelry of other Ray pictures for a row of milk pails.

The Country Flapper—Producers Security

The irrepressible, inimitable Dorothy Gish never steps out of character here in a rôle which she interprets in an impromptu style. Which is to say that F. Richard Jones merely held the megaphone for the direction of the other players. It is a topsy-turvy story—one never traveling toward any well-defined goal, but progresses in a haphazard fashion with the chips of hokum falling where they may. The title is a misnomer if you can imagine the modern, sophisticated sub-deb transferred to country soil. The character is a new type of Sis Hopkins and the antics are typically those of dear old Sis. Some laughs creep to the surface.

Titles—lots of them—punctuate the disconnected episodes thruout. Some are humorous, more often they are forced. Fun must be spontaneous for laughing purposes. The director has studied with Dr. Sennett. Therefore you will discover many of the master's tricks. A slice of slapstick, a hunk of hokum, a dash of deviltry—these are in their respective places. Whether you accept the story or not, you will rise to remark that the star is something of a comedienne.

The Deuce of Spades—First National

Ever since Charles Ray took up the megaphone and attempted to direct himself the result has been failure for the exponent of rural life and boredom for his

audience. This is the payment for doing a thing too well—you expect him to keep everlastingly at it. The law of average has been obeyed with his recent pictures and "The Deuce of Spades," while more entertaining than "Gas, Oil and Water," nevertheless does not overcome its mediocrities. Charles E. Van Loan wrote the story (he could always write interestingly) but the adaptation is only a weak shadow. Director Ray gives actor Ray too much latitude in planting his scenes. It takes a good half-hour to get himself from a Boston beanery, thru his efforts to marry the girl, and on his way home for a vacation before things begin to happen. The rural touches will remind you of his other days. It's a tale of a boy who makes good—done to the accompaniment of the comedy pedal. We might add that some capital humor crops out occasionally. We admire the director's modesty; he gives his company a chance to share the hokum with him.

SHERLOCK BROWN—METRO

This, the last of Bert Lytell's Metro enterprises, is a rollicking Bayard Veiller story. One of the first essentials of successful comedy is that it be taken seriously by everyone concerned. The author, who is also the director, has not considered it an inconsequential trifle—to be produced as a stop-gap for more substantial tales. We get the very ecstasy of laughter here because of the utter gravity of the performers—and the super-gravity of the author-director himself! Bert Lytell can express light comedy with creditable finesse. He plays a boob clerk, who desires to become a detective. And a badge is sent to him from a detective bureau for the sum of twenty-five dollars. He no sooner pins it inside his coat than the fun and action start. A bright little piece, skilfully put together and marked for its clever sub-titles. The cast is a fine one, including among others Ora Carew, Sylvia Breamer, De Witt Jennings and Hardee Kirkland.

THE REAL ADVENTURE—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

King Vidor has come back. This keenly sensitive director who so capably established the humanities in "The Jack-Knife Man," has in "The Real Adventure" a picture filled with his individual touches—touches which make an old story seem entirely new. He appeals to one's imagination, or better, to one's intelligence. He takes up in entertaining manner a problem of marital life which many couples have undoubtedly experienced—that of the young wife who realizes that her husband wants her to share his heart but not his brain. She wants to be of some service. So she packs her bag and leaves for New York, leaving a note stating that she will return when she has earned the right to be her husband's partner and pal as well as his plaything. The story soars with its intimate slice of everyday life. Nothing is added—nothing is taken away—to quote a well-known slogan of a baker. The romance is deftly interwoven into the dramatic skein, and Florence Vidor's portrayal of the wife is as appealing a rôle as she has ever played. Watch for this picture.

THE FAST MAIL—FOX

Virtue triumphs over villainy as it did in the old "gallery god" days in this picture. Why not? Isn't it an adaptation of Lincoln J. Carter's hectic thriller? Lincoln J. never cared a hang about logic or plausibilities. His object was to stimulate the pulse thru building up vivid climaxes. If a train of cars left the bridge and

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including terrific acid test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

Wear a Corodite Diamond 7 Days Free

Make this test. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 7 days. If you or your friends can tell the difference, send it back; you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring, the price printed here is all you pay. No instalments. Remember, Corodites alone have the same cutting as genuine stones.

No. 1—Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring $2.84
No. 2—Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring . . . $3.48
No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Gypsy Ring $4.27
No. 4—Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, plat. finish $3.96
No. 5—Ladies' Tiffany Orange Blossom Engraved . . $3.54

Carat size gems. Beautiful mountings of most modern design. Choice of gold or latest white platinum finish. Unqualified 20-year guarantee. Handsome art-leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send name, address and number of ring wanted and size as shown by slip of paper, fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 7 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

E. RICHWINE CO.
333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 170, Chicago, Illinois
Sole Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds

WRITE JOKES

Easy, fascinating work. Our sales department pays from $1 to $5 for jokes, epigrams and short stories. A short course of three lessons teaches you how to write them. One joke alone often pays for the course. Humorists earn big pay. Get into a field that is not yet crowded. Write for information.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF HUMOR
Office F, 414 Park Bldg., Cleveland, O.

GIRLS! be AMBITIOUS

The girl who likes to draw is indeed fortunate. Without previous training, you can quickly learn by the Federal home-study course in Commercial Designing to earn money at home in your spare time, or become a regular commercial artist. Hundreds of Federal-trained girls are making good money.

Learn to Draw at Home

The Federal Course contains *exclusive* lessons by leading illustrators and designers. You advance step by step, and receive *individual personal criticisms* on your lessons. Write today for "YOUR FUTURE," a book telling all about this fascinating Course, and how you can turn *your* talent into money. Sent free to anyone sixteen years of age or more. State age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1456 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

CHOICE $1.49 WEDDING RINGS
14K GOLD-S.

SEND NO MONEY—Just choose the ring you want, A, B or C. Send your name, address and finger size. Your ring will come by return mail. (A)—Oval, artistically engraved with Orange Blossoms. (C)—Heavy Plain Narrow Yellow Gold English Oval Ring. (B)—Handsome, Square, Engraved Bridal Wreath design. Newest and most fashionable Rings. If you order rings A or B you can have your choice of Yellow Gold or the latest White Platinum finish. Unconditional 10-Year Guarantee. Pay postman $1.49 on arrival. Money back if not satisfied. Act Quick! Only limited number at this special price.

ROE & ELDER
332 Plymouth Court Dept. 130 Chicago

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in-side of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-858. Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

Fit YOURSELF for Matrimony!

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

The man who marries a pure, innocent, trusting girl before he is physically fit and a real man in the truest sense of the word commits the worst crime known to civilization.—*Lionel Strongfort.*

The Curse of Neglected Health

The divorce courts daily record the domestic disasters that wreck homes and blast the happiness of husbands, wives and children. If you are not physically and mentally fit, your wedded life will be a ghastly failure—you will wreck your wife's and your own life—and you may bring into the world sickly, defective children who will be a burden and reproach to you as long as you live. THINK NOW before it is too late.

Make Yourself Fit Before You Marry

It is a crime to marry when you know that you are not physically fit. That pure girl is blinded by her love for you and does not realize your deficiencies. She thinks you are a prince among men—the ideal of vigorous manhood. She pictures you as her husband and father of her children. You know that you are not fit—you dare not marry in your present physical condition. The future looks dark and gloomy to you. But CHEER UP—my hand is held out to you in friendship. I want to help you. I can help you with

STRONGFORTISM
The Modern Science of Health Promotion

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent, discouraged men out of the bog of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the Straight Road to Health, Happiness and Prosperity. **Strongfortism** has aided Nature in overcoming such ailments as Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Rupture, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Poor Memory, Vital Depletion, Impotency, Youthful Folly, etc., and the results of neglecting and abusing the body. **Strongfortism** has restored the Manhood they thought they lost forever and has given them renewed confidence, vitality, ambition, success and fitted them for the Responsibilities of Marriage and Parenthood. I can do the same for you, irrespective of your age, occupation or surroundings. I guarantee it.

My Methods Restore Men

Do not confuse the Science of Strongfortism with gymnastic or ordinary physical culture courses. I am not merely a muscle-developer. I am far more than that, for I have devised a system, without the use of dope and drugs, lifting and stretching machines, unnatural deep-breathing—starvation diets or nerve-racking routines, or other foolish fads and fancies. I have developed a real Science thru which sick, ailing, hopeless, impotent men are restored to the Glory of Powerful Manhood—to the Summit of Health, Strength, Happiness and Success.

Send For My Free Book

The experiences and research of a lifetime are contained in my wonderfully instructive book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It will tell you frankly how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of Vital Manhood. It will show you how you can fit yourself to be a father and be a credit to your wife and family. It is absolutely free. Just check the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want **special confidential information** and send to me with a ten cent piece (one dime) to help pay postage, etc. I will do the rest. Send for my free book **Right Now**—TODAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
Founded 1895
Dept. 999 Newark, N. J.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 999, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** for postage on which I enclose a 10-cent piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Blackheads	..Female Disorders
..Catarrh	..Insomnia	..Increased Height
..Asthma	..Short Wind	..Youthful Errors
..Hay Fever	..Flat Feet	..Manhood Restored
..Obesity	..Stomach Disorders	..Falling Hair
..Headache	..Constipation	..Gastritis
..Rupture	..Biliousness	..Heart Weakness
..Lumbago	..Torpid Liver	..Poor Circulation
..Neuritis	..Indigestion	..Skin Disorders
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Vital Losses	..Stoop Shoulders
..Successful Marriage	..Impotency	..Muscular Development
..Rheumatism	..Weak Eyes	..Great Strength
..Pimples	..Despondency	..Prostate Troubles
	..Diabetes	..Neurasthenia
	..Weaknesses	..THINNESS

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Street.....City.....State.....

Gray Hair

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer has replaced crude dyes in America because the convincing test on a single lock has allowed hundreds of thousands of users to prove the following:

That Mary T. Goldman's restorescolor evenly and naturally—no danger of an artificial, "dyed" look.

Results are sure and certain—you take no risk of freakish streaks or discoloration.

Color is perfect in all lights—you are not betrayed by the sun.

There is no interference with shampooing or waving. There is absolutely nothing to wash or rub off on towels, pillow or hat lining.

Mary T. Goldman's is a clear, colorless liquid clean and dainty as water. It is quickly and easily applied by yourself—without dependence on hair dressers. It will keep your hair its natural youthful color the rest of your life—easily, safely, surely.

Free Trial Proves It

Mail coupon for free trial-sized bottle and test as directed on a single lock. This test proves that every statement is absolutely true. Fill it out and mail today.

Mary T. Goldman, 1259 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black_____ black or dark brown_____ medium brown_____ light brown, drab or auburn_____

Name _____

Address _____
Please print your name and address

Are You As Popular

as you could be?

Are you as attractive as you might be? All of which means, are you taking advantage of your natural gifts? Are you covering your shortcomings and enhancing your good points?

The National Bob

Keep your lovely hair. Do not cut it! Coil it neatly underneath a NATIONAL BOB and wear your hair bobbed without cutting.

And to you who want to let your bobbed hair grow back, the NATIONAL BOB will let you do it secretly and comfortably. Cool, light. Always neat, always ready. Any shade. **Price $10.**

National Switch

You will be amazed when you see the wonderful effect this creates on ladies with bobbed hair who are anxious to grow it back to its natural length. Made of imported French human hair, gives all the grace and beauty that only a natural head of long, frick wavy hair can give. **Price $10** with folder showing how to properly wear it.

HOW TO ORDER: Send us a strand of your hair together with $10 and we will send you the bob or switch, as you desire. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Free Booklet of new hair-dressing creations and accessories sent on request.

Keep dolly in style with a

National Doll Bob

Dress her up by putting a cute little bob over her hair. She'll look as sweet as sister. Just send strand of hair (for color) and size of dolly's head and **$1.00** and bob will be sent postpaid. Full dolly wigs with curls **$2.50.**

NATIONAL HAIR NETS

Guaranteed perfect. Made of real human hair. State color and whether Cap or Fringe Shape. At your dealer or send **65c** for boudoir box of six.

ARTIFICIAL EYELASHES **$1.50** Pr

Agents Wanted

65¢

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
368 Sixth Ave., Dept. 611, New York

tumbled into the turbulent gorge below—well, what of it? It all came under the head of melodrama—a source of entertainment which will continue to outlive the grim humanities because it borders more closely upon the land of make-believe. The picture doesn't tax your mental endowments. There are moments in it which will invite ridicule. But depend upon it that it measures out a full assortment of old-fashioned thrills—and some new ones. The oppressed hero—the equally oppressed heroine, the defiant villain—the fast express, the plunging autos, the fire *à la* Stroheim—these are but a part of the "intrikut" scheme. Charles (Buck) Jones forgets his nonchalance for once and dives headlong into the mad incident. He becomes a stunt actor and emerges with all the abandon of King George bowing to his subjects. It is episodic if you will—but a story carrying all the pulsating qualities of a bottle of strychnine pills.

THE WIFE TRAP—PARAMOUNT

The heavily Teutonic Mia May graces this Paramount importation—a story of the eternal triangle—done, as you might expect, in the intensely serious manner of the Germans. The cast has been selected with an eye to giving Billy Watson of "beef trust" fame a run for his money, and since the players over-act, the drama borders upon comedy. It is the most obvious pattern of the triangle, the patching of the quarrel being attended to by the little child. One player carrying the trick name of Dyumar van Twist furnishes several of the comedy moments with her intense emotional efforts. The Germans, however, are firm believers in backgrounds. Hence, "The Wife Trap" is opulent of setting—the one redeeming feature.

OATHBOUND—FOX

Guess the identity of the real crook in this melodrama staged in and around San Pedro harbor and you solve the mystery. It is the fashion, in writing this type of play, to build suspicion around every character but the correct one. And "Oathbound," introducing Dustin Farnum in the white flannels and double-breasted blue coat of a society skipper, carries out the conventions. Fast motor-boats, a hydroplane, a water-front dive, several sail-boats and a neat-looking yacht are employed for atmospheric purposes. The plot asks of you to identify the ring-leader of the crooks who are smuggling silks off the ship flying the Farnum colors. Lefty Flynn wears a crafty expression. You suspect him, especially when he deals detective Kid McCoy a hefty punch. But Lefty turns out to be a revenue officer and the real culprit is the brother of skipper Farnum. Dustin plays the part romantically and with an eye for the heroics. He resuscitates his drowning relative and incidentally holds the lining of a coat for a close-up—so that you may see the name of a prominent Los Angeles tailor. It's a good melodrama is "Oathbound," and its fast incident completely envelops its romance.

FLESH AND BLOOD—WESTERN PICTURE EXPLOITATION COMPANY

You, who saw "The Penalty," will remember Lon Chaney's uncanny portrayal of a legless cripple. The picture seemed to have been produced for no other reason than to give this excellent character actor an opportunity to draw a novel characterization. Now he comes forward again in a story which was written to capitalize a unique interpretation. He uses his legs here, but only by means of crutches. Thus he is able to evade the law after his melo-

Women! Send for This Free Book

of Big Money Opportunities

It tells about truly remarkable opportunities now open for women in the field of fashion—opportunities that offer splendid pay, fascinating easy work, unlimited chance for advancement—**real careers.** And now through a **startling new method** explained in this book, **any** woman can quickly qualify right at home in spare time for one of these attractive positions.

$75 a Week for Work That Is Play

Do you love pretty clothes? Fashion experts are gladly paid $50 to far over $150 a week—yet trained fashion experts are in the biggest demand by Department Stores, Fashion Shops, Magazines, Clothing Manufacturers, the Theatrical World, etc. Send for this Free Book which tells all about this wonderful new field and how you can easily enter it.

Mail a Post Card or Letter TODAY.

WASHINGTON FASHION INSTITUTE
153 Marden Bldg. Washington, D. C.

Reduce Your Flesh in Spots

Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin

In fact the entire body or any part without dieting by wearing **DR. WALTER'S**

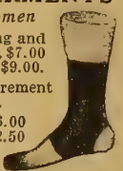
Famous Medicated Reducing

RUBBER GARMENTS

For Men and Women

Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles, $7.00 per pair. Extra high, $9.00.

Send ankle measurement when ordering.



Bust Reducer, $6.00
Chin Reducer, $2.50
Send for Illustrated Booklet

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue :: New York

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds--the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold filled ring set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond--in beautiful ring box; postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

How to Put On Flesh

WHY NOT gain from 10 to 35 pounds; why not round out your neck, chest and bust and make yourself as attractive as you wish to be and can be?

I KNOW you can because I have helped over 50,000 women to gain from 10 to 35 pounds.

Individual Instruction

I can help you attain your proper weight. In your home. Without drugs. By individual instructions in exercises, diet and breathing—scientific, natural methods, such as your physician approves.

If you knew how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, you would write me at once.

Tell me your faults of health or figure. I respect your confidence and I will send you my illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly. Write today.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 499 1819 Broadway New York

From pupils' letters

"One year ago today I weighed only 100 pounds. Now I weigh 126, and Oh! I feel so well and rested."

"My friends tell me that I look ten years younger. My face is full and plump; my skin is smooth and firm."

"My neck and chest have filled out nicely. I have gained 20 lbs."

A Slim Figure—

One safe and sure way to obtain it

Reduce your superfluous flesh Externally thru your daily bath with fragrant

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

The One and Only external reducer, Safe and Harmless. GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epsom salts or harmful ingredient.

No violent exercises, no deprivation—Just Bathe and Grow Thin.

Fourteen Treatments, $3.00. Thousands testify to almost miraculous results.

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 plus 25c for postage and packing. ($4.00 in Canada) direct to

Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co., Inc.
Dept. L-7., 49 E. 102d St., New York

BATHE YOUR WAY TO SLENDERNESS

14 Treatments $2.00

A SAFE — SIMPLE — SURE METHOD
of Reducing Superfluous Flesh

BELCOR BATH TREATMENT

A scientific medical compound, containing absolutely harmless ingredients that will reduce the fatty tissues, weight and bulk.

Simply prepare your bath, dissolve one BELCOR carton therein and you will be delighted with the pleasant sensation and tonic effect created in your system and the marked reduction in your weight after two weeks.

A BELCOR Bath Treatment contains 14 cartons and will be sent postpaid upon receipt of $2.00. Descriptive booklet free on request.

DR. C. OSBORNE CO., 220 Fifth Ave., New York

Start a Beauty Parlor

In Your Own Home and

Make Money

Wherever you may live, whether in a small town or a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an *Electrolysis Outfit* and learning how to operate with the simple directions accompanying it. *Anybody can learn to do it.* In requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can operate in your own home, because all you require is good light, two chairs and a table. Or you can operate in the homes of your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The usual charge for removing superfluous hair is $5.00 for half an hour's treatment, and there are very few places in this country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an Electrolysis Outfit, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, $20.00.

If you wish to take up other branches of Beauty Parlor work, I will undertake to teach by correspondence the following courses on receipt of price:

Facial Massage	$2.00
Shampooing	2.00
Eyebrows and Lashes	1.00
Reducing	2.00
Wrinkles	1.00
Facial Mud Bath	1.00
Manicuring	3.00
Pimples, Blackheads, etc	1.00
Double Chin	1.00
Body Massage	1.00

All Ten Courses for $10.00

Each course includes complete directions in simplified form. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as tweezers, bowls, saucers, witch-hazel, glycerine, cold cream, etc., except the mud bath, which is my own secret preparation; but I will make a special price on this and on all my preparations, if my pupils prefer them to others.

This is an Age of Beauty

In a few years you will see Beauty Shops everywhere. Learn the business now! Start in a small way, and some day you may own a handsome Beauty Parlor on the main street with dozens of girls doing the work for you. *There's Big Money in it!*

CORLISS PALMER

Brewster Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

dramatic escape from prison. This picture makes a tug for the heart sympathy, but its mawkish sentimentalities almost ruin it. He escapes to be with his family and to mete out vengeance upon the smug figure who sent him up the river. The interlude before he goes back to prison as he came out, alone, is filled with mission scenes of a daughter playing the organ and rescuing souls on the way to perdition. And the father hovers around like a halo. The story, which started out with good intentions, develops a convenient melodramatic device when the girl's happiness depends upon her marriage to the son of her father's Nemesis. Irving Cummings has used too many old tricks—too many imitations of other directors to make it hit the bull's-eye. His direction is old-fashioned. But Chaney's plastic face is crossed by all the emotional expressions. You will agree with us that he can suffer like Dave Warfield.

UP IN THE AIR ABOUT MARY—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

You will agree with us that in calling this picture a summer attraction we cannot go wrong. Everything that pertains to farm life when the fields are in clover is added for comedy effect. Among these rural properties the spectators may witness a pig-power milk churner, a chicken donned in trousers, a little porker all bathed and be-ribboned dashing back into character via the mud-hole and the rustic figures—all assembled to the tune of Mack Sennett, if you remember his "Down on the Farm." The other breath of summer is furnished by the frolicking bathing girls who dash in and out of the surf as near *au naturel* as one-piece suits can make them. After one sees them on the rocks, one soon has them on the mind. The picture is unadulterated hokum with a plot as light as a rose petal. The conclusion introduces some comedy rescues which are tacked onto a burlesque of "The Miracle Man." Robert Anderson, what are you doing in the cast?

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 76*)

assistance of Lois Wilson, Conrad Nagel and Jack Holt.

Wallace Reid I can, and have, raved over—for there is something over which to rave. But I am afraid that, given such trash as "The Affairs of Anatol" and insipid wish-wash as "Dont Tell Everything" again, he will not be the favorite he has been. It is not his fault, but there are people higher up who could alter it. One longs for another "The Source."

Another correspondent lately said she hoped that soon Lillian Gish would be made a star. Of all things that must not happen this is the most important. As she is Miss Gish, the greatest actress on the screen—who plays exclusively for the screen—and is the best answer to those who declare that of art the pictures are utterly devoid. Miss Gish, great as she is, needs a restraining hand, and in Griffith she has it, but for her to be starred would probably be a return to the old Triangle days and "Diana of the Follies." (Any relation to Polly, I wonder?) And yet, even as I write I have the disturbing remembrance that somewhere I have read of the Lilymaid playing in "Three Wise Fools." It is regrettable.

Mary Pickford still retains the place that has been hers since pictures first were. There have been many who were going to take that place—June Caprice and Marguerite Clark among them—but where are

Are you really beautiful?

Perhaps unconsciously you have permitted tiny hairs on your lip, face or arm to grow, until now they mar your good looks.

Destroy them, now, before they become a subject of jest among your men and women friends.

Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser. Do not confuse ZIP with ordinary depilatories.

ZIP gently lifts out the roots and in this way ***destroys the growth.*** GUARANTEED!

Ladies everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP for destroying superfluous hair on the face, underarms, and body; creating the new arched brow; clearing the back of neck below bobbed hair; freeing the forearm and limbs. Avoid imitations.

Write for FREE BOOK—"Beauty's Greatest Secret" or when in New York call at my Salon to have FREE DEMONSTRATION.

Mme. Berthe
662 5th Ave.
Dept. 644 (46 St.) N.Y.
Please send me your FREE Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret", also free sample of your Massage Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

When "Wally" Reid Plays He Plays a

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

While not classed as a musical star, Wallace Reid's Saxophone affords him much pleasure in home entertainment. His decision to purchase a Buescher was made after knowing it to be the choice of the leading professionals of America.

EASIEST TO PLAY

The Buescher Saxaphone is so perfected and simplified that it is the easiest of all musical instruments to learn.

It is the one instrument that everyone can play—and it wholly satisfies that craving everybody has to personally produce music.

You learn the scale in an hour's practice, play popular music in a few weeks, and take your place in orchestra or band within 90 days. Saxophone players are always in demand for dance orchestras.

Nothing can take the place of the Saxophone for home entertainment, church, lodge, school. It increases the pleasure you get out of life, increases your popularity and your opportunities.

75% of all popular phonograph records are played with Buescher instruments.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You can order any Buescher instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience.

Saxophone Book Free Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophone takes violin, cello and bass parts, and many other things you would like to know. Ask for your copy.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Makers of everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2164 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Mary Pickford's Problem

✣ ✣ ✣

YOU, as one of the millions adoring Mary, can imagine no care or sorrow or worry that can touch her.

To you, Mary personifies Radiance, Happiness, Charm. She has Beauty, Youth, Fame, Wealth, Adoration . . .

Yet Mary is sad.

Her life holds a deep tragedy.

Those fathomless, trusting eyes, and that sensitive, smiling mouth mask an undreamed-of sorrow.

She is looking into the future bravely—but helplessly. For she sees no answer there . . .

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

What is this ache in Mary's heart?

What is this problem confronting the adored one of the screen?

Read of it in Harry Carr's article in the

Motion Picture Magazine

for DECEMBER

Why Dont You Buy

CLASSIC

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

You know that **Nazimova's** greatest and latest picture is **"Salome,"** but **do you know** that she first played **"Salome"** when she was a child of fourteen? It was then she could give the most realistic interpretation of the historic dancer, for **"Salome** is really a little child-princess," declares the Russian, "not the voluptuous, mature creature the modern audience demands."

And **Nazimova** tells you many other hitherto unpublished things about her childhood, her girlhood, and her early struggles—all this in the extraordinary interview: **"Memoirs of Madame,"** in

CLASSIC

FOR NOVEMBER

To arouse further interest in this superfine number, we mention:
Three magnificent pictorial spreads and a portfolio of the latest portraits of popular players.

Reproductions and descriptions of the new Parisian costumes of the star who has been called "the most tastefully dressed woman on the screen."

The second article in our novel series of famous interpreters of famous characters. This one pictures for you the **Camilles** of dramatic history.

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

CLASSIC

For NOVEMBER

they now? Mary at present is one of the great artists—and there are very few. In the days when she played "Poor Little Pippina," "Little Pal" and "Madam Butterfly," she was not one-third the artist she is now. If her imitators only took time to think—it is Mary's naturalness which puts them at such a loss—they have to strive so to "get it over"—and the result is that it generally doesn't get over. People speak of so-and-so photographing like a "million dollars," but they dont seem to realize that Mary photographs like a whole mint. Because she has been so long with us we are apt to forget her and run after a new face—but so do we sometimes forget the existence of the flowers—the birds—of sunshine. Mary Pickford's beauty is amazing in its completeness—a beauty which makes one gasp, "Mary!" by merely *looking* at her. For anyone who has given picture-lovers "Stella Maris," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Pollyanna," "The Little American" and "Pride of the Clan," there can be nothing but praise.

Those other artists of the screen are Charles Chaplin, with his eternal sorrow behind his mask of foolery; Griffith, who thinks ahead of his time, and (as I have said) Lillian Gish, who mirrors his thoughts as a pool does a cloud.

There are others, of course, who give the world worthy things and they balance the fluffy inconsequent flapper, and posing seal-haired "actor." Among the former are Mary Alden, Pauline Starke, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, Alice Joyce, Pauline Frederick, Naomi Childers, John Barrymore, Bert Lytell (if only for "The Right of Way"), Dore Davidson, James Kirkwood, etc. I do not place one of these names in priority over another, but merely as they come to mind. Pauline Frederick's retirement from the screen is a real tragedy. But what is one man's loss is another man's gain, I guess.

Screen players popular in Melbourne are Charlie Chaplin, Norma and Constance Talmadge—altho her latter work is not up to the promise of "Sauce for the Goose" and "Up the Road with Sally"—Mae Murray, Bert Lytell, Alice Lake and most of the Paramount people. Harold Lloyd enjoys a wide following, and deserves it—Charles Ray has gone down muchly, and his last feature shown at the Paramount—"Gas, Oil and Water"—was advertised without his name at all. Priscilla Dean is another who will draw the crowd. Melbourne people have their favorites, but most of them go because it is "Movies" they are witnessing—whether their favorites are on or not.

Without taking up any more of your time, believe me to be a sincere admirer of your publication for many years,

Yours very truly,
(*Signed*) HERBERT H. DUKE,
16 Ivy Street,
Prahan, Melbourne, Australia.

Again it is impressed upon us that censorship can only be a matter of opinion. How long then will it go unjustly on?

DEAR EDITOR: There seems to be so much trouble in Ohio in regard to censorship that I sometimes wonder what it is all about. There are so many pictures and scenes in pictures that really ought to be eliminated and which the censors seem to take no notice of whatever. I am referring particularly to scenes which appear in so many motion pictures today, of the heroine being attacked. I do not know of anything that is so repulsive in a picture as a scene of this nature. The censors have their

DIAMONDS WATCHES CASH OR CREDIT

Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED

Our Diamonds are distinctive in fiery brilliancy, blue white, perfect cut. Sent prepaid for your **Free Examination, on Charge Account.**

"SYLVIA" Diamond Ring

Blue white, radiant, perfect cut Diamond. The ring is 18-k Solid White Gold, carved and pierced. Extra special at $100. Credit terms: **$2.50 A WEEK**

Others at $75, $150, $200 up.

PRICES ARE DOWN

Our **IMMENSE BUYING POWER** for our Chain of Stores in leading cities and our large Mail Order House enables us to make lower prices than small concerns. **We invite comparisons.** You will be convinced that you can do better with **LOFTIS.** Money back if not satisfied.

Wedding Ring

All Platinum $25. Solid Gold Wedding Rings $5 up.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

There are over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc., at **Reduced Prices.** Catalog explains everything. **LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED**

Wrist Watch **$1.00 A WEEK**

Every woman wants a Wrist Watch. Every high school girl should have one. Every wage-earning girl needs one. You can open a charge account with **LOFTIS** and pay a little each week. Any price you wish.

Watch and Bracelet Clasp are 18-K Solid White Gold. 17 Jewel movement, guaranteed, Special at $40. Other fancy shapes--Octagon, Tonneau, Cushion as low as $30. **Easy Credit Terms.**

LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
DEPT. F-615
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

Lovely Eyes

The remarkable waterproof properties of DELICA-BROW were strikingly demonstrated by Miss DuPont in the filming of "Foolish Wives," Universal's Million Dollar Picture. Because this wonderful liquid eye-lash and brow dressing is rainproof, tearproof and perspiration proof it cannot run or smear and the fascinating beauty of Miss Du Pont's eyes, with their perfectly arched brows and glorious lashes was preserved unimpaired through the drenching rain.

Send Now for Sample of

Delica-Brow Liquid

Eye-Lash and Brow Dressing

Send direct to Delica Laboratories, Inc., 3933 Broadway, Chicago, only 25c, for a generous sample (2 weeks supply) of this indispensable aid to beauty, including bone handle brush. Specify black or brown. Large package $1, postpaid, or at all leading drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Money back if not delighted. Be sure to get the genuine DELICA-BROW—the original liquid preparation.

Delica Laboratories, Inc.
30 Church Street, New York — CHICAGO — 734 Cole Street, San Francisco

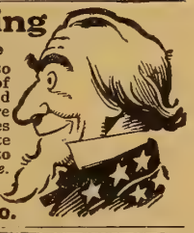
WRITE FOR THE MOVIES

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material. Submit ideas in any form at once for our immediate examination. Or write for FREE PHOTOPLAY BOOKLET and details of our service to Authors.

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS
Suite 602 N Bristol Building, New York

Learn Cartooning

At Home—In Your Spare Time



from the school that has trained so many of the successful cartoonists of today earning from $50 to $200 and more per week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes **original** drawing easy to learn. Write for full information and chart to **test your ability.** *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

SPARE TIME WORK AT HOME

Big prices paid for parchment shades. The every increasing demand for these shades will enable you to earn from 25 to 50 dollars weekly. We teach you. Every step is clear and simple. No previous training or artistic ability needed. You receive our co-operation on all work we supply you. Send for full particulars free. **UNITED SHADE CO.**
Sturgeon Bldg., Dept. L, Toronto, Canada

shears ready for little things like shooting, gambling and other scenes that do not stir the mind so much, while some of the sickening scenes that arouse anything but good thoughts in the minds of the young, are allowed in the pictures. This does not seem consistent in my mind.

About the worst picture of this nature that I ever witnessed was "At the Mercy of Men," with Alice Brady. She must have been pretty hard-up for a plot when she produced this picture. Anita Stewart, one of our most beautiful and talented actresses, when given the chance, also has played in some rather trashy pictures. In fact, about the only picture she has produced since she left Vitagraph, to amount to anything, was "Virtuous Wives," and this being her first picture for First National, it naturally led us to expect good things from her, but, alas! we have been greatly disappointed.

I should think there would be enough material of good, wholesome nature from which to write scenarios without having to resort to stories that are unclean. Wallace Reid has been playing in pictures for years and years and in all that time I do not recall an unclean picture in which he played. That is the reason for his continued popularity, and when this "Rodolph Valentino craze" has died down, men like Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Bryant Washburn and others will come out on the top.

I am no prude, but I am for clean movies and better stories on the screen. In the long run the only players who retain their popularity are those who play in entertaining, wholesome stories. Witness the decline in popularity of Alice Brady, Anita Stewart and ever so many others who think they can get away with any kind of a story. The day of the pretty, simpering star is gone. Today it's the play that counts. Otherwise, how account for the popularity of such a plain looking girl as Leatrice Joy. Here is a girl who has character and intelligence in her face and who is such a wonderful actress that she deserves every bit of popularity that comes her way. I thought her portrayal of the rich girl in "Saturday Night" was beyond criticism, and I am looking forward with great anticipation to her work in "Manslaughter." And, incidentally, I believe Cecil B. de Mille should be congratulated on securing the story for the screen. There is something to it, compared with the other namby-pamby (but entertaining, we must admit) pictures he has been producing. I am sure that his efforts in producing this picture will merit him more praise and honors than he has ever received from directing one of those unreal, elaborate, Gloria Swanson productions.

CLEVELAND FAN.

"$60 more a month!"

"Last night I came home with great news—a $60 increase in salary! I took the money out of my pocket and asked Mary to count it. You should have seen her face light up when she found the extra $60. I think she was even happier than I was, for it was the third increase in a year.

"To-day I am manager of my department—earning more money than I ever thought it would be possible for me to make. I owe it all to the training I received from the International Correspondence Schools. That little coupon was the means of changing my whole life."

How much longer are *you* going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start *now* than to wait for years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour each night spent with the I. C. S. in your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Don't let another priceless hour go to waste! Without cost or obligation, let us prove that we can help you. Mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6639, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Foreign Trade
☐ Business Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Business English
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Civil Service
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Business Spanish ☐ French	☐ Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Blue Print Reading
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Metallurgy	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio	☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Street Address..... 6-26-22

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Does your English Help or Hurt you?

Every time you speak or write you show just what you are. Mistakes in English reveal you as a person who lacks education and refinement. Lack of language power prevents you from presenting your thoughts in the strongest possible way. No matter what you do, real command of English will help you to your goal. Stop making mistakes in spelling, punctuation, pronunciation. Increase your vocabulary.

WONDERFUL INVENTION

Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's New Invention--and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT--makes it easier to do the RIGHT way. Wonderful self-correcting lessons include Expression, Spelling, Punctuation, Grammar, Reading and Conversation.

BOOK FREE Lack of language power may easily be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you. It costs nothing to find out. Mail a postal card or letter this very minute for free book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." It will prove a revelation to you. WRITE NOW. Address

Sherwin Cody School of English, 4011 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

CONN

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

The Conn Saxophone
"THE WORLD'S BEST"
So say the Great Artists

The first American saxophone was built by Conn. The best saxophones in the world are still built here—a fact attested by today's great artists, a few of whom are shown above.

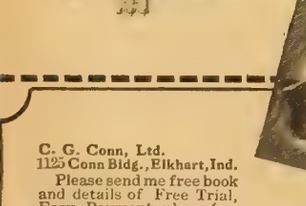
Play a Tune in One Hour. Exclusive features and improvements on the Conn give you quick mastery, without previous musical experience. Taper branches expanded to perfect proportions by hydraulic pressure, drawn tone-hole flanges, non-warping pads, patented tuning device, are some of Conn exclusive features. Beautiful tone, perfect intonation.

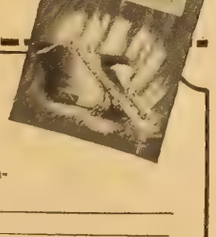
Conn trumpets are the choice of popular stars and symphony artists alike. Marvelously brilliant tone, perfect scale, easiest blowing trumpet ever made.

Send Coupon for Free Book and details of FREE TRIAL, EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
1125 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Conn New York Co., 233-5-7 W. 47th St.
Conn Seattle Co., 1609 Third Ave.
Conn Chicago Co., 62 E. Van Buren St.
Conn New Orleans Co., 317 Baronne St.
Conn Detroit Co., 2221 Woodward Ave.
Conn Portland Co., 129 Tenth St.
Conn Cleveland Co., 1220 Huron Road





C. G. Conn, Ltd.
1125 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
Please send me free book and details of Free Trial, Easy Payment plan (mention instrument)
Name _____
St. or Rural Route _____
City _____
State, Country _____
Instrument _____

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 115)

J. R. S.—You bet a little neglect may breed great mischief. Eileen Sedgwick is still with Universal. You sure do like serials. Yes, that was E. K. Lincoln in "The Price of Her Ambition." Yes, the Washburns' are thinking of making two-reel comedies on the style of the old Sydney Drew pictures. Why not try it?

TOM.—Acoustics is the science of sounds. Explained by Pythagoras, also by Aristotle, but never understood by me. It is rumored that Mme. Jeritza is going to do "Thais" on the screen. Wonder if Mary Garden will fuss the way Geraldine did? Madge Evans in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

MARGARET K. T.—Indeed I do remember you. That chocolate cake I shall never forget. Altho I would stand reminders now and then. Yes, I see Olga once in a while. She still loves her old Answer Man. Well I will have to confess that the man is a finished player, but that personally I did not care for the picture. Let me hear from you again.

COZETTE.—You sure have a brilliant mind. Going all the time, but nobody knows where. I wish I could print your letter; it is so clever. That's right, love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poorhouse. Who can tell?

Rodolph Valentino Lover; E. G.; Natalio G.; Anna J.; Bebe's Admirer; Jerome Mc.; Letty W.; Topsy; Mary Jane; Flavia; B. V. D.; V. S.; Mark; Mae L.; Jacob P.; Sweetie Le Franc; Clarice F.; Pearl A.; Anne D.; Dodo; The Inquisitive Girl Scout; June; Dwyer; Little Sister; Polly F.; Hulda B.; Valerie; Film Fan. Your questions have been answered elsewhere.

NICKABOBATOTATO.—And you too, old Nick, I'm glad to hear from you again. So you have fallen for Joseph Schildkraut too. You want an interview with him. How does he feel about it? You just write to me whenever you feel like it. I'm always here.

MARY B.—So you think I am a very newsy person. Thanks. Perhaps because I read the morning newspaper for the news, and the evening paper for the editorials. Send 25 cents for back numbers. There was a chat with Wallace Reid in the March 1921 CLASSIC.

BILLY G.—That's it, praise loudly; blame softly. They conquer who believe they can. But believe me, old thing, you've got to do more than believe or you dont get far with this conquering business. Thanks for telling me about all the players who were born in your town. That was a good likeness of yourself. William Duncan's "The Fighting Guide" was taken in the order in which the continuity was written. Viola Dana is playing in "Page Tim O'Brien."

MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM.—My life is like a scroll upon the beach—expect a washout any minute. You certainly write a clever letter. Everybody is taking exceptions to that remark about the Southern Gentleman shaking hands with a colored servant. Yes, Sessue Hayakawa is going to play on the stage. Write me again, wont you?

E. E. N.—Sure I like to receive telegrams, always makes me excited. The first line of American Telegraph was constructed between Washington and Baltimore in 1844. Will Rogers is playing in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The first time Will ever lost his head.

OLGA 17.—Hurrah, dont you know all

(*Continued on page* 126)

SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring. (Cat. price $5.26) for Half Price to introduce, $2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA2 Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(*Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds*)

Superfluous Hair

Can be permanently removed and

Destroyed by Electricity

But it can be done at your own home

BY YOURSELF

I have perfected a portable electric battery and full equipment, whereby any person can learn in ten minutes how to use the electric needle with ease and success. Full directions with each battery. You cannot fail. Even if you do, you can do yourself no harm. No danger whatever. My method is simplicity itself. You can remove hair from any part of the body, and when you once destroy the roots, the hair can never grow again. Electricity is a method known to science which

Permanently Destroys Hair Growth

A child, almost, can operate this battery without danger. It cannot possibly go wrong. A good operator can remove over 100 hairs an hour without leaving the tiniest scar or discoloration.

Price complete, with full directions for use, $20.00, prepaid.

EDWARD BRUESTEL
Jamaica - - - - New York

Beautiful Eyes need long, luxurious lashes. Cloy-Rose will positively grow them for you. Absolutely harmless. At dealers or by mail, $1.00. Cloy-Rose Toilet Preparations, 415 West 28th Street, New York.

CLOY-ROSE EYELASH CREAM

DIAMONDS

One Year to Pay

Prices Cut to the Limit

Genuine perfect cut diamonds. Prices cut to the limit. Must make room for our Fall stock. At ridiculously low prices we offer you real genuine diamonds. Pay on our special monthly payment plan to meet your pocketbook. You won't miss the money and you can wear the diamond while you pay for it. All correspondence strictly confidential. Nearly 25 years experience as diamond merchants. Send for our easy payment plan today.

A Month payments will buy this magnificent hand engraved "Lady Lorraine" ring. 14Kt Solid Gold. Large Steel blue white perfect cut Diamond. Was $100 Now $68.00 Pay Only $14 Down

Free Ask for our new De Luxe catalog which contains hundreds of unusual bargains in all kinds of diamonds, watches and jewelry.

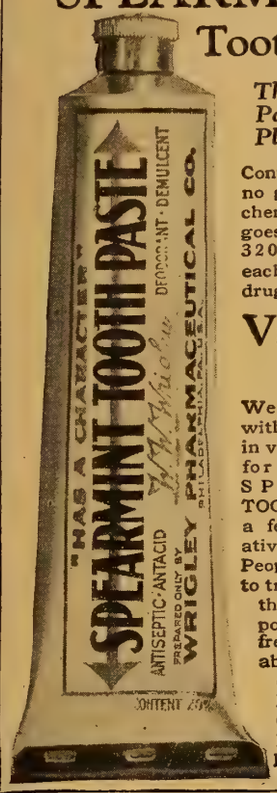
THE KLEIN-WAY—A YEAR TO PAY — WRITE TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG.

Use Your Credit
No Delay—No Red Tape

KLEIN & CO. 122 West Madison St. Dept. B2111, Chicago, Ill.
Nearly 1-4 century same location

We Love to Clean Our Teeth With

SPEARMINT
Tooth Paste



The Cleansing Paste with the Pleasant Taste

Contains absolutely no grit or harmful chemicals. A little goes a long way. 320 cleansings in each tube. Ask your druggist for it.

Valuable Gifts

We will present you with gifts ranging in value up to $25.00 for introducing SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE to a few of your relatives and friends. People always want to try it as soon as they see it. Mail postcard now for free copy of valuable gift book. Address Wrigley Pharmaceutical Co., 305 No. Randolph St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The New Corliss Palmer Preparations

The Best in Cosmetics is None Too Good

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows any article to leave the laboratory without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of making up and insists that by clever use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

We Guarantee Our Preparations to Be Harmless

We enclose directions written personally by Miss Palmer. You cannot go wrong if her words are heeded.

A Special Word Must Be Said of our Creams—
They Are Exquisite and Without Equal

CORLISS PALMER FACE POWDER.....$1.00
CORLISS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM —A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all-day make-up, there is nothing like it..... .50
CORLISS PALMER FACE ROUGE..... .50
CORLISS PALMER LIP ROUGE..... .50
THE FOUR, attractively boxed in set..... 2.50
CORLISS PALMER VANISHING CREAM —A light, dry cream of purity, to be used in the morning, or at any time, to freshen the skin and make a foundation for the face powder .75
CORLISS PALMER CLEANSING OR NIGHT CREAM—A heavier cream, to cleanse the face at night and to soften and beautify the skin ..... .75
CORLISS PALMER LEMON CREAM—An exquisite cream of even texture, purity and loveliness. For general use on the face and body .75
THE THREE, attractively boxed in set..... 2.25
CORLISS PALMER BEAUTIFIER—A lotion of the finest quality, for those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute corrector of an oily complexion, a bleacher, an astringent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles..... .60

Impressions Are Lasting—Look Your Best at All Times

We will mail, postpaid any of the above preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash, or money order. (In mailing coins, wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

RICHARDWALLACE - - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures in New York City

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway.
Alpha Pictures, Inc., 126 West 46th St.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Astra Film Corp., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio.)
Authors' Film Co., Times Building.

Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St.
Blackton, J. Stuart, 25 West 45th St.
Bray Studio, 23 East 26th St.
Bulls Eye Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.

Callahan, Andrew J., 25 West 43d St.
Character Pictures, 17 West 42d St.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmofoto Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Cosmopolitan Prod., 2278 Second Ave.
Crest Pictures Corp., Times Building.

Edison, Thomas A., Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave. (Studio.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Exclusive Pictures, 126 West 46th St.
Export and Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.

Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave. Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Film Market, Inc., 403 Times Building.
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Foursquare Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Fox Film Co., Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Frohman Amusement Corp., Times Bldg.

Gaumont Co., College Point, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 509 Fifth Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway. Studio, Orienta Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Hemmer Superior Prod., 137 West 48th Street.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 527 Fifth Ave.

International Studios, 2278 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 West 46th St.

Jans, Herman, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 West 42d St.

Kalem Co., 1482 Broadway.
Kane, Arthur S., 25 West 43d St.
Keeney, Frank A., 1493 Broadway.
Kleine, George, 729 Seventh Ave.

Macauley Photoplays, 516 Fifth Ave.
Mayflower Prod., 1476 Broadway.
Metro Pictures, 1476 Broadway. Studio, 3 West 61st St.
Moss, B. S., 1441 Broadway.

Outing Chester, Pictures, 120 West 40th Street.

Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th St.
Physical Culture Photoplays, Inc., 113 West 40th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Pioneer Feature Film Corp., 126 West 46th St.
Prizma, Inc., 21 West 23d St.

Raver, Harry, 1402 Broadway.
Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Ave.
Robertson-Cole Co., 1600 Broadway.

S. L. Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
Seitz, Geo. B., 1990 Park Ave., New York.
Select Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave. Studio, West Fort Lee, N. J.
Stewart, Anita, Prod., Inc., 6 West 48th Street.
State Right Distributors, Inc., 1600 Broadway.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 111 West 42d St.

Talmadge Films Co., 318 East 48th St.
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway.
Tyrad Pictures, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway.

Vitagraph Co., 469 Fifth Ave. Studio, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Warner Brothers, 220 West 42d St.
Wilk, Jacov, 1476 Broadway.
Williamson Bros., Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Young, Clara Kimball, 33 West 42d St.

Your voice is your most vital point of contact.

Make your voice an Asset!

Have you ever stopped to consider what folks think of your voice—what effect the voice has in business, in social affairs, in your daily routine of life? Your voice can easily be a most valuable asset if you are a salesman, an executive or if you aspire to be *more* than you are right now.

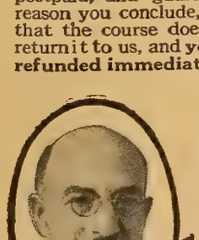
Break Down Resistance!

The executives of your firm, the men to whom you must sell yourself, the buyers to whom you must sell your firm's product, the men whose friendship you want, the girl, perhaps—all these people can make or mar your future. And they judge you in a large measure by your voice. The speaking voice is your most vital point of contact with others—does it impress, charm, and interest those you meet? Or, does it grate upon them—cause them to shun you—hinder your chances of business success and social popularity?

Haberstro's Complete Course in Voice Culture 15 Lessons—Now $5

Haberstro, the World-Famous Voice-Culturist, has put his marvelous system into a handy and inexpensive form which is now offered to millions of people, where before only a favored few could avail themselves of his instruction, at great cost of time and money.

Through great economy in publishing, we are able for the first time to offer you the complete Haberstro course on The Speaking Voice for the small cost of $5, postpaid, and guaranteed. If for any reason you conclude, after 5 days' trial, that the course does not benefit you, return it to us, and **your money will be refunded immediately.**



To bring the price of the course down to $5, we have cut printing cost, and guarantee satisfaction or money back. We fully protect you by this guarantee.

Send the Coupon Now. Fill out the coupon below—pin $5 to it—mail it at once. Make today a turning point toward success. *Do it now!*

Personal Culture Society, Inc.
Voice Dept. M.P.-1
6 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago

Personal Culture Society, Inc.
6 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

For the attached $5 send me Haberstro's Complete System, "The Voice in Speech," under your advertised guarantee.

Name .....

Address.....

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest — For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—$60 to $200 a Week; Free Samples; Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 F. No. Clark St., Chicago.

TAILORING AGENTS. Greatest One-Price Line. All-Wool Suits at $29.75. You get your profit the minute you take the order. Big Swatch Line in fine carrying case. Salesmen make $100.00 a week. Can use a few more good men. Write fully, state experience, give us good references and we will ship outfit at once. Dept. 378, Park Tailoring Company, Chicago, Ill.

Risk a Postal and learn how to start profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating, complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. 187, 309 Fifth Ave., New York City.

COMPLETE SELLING OUTFIT FREE

Take orders for Goodyear Guaranteed Raincoats from pocket size Style Book. Better goods. Lower prices. Big saving—by selling direct makes sales easy. No experience needed. Quality, Price and Styles get the orders. WRITE QUICK.

GOODYEAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1509C Goodyear Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

Wide-Awake Man To Take Charge of our local trade; $6 to $8 a day steady; no experience required; pay starts at once; write today. American Products Co., 7893 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

FARM-LANDS

GOOD FARM LANDS! 20, 40, 80 acre tracts near hustling city in Lower Mich. $10 to $50 down; bal. on long time. Write today for FREE booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., A-1263 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lots, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40 to $75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

HELP WANTED—MALE

BE A DETECTIVE—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

All Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$190, traveling or stationary. Write, Mr. Ozment, 294 St. Louis, immediately.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

$2,500 for One Dollar—Mr. Manning of Albany, N. Y., received this amount from us for one silver dollar. You may not have this dollar, but we buy all other rare coins and pay high cash premiums. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It will pay you to be posted. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 18, Fort Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 240 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

Photoplays Wanted for California Producers—Also want magazine stories, etc., for publication. To beginners, plot chart and details FREE. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

Successful Photoplays Bring Big Money. Send for our free book, "Successful Photoplays," which gives full instructions on photoplay writing. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Ia.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

Short Stories, Poems, Articles, Newspaper Stories, Novels, sold, criticized, revised. We have successfully handled thousands of manuscripts. Advance Pub. Co., P.O. Box, 496 San Francisco.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED TO BUY

Cash for Old Gold, Platinum, Silver, Diamonds, Liberty Bonds, War, Thrift, Unused Postage Stamps, False Teeth, Magneto Points, Jobs. Any valuables. Mail in today. Cash sent, return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied. Ohio Smelting Co., 313 Hippodrome Bldg., Cleveland, O.

WHY DONT YOU BUY
CLASSIC
The picture book de luxe of the movie world

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 124)

your old friends are asking me about you. Where have you been? You say your husband is the "elephant's earrings," and that I am the "lizard's leggings." While Richard Barthelmess is the "kangaroo's adenoids." Well I must say Olga, you are the camel's coiffure. Send me another *billet doux* soon.

Cotton; Mack; La Lah; The Pensy Social Club; Ione M; Hope; Mae; Alice; Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes; I. T.; Jean T.; Anxious; L. M. C.; Elmo Lincoln Fan; Wilma W.; Gimples; Erma H.; Tess; Ne. L.; Madeline B.; Frances; Sadie H.; Bertha G.; Viola Dana Admirer; Future Star; Hazel A.; Cecil A.; Brown Eyes; Kathleen; Anxious; X. X. X. Kid; Wray; Birdie; T. C. S. and Jr. Too bad to put you in the alsorans, but it couldn't be helped.

LITTLE NELL.—*Je n'oublierai jamais* you. No, that was Mae Murray and not Gloria Swanson in "Peacock Alley." Some people seem to think that Gloria is stealing Mae's stuff. But so far as I can see, Gloria doesn't need to steal anything. Ramon Samanyagos, whose first screen appearance was in "The Prisoner of Zenda" has changed his name to Ramon Navarre. He is playing in "Black Orchids."

MARY E.—Yes, Pearl White is playing for Pathe now. Has a French accent and everything.

YORKSHIRE.—You say some people are about as capable as a goldfish of differentiating between right and wrong. Well we all know the right thing, but most of us do the wrong thing. You think I am a jolly old man, why not? House Peters is playing in "Rich Men's Wives." I am glad this department interests you. It rather appeals to me, in spots.

PEARLIE.—But the world more often rewards the appearance of merit than it does merit itself. Now my appearance is against me. Yes, Jean Acker played for Lubin some eight years ago, and she was fairly popular then. Bessie Love is playing in "Deserted at the Altar."

ROYAL ALEXANDER.—You say a dog is wiser than a woman, he does not bark at his master. You have probably had experience with both. I like dogs too. You say you liked Lillian Rich in "The Millionaire." Why Conrad Nagel and June Elvidge are playing in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew" with Gloria Swanson.

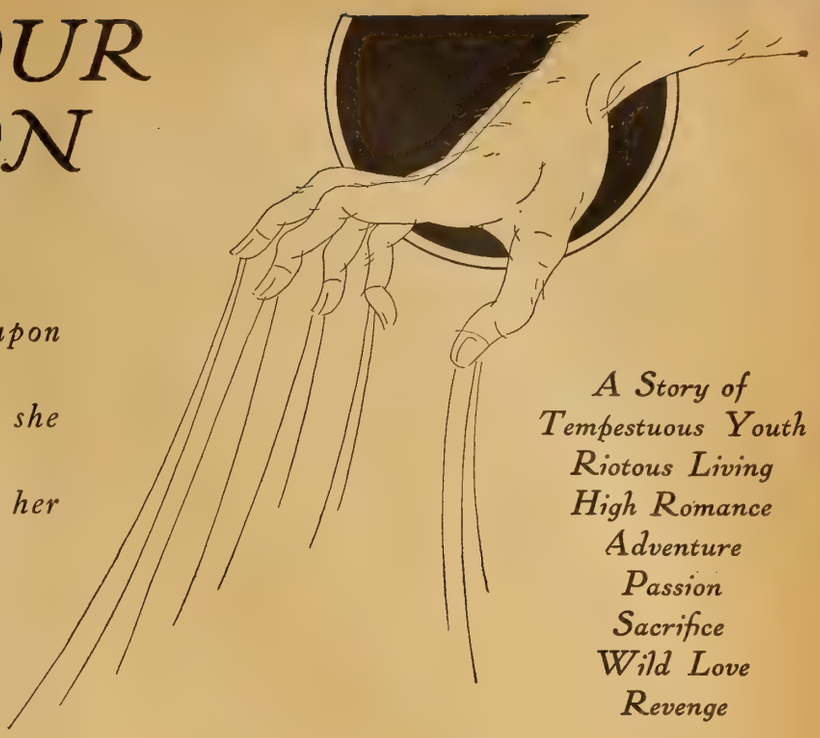
BLONDY, DALLAS.—Thanks for the postal. Address Theda Bara in care of Selznick, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

CARMAN G.—You're right, marriage puts everyone in his place. And it's very seldom the right place. Here are a few of the married players: Charles Bryant married to Nazimova, Irving Cummings married to Ruth Sinclair, Carter DeHaven to Flora Parker, William Desmond to Mary McIvor, and Harrison Ford divorced from Beatrice Prentice. You're very welcome, come in again.

Y. Z.—Art for arts sake. Pottery is the oldest, longest and most widely diffused of human arts. Ruth Clifford is playing in "The Dangerous Age."

POLLY ANNA.—So you want to get rich quick. Nothing doing. You know that unjustly-got wealth is like snow sprinkled with hot water. But you have the fun of seeing it melt. Yes, I liked Creighton Hale in "Orphans of the Storm." Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter." Write me again.

WHAT IS YOUR REPUTATION WORTH?



A Story of
Tempestuous Youth
Riotous Living
High Romance
Adventure
Passion
Sacrifice
Wild Love
Revenge

MARY LEONARD had to put a price upon hers if she would save her sister.

She had to value it in different terms if she would hold the love of the One Man.

She had to re-value it if she would keep her self-respect.

WHAT DID SHE DO?

We give you the first episode in the sensational screen career of Mary Leonard, her sister Lissa, and the man Dermott Trent, in the DECEMBER *number of the* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, *when begins* Dorothy Calhoun's *astounding and absorbing serial:*

"THEY WHO FEAST IN BABYLON"

It deals with the gay, reckless, lovable motion-picture set of romantic Hollywood.

Its heroines are twin sisters—one gentle and charming, the other arrogant but captivating.

Its hero is a screen idol—handsome, imperious, clever.

Its author knows the motion picture colony as no other writer does, and tells her story with frankness and dramatic intensity.

IT IS A SUPER-SERIAL

It Is A Story You Cannot Forget

Beginning in the
DECEMBER
MOTION PICTURE
MAGAZINE

Judge for yourself what it can mean to the complexion

ARE you really confident that your complexion is all that you would like to have it? Are you entirely satisfied that your skin is as clear and as radiant as it should be—that it bears no trace of sallowness, no hint of coarseness?

You *can* be. Begin today the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Judge for yourself what this unusual beauty cream can do to promote for you new loveliness of complexion.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream—more than a cleanser.

After a few days you will discover that Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up" the skin—*revitalize* the sluggish tissues. Applied regularly, it will heal and nourish the skin cells, soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. Use it faithfully and you will be delighted with the new beauty, the new charm that will begin to appear in your complexion.

How to use it

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream, read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain the charm of a fresh, clear, radiant complexion. It will be such a satisfaction.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
21 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario.
British residents address Sangers, 42A Hampstead Rd., London, N. W. 1.
Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 383 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington.
Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.

Posed by Constance Talmadge, attractive star of the Constance Talmadge Film Company producing First National motion pictures. Miss Talmadge is one of many charming women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Ingram's Rouge

Ingram's Rouge is a safe, trustworthy preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color—the coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. It is prepared in a solid cake, alluringly perfumed. Now supplied in a thin, handsome, purse-size metal vanity-box, with mirror and eiderdown pad. Furnished in four perfect shades—Light, Medium Rose, Medium Natural and Dark—to sell at 50c.

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty purse—An attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

When you select your Compact

Think how many times a day people see your face powder Compact! A beautiful box is an evidence to your friends of your good taste.

This new large Colgate Compact is a thing of beauty — exquisite enough to be the product of an exclusive jeweler. Its polished gold-colored case is almost as thin as a watch. The cover is bordered with a delicate Greek design, and your monogram or initials in the center give a personal touch and added distinction. The box will outlast many refills.

The powder comes in three shades —white, flesh and rachel.

A refill with a new puff can be purchased for considerably less than the complete Compact.

These four monogram styles have been designed by a well-known New York jeweler, after careful study of the box, as being particularly appropriate for this new and distinctive Colgate Compact.

Your box can be engraved by your jeweler at small cost.

For sale at your favorite toilet goods counter.

COLGATE & CO.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK

"A Skin You Love to Touch"
By WALTER BIGGS

You, too, *can have the charm of "A skin you love to touch"*

YOU too can have a soft, clear, radiant complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This is your opportunity!

If your skin lacks the charm and softness it should have, begin now to overcome this condition. Find the treatment suited to the special needs of your skin in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Begin using this treatment tonight.

In a week or ten days you will be surprised to find how much your skin has improved — how much clearer and lovelier it has become.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1311 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1311 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Copyright, 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Brett Litho. Co., N.

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE.

FIRST FINEST
AND FOREMOST

DECEMBER
MAGAZINE
25 CTS

BEGINNING IN THIS NUMBER THE ABSORBING SERIAL

FEASTERS IN BABYLON

When you haven't met for a long time, both naturally wonder what changes Time has wrought. Keep that schoolgirl complexion and he will say the years have left you unchanged.

Still—That Schoolgirl Complexion

Cosmetics of Cleopatra

Whatever unguents, rouge and powder the queen of beauty used, cleansing with palm and olive oils was a daily rite.

When must beauty cease? Never if you know how to keep it. The charm of beautiful maturity may rival that of early youth if wholesome, ever alluring freshness is not allowed to fade.

A firm, fine skin, smooth and free from blemishes, makes every woman seem young. Every woman can have such a complexion —the secret is simple, the means within the reach of all.

Cleopatra kept her youth

She reached the height of her fame and beauty when some women imagine they must fade and grow old, keeping her youthful charms and freshness by the same simple means which we recommend today.

Cosmetic cleanliness was a daily rite, and the cleansers employed were palm and olive oils. This kept her complexion fresh and smooth, stimulated to healthful functioning.

Most facial disfigurements result from clogging accumulations which collect on the skin, fill up the pores and cause coarseness, blackheads and blotches.

Wash your face every day and these ills won't afflict you.

Use gentle means

The kind of washing we mean is gentle, soothing, cleansing with the modern blend of palm and olive oils.

Its action is mild and the profuse creamy lather seems lotion-like. It leaves the skin wonderfully smooth and fresh while removing every trace of soil.

Such cleansing is most beneficial and prepares the skin for cold cream if you need it and the touch of rouge and powder most women use.

Neck, arms and shoulders should receive the same beautifying treatment, for they are as conspicuous as the face for complexion beauty or the lack of it. Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face. The price allows it.

Yours for 10 cents

This modest sum is possible through gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and the importation of the bland, mild oils in tremendous volume.

Thus this finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25c, is offered at the price of ordinary soap.

Palm and Olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also Makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Co. (1610)

Suppose This Happened on YOUR Wedding Day!

Everything is ready for the ceremony. All the guests are assembled. Even the clergyman has arrived. You are taking your last hasty glance in the mirror—when a messenger arrives with a gift. It is an elaborate gift, one of the finest you have received. And it is from some one you have not invited!

What would you do? Would you immediately send a telegram of thanks? Would you write a personal letter offering an apology or an excuse? Would you just send an ordinary card of thanks a few days after the wedding? Would you ignore the incident completely?

And Then After the Ceremony—

How would you acknowledge the congratulations of the guests? Do you know just how to arrange the reception, and the wedding breakfast? And the cards of thanks, the "at home" cards, the announcements—do you know how to word them and when to mail them?

The wedding day is the happiest day of any man's, any woman's life. But one little blunder, one little unexpected mistake—and that happiest day becomes one so humiliating and miserable that it brings a blush of shame to the cheek whenever one thinks of it.

Perhaps you do not realize how many important little things enter into the planning and preparing of wedding receptions, wedding ceremonies. There are so many opportunities for mistakes, so many chances to do the wrong thing. One must know absolutely, before venturing upon so important an affair as a wedding, just what is right to do and say and wear.

Were These Embarrassing Moments Ever Yours?

Did you ever overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen? If you did, you know what an embarrassing moment it was. Did you know what to do, what to say? Should you have overlooked it? Should you have excused yourself to the hostess? Should you have made an apology to all the company? If you knew the right thing to do and say there would have been no embarrassment, no confusion.

And suppose your engagement were suddenly broken. Would you return the engagement ring? Would you send back any letters? Would you announce the broken engagement to your friends and relatives? If a wedding date has been set and invitations issued, how would you recall them? How would you explain the broken engagement to those who had been invited?

Every day certain unexpected conditions arise, certain awkward and difficult circumstances present themselves. To be able to meet them calmly, without being embarrassed or confused, is to win the admiration and respect of all those with whom you come in contact.

How Do You Introduce People?

If a friend visited you, how would you introduce her to your parents? Would you say, *"Mother, I'd like you to meet Miss Smith,"* or *"Miss Smith, I'd like you to meet my mother"?*

If an elderly uncle were present would you say, *"Mr. Jones, allow me to present Miss Smith,"* or *"Miss Smith, allow me to present Mr. Jones"?* And when Bobby comes running in, would you say, *"Bobby, this is Miss Smith,"* or *"Miss Smith, this is Bobby"?*

Now let us pretend that *you* are the one being introduced. Do you know the correct way to acknowledge the introduction? Would you remain seated upon being presented to a gentleman, or would you rise? Would you offer your hand in greeting? Would you use any of these terms, "Pleased to meet you," "How do you do," "Glad to know you"?

Mistakes Made At the Dance

Very often you make mistakes in the ballroom that condemn you as a boor, a person of no culture and breeding. They may be mistakes that you are not conscious of, mistakes that you do not realize you are making—but every cultured man and woman in that ballroom perceives them, and labels you immediately as uncouth, ordinary.

Let us see what *you* know about the etiquette of ballrooms.

Do you know how to ask a lady to dance, and how to take leave of her when the music ceases? Do you know the right dancing positions?

The ballroom is an ideal place to impress by one's culture and delicacy. It is here that the woman is judged as charming or awkward, and the gentleman is judged as well-groomed or hopelessly uncultured.

The Book of Etiquette in Two-volumes

We all know that it is the first impression that counts. The people who meet us and see us every day judge us by our outward appearance, our actions, our manners. They do not wait until they know us before they judge whether we are fine or coarse, cultured or common-place. They judge by their first impressions of us—and first impressions are always lasting.

Then if you want to enter the world of good society, if you want to enjoy the company of brilliant men and women, you must make these first impressions perfect. You must be able to do and say and wear at all times, under all conditions, the thing that is absolutely correct. You must know how to enter a room and how to leave it. You must know how to offer a seat, and how to accept it. You must know how to make introductions and how to acknowledge them. You must know how to meet the perplexing and embarrassing circumstances with quiet dignity, and poise instead of becoming flustered and confused.

If you can do these things, if you know the rules of correct conduct—of etiquette—the world will recognize you as a lady, a gentleman, and treat you accordingly.

And that's just what the famous Book of Etiquette does—teaches you the right thing to do and say and wear on all occasions, at all times! It solves the problems that have been puzzling you, correct mistakes, dispels doubt, makes you perfect in the art of etiquette. By knowing and understanding its wealth of valuable information, it brings you dignity, poise, refinement—it prepares you to meet the highest society and command respect wherever you happen to be.

Even the messenger boy saw that she was humiliated, embarrassed, undecided

SENT FREE For 5 Days

Do you know dinner etiquette so well that you can dine with the most cultured people without feeling embarrassed? Do you know the right thing to wear to dances, parties, balls, weddings?

You will find invaluable aid in the splendid two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. You will want to keep it handy where you can refer to it again and again. Let us prove it. Let us send you both volumes absolutely free to read, examine and test.

Just the coupon will do. Fill it in with your name and address and send it to us NOW, at once. No money—just the coupon. The complete Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Keep the books for 5 days at our expense. Read a page here and there. Glance at the illustrations. Notice the table of contents. After 5 days you may send us $3.50 in full payment or return the books, as you please. There is no obligation. You pay for the books only if you are absolutely delighted with them.

But mail the coupon today. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity of examining for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette. Clip the coupon and mail it NOW. **NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. 7812, Oyster Bay, New York.**

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. 7812, Oyster Bay, New York.

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the **Beautiful Full Leather Binding** at five dollars with 5 days' examination privilege.

Orders outside of the U. S. are payable $3.50 cash with order

PARAMOUNT'S 1922 PROMISE *was performed!*

LAST July Paramount announced 41 new pictures to be released from then till January, 1923.

Last July Paramount promised that these would be "the greatest shows of the greatest season in the history of entertainment."

Starting with the very first new season picture, Paramount's promise was performed.

Think of "Blood and Sand," "The Old Homestead," "Manslaughter," "To Have and To Hold"—all Paramount Pictures.

Space is too limited to remind you of them all, but a few are listed here in the illustration.

Perhaps you missed seeing some of them?

If so, take this page to your favorite theatre and ask to have them booked.

By every test of enthusiastic audiences, of popular acclaim, of box office figures and of critics' appreciation, Paramount's famous forty-one are the lions of the season!

Looking backward to 1922 and looking forward to 1923, the bright beacon of Paramount's fame shines ever brighter, till, in more than eleven thousand theatres, the words ring truer than ever that—

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

RODOLPH VALENTINO in "Blood and Sand"
A FRED NIBLO PRODUCTION
From the novel by VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ and the play by Tom Cushing · Adaptation by June Mathis
"The OLD HOMESTEAD" with Theodore Roberts
Adapted from Denman Thompson's Play by Perley Poore Sheehan & Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson
A James Cruze Production
Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon
Directed by Alfred Green
A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
by Mary Johnston
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell supported by Theodore Kosloff
SCENARIO by OUIDA BERGERE
WALLACE REID in "The Dictator"
by Richard Harding Davis
Supported by Lila Lee
A JAMES CRUZE Production
A WILLIAM deMILLE PRODUCTION
"Nice People"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye.
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Screen Play by CLARA BERANGER
A WILLIAM deMILLE PRODUCTION
"Clarence" by Booth Tarkington
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy · screenplay by CLARA BERANGER
CECIL B. DeMILLE'S "Manslaughter" with THOMAS MEIGHAN
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller · Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
Gloria Swanson in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION
by David Lisle
Adaptation by Percy Heath

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

NOV 10 1922
©CLB551246

Motion Picture Magazine

The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

DECEMBER

THE CONTENTS

Dorothy Phillips, Cover Design ..... *Florhi*
Painted from a photograph by Freulich

FEATURE ARTICLES

PAGE

Mary Pickford's Problem ..... *Harry Carr* 21
The Romance of the Art-Title ..... *Frederick Van Vranken* 37
The Old Home Town ..... *Helen Carlisle* 51
Illustrated by Eldon Kelly.
What's Wrong With Women ..... *Gladys Hall* 53
Daniel Carson Goodman discusses the subject.

FICTION

Feasters in Babylon ..... *Dorothy Calhoun* 28
The first instalment of the great serial, with illustrations by August Henkel.
Second Fiddle ..... *Janet Reid* 45
The Old Homestead ..... *Peter Andrews* 65

PICTURES

Gallery of Players 11
Gravure camera studies of Mae Busch, Glenn Hunter, Mary Carr, Owen Moore, Blanche Sweet, Ethel Clayton, Pauline Stark, Charles Bryant and Mabel Normand.
When Evening Brings Rest 20
The Dance of the Moth 23
The Eternal Flame ..... *Mabel Livingstone* 26
Leatrice Joy Entertains 27
A story told in pictures——
Home Again 33
Camera studies of Kathlyn Williams in her Hollywood home.
The Career of Colleen 36
Scenes showing Colleen Moore in "Broken Chains."
Lucky Dogs! 42
Agnes Ayres 50
A Pocket-Edition Heroine 56
Baby Peggy goes in for shadowed fairy-tales.
A State Affair 58
A few previews of the Kate Douglas Wiggin photoplay, "Timothy's Quest."
The Mother of Betty 76
And a Safe Return 80

INTERVIEWS

Let It Be of Dogs! ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 24
Elliott Dexter is interviewed.
A Flapper With Philosophy ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 34
Dorothy Gish embodies the paradoxical.
A Woman of the World ..... *Gladys Hall* 40
Miriam Battista fits that description.
Let George Do It ..... *Malcolm Oettinger* 54
George Fawcett expresses a great desire to direct pictures.
Soul of Thespis ..... *Truman B. Handy* 72
In other words—Ethel Grey Terry.

DEPARTMENTS

A Page of Fair Women 44
The December Honor Roll of the American Beauty Contest.
That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 57
Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 59
Comment on Other Productions 60
Letters to the Editor 64
Stills Between Shots ..... *Ruth Overton* 70
On the Camera Coast ..... *Harry Carr* 74
The Juvenile Critic ..... *Dorothy Whitehill* 78

Copyright, 1922, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., (A NEW YORK CORPORATION) AT JAMAICA, N.Y.
Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, Brewster Buildings, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada and foreign countries $3.50 a year. Single copies 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief — Guy L. Harrington, Vice-President and Business Manager
E. M. Heinemann, Secretary, and L. G. Conlon, Treasurer
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Managing Editor
Harry Carr, Pacific Coast Representative — A. M. Hopfmuller, Art Director — Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Director of Advertising

Also publishers of the CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month; SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third and BEAUTY, out on the eighth

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Five Fair Faces

from the thousands that hope to be reflected in the American Beauty Mirror

Do You Wish Your Face Reflected There?

IMPORTANT

Brewster Publications herewith announces the **closing date** of the American Beauty Contest—**December 15, 1922.** Any photographs received bearing a postmark of a later date will be disregarded.

You still have time to become an entrant. Read the simple rules and consider the splendid rewards that may come to you.

We are *not* looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

THE REWARDS

To the woman who our illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera, the theaters, our wonderful library, the famous "East Side," great museums, the celebrated Greenwich Village, all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world—Fifth Avenue—and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars ($1,000)

REMEMBER

The judges of our Beauty Contest are well-known artists, writers and editors.

All photographs of entrants will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine,* from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan* Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust; full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE CLASSIC SHADOWLAND *and* BEAUTY

There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

8. The most beautiful pictures received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation (optional).....

Would You Give $1.97 —to Lose 30 Pounds in 30 Days?

Mrs. Denneny before she used the new method. Weight, 240 pounds.

Mrs. Denneny after she used the new method. Weight now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

That is all it will cost you. And you lose your excess flesh through a wonderful new discovery which does not require any starving, exercise, massage, drugs or bitter self-denials or discomforts. Sent on 10 DAYS' TRIAL to PROVE that you can lose a pound a day.

Loses 74 Pounds— Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) *Mrs. Mary J. Denneny, 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.*

John Griswold before using new discovery. Weight, 266 pounds.

John Griswold after using new discovery. Weight, 162 pounds.

Loses 104 Pounds Reduces Waist Line 17 Inches

"When I sent for your method I weighed 266 pounds. I reduced at the rate of about 5 pounds a week until I reached 162 pounds. I reduced my waist line 17 inches. Today I am in good health and am now free from all avoirdupois ailments. I find that all one needs is your course in order to become the person of his dreams."

(Signed) *John Griswold, Anthony, Kan.*

Reaches Normal Weight in 30 Days

"For three years I had weighed 168 pounds. I went to a gymnasium and [illegible] for a [illegible] reduce weight. At the end [illegible] month I had [illegible] pounds. Then I [illegible] and sent [illegible] your method. [illegible] lucky [illegible] I found your [illegible] easy and [illegible] your menus delightful. I lost 25 pounds in 30 days—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited, and I have got rid of my former sick headaches since using your method."

E. A. Kettel, prominent in Newspaper circles, who [illegible] 8 pounds in 30 days.

(Signed) *E. A. Kettel, 225 E. 39th St., New York City.*

"I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (his normal weight) in just two weeks (22 pounds lost in 14 days). Before I started I was flabby and sick, had headaches all the time. I feel wonderful now."

Thus writes Mr. Ben Naddle, a New York business man, located at 102 Fulton Street. His experience is similar to that of many others who have used this new, easy and pleasant way to reduce excess flesh. Miss Kathleen Mullane, stage beauty and famous artist's model, whom a well-known artist called "a most perfect example of American womanhood," writes:

"In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds —just what I wanted to—through your remarkable new way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Mr. Clyde Tapp of Poole, Kentucky, who lost 60 pounds by this method in a remarkably short time, writes:

"Thousands of dollars would not represent the value of the knowledge I have gained as to this healthful, pleasant way of losing weight."

And now you have this same opportunity to lose every ounce of your excess flesh and gain a wonderful increase in health; at a cost of only $1.97.

Reduce as Fast or as Slowly as You Wish

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Taking off excess weight by this new method is the easiest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figures and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable!

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

10-Days' Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into a course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on 10 days' trial to any one sending in the coupon.

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need do is to mail the coupon—or write a letter or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penny and the course will be sent you at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only $1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is $3.50, but $1.97 is all you have to pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

See how our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Complete Cost for All Only $1.97 Plus Few Cents Postage

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW. Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-2812, 47 West 16th St., New York City.

If you prefer, you may copy wording of coupon in a letter or on postcard.

Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-2812
47 West 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's $3.50 Course on "Weight Control—The Basis of Health." When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Street.....

City..... State.....

Price outside U. S., $2.15 cash with order.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Mellin's Food Babies

Neva Lee Ross,
Lincoln, Neb.

Dorothy Schoenfeld,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Frederick G. Fisher, Jr.
Wollaston, Mass.

Jack T. Stewart,
Eskridge, Kansas.

Mary E. Connell,
Cambridge City, Ind.

Mellin's Food and milk has raised thousands of bright and healthy babies.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

NOV 10 1922

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Stagnation and the Motion Picture

Once more the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE raises its voice against the enervating and destructive censorship which has unbelievably come to pass in this ironic land of the free.

It is a censorship which hangs over the screen like a great black bird, threatening any mark of progress. It is a censorship, crushing the very life out of the motion picture—a more subtle and dangerous vampire than the vampires which it condemns upon the screen. It is a censorship draining the art to which it parasitically clings of all virility until it will eventually become as uninteresting as a predigested breakfast food.

Yet censorship is permitted to go on and on!

Screen literature today suffers. It will reach a deplorable state unless something is done immediately that will curtail the activities of this new régime, which might infinitely more aptly be called nonsensorship.

It is rapidly becoming more and more impossible to bring either history or the classics to the world of the shadows in anything like an authentic manner. Just recently, to quote a specific instance, the censors with their mutilating shears decided that the word "hussy" could not appear in a story which finds its background in the days of Henry VIII. Yet at that time the word was in common usage and, therefore, necessary to certain conversations in the particular story.

If stagnation is the goal which the censors have set for the motion picture, they may be pleased with their efforts. And the race has not been hard, for little or nothing is being done to retard their depressingly destructive progress!

DECEMBER, 1922

Vol. XXIV No. 11

The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room receive an impression of you that you will never know

All around you people are judging you silently

YOU cannot escape it—that frank, unspoken comment that is born in the mind of every person you meet.

The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room — the strangers who pass you in the street—each one of them is storing up impressions of you that you will never know.

Don't let little evidences of neglect — carelessness about your appearance—create an unfavorable impression.

If you have an unattractive complexion, begin now to overcome this defect. Any girl can have a smooth, clear complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right treatment you can make this new skin what you will.

Read the two treatments given on this page. One of them tells how you can correct an oily skin and give it the smooth, velvety texture it should have. The other tells you what to do for a pale, sallow skin—how to rouse it to color and life. These are only two of the famous Woodbury skin treatments given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment suited to your skin.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, *together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."* Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1312 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1312 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

From the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

A pale, sallow skin should be given this special treatment

Just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

From the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Copyright, 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Photograph by Freulich

MAE BUSCH

The exotic color of Mae Busch won for her a firm place upon the screen. And the Goldwyn production of the famous Hall Caine novel, "The Christian," will mark her next appearance

Photograph by Morrall, Buffalo, N. Y.

GLENN HUNTER

Glenn Hunter is marked by his earnest youth. He is now working on "The Lap of Luxury," but the winter months will find him creating the title rôle in the stage version of the delightful "Merton of the Movies." We hope he will eventually bring Merton to the profession which gave him his birth

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY CARR

Mary Carr gave her first mother portrayal in "Over the Hill." Then and there she insured herself against ever playing any other rôle. Ever since she has played mothers—sad mothers with heartaches and toil-worn hands. In "Penzie," they tell us, we will see her as a different sort of mother—a happier mother, we hope

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

OWEN MOORE

"Love Is an Awful Thing." So the title of the new Owen Moore picture informs us. But Owen himself would undoubtedly differ on this subject. Owen and Katherine Perry, his pretty "Follies" girl wife, find love a wonderful thing. Both of them are appearing before the Selznick cameras during the golden California days

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

BLANCHE SWEET

Blanche Sweet has come back. Rejoice and be glad. And altho she has now been Mrs. Marshall Neilan for several months, it is under the name of Blanche Sweet that she will enhance the screen again in "Quincy Adams Sawyer"

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

ETHEL CLAYTON

Ethel Clayton believes in herself. That is why she was one of the first stars to accept a contract which calls for her to make motion pictures on a co-operative basis. Her first picture under this unique arrangement will be "If I Were Queen"—a romantic title!

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

PAULINE STARKE

Pauline Starke parks her make-up box at the Goldwyn studio these grey November days. The occasion is the filming of "Passions of the Sea," in which she will be seen appearing opposite Antonio Moreno

Photograph by Rice

CHARLES BRYANT

Recently Charles Bryant has devoted his efforts exclusively to the direction of the productions of his wife, Madame Nazimova. And because we thought you might have missed his shadow on the silver-sheet, we present this new and interesting camera study

Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe

MABEL NORMAND

Mabel Normand has returned from her latest European holiday. Whenever Mabel seeks a vacation, she books passage on the first steamer for Paris. She has returned this time to begin work immediately upon a new Mack Sennett production which will follow the release of "Suzanne"

When Evening Brings Rest . . .

Portrayed by Madge Bellamy and John Bowers in the Maurice Tourneur production of "Lorna Doone"

Mary Pickford's Problem

By

HARRY CARR

MARY PICKFORD has her tragedies too.

The most poignant tragedy is that the time is soon coming when she must say good-bye forever to some one who has been as her own soul. It will be an eternal farewell.

This person from whom she must soon wrench herself is a little girl with slim legs and corkscrew curls. It is the Mary Pickford that the world knows. She is going on a long, long journey—a journey into the irrevocable past.

Only those who have lived the life of the screen can ever know the peculiar attitude that actors have toward their other selves, their screen selves.

J. M. Barrie gave a little hint of this feeling in his famous lecture at the University of Edinburgh when he told about "McConaughie," his other self, the self that did the writing.

The Mary Pickford of the screen is just like another person to Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. She loves her and sometimes disapproves of her; mentally scolds her and protects her. When she sits in the projecting room and sees the film run off, it is as tho she were watching a real little girl who was not herself. This is also true with other film stars, altho not to such a passionately impersonal degree. It is as tho the film Mary Pickford were her child. That is the real reason why Mary Pickford shrinks so indignantly from every suggestion that she abandon child parts and take up more mature rôles that would give real scope for her art. It is as tho someone were to suggest that a mother abandon her baby. There is, of course, something infinitely more bitter, something infinitely sadder, in the motive with which she clings to her little girl Pollyanna parts. She feels that it would be saying good-bye to her youth—her glorious golden youth.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

At an age when childhood is almost a sad and forgotten memory with most women, Mary can slip away into her locked garden and be a child again. And Mary Pickford knows that the day is coming when her locked garden will be desolate and empty; when she will call for the little girl among the roses and mignonette; but she will never find her

To suggest to Mary Pickford to look forward to another line of grown-up parts is like suggesting to the young mother of a dead baby that she can adopt another. At the left, Mary as Pollyanna; below, as the Poor Little Rich Girl

For years, Mary Pickford has practically lived in a world of pretend. She never goes out socially: she and Douglas have not been downtown for months. Apart from the happiness of her married life, she lives almost a dream life—she and the little girl with the curls. Occasionally she emerges for a lawsuit, a contract, a social gathering, a pleasure trip. But she knows she can at will step back into the realms of childhood again. She can always slip off her long skirts and let down her hair and be an Alice in Wonderland again.

Is she lucky or unlucky? Who can measure her blessing?

She has retained this vicarious childhood until an age when other women are weighed down with household cares. At an age when childhood is almost a sad and forgotten memory with most women, Mary can slip away into her locked garden and be a child again. But in just the measure that this has been a joy, will it be a tragedy?

She has been a child years after other women have forgotten their childhood; but do not forget that the parting will be just that much more tragic.

And Mary Pickford knows—oh, how bitterly does she know—tl .t the day is coming soon when the little girl with the curls is going away from her forever. The

(*Continued on page* 93)

For years Mary Pickford has practically lived in a world of pretend. She never goes out socially. She and Douglas have not been downtown for months. Apart from the happiness of her married life, she lives almost a dream life—she and the little girl with the curls. At the left, Mary is seen in the studio with her little niece and namesake, Mary Pickford II

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The Dance of the Moth

Posed by Bebe Daniels

Let It Be of Dogs!

Photograph by W. F. Seely

Elliott Dexter is of the established generation of motion picture players. He has individualized himself as the cosmopolitan man, realizing probably that in type lies the secret of film success

ELLIOTT DEXTER . . . an impeccable dinner jacket . . . a deliberate, careful voice . . . a rather tired limp. . . .

He has been too long the correct lover . . . too long Hollywood's shining Scientist.

His courtesy, a little weary, nevertheless begged that we talk of dogs.

Or if I did not wish to talk, or he did not find time (we were caught in the intervals of scene shooting—Clara Kimball Young, seated at a silver-laden table before the camera, glanced our way now and then, faintly curious—it was "Enter Madame," being converted from its successful stage version into a picture, at the Garson Studio in Edendale, California), if he did not find time to tell me about his dogs he would send the data on to New York afterward. I was to leave the next day.

He had but shortly returned from Europe. It had not been, his manner indicated, an over pleasurable trip. Not unpleasant; he did not mean that. But——

His shrug and his smile, a little tired, made it clear that it had not been a riot.

Sartorially, of course, Elliott Dexter at once justifies the admiring eye. He always has. In a sense, he has builded upon fine feathers. His work with De Mille, which included the outstanding accomplishments of his career, revolved about that—his thoro air of polish, his gloss.

The patch of silver over each temple adds something, a guarantee of the man himself, that the clothes only insinuate—a complete finish, beyond any possibility of ruffling.

A most gracious woman, in her day the greatest among stars, told me once that she discovered Elliott Dexter. Women, I think, would; nor do I preclude men when I phrase it so. But one does not know him upon a single meeting; one does not even suspect him. He is careful to avoid arousing curiosity. I discovered, before I had been talking with him ten minutes, that I was talking about myself.

He listened politely, nodded occasionally, but his eyes wandered frequently, principally to the back of the bellowing director's neck. Some necks affect people that way.

I inquired dubiously about the foreign habit of making films, whether he had picked up anything that he might add to the flood of misinformation that has been overwhelming our movie magazines.

He shook his head, smiled slightly, revealing strong yellowish teeth.

"There is little to say other than that their methods are antiquated, their viewpoint different, and their ideas promising. I did not frequent the foreign studios. I went to Europe to rest."

He wandered off to go thru a scene. It depicted, I gathered, the husband confronted in the house of his adored one by the outraged figure of his wife. The wife repeated tirelessly, under the command of the bawling director, the phrase. "I'll make *you pay*" ground out thru set teeth.

Clara Kimball Young, magnificent, white skin, huge, melting eyes, cowered regally behind him; then blazed forth.

The scene done, he returned.

His slow walk is the result of an illness or accident. It was that which brought him so much prominence as an advocate of Christian Science among the Hollywoodians.

By
WILLIS
GOLDBECK

Photograph by W. F. Seely

Elliott Dexter has started kennels. He brought six German police dogs back from Europe. And he plans to devote all the time his motion picture work leaves him to these kennels

Doomed, apparently, to struggle thru the rest of his life in a wheel-chair or on crutches, he turned from the medical science that despaired of him to the science of religion and belief. Today he walks, with difficulty, to be sure, but unaided. He escaped the threatened tragedy of retirement from the screen.

He reverted at once to his suggested topic—dogs.

"I have started kennels," he said. "I am going in for breeding. I have brought six dogs, the breed known most widely as the German Police Dog, back from Europe. I shall devote all of the time to them that this leaves me."

He waved his hand to indicate the big studio stage, the whole movie scheme of things.

Elliott Dexter is of the established, not the new, generation of motion picture players; not a veteran yet, but in point of service bordering closely upon it. He has individualized himself as the cosmopolitan man, realizing probably that in type lies the secret of film success. The public goes to see a favored personality, not a picture or a character. It is the outcome of our American passion for idol worship.

His plans for the future he refused to divulge, albeit there were strong rumors that one of the larger film corporations were seeking him as a star.

"Things are much too indefinite to talk about now," he said. "I have been asked by Mr. Garons to play in 'Old Sweetheart of Mine,' immediately upon the completion of this picture, 'Enter Madame.' But no decision has been reached there either. I have played with Miss Young already in one previous vehicle, 'The Hands of Nara,' which Metro is releasing."

Elliott Dexter was very much interested in "The Christian." For a time rumor had it that he was to play the rôle of Drake, but nothing apparently came of it.

The director bawled again for a re-take. Elliott Dexter turned to go, proffering his hand. Then, as he took a step forward, he begged:

"Do please make this article about dogs, wont you?"

But when I returned to my room and sat down before my typewriter, and propped up in front of me the large photograph Mr. Dexter had given me of himself and the King of the Kennels, Inspiration flirted her skirts and whisked away.

Now, Inspiration is ever an inconsistent goddess. She must be wooed persistently and adroitly, for she is easily offended. After all, it *was* presumptuous of me to ask so popular a lady to sing the praises of a canine when she had been at my heels all afternoon ready to pronounce a panegyric on one of the handsomest and most successful men of the screen.

I ruminated awhile. And then came Inspiration's *bourgeois* cousin, Hunch, and whispered in my left ear.

"Right-o!" I exclaimed, and immediately clipped an envelope over the left half of the photograph, leaving only the aristocratic profile of Elliott Dexter before me. And presently Inspiration came tiptoeing back.

And this is what she told me:

Elliott Dexter is handsome and talented because he cannot help it.

(*Continued on page* 91)

The Eternal Flame

By
MABEL LIVINGSTON

Dedicated to Norma Talmadge

Tho stars in Heaven forget to shine by night,
The moon grow pale—the sunlight hide in shame,
Our love shall be the everlasting light
That warms the world with its Eternal Flame.

Law shall be dust before its august will,
Rules shall be bent beneath its amber glow,
The voice of pride shall be forever still,
And hardened hearts grow soft as melted snow.

Sin cannot touch it with unholy breath,
Nothing can match the splendor of its name;
Stronger than life—and mightier than death,
Love shall endure—Love, The Eternal Flame.

Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser

Leatrice Joy Entertains

"DOWN in New Orleans where I was born they tell a story of a little colored girl 'bout so high who was strutting down the street one day.

"Her way led along a high board fence. Suddenly her eye was attracted to the spectacle of a cow's tail hanging thru a knot-hole in one of the planks of this fence.

"Astonishment rooted her to the spot for a moment. Curiosity prompted a second and closer examination of this phenomenon. Then she about-faced and hurried to her source of all wisdom—her mammy.

" 'Mammy! Mammy!' she shrieked. 'Ah jus' saw a cow's tail hangin' thru a knot-hole in a fence!'

" 'Well, chile, what's so wondhful about that?' came the placid reply.

" 'Why, mammy, how did that cow eveh crawl thru that lil' tiny knot-hole?' "

All Photographs by Paramount

Lissa's young loveliness was pitilessly exposed to the world. With naïve unconcern and the relish of a child showing off, she danced between the tables. Al Gessler was watching her. And his face was as expressionless as a mask

Feasters in Babylon

A Story of the Gay, Reckless, Lovable Motion-Picture Set of Romantic Hollywood

By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

Illustrated by August Henkel

The First Instalment

MARY LEONARD'S cheeks burned as she closed the door of her room—softly that the two on the veranda might not hear, and leaned trembling against it. From below in the syringa scented dusk came a low murmur, interspersed with silences suddenly significant, touching her heart with strange sweet shame. That kiss—Lissa's slim body strained close against the dark coat, her mouth yielding to eager seeking lips—a hot wind seemed to scorch Mary from head to foot.

"Lissa is in love!" she whispered, "Lissa is *in love*—"

The familiar, friendly room looked strange, like the distortion of a dream. Things would never, Mary thought, be quite the same again. Lissa was only seventeen and Harvey Peders, why, they had known Harve all their lives! He had dipped her own smooth yellow braids in ink at school and tangled Lissa's dark curls with cockleburs and now suddenly he had become strange, mysterious, almost terrifying. His heavy hands, dark against the white dress, his thick red neck bent greedily, flashed before Mary's memory and she felt a trifle sick. Love wasn't like the story books; it didn't seem quite—*nice* . . .

Across the hall from her stepfather's room came the restless creaking of bed springs, and a stifled sigh, "Oh Lord—oh Lord—"

Ever since the death of Robert Leonard's wife five years before these sounds of wakefulness had been an accepted part of existence to the two girls, but now, with this startled new vision of life, Mary wondered whether he were thinking of her mother who had been a pallid, exacting invalid ever since she could remember her.

"I suppose they were in love too, once," she thought, awed, as she undressed. She had only been a year old when her widowed mother had married the dark silent man who had come to Cloverly, romantically unexplained, bringing a breath of other places into the little Ohio village. The next year Melissa had been born on a night of tempestuous rain which swept away the Medder Bridge and delayed the doctor's coming.

And yet the fretful woman with her inevitable hot water bottles and the odor of medicine always about her, and the stooped grey-haired man tossing in there, had been lovers, had kissed——

Mary was suddenly aware that she was standing shivering and unclad in the darkness. She hurried into her nightdress, put on a little lawn kimono and crossed the hall. Her stepfather's door opened at her tap almost immediately. Robert Leonard had evidently been pacing up and down. In the harsh lamplight his face looked more sunken than ever, as he stared down at her.

Then, with a deep breath: "You look so like your mother. For a moment I almost thought——" he passed a long thin hand over his eyes.

"I heard you," Mary said timidly. "You sounded unhappy——"

"I think I'm going to be able to sleep tonight," he said slowly, "—to sleep soundly." His tone was curiously at variance with the commonplace words. He touched the smooth braids that made a wreath like a halo about her head in the dim light, "You're like your mother in more ways than one; she was gentle and kind too. Lissa has her features but she's *my child*. Sometimes I'm afraid for Lissa."

Mary crept back to her room, Robert Leonard's last words echoing in her mind: "You'll always take care of Lissa, Mary? She's going to need to be taken care of."

A strange night indeed.

The voices below had grown audible. "——then I'll see you tomorrow at church?" tragically.

"Oh I dont know; maybe," with a conscious little laugh. "Now, Harve. Quit that."

A scuffle, the slam of the lower door. In a whirl of muslin ruffles Lissa was in the room. A match spluttered, etching for an instant a nunlike profile against the darkness, flared, and the nun was gone, leaving a bacchante with hot young eyes, ruffled dark curls and scarlet, boldly curving lips. Mary sat up in bed.

"Oh Liss! You've been putting that crêpe-paper red on your face again."

Lissa posed before the mirror, hands behind her head, sideways, looking back over one coquettish shoulder. "Oh dont be a prune," she tossed her head and Mary recognized a gesture of Dora Dare, the movie actress. Lissa knew and copied the tricks of fascination of all the screen beauties whose pictures were shown at the Palace. "If it wasn't that all the old hens in town would cackle I'd buy rouge and bob my hair." She kicked off the muslin, yawned, still observant of the mirror. "I thought Harve would never go."

Mary's heart was beating so loudly that her voice sounded far away in her own ears. "Lissa—when are you and Harvey going—to be married?"

Short dark curls tumbling about warm white curves of shoulder and bosom, Lissa whirled. "Me marry Harvey Peders? Are you crazy, Mary Leonard, or do you think I am? Marry that country *boob!*"

"But you love him!" Mary gasped. "You must love him, you know. I saw you—just now when I came back from the library—"

The stain on Lissa's cheeks was drowned in swift crimson. "Pooh!" her tone was ashamed, defiant, triumphant all at once, "what's a kiss?"

Mary thought of the yielding of the white-clad figure in the shadows, the hot grip of the big dark hand. She gave a little cry. "You let him—do that and you dont love him? Oh Liss, how *could* you."

Lissa tossed out her arms, sending long shadows flaring over the ceiling. "I wouldn't be fool enough to marry anybody in this place. Tie myself to a dishpan, cook and slave and have babies——"

Mary gasped. People didn't speak about having

From below in the syringa-scented dusk came a low murmur, interspersed with silences equally significant. Lissa strained close to the dark coat, her mouth yielding to eager, seeking lips

babies in Cloverly except in whispers, and even then they generally said delicately that someone was "expecting." *"Liss!* That isn't nice."

"I dont care," tossed Lissa recklessly, "I'm tired of being nice—where does that get you? I want things—like the women in the movies—autos and grand clothes and to go to parties where people look at you. What's the use of being pretty if nobody sees you, I'd like to know."

Now it was the attitude of a Dolorosa, hands clasped, eyes rolled tragically ceilingward. Lissa believed that she looked like Pauline Frederick having an emotion, whereas with her delicious dimpled shoulders and bobbing black curls she resembled nothing so much as a petulant cherubim fretting over the fit of her new spring halo.

Mary lay back on the pillows. "I know how you feel," she admitted; "sometimes I've thought a knight would come to rescue us, in shining armor with a sword like Galahad in the picture. I've even heard the clatter of his fiery steed's hoofs on the Medder Bridge — but it was always old Pop Butler going to mill!"

Lissa blew out the lamp and clambered into bed. "A knight," she sniffed; "I'd rather have a millionaire or somebody you didn't have to use a can-opener to get into his pockets."

In a moment she was asleep, her babyishly soft lips, still warm with Harvey Peders' passionate kisses, shaped to murmur, "Now I lay me—"

Mary, vaguely shaken by the evening's happenings watched the square of moonlight on the opposite wall while pictures from the past moved across it like a cinema reel: long shadows flowing silently over a daisy meadow; red leaves whirled on a rainy autumn gale; Lissa running with the collie—trying to look like Mary Miles Minter; the Wishing Tree on the hillside where she and Lissa had repaired the day they were received into the church and she had piously wished to be good and go to Heaven when she died, while Lissa had brazenly declared a preference for being pretty and going to a ball in a diamond necklace *before* she died.

Then the reel ceased unwinding. Across the hall in the midnight silence a dragging footfall, the weary sigh "—Oh Lord, oh Lord—" the opening of a drawer, the rustle of paper, then the creaking of the bed-springs. And Robert Leonard was asleep at last, asleep with wide eyes gazing inscrutably into the darkness.

Before noon the next day Cloverly was pleasantly horrified with the news of Robert Leonard's death. At first only the bare facts: Mary had gone to his room when he did not come to breakfast and not being able to arouse him had called in Doctor Parsons, who found that he had been dead some hours. Followed more titillating news. He had committed suicide by taking an overdose of sleeping powder, leaving a note in which he stated that he had lost all that he had except a few hundred dollars

in worthless stocks and "was too tired to go on."

"What will the girls do?" asked Cloverly in delightful distress. "Now, Mary has a sensible head on her. She'll make someone a good wife, but that Lissa is a flighty piece——"

"They say," hinted Cloverly, "that all the boys in town are crazy about her. And you must admit she's as pretty as a picture."

"Better for a girl to have more conduct and less looks," said Cloverly, and quoted the Scriptures sourly; "she takes after her father and they do say he——" here old half-forgotten gossip ran quite berserk. Before his funeral poor Richard Leonard had been everything from an anarchist, a circus clown, a priest, to a foreign count and an escaped convict—rumors which lent a lurid glow to the ceremony.

The two girls in their hastily devised black were the target of glances greedy for vicarious emotion. Mary's face showed the marks of tears, but Lissa wore grief like a becoming costume and quite obviously enjoyed the attention they received, touching her dry eyes now and then with her handkerchief pathetically. Just before leaving the house she had had recourse to the red crêpe paper and her warm, vivid young beauty glowed triumphant in the grey gloom, like Life itself triumphing over death.

The house smelled heavily of white flowers and black dye as the two girls opened the front door after the return from the cemetery.

"Ugh!" With a shiver of disgust Lissa jerked up the shades and flung open a window, letting in the scent of summer fields steeped in the sun. "Dont look at me like that, Mary! Father is dead, but I'm alive," she tossed out her arms exultantly, *"alive."*

"Hush," said Mary, "here's the minister."

The Reverend Samuel West was short and ruddy. He sat down upon the sofa and regarded what he would have termed "the orphans and the fatherless" in his pulpit manner. Lost in a maze of sonorous sentences he was suggesting a future for them. Mary could go into the library, and Silas Bottomly, the owner of the Emporium, had promised to give Lissa a place in his store.

Lissa forestalled Mary's thanks. "Its very good of Cloverly to worry about us, Mr. West," she said, red lips scornful, "but we've already decided what we're going to do." She stood before them, demurely, enjoying their amaze. "We are going to take what money there is left and go to California to be movie stars."

The Rev. West sputtered scattered fragments of objection, "according to the newspapers—Modern Babylon—dangers and temptations—"

"But," Lissa said innocently, "surely temptations are a good thing, Mr. West, for how could we resist them if we didn't have them?"

"But we dont know how to act," Mary said weakly, after the minister had sputtered himself away, "and there's only four hundred and thirty dollars."

"Oh, shut up!" Lissa interpolated in high-pitched laughter, eyes flames of excitement under the fantastic headdress. "Dont be silly! Think I'd give up this chance? Al Gessler *himself* picked me for a cabaret performer. He noticed me. And I'm going to see he doesn't forget me either"

"There are lots of girls in the movies not half so pretty as I—as we are," Lissa amended the pronoun generously; "you can stay here and be an old maid and have 'Miss' on your tombstone if you like. I'm not going to waste myself. I'm going where there are people and lights and good times. Babylon. Well, I'd rather feast in Babylon than starve in this stupid berg, any day."

The leaving Cloverly and the journey to California were to Mary all her life afterward like things that happened in a feverish dream. While Lissa slept in the berth beside her, untroubled by doubts, Mary sat for wakeful hours staring out at the unfamiliar hills and plains, the lights of stranger cities, a swarm of tiny troublous thoughts buzzing in her brain. Had she locked the woodshed door? Were their tickets safe, and the money—the few precious hundreds that must last them until they got work? She did not say, like Lissa, confidently, "Until we get to be stars." In spite of her utter ignorance of the world outside the circle of Cloverly hills, Mary could not imagine herself in that radiant number of incredibly beautiful beings who moved across the screen wrapped in furs, courted, married, divorced and led astray by handsome leading men.

As they drew near Los Angeles the women among their fellow passengers grew amazingly in pulchritude. Lisle stockings gave way to sheerest silk, rolled at the knee, complexions bloomed out in marvelous tints of cream and rose, and hats and gowns became coquettish and provocative.

"I s'pose you're going to try out for the galloping tintypes?" the blowsy blond across the aisle asked Mary; she studied her critically. "Listen, dearie, you'd ought to get more pep into the way you do your hair. Whyncha get a permanent like me?" She patted the huge wads over her ears complacently. "I took the prize for best-looking manicurist at the Elks Convention; 'swhy I came. You gotta grand make-up, dearie? What kind of war-paint do you use?"

Mary, who had found this remarkable dialect as incomprehensible as Czecho-Slovak, understood enough of the latter part to reply that she had nothing on her face.

"You dont meanta say you wear your own skin *nude?*" shrilled the blond favorite of the Elks with evident disbelief; "oh, well, dont radio it if you dont wanta. I dont mind telling the world I use 'Mon Boudoir' myself." She pronounced it "Mong Boodoy."

All America seemed bound for Hollywood. Imitation Mary Pickfords complacently shaking fat flaxen curls; women in mail-order finery with housework-coarsened hands; shopgirls cheaply pretty, immodestly dressed; spinsters trying to be ingénues in ruffles; fresh-cheeked country girls trying to be vampires in ear-rings; the young and not-so-young, men and women; Sunday School scholars from Emporia; brazen demi-mondaines from Chicago—all covertly jealous of one another and openly contemptuous, all hurrying like moths to singe their wings at the Mercury Light, to exchange a pair of languishing eyes, a piquant nose, a head of fuzzy hair, for the limousines, marble bungalows of forty rooms, and priceless Jewels which

(*Cont'd on page* 100)

Mary sprang away, pressing her hands to the tumultuous beating of her heart. Under the sophisticated piles of hair, her face held the blank wonder of a child's confronted with something terrifying and strange

Home Again

The Eytons—Charles Eyton, the manager of the Lasky studios, and Mrs. Eyton, or Kathleen Williams—have returned from their travels in the Orient. The charming Eyton home in the Hollywood hills is open again. Flowers are cut from the gardens daily. Glowing fireplaces dispel the cool of California evenings. And when Miss Williams isn't to be found about the house or grounds, she is sure to be at the studios. At present she is appearing in "Clarence"

Photograph by Abbe

The years of Dorothy Gish, slim as they are, have been full years. Since she was four years old she has earned her living on the stage. She has read. She has traveled. These things have given her an understanding and sensitized her observation . . .
A flapper with philosophy

A Flapper With Philosophy

A FLAPPER with philosophy. Ordinarily those things would not be compatible. Philosophy is something given human beings only by the years. And flappers. . . . Yet Dorothy Gish always seems to us to be just that—a flapper with a philosophy.

Of course it all depends upon your particular mental image of a flapper. Dorothy is not a finalehopper cut from what must now be a well-worn pattern. No, not that. Nor is she someone who might have stepped from between the covers of an F. Scott Fitzgerald best-seller. Not someone touched with arrogancy, believing herself the axis upon which her world revolves. No, not that.

But her years, slim as they are, have been full years. Since she was four years old she has earned her living on the stage. She has read. She has traveled. These things have given her an understanding and sensitized her observation. And she married young. Very young.

Her background when we saw her was as far removed from anything flapperish as could be achieved. We saw her in the long living-room of the Rennie apartment in old Gramercy Park. The room itself might have been transplanted from some English manor house. There were blurred tapestries. Old brasses gleamed indistinct in the departing light. There were great chairs with carving now enhanced by forgotten years. And flanking the deep fireplace where a laid fire anticipated the evening, there were bookshelves crammed with a wide variety of used volumes. It was fragrant—rosemary. The remembrance of other years—other lives.

Can you imagine then, how young — how very young — Dorothy Gish Rennie seemed in that room furnished as it was from other years? Can you close your eyes and you see her crouched in one corner of that long lounge and talking eagerly? Her brown hair was loose and hung about her eager face. She was wearing a little frock of blue and white print with a bright red sash. She was telling us about the girl she plays in the next Richard Barthelmess picture, "Fury."

"Maybe you've seen some of my new pictures in character?" she asked.

We had seen them. And we liked them.

"Thank Fortune they're good," said Dorothy. "I haven't seen them myself yet."

No undue vanity there. Imagine most people letting their pictures be sent to newspapers and magazines before they passed upon them!

"You know," Dorothy was telling me, "I had splendid opportunity to study the sort of girl I am in this picture when we were abroad in those frightful war days. She

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

is really the same girl I was playing for Mr. Griffith in 'Hearts of the World.' There were scores of them in the streets of Poplar. They fascinated me. I followed them for blocks and blocks. They were so sure of themselves. Their hats always had a bobbing feather. They loved feathers! Their skirts were as short as the law allowed. And their French heels would tinkle along the pavements. I never thought of them as really bad, somehow. And I noticed time after time that it would be the girl with the hardest face who would stop to give some urchin a stick of gum or a peppermint drop. It's often that way."

There was an interruption. A maid came to be interviewed.

Dorothy's hands flew to her head in mock distress.

"This is going to be good," she promised, "Listen."

We availed ourself of her offer.

In an amazingly short time the woman left, engaged to report for her duties the following morning.

"Did I do all right, do you think?" Dorothy besought us.

All Photographs by Abbe

"I dont want to be poor, goodness knows," said Dorothy Gish. "But I'm afraid of lots and lots of money. It does things to people. I think it takes a much wiser person to spend money than it does to make it." Above, Miss Gish is seen as she appears in the next Richard Barthelmess production, "Fury." At the left is a new camera study

We really didn't know, but we told her that it might have been better not to have admitted an entire lack of housekeeping knowledge.

"Aha!" She pointed a small index finger at us. "I have tried to fool them but inside of twenty-four hours they were aware of my bluff. They lost their respect for me. I had to ask them to leave. I thought maybe if I told the truth sympathy would enter in."

"How does it go?" we asked her. "Marriage and a career? Can you add anything to the books that have been written about it?"

She shook her head vehemently.

"If I've learned anything," she said, "I've learned not to make statements, especially if they're to be preserved in print. You live to regret them.

"I couldn't keep house. I dont know how. Why this is the first stick of furniture I ever owned. (She pounded

(*Continued on page 92*)

The Career of Colleen

All photographs by Clarence S. Bull

Flappers, wallflowers, colleens, slaveys—these have played their part in the cinema career of Colleen Moore. Now comes "Broken Chains." To Colleen it brings a rôle fraught with tears. And the scenes we have here reproduced lead us to believe that she will give to drama a poignancy in something of the same degree that she gave effervescence to comedy. We shall see!

The Romance of the Art-Title

By
FREDERICK VAN VRANKEN

THE art-title is one of the very recent additions to motion pictures. Only a few years ago there was no such thing as a pictorial title. The explanatory printing in a picture was shown simply against a black or dark grey background. And it was not until 1919 that art-titles came into general use and were regarded as a necessary adjunct to a film drama.

It is difficult to say just who was the originator of this pictorial idea. No matter what man should be given credit for inventing the art-titles, there would surely arise some other contender with dates and figures and documents to prove that *he* —and not the other fellow— was the first in the field.

I remember once of talking about art-titles to Robert Brunton and of his claiming definitely to have been the first producer to put decorations on the film along with the printing. Within six weeks after that conversation two other well-known men made the same claim to me. And the strange part of it was they all seemed convincing.

The truth is that the art-title was really not invented by any one person, but was a matter of evolution and development. It no doubt grew out of the simple elaborations and curlicues with which the printers sometimes "dolled up" their sub-titles.

For instance, in a comedy title dealing with domestic infelicity, the man who painted the words on the black card might have added a little picture of a rolling-pin. Another painter of title-letters might have placed a border of question-marks and exclamation-points about some unusually startling title. Or still another letterer might even have traced the features of a Chinaman or an Irishman at the beginning of some title supposed to have been spoken by such a character.

Anyone of these men might honestly and sincerely lay claim to having invented the idea of the art-title. That is why it is so difficult to trace the matter to its inception. But, after all, it is not a question of any great importance; for the art-title, as we know it today, is something entirely different, both in spirit and conception, from these early decorations; and, as I have said, it was not a matter of sudden birth, but of gradual growth.

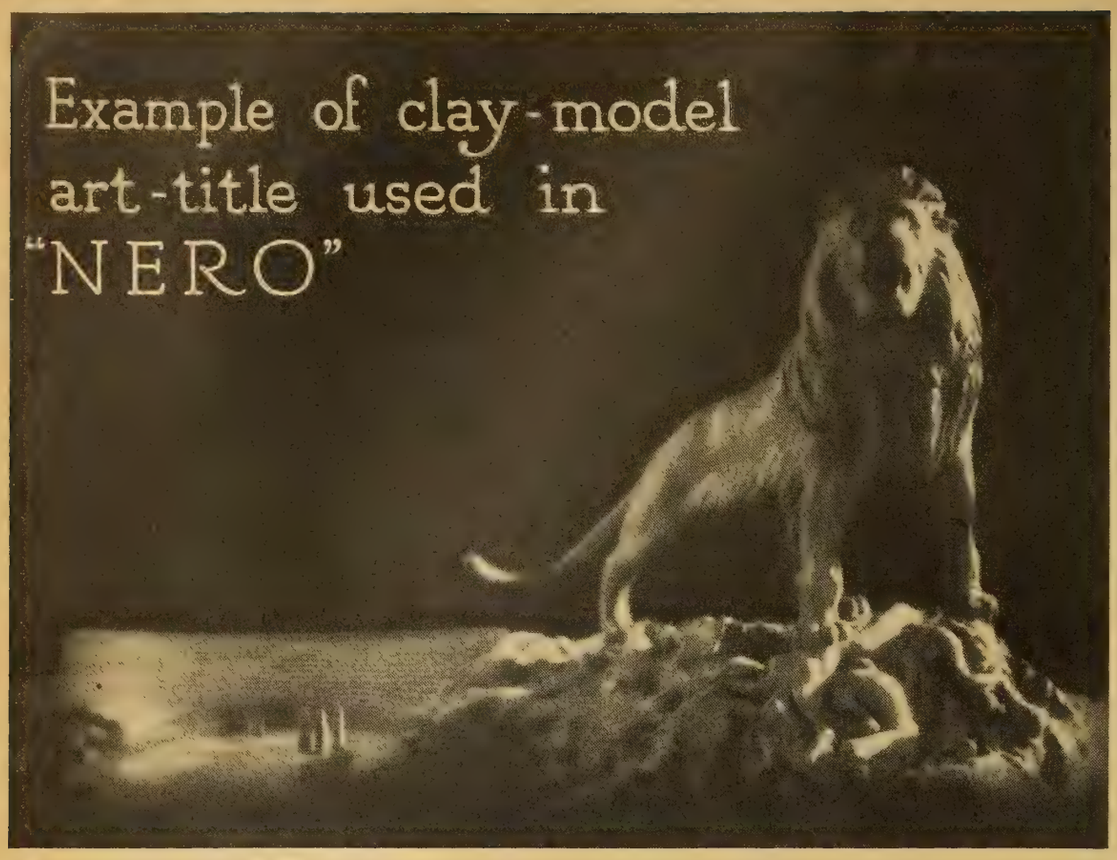
Altho the art-title is one of the most important features of every motion picture, it is only within the last few years that it has come into general use. Here is a brief, but complete and fascinating account of the evolution and development of art-titles. It tells you all about their origin, their struggle for existence, the different varieties, the men who invented them, how they are made, and many other interesting things which everyone should know about this important subject.

The man, however, who gave great impetus to the use of the modern art-title is Ferdinand Earle.

Earle is an artist of international reputation. He studied painting in Europe for many years, was a pupil of Whistler and of Bougereau, and has had pictures accepted by the Paris Salon. In 1906 he urged several large producers to permit him to paint pictures for the titles of their productions; and, after considerable hesitation and argument, they reluctantly consented.

The paintings Earle made for them were among the finest specimens of this kind of work which motion pictures have seen. They set a new standard and marked a new departure in the art-title world. They were symbolic of the picture's theme, and perfectly preserved the atmosphere of the drama.

Altho the general public took kindly to the idea, it was more or less condemned by the motion-picture producers



on the ground that it constituted an unnecessary addition to the already high cost of a photoplay.

But Earle persisted in his campaign of artistic education. Other painters entered the field; and gradually the idea gained a firm foothold. Today there are hundreds of painters scattered among the various studios, who do nothing but design backgrounds for titles. And both on the West Coast and in the East there are laboratories and studios whose exclusive business is the making of art-titles.

There are perhaps as many as twenty such studios in New York City alone, and as many more in Los Angeles and Hollywood. These vary as to character, some specializing in "commercial" pictures, others emphasizing the artistry of their work. Among the latter type are the Waller Studios, who do only titling of a very high quality. They started as photographic experts, and have done more than any other firm to develop the "camera study" art-title.

Then there is Prisma, which specializes in colored titles. And among the better known studio names in this new industry may be mentioned Stern, Broda, Martin and Newcomb. In the West, the Earle Studios lead the field in quality. Another interesting development of the art-title business is the Craftsman Laboratory—a sort of library which furnishes and rents out all manner of titular backgrounds.

It was only three years ago that the tide definitely turned. But from that time on no company has dared send out a first-class picture without some garment of art for the naked titles. Indeed, the erstwhile arch-enemies of pictorial titles now proudly announce thru

Today there are hundreds of painters scattered among the various studios, who do nothing but design backgrounds for titles. And in both the East and West there are laboratories and studios whose exclusive business is the making of art-titles. Above is a completed title. At the right is a symbolical painting which formed an admirable background for a title

their press-agents that they have secured the services of some "artist of international renown" to beautify their productions.

Moreover, the public today has become so accustomed to art-titles that they are no longer regarded as an innovation. They are accepted as an integral and vital part of a picture, as much so as fade-outs, irises and close-ups.

The questions naturally arises: Why have art-titles? Just what purpose do they serve? Why have they become so universally accepted as a necessity? What is the theory underlying them?

These are important points, for the answer to them touches not only upon human psychology, but also upon the very nature and limitations of the motion-picture art.

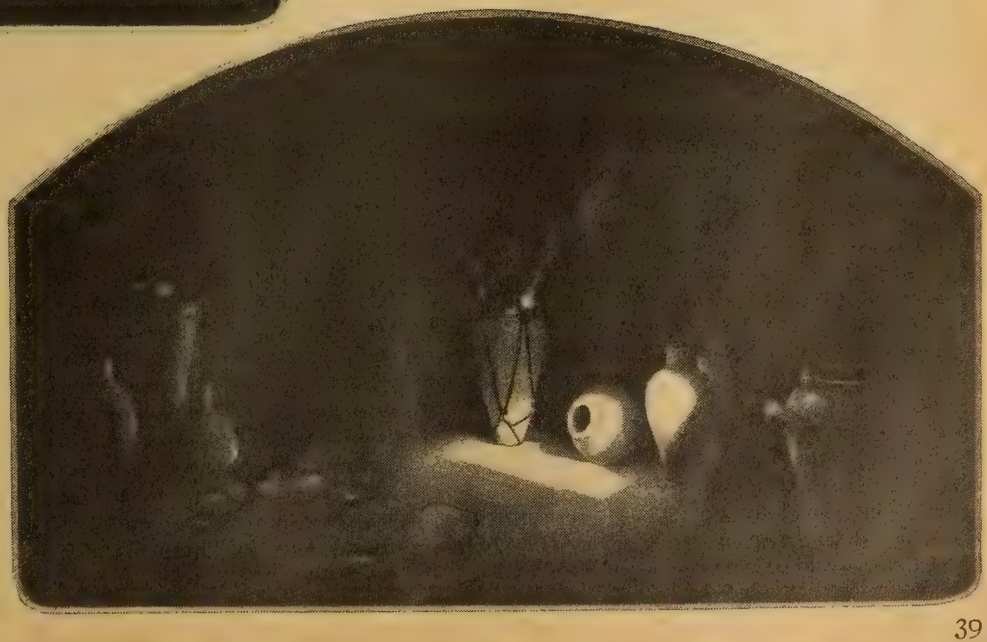
In the old days the explanatory titles of a photodrama were simply printed on a card, photographed, and inserted into the film wherever needed. The eye was thus constantly being assailed by glaring print on an inky-black background, during the entire action of the play. Indeed, an actual scene would be broken into while the audience was asked to read a long description or explanation.

The paintings shown here are photographed the full size of the film. Then the words of the title, which have been printed in white against black on another card the same size as the painting, are also photographed; and the two are double-exposed. Above is Ferdinand Earle at work in his studio. At the left and below are two of his paintings which were used in title making

Naturally, this having one's attention withdrawn from a situation and focused upon a black blank surface of type, interfered with the continuity of interest. Every time a title was shown, the atmosphere, which had been carefully built up by the director, was suddenly removed. The very spirit of the story or the *locale* was broken into. Concentration was interrupted. It was exactly as if the asbestos curtain were to be lowered continually during each act of a play on the speaking stage.

Obviously, it would be

(*Continued on page* 94)



A Woman of the World

By
GLADYS HALL

Photograph by Abbe

And the manner of Miriam! Astounding! She bows; she shakes hands; she greets you; she makes "small talk." And she discusses all things with the *savoir faire* and ease and surety of the most womanly of women of the world

MIRIAM is amazing. Simply amazing. Having met and talked with Miriam Battista and Jackie Coogan my opinion of the mature intelligentsia bats about 0000000.

Of course there are certain salient facts that all good fans and true know about Miriam . . . such as that there were eight candles upon her last birthday cake; that she has been "a actress" since she was two; that she has a father, a mother and two brothers; that she played in "Humoresque" and that she is about to appear in Mr. Arliss's forthcoming picture production, "The Silent Voice."

Miss Miriam (you simply couldn't say just "Miriam" and accord the small and starry person her just need of dignity), Miss Miriam was born eight years ago. Of Italian parentage. That's that. But, apart from the eight earthly years, how many incarnations she must have had I dare not venture to say. I do venture, however, that there have been at least as many incarnations as birthdays. For eight of our little fiscal years could never bring a brain, a personality to such a state of maturity unless the rest of the world, which is within the realm of probability, must be classified as high-grade morons.

And the manner . . . the manner of Miriam! Astounding! She bows; she shakes hands, she greets you, she converses with you, she makes "small talk," she discusses the tricks of her trade, her experiences, her plans, her photographs, with all the *savoir faire* and ease and surety of the most womanly of women of the world.

Talking with her the other day her publicity representative brought some new photographs for her approval. Miss Miriam subjected them to careful scrutiny. She objected to the eyes of one, the nose of another, the expression of a third. She was critical . . . appraising . . . "Miriam," said the patient P.A., "a photographer took these . . . not an artist." Miriam considered. "Then," said Miriam, "hereafter I prefer to be photographed by an artist."

It isn't so much that Miriam is not a child, as that, still being a child, she has reached into the after years and taken from them what she needs in her present days. . . .

Now and then childhood laughs thru. . . .

Once she played with dolls . . . not so long ago. "My Aunt came to my home the other day," Miriam told me, "and said that she would wash all of my dolls and make new clothes for them—when she got to thirty-five she stopped!"

"Or was stopped," I sighed. . . . Thirty-five dolls, even Miriam's dolls, would discourage the most enterprising. . . .

"I have pearls," considered Miriam, "and I should like some white jade . . . I adore white jade"

"But now," said Miriam, "I dont get dolls any more. Everyone who ever gave me a present gave me a doll. I've changed all that. I just tell people that I prefer jewelry . . ." (Future donors please take notice.)

"Any particular—er—pieces?"

"I have pearls," considered Miriam, "tiny ones, perfectly matched. And bracelets. And rings. I think I should like some white jade . . . I adore white jade. And antique pieces . . . very, very old . . . "

"When you ask . . . do you get it? The jewelry?"

"Oh my, yes," said Miriam, all unconsciously, all comfortably. And there spoke the child. Still, for her, it is a glittering world—the world of Andrew Lang and the Brothers Grimm . . . the world where knitting balls unfold rare treasures as you knit . . . where the magic wand of a request brings swift fulfilment.

"What," I said, "do you wish to do and be when you grow up?"

"I should like to be married while a child," said Miriam, at once, "or when I'm about fourteen, I think. And I should like to have one child, a girl, on the stage, like I am . . . and a million maids . . . and an apartment on Central Park West in New York. Of course, when I am that old I shall have to begin to think about reducing . . . while I'm a little girl being fat doesn't matter."

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

There is the siren instinct in Miriam, too. I saw her reduce two strong and stalwart men to a state of collapse . . . Miriam with her black curls . . . and sloe-black eyes . . . and olive skin . . . and dancing feet and dancing wit!

Just the same she regarded me with some anxiety. I remained silent. I would not be beguiled by a pair of the most beguiling eyes I have ever star-gazed into.

Professionally, Signorina Battista's ambition is to be like unto Madame Nazimova. And if I am any horoscopist at all I should say that she had made at least an average start. . . .

Miriam doesn't play much with children. Of course, she hasn't time. When Mother is ill Miriam manages the house, inclusive of father and the brothers two. She also cleans, orders and plans meals. She is nothing in this world if not capable. Then there is her private tutor and shopping (altho her mother makes all of her clothes) and sleep and the demands of the studio. But when she does indulge in less exacting pastimes she elects to play with the wee tots and, very occasionally, with

(*Continued on page 89*)

Lucky Dogs!

Above is the English bull terrier who guards the Hawley domain and is fed chocolates by Wanda . . .

The ball of white fluff in the circle is a real dog—not a novelty toy. May McAvoy calls him "Ford"

"Thor," pictured above, is only a few months old. But Belgian police dogs are wise beyond their years. Ask Agnes Ayres for further information regarding him

The important canine at the left is "King Casey." He has crossed the continent frequently . . . every time Anita Stewart has crossed it, in fact

Presenting the Canine Favorites of Several Stars

"A dog's life" is hardly descriptive of an unpleasant existence when you consider these particular animals. "Pal," seen above, for example, is not only the pride of Max Linder, but also something of a performer. Perhaps you've seen him in one of Max Linder's productions

In the circle is "Dinky" Talmadge. He belongs to Norma, really, but the whole family looks after him.

At the right are "The Sheik" and "Marquis," one and four years old, respectively. They are both German police dogs and answer to the call of Rodolph Valentino

A Page of Fair Women

Photograph by Grenbeaux

Above is Marie Newell of Los Angeles, California. There seems a breath of France in this brown-eyed contestant, who is at present filling a stage engagement

Below is Vee Wolf of Hollywood, California. Deep blue eyes, brown hair, and a demure expression combine to give Miss Wolf her claim to beauty

Photograph by Evans

At the right is Laurel Woods of Lincoln, Nebraska. A pretty name for a pretty miss of hazel eyes and pale brown hair

The American Beauty Contest has discovered worthy contestants in every state in the Union. The Honor Roll for this month is an attractive threesome. And with December announced as the end of this popular contest, we are being deluged with photographs

The Old Home Town

By
HELEN CARLISLE

NOW I'll tell one.

Everyone in America is writing about the Old Home Town, it seems to me. One might as well be dead as to be caught without one, these days. The Old Home Town—that fascinating place where everybody knows everybody else, where the Doctor's son and the Lawyer's daughter lead the younger social set, where the piazzas are filled on warm evenings with Booth Tarkington young people playing on banjos and things, and where all the handsome young men propose to all the charming young ladies, *à la* F. Scott Fitzgerald, at the Country Club week-end dances.

Certainly I've missed a good deal, for I have no such O.H.T. to pride myself upon. Hollywood, Cal., U.S.A. is the best my family could do for me, and if dwelling upon my wrongs has developed a sinister bitterness in my nature, who, indeed, can blame me?

When you tell a group of strangers about *your* home town, they listen in a polite if bored manner. When I try to put in an oar for mine, they murmur in chorus, "Oh, *Hollywood!* Why that's not a Home Town. That's a—a—by-the-way, does Mary Pickford wear a wig?"

When you are away from home, if you want to find out what your neighbors are up to, all you have to do is to buy the O.H.T. papers and read up on them. But when I am away from home, the surest way of finding out what my neighbors really are doing is to stay far from all newspapers. The best I can do, as a rule, is to drop into a movie show and see what they did six months ago. And one so seldom cares *what* one's neighbors did six months ago!

Yes, I can vision your home town, and how delightfully clubby and private it must seem, compared to mine. Fancy getting a crush on the leading man in the local stock company, and writing notes to him on your very best stationery and waiting feverishly for a reply! And the unrivaled joy of writing fan letters to the motion picture stars! Of all home-town experiences that I've missed, I am most bitter at being denied this one.

But consider. What could be more stupid than writing a fan letter to a film star who was also your next-door-neighbor? Perhaps she would be out in the back yard drying her hair, or in case the object of your admiration was masculine, her husband for instance, he'd probably be lying flat on his back under his car, and as you gazed soulfully at his overalled figure, his rich mellow voice might be wafted to your ears saying things that would be considered Extremely Bad Form by the writers of that Etiquette book they're advertising everywhere lately.

> ". . . Hollywood has dreadful drawbacks as an Old Home Town. I have frequently visioned how wonderful it would be to live in a town where one's neighbors did *not* walk up and down the front of the First National Bank and turn handsprings on the Principal Corner for a living. How restful. . . . "

And if your enthusiasm lifted you above such dampeners to romance, as indeed it might, what tragedy 'twould be if, just when you reached the poetic crisis in your letter, your Idol should spy you in the window and yell out, "Say, sister, will you ask your dad for that monkey-wrench I loaned him last Sunday?"

Could you go on, especially if his wife was plainly visible to the naked eye? She might, for instance, as you were sealing your letter with as much passionate tenderness as your sealing-wax permitted, call to you over the back fence and invite you to go to the neighborhood movies with them that evening.

"One of Bill's pictures is showing down at the Apollo," she might say, with a trustful gleam in her eye. "Wouldn't you like to see it with us?"

Could you, in the face of that, still send her husband the fateful letter, telling him that you had adored him on the screen, especially in his latest Super-Drama "The Rented Husband," and that you would willingly take a ninety-nine year lease on him any day, with or without furniture thrown in? Also, "kindly send personally autographed photograph by return mail, not a rubber-stamped one, as it is to be framed and occupy the position of honor on my dresser. I am making a collection of all

the notorious movie stars and want you to add to my collection. If you want a quarter for your photograph, let me know by return mail, and I will send it. Douglas Fairbanks sent me his photograph for nothing."

Could you go on?

There are other dreadful drawbacks to Hollywood as an O.H.T. One grows so frightfully blasé. I have frequently visioned how wonderful it would be to live in a town where one's neighbors did *not* walk up and down the front of the First National Bank and turn handsprings on the Principal Corner for a living. How restful. How different! One thinks absolutely nothing of seeing one of our leading citizens suddenly push a traffic policeman out of the way and direct traffic himself for ten or fifteen minutes, standing on his head. It's all in the day's work.

And one is really never safe. Things drop sometimes, and you never know what is apt to strike you, or when. So long as these comedians of ours *will* hang from girders two hundred feet in the air and throw custard pies at each other, it is best to be prepared. One really needs a coat-of-mail, for frequently there is a good deal of brick-throwing going on too.

And poise! A special quality is demanded, in Hollywood. How delightful it must be to be able to express yourself honestly on every occasion. Now, in your home town, when someone jams you in the traffic and smashes your fender, you can just lean out over the wheel and tell him what sort of a double-dashed driver he is—who is he anyway and does he belong to the Automobile Club? But in my town one must peer out cautiously before committing oneself. The offender might be Wallie Reid, for instance. Think how frightfully silly it would be to tell Wallie Reid he didn't know anything about driving automobiles—and to ask him his name would be an insult to his face, if you get the idea.

Then too, there is the depressing matter of social gaieties. I really must get that Etiquette book and find out How Not To Be a Wall Flower in Hollywood. How would you like to enter a popularity contest against film celebrities, every time you went to a dancing party? Think how saddened your heart would become if your favorite home-grown escort was forever murmuring, "I *must* find Lila Lee. She promised me a dance." Or "Oh, there is Constance now. What a wonderful dancer that girl is."

I really must get that Etiquette book and find out How Not To Be a Wall Flower in Hollywood. How would you like to enter a popularity contest against film celebrities every time you went to a dancing party?

Saddest of all, perhaps, are one's experiences in invisibility. Oh, it isn't necessary to wear a mystic charm or anything of that sort in order to become invisible, in Hollywood. All you have to do is to trail around with a movie star for a while. You'll know all about it. Nobody will ever see you, unless you call attention to yourself by carrying a tom-tom or developing into a whirling dervish, and of course, even whirling dervishes have their troubles, I have read.

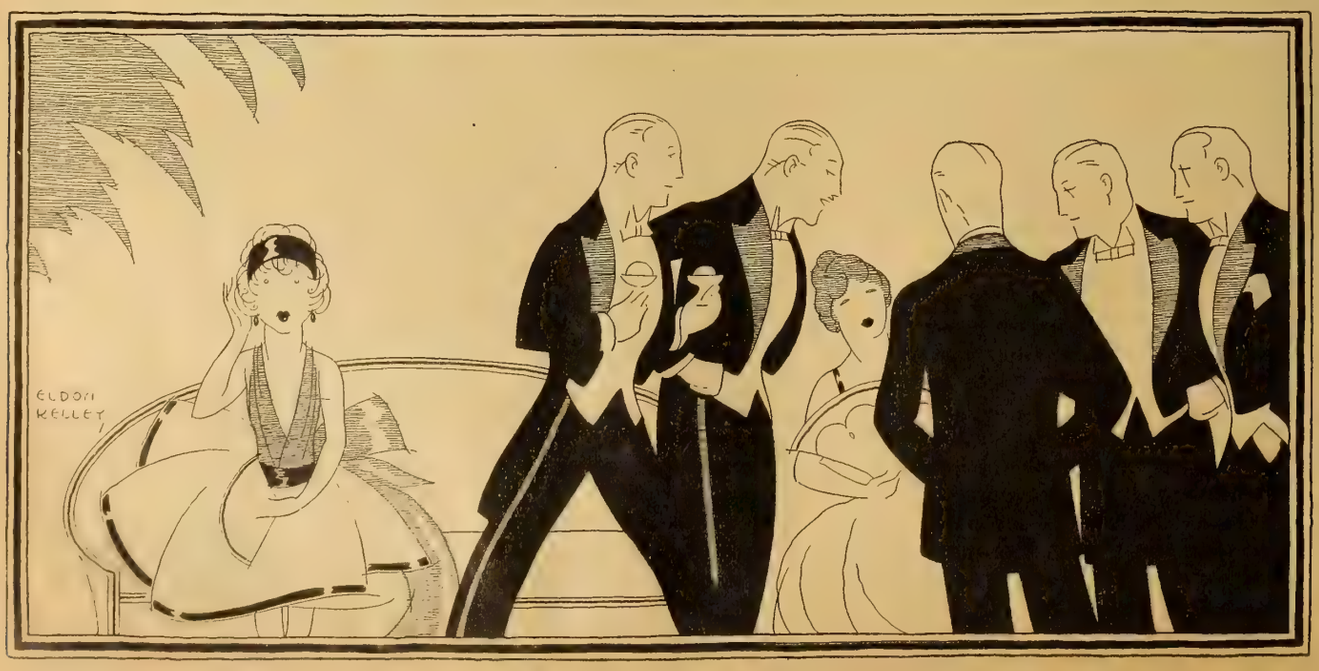
Another thing—in my O.H.T. hearts are hard and feelings are calloused of necessity. When I see one youngster pummeling another, I keep on walking. I've been fooled too often. I know it's probably Dicky Dale, the child wonder, putting a little action into his next release. And I never look twice at an automobile wreck. I know it's merely one of those camera crashes. I'd like to experience just once the joy of rushing-to-the-rescue. I'd like to save a scared kitten from a wicked puppy without being bawled out by a director. I'd like to help a nice old lady carry her heavy bundles without hearing curses because my kind-heartedness necessitated a retake. I'd like to stroll down Lover's Lane without quaking every step lest He and I be included in one of the scenes being shot by the omnipresent cameraman.

Yes, as I said before, I've missed a good deal, in privacy especially, by living in Hollywood. You know my Main Street—Hollywood Boulevard—as well as I do. Probably better. You know my neighbors. You know the color of their hair and eyes, and of their children's hair and eyes, and of their brothers' and sisters' hair and eyes. Really, one could go on indefinitely, but what's the use?

However, after this, when you feel like complaining about your Old Home Town, just sum up its advantages and be happy.

Just consider what a check 'twould be to romance if, when wandering happily home from the evening picture show, you were to gaze heavenward and murmur in your Best Young Man's ear, "How beautiful the moonlight is tonight, dear!" and he were to answer, casting an experienced eye upward:

"That's not moonlight. They're shooting night stuff on the Lasky lot."



What's Wrong With the Women?

Daniel Carson Goodman

Tells

GLADYS HALL

WELL, what *is* wrong with them? I know a great many things that are, and here are a few . . . (deleted by the Censors).

What's wrong with the women? So overweening was my curiosity, that, last week I sought out Daniel Carson Goodman as the most available fountainhead of knowledge on that particular subject, in the fond belief that via the Goodman my curiosity would be sated.

He *ought* to know! He started out to be an artist; he turned into an M.D.; he has wielded the surgeon's knife, he has written plays, books, of which "Hagar Revelly" of censorious comment was one; screen plays, and, most latterly, "What's Wrong with the Women" for Equity Pictures.

Any man who has been all of these things (think them over carefully and you will see the light) and who has, finally, written and produced the hereinbefore mentioned "What's Wrong" should know both what's wrong with them and what, if anything, is right.

Any man, I say, who could go still further and incorporate Barbara Castleton, Julia Swayne Gordon, Hedda Hopper, "Baby" Helen Rowland and Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein into one little cast, not to mention such delicate heroes as Wilton Lackeye, Montagu Love, Rod La Roque and Huntley Gordon . . . any such man, I say, is worth according the privilege of a well-paid-for tea hour.

"Well," I said, with some impatience, after various small matters of menu-expediency had been satisfactorily arranged. "*What's* wrong with the women?"

"The men," he said.

I was righteously wroth. I should let him buy my tea only to hear what I already knew! An M.D., an artist, a playwright and a producer. I felt that he owed me rather more than the simple truth. Isn't he a fiction feller?

"Go on from there," I said, vexedly.

He became serious.

"Men," he said, as near as I can remember, "are allowing women to run away with all that made life between men and women most charming and most livable. And, after all, life is lived between men and women, isn't it?

"Men and women are equals, certainly. If there be any question of superiority involved, the laurels are to the ladies . . . or *were*. The equality is, however, basically different. Physiologically and inevitably different. We all know that. It is a fundamental and an inescapable fact. Why try to bridge the unbridgable?

"And here is a truth: *Men do not like the independent woman.* Women may say that they do not care whether men like them or not, but that is not the truth. Since men and women do live together in an interchange, as much harmony as is to be had is desirable.

"There is always sex antagonism. I do not believe that men and women ever get together in any vital sense. They are differentiated and apart. Love is an interlude. But when they are the most together it is when a woman is womanly and a man manly. Here and there may be found the exceptional case of a woman who has gained her so-called independence without paying the price of her femininity. She is the exception.

"Men like clinging vines. They like the feeling of

(*Continued on page 97*)

"Men do not like independent women," said Daniel Carson Goodman. "Women say they do not care whether men like them or not, but that is not the truth. Men like clinging vines. They like the feeling of being strength to weakness. They like the soft, pretty creature who flatters and makes much of them"

Let George Do It!

By

MALCOLM OETTINGER

IF you are a devotee of the silent drammer, as you probably are, you occasionally dream of theaters boasting efficient ushers, knee-room between seats, unobtrusive musical accompaniments, and a silver-sheet reflecting matchless pictures enacted by all-star casts. And in these mythical aggregations of histrionic glitter, the character man (i. e., the old father or the blustering uncle, or the testy landlord, or the grim financier) is always either George Fawcett or Theodore Roberts.

I, for my part, always vizualize old George Fawcett. There is not a great deal to choose between the two artists, but perhaps it's just a whim — I like G. F.

After the curtain had fallen for the third and last time on the slender stage comedy in which I saw him, I made my way backstage, and waited for the veteran actor. He came out carrying his wig in his hand, a puzzled smile on his face.

"If I don't get this fixed so's it'll stay put, I'll be dying of heart-failure," he said. "It almost came off three times tonight. And no retakes could have saved me!"

The Fawcett head is still brown. No white has yet appeared, to speak of. (He will thank me for that. He is *not* a "veteran" he insists.) He shook the wig at me.

"That," he remarked, "wouldn't go in the movies! Realism means much more on the screen than it does on the stage. And yet," he added, scratching his head just as he does in pictures, "I'm not sure whether realism makes for better art, or not."

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Said George Fawcett: "I've directed three or four films myself. Not much good. Just program pictures, you know. But I've done it now and I know I'm going to do it some more . . . "

As a matter of fact, he's torn between two loves. The screen has fascinated him from all angles: he has acted and directed and intends to continue doing both. The stage, on the other hand, reared him, he says, and so he will never forsake it. But directing, I think, is what George Fawcett wishes most to do.

"The picture game," he said, as we walked away from the theater, "is greatly advanced over ten years ago when I started noticing it. Acting, sets, everything has advanced uniformly except directing. There things seem at a standstill. Griffith introduced his close-up and his flash-back, and that ended it. What innovations have we today?"

I couldn't counter very effectively.

"Well," I demanded, "what innovations would you suggest?"

The Fawcett grin expanded and his eyes twinkled merrily.

"That I wont tell you—specifically. I'll spring it

someday myself when a company that trusts my judgment can be discovered. But this I will say. Originality is what directing nowadays lacks. If the modern director wants a laugh, he gets out his little book and says, 'Sennett used this in "Molly-O" and it got a great laugh. I'll twist it a bit, and use it, too.' Or if he wants a thrill he'll order the old sawmill set, or the railroad tracks at midnight. He depends too much on all the old surefire stuff that's *passé* and out o' date. He doesn't use any initiative."

Mr. Fawcett took my arm confidentially.

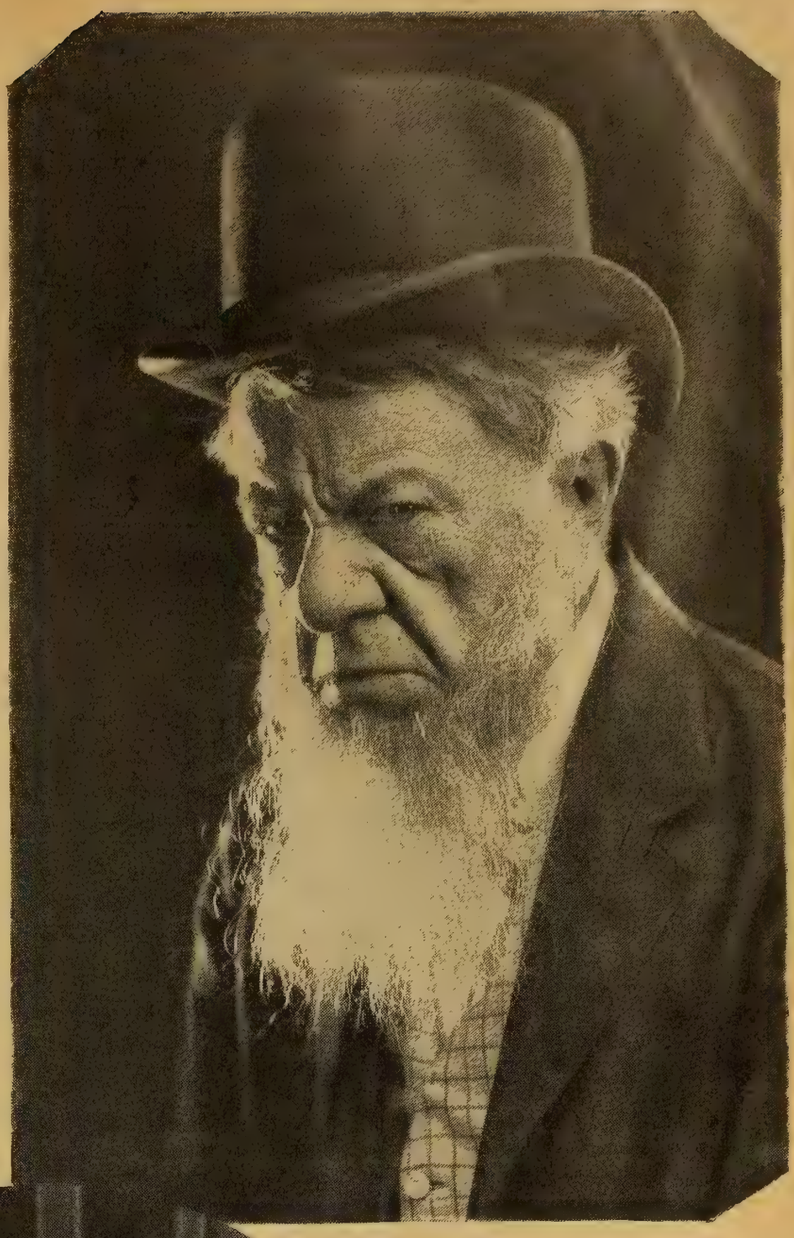
"I've directed three or four films myself," he said. "Not much good. Just program pictures, you know. But I've done it now, and I know I am going to do it some more. It's the real place to get yourself wrapped up in photoplays. The director holds the fate of the play in his hands—and," he winked, "it's a great feeling to have! To know that what you do makes or breaks the story. It's a responsibility, but anybody that cant shoulder a little of that shouldn't stick his face inside the studio door."

The thing that has handicapped young directors with ideas, thinks George Fawcett, is efficiency in the home office.

"They wont stand for any unhappy endings, or bitter truth. A young feller, friend o' mine, on the Coast, directed a story, and put some twists into it that really made it stand out, lifted it out of the commonplace. The film was sent East for the 'home office' boys to look over. They were thunderstruck.

"'Why look,' they said. 'The feller doesn't get his girl in the finish! The villain ain't killed off! The last shot ain't a hug-and-kiss fadeout! What's the matter with the director of this piece? Send it back and make him fix it up so it will go big with the exhibitors!'

(*Continued on page* 91)



At the top of the page George Fawcett is seen in the character of Ephriam Halbrook in "The Old Homestead." To the right, he is more dignified in a judicial capacity

"We'll grant that I can act a bit," said George Fawcett, and he waved a deprecating hand. "Lots of fellows can. But if I can hyptonize some producer into giving me a free rein, all the time I want, and a reasonable amount of money—I'll be directing better'n I can act!"

The famous characters of fiction have come to the screen, one by one. And now Century Comedies announce that the juvenile characters, too, will live again on the screen. All the beloved fairy tales are being filmed . . . and Baby Peggy, in truth a pocket-edition heroine, is to be starred

A Pocket-Edition Heroine

At the top of the page our diminutive heroine is discovered as she appears in "Little Red Riding Hood"; just above she is seen in the character of Gretel in "Hansel and Gretel." And what, indeed, could the picture at the left be but "Jack and the Beanstalk"

WITH Thanksgiving in the offing it is time that we all rose up to express gratitude for one thing or another. Everyone can find something to be thankful for if they look hard enough—even in the motion picture business. For instance, I'm thankful:

That there are no more Russian melodramas.

That Ivan Abramson has stopped producing.

That the talking picture is still a thing of the future.

That Babe Ruth is no longer in the movies.

That all the screen beauties haven't bobbed their hair.

For the comedies of Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton and Johnny Hines.

For the natural genius of Will Rogers.

That Mary Garden is going to continue her career of singing.

That all movie plots do not end happily.

For Mae Murray, Anna Q. Nilsson, Nita Naldi, Estelle Taylor, Corinne Griffith, Mary Astor, Agnes Ayres, Marion Davies and a lot of other pretty babies, I am thankful.

It is painfully noticeable that for several months past now the comedy directors have completely overlooked that dandy little gag of having the chief comedian squirt the contents of a seltzer water bottle into the villain's eye.

The best educational reels we have seen of late are the news weeklies wherein a corps of American doughboys are pictured training machine guns and readying them up to be used on their fellow countrymen should they become too forceful, in their demands for higher wages.

That little julep of inserting the thumb naïvely into the neck of a milk bottle, thereby causing contents of said bottle to fly in all directions, has been, on the other hand, in great favor.

For farewell appearances the drama has its Sarah Bernhardt, vaudeville its Harry Lauder, and now the motion picture has its William S. Hart.

Wonder why it is that when a person is shot or injured in the films the last thing anybody thinks about is sending for a doctor.

Our Own News Monthly

We hate to disappoint a lot of critics, but it can be safely predicted that Elaine Hammerstein in "One Week of Love" is going to surprise a lot of individuals and do some real dramatic acting.

Tom Forman by his direction of "If You Believe It It's So," shows evidence of big possibilities if given proper materials.

John Stahl also comes to the fore by his splendid direction of "One Clear Call."

William de Mille on the other hand takes quite a set back because of his awful contraption "Nice People."

"The Hero," a prize Broadway play that is to be adapted to the screen, should make one of the finest films of the year if properly done.

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Posed by Lucille Carlisle of the Larry Semon Comedies

Stars That Will Shine

W. E. Lawrence, who plays opposite Viola Dana in "They Like 'Em Rough." One of the finest leading men on the screen today.

John Gilbert, who has a touch of John Barrymore in him and who is capable of big things.

If there is an actor, director, property man or electrician who hasn't already had his picture taken with Will Hayes, I wish he'd hurry up and let's have it done with.

Wonder what the main difference is between a modern evening gown and a bathing suit and which is the warmest in the ocean.

We're for the actor every time, but it looks as tho the great Valentino has lost his head in trying to sever his contract with Famous. He was glad to sign up at a stipulated figure and now, even if he has grown to be worth more money, it is poor sportsmanship to try and welch out of it.

A. C. Naismith of Oakland, Cal., writes in to suggest

(*Continued on page 95*)

At the top and bottom of the page are two typical scenes from the human "Timothy's Quest." Just below is Kate Douglas Wiggin as she was snapped one day with three members of the cast. It is an interesting photograph of the popular authoress

A State Affair

A group of Maine capitalists have decided to perpetuate in celluloid the works of Maine authors wherein the characters are Maine people who move against the background of Maine's beautiful scenery. Hence, the Kate Douglas Wiggin tale, "Timothy's Quest," comes to the shadows

Across the Silversheet

An Incensed Breath of China and the High Romance of the Middle Ages Bring Color to the Shadows

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

STILL more costume pictures!

Last month we had "The Eternal Flame," "Blood and Sand," and "Monte Cristo." This month we have the delightful "East Is West" and the romantic "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

And we admit to having found them, for the most part, infinitely more interesting than the majority of sex dramas which have done their best to stultify the screen's growth.

First to consider "When Knighthood Was In Flower"——

It seems to us a wise choice which brought this Major novel to the shadows. It is rich in a theme fragrant with old romance—in a background against which move Henry VIII, Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn and other characters who have come down thru the years in both fiction and history—in its heroine, the lovely Princess Mary of the House of Tudor. Every schoolgirl has sighed over Mary Tudor and her forbidden love.

For those who haven't memories of neglected lessons while this novel was perused far into the night, the Princess loves and is loved by a Captain of the Guards. She is a headstrong Princess and he is an ardent Captain. There is the ambitious King of England, and in France another king, senile, covets the youth and beauty of Princess Mary.

And your interest in this romance is not something you put away with your text-books. Young love . . . forbidden trysts . . . the vanities of sovereigns . . . court intrigue . . . these things have a universal appeal.

(*Continued on page* 108)

At the top of the page is Cecil B. de Mille's "Manslaughter." It is an interesting picture, with Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan giving human portrayals. At the left is Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," a romantic tale in which Miss Davies is quite as lovely as you have believed Princesses to be. Below, "East Is West," in which Constance Talmadge is surprising when she intermingles poignant tenderness with delicious comedy

Comment On

Above is Anita Stewart in "Rose of the Sea"; at the right is a scene from "Sunshine Harbor," with Janet Beecher; and below, Clara Kimball Young as she appears in "The Hands of Nara"

Sunshine Harbor—Pathé

NO effort has been made to redeem this hackneyed story of the girl forced into a marriage against her will and who is placed in a compromising position by a man for whom she really cares—with her father believing the worst of her. Instead of the logical treatment, which in that sort of unnatural father would be to force the man who accompanied her on her compromising adventure to marry her, the ridiculous parent redoubles his efforts to make her marry the man of his choice. So daughter runs away to New York and immediately becomes a reporter. She covers a big fire and is burned so severely that she is blinded. So the time-worn situation of her father, the physician, is dragged in by the heels—he being called upon to operate without knowing her identity. They still persist in using this antiquated plot. But at least it can be made fairly interesting if some novel, unexpected twists are employed. You look in vain for them here. Margaret Beecher gives a negative performance, altho she radiates a bit o' charm.

The Hands of Nara—Metro

Here is a picture which possesses possibilities but which have been neglected in the development. With Richard Washburn Child as author of the original which created some little stir among the literati, one looked forward to something more entertaining than what is revealed. It's talky and "walky"—the titles being very frequent and the characters ever on parade. The shining figure here is Clara Kimball Young in the rôle of a Russian refugee. She does not have to be a member of the "Chauve-Souris" to be taken up by society. But after she visualizes a revolution in New York similar to the one from which she escaped, she turns to faith healing with apparently very little reason. It has taken four subtitles and three views of New York harbor to get her into the United States. If these faith healers could only put their hands upon the plots and make them well—such types of stories would carry more significance. "The Miracle Man" started something and they cant finish it. Miss Young, Elliott Dexter, Edwin Stevens, John Miltern, and the others are all capable of more feeling. They do little but wander and ponder. "The Hands of Nara" could have been a great deal better.

Under Oath—Selznick

Elaine Hammerstein has never had a better picture than this one which deals with big

Poor Page

Other Productions

business, frenzied finance and its accompanying victories and despairs. There is a moral, too, showing how a man is awakened to his despicable conduct by the courage of a girl. Of course this type of picture is a familiar one. It shows a girl stepping in and beating her daddy's Wall Street enemy after the pater is ruined. And so to the "third degree" and the ultimate wedding. You may anticipate the ending, but you are in for some first-rate dramatics before it appears. Mahlon Hamilton, Niles Welch and Wallace MacDonald make you wonder how so many leading men could crowd themselves in one picture and not register professional jealousy. Hamilton has the fat rôle and gives a convincing portrayal, but Welch appears miscast as the district attorney. The picture is strong in story interest. Wait for it.

JUST TONY—FOX

Do you want to see a horse express the primitive emotions of love, hate, sympathy and understanding? Then go and see "Just Tony," one of the most unusual and interesting westerns that has been shown in a long time. The stellar honors fall upon the sleek back of Tony, Tom Mix's mount, instead of upon the reliable shoulders of its owner. And this picture as a result of carrying this real novel characterization must be cataloged as a spirited and out of the ordinary melodrama. Mind you, there is no horseplay in the sense in which this compound word is generally applied. Tony gets right up on his hind legs and acts. He takes revenge upon Tom's enemies and plays with such sympathy that a double portion of oats must have been his reward. Lynn Reynolds, a director, has staged the picture against extremely colorful backgrounds. Trust Reynolds for atmosphere. Long stretches of plains with the white peaks of mountains collared in misty clouds from a panorama remind you of a Remington painting—especially when the mustangs are tearing full gallop across the horizon. Tony shows such intelligence that he should be as capable a director as he is an actor. Which suggests to us that many companies could use him to advantage to handle the megaphone. Be sure and send the boys to this one.

RICH MEN'S WIVES—LICHTMAN

If you can reconcile yourself to the stilted, hackneyed theme of "a little child shall lead them"—a theme used here to show that the wealthy disciples of jazz have to pay the piper—than you will probably like this story.

Above, Elaine Hammerstein in "Under Oath"; at the left, Tom Mix and the well-known Tony in "Just Tony"; while below is a scene from "Rich Men's Wives," with Claire Windsor

It is always obvious and often stupid, and the authors never penetrate to the core of their subject matter—they being content to skim the surface and rely upon the never failing heart interest—a note brought forth by Gasnier in a conspicuous manner—as if it was his trump card. The wealthy father glowers for six reels. You have little sympathy for him. And you dont blame the wife for inviting a smile or two from a gay dancer. Her conduct is in the spirit of these jazzy times—yet Mr. Outraged Husband turns her out. And so to the heart note. She hovers around the iron gate and one night comes to the glass door. The youngster, tip-toeing down, sees her. So they kiss thru the glass. This will melt many hearts. The climax smacks of the theater. The wife gathers courage enough to make an assault on the house during her hypocritical husband's gay party. And takes

Above, Shirley Mason in "The New Teacher"; at the right, William Duncan and Edith Roberts in "The Fighting Guide"; and below, Earle Williams in "Fortune's Mask"

her child away from the frivolous guests. The reconciliation follows. House Peters is the humorless, holier-than-thou husband who steps out of character when he entertains lavishly. This actor, gifted in expressing humanity, has no opportunity to flash his art. Claire Windsor is too emotional as the wife. However, she is beautiful always. That helps. The picture is well staged—the society background being perfectly suggested. The charm is all on the surface, for it carries no vital drama.

THE NEW TEACHER—FOX

Just a little bit of fluff is this picture which gives Shirley Mason an opportunity to wear a sentimental halo. The story skips along aimlessly, telling about a girl whose impulse drives her to do something worth while. And so, living up to the title, she becomes a school teacher in a poor section of the city. It is so colorless that it offers no sparkle at all. We must have the pathos. Naturally teacher's sympathy is drawn to a waif whose blind sister and worthless father have made her life a nightmare. Here is a sample of its fluffiness. One of the kiddies is marooned at the top of a flag-pole. The kind policeman who helps him down is none other than the manly hero who has joined the force to protect teacher. Shirley Mason is deserving of better things. Call it a sugar-coated lollypop and let it go at that.

Above, Alice Calhoun in "A Girl's Desire"; at the left, a scene from "What's Wrong With Women"; and below, Wanda Hawley in "Burning Sands"

THE FIGHTING GUIDE—VITAGRAPH

The strong man of westerns—William Duncan—has an enjoyable opus of the plains in this; a comedy-melodrama, with the humor standing out conspicuously as somewhat "different." It's a snappy little idea which introduces the star as a guide impersonating a nobleman. Of course its central theme has become slightly worn—in that it presents the impersonator saving a girl

(*Continued on page* 110)

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified.

Praise for Douglas Fairbanks, but opposition to his playing in Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire."

DEAR EDITOR: I saw in the July number of your magazine that Douglas Fairbanks is preparing to picturize Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire."

I realize, of course, that Mr. Tarkington must have consented to this. However, to relieve my own feelings, I am venturing to write this letter of protest.

Douglas Fairbanks has always played in good, clean pictures. He has a likable personality. That is the chief fly in the ointment. He does not seem capable of subordinating his own personality to the personality of the character he is portraying. He is always Douglas Fairbanks. It is all right when he is creating a character, when he is playing Tom Smith, or John Jones, or any other mere man. Douglas Fairbanks is, in all probability, much more than Tom Smith. We dont know anything about Tom Smith, so we are content Douglas Fairbanks calls himself Tom Smith in one of his pictures.

Douglas Fairbanks was not D'Artagnan. He was Douglas Fairbanks dressed in picturesque clothes, swashbuckling around, having a glorious time, and calling himself "D'Artagnan." But he was the same effervescent, bubbling, unsquelched Douglas Fairbanks that he has always been.

Monsieur Beaucaire, I mean Monsieur Beaucaire as I understand and love him, is so wholly different from Douglas Fairbanks. To begin with, he was small and slender. Douglas Fairbanks is decidedly strapping. Monsieur Beaucaire was dignified, composed, and thoroly the gentleman. I do not say that Douglas Fairbanks is not a gentleman, he may be, but he certainly is not dignified. Monsieur Beaucaire was a whimsical, rather wistful, somewhat philosophic personage. Douglas Fairbanks never has done anything to make me think he was whimsical or wistful or philosophic. He is too showy to be gentle, gallant, little Monsieur Beaucaire.

Let him make good, clean pictures, let him be his own riotous self unreservedly, let him play the part of daredevil Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, but please, oh please, dont let him play the part of anybody whom anybody knows about!

It is so disheartening to see a calm, reserved, rather austere D'Artagnan made into a swaggering, ogling soldier of the class that Mr. Kipling wrote about in his Barrack Room Ballads. I shudder to think what Monsieur Beaucaire will become.

Douglas Fairbanks is not the only star who recreates characters. They all do it—particularly the stars of longer standing.

I realize that what I have said has been said repeatedly, and said much more forcibly, but the constant drippings of water may wear away the largest stone.

Yours truly,
A. L. L.

Elinor Glyn's prestige is questioned.

DEAR EDITOR: Will someone kindly tell me *why is* Eleanor Glyn? I've been wondering for a long, long time.

Perhaps I am lacking in discernment and appreciation, but her shrewd British countenance lavishly displayed by press and screen; her smug British comments on American customs and manners; her complacent assumption that she is an undisputable authority on every subject broached; her consistent disparagement of a public which has received her with courtesy and good faith; above all, her driveling sex twaddle, all bore me inexpressibly.

Armed with the mighty reputation of "Three Weeks," she has serenely invaded our territory, our press, our pictures, always cleverly contriving to share the limelight with awe-stricken lesser (?) celebrities and get widely advertised. In return for her royal reception, she has promised great things; but what has she actually done except caustically criticize our generous hospitality? Is it indicative of good breeding publicly to censure one's host? Yet, Mrs. Glyn has set herself forth as authority on social etiquette. Why do we accept it from her?

To be sure, she claims she is lending her mighty talents to advance our screen art, elevate our literature, uplift our morals, cultivate (if that is possible) our undeveloped emotions, introduce into our crude drama new and decidedly superior elements. If so, she must be progressing slowly out of consideration for our feeble intellects; for so far, she has dismally failed to "deliver the goods."

Monday last I witnessed second screening of "Beyond the Rocks," which Mrs. Glyn wrote especially for Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino—a picture which has received widespread publicity and much laudatory criticism. Inasmuch as all this advertising was written around the key fact that here, at last, Mrs. Glyn had justified the public's interest and produced a thoroly

(*Continued on page* 116)

Monsieur Beaucaire, as one reader understands him, was whimsical, wistful and philosophic. He was dignified and composed. And "A. L. L." goes on to say that Douglas Fairbanks is his own riotous self-strapping—a maker of fine, clean pictures—yet not the man to play Monsieur Beaucaire

The Old Homestead

By
PETER ANDREWS

Novelized by permission from the Paramount production adapted from the Denman Thompson play by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods, and from the scenario by Julien Josephson. Copyright, 1922, by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. All rights reserved.

ON a little rise of ground in the heart of the New Hampshire hills stood staunchly an old New England farmhouse: square, white, unadorned, sturdy as the oaks and picturesque as the elms that grew around it. It dominated the sloping countryside like a single glowing diamond in folds of jeweler's plush. The house, known affectionately as "the old homestead," belonged to Joshua Whitcomb—"Uncle Josh," he was, to all the neighbors and friends for miles around.

Under the friendly shade of the broad back porch a woman sat shelling pease, placidly and uninterruptedly. A big grey cat drowsed in the sun on the steps. The familiar farmyard sounds came softly to her ears. Bees droned lazily in the clover in the yard. The regular thud of a butter churn back in the spotless kitchen contributed further to the peace and plenty that brooded over the place. Fertile fields, a full larder, contented hearts, under the summer sky! It was knee-deep in June.

"My land sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman suddenly, springing to her feet but clutching thriftily the pan of newly shelled pease. "You did surprise a body! Cy Prime, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, creeping around the corner like that. And you too, Seth Perkins. I do declare, there's no peace for a woman, even in her own home."

Two middle-aged gentlemen insinuated themselves into full view from around either corner of the big house and approached the indignant woman in a somewhat abashed frame of mind.

"Now Miss Matilda," spoke up Seth, the elder of the two elderly admirers, "we jest come around to pass the time of day. Leastways I did, and that ornery skinflint, Cy, tagged along after me."

"No such a thing, Miss Matilda!" cried Cy in a huff. "I started first."

"Now you boys stop your fighting," interrupted Matilda Whitcomb in a mollified and soothing voice, "and you can stay for supper."

Forthwith the two elderly gallants seated themselves on the top step with transparent attempts to conceal their satisfaction at the word "boys."

They had been courting the sister of Uncle Josh for nearly thirty years now and were still bitter rivals. The lady herself had no intention of marrying anybody, but this she kept to herself and got what enjoyment she could out of their prolonged tho ardent wooing. Life flowed on at a serene and even pace for all of them with much

Down at the end of the cow pasture where the little brook widened out to a shallow pool, sat the other two members of the household: Ann, an adopted daughter, and Reuben, son of Josh. . . They were perched precariously on top of the rail fence "that kept the sheep from the meadow, and the cows from the corn"

of happiness and contentment and little of pain.

As the day crept toward the night and the shadows lengthened across the many crested hills, Uncle Josh came home from his labors in the fields, tired in body but with a mind at rest. He smiled a little at the spectacle of the elderly admirers of his sister seated rather primly on the top step. A little of cheery greeting and good-natured chaff and they all went in the house to "wash up" for the evening meal. Uncle Josh was seen to re-open with considerable care the screen door and step cautiously outside.

"Here you are, fellow," he called, holding out a plate well filled with premature snatches of their supper. "Set down here and eat your fill, and if there ain't enough left for the little dog I'll get ye some more. But be quiet, mind ye. Matilda dont like tramps."

The man, who had like Cy and Seth, crept around the corner of the house at the first call, grinned broadly. He was ragged and unshaven but there was that in his face that redeemed his appearance. In one frayed button hole bloomed a gay white flower. In his arms he held a struggling puppy. The very essence of the man was *camaraderie* and this was what prompted the kind-hearted Josh to go out of his way to give the man a square meal.

Down at the end of the cow pasture, where the little brook widened out to a shallow pool and the weeping willows caressed with their pale tips the placid waters, sat the other two members of the household: Ann, an adopted daughter, and Reuben, son of Josh. More exactly, they were perched precariously on top of the rail fence "that kept the sheep from the meadows and the cows from the corn."

"But I do like you an awful lot," Ann was saying, and Reuben Whitcomb's eyes begged for more. But "love" was such a big word to say, such an important word, and such an embarrassing word—at first.

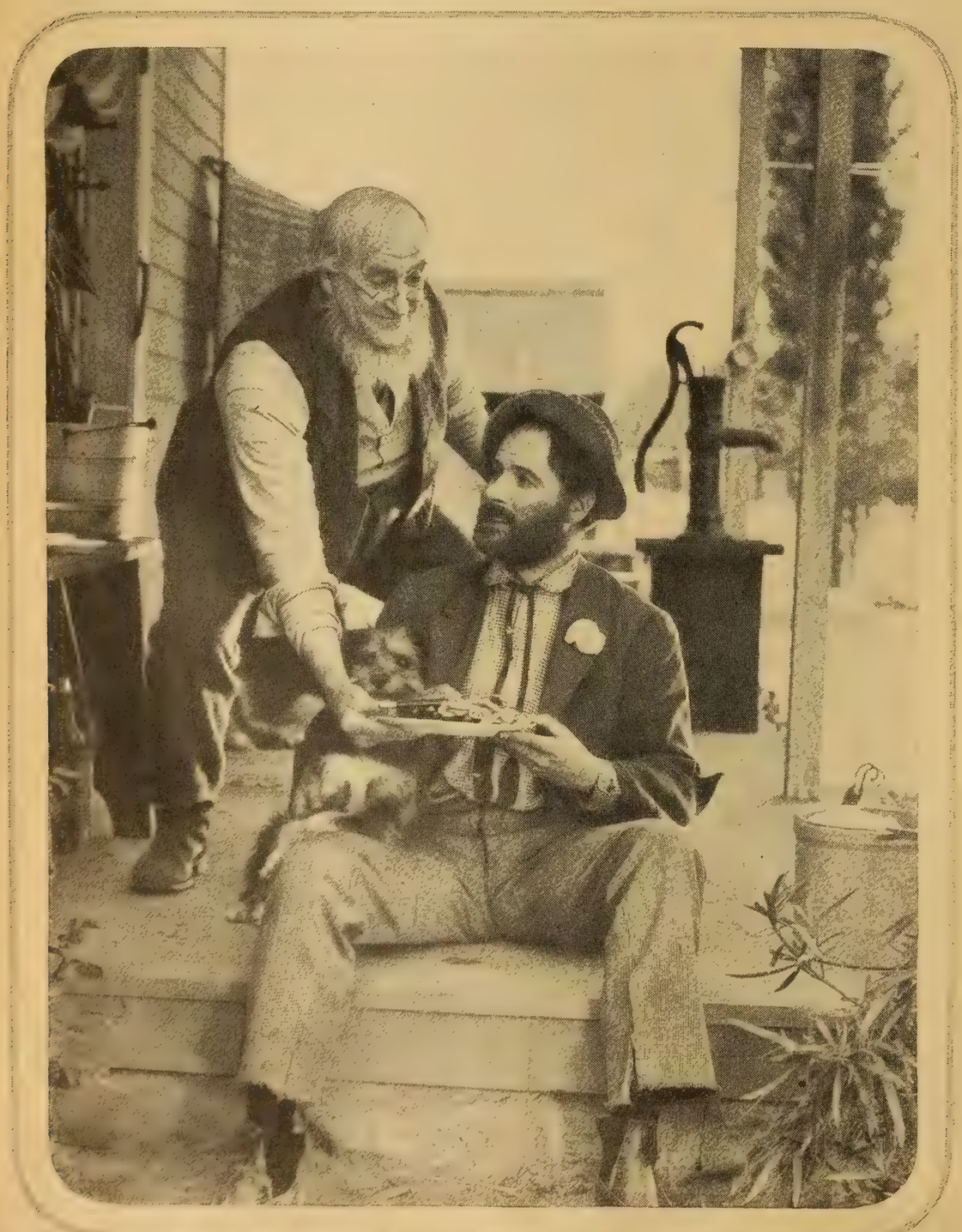
"Well I'm glad you do," replied the boy, "because—"

"You, Reuben!" shrilled a voice across the meadows. "A-a-un! Supper's ready. Come right along."

Ann waited anxiously for him to finish the sentence but the spell was broken, and two silent and solemn young people tramped thru the daisies to the house.

Reuben clerked in the general store which was owned by Eph. Holbrook, a hard man but just. The only other clerk was Lemuel Holbrook, the son and heir of the proprietor. Holbrook was about the richest and most important man in the village. He not only owned the store that supplied every villager's every need, but he held a mortgage on most of their homes as well, one of them lying none too lightly on the old homestead of Josh Whitcomb.

Reuben and Lem were not particularly good friends. No one was a particularly good friend of Lem's, as a matter of fact,



"Here you are, fellow," he called, holding out a plate well filled with premature snatches of their supper. "Set down here and eat your fill, and if there ain't enough left for the little dog, I'll get ye some more. But be quiet, mind ye. Matilda dont like tramps"

unless it was Rose, the village vamp. He was a coward and a shirker and a weakling, none of which gracious attributes are conducive to popularity. But he had money, or would have it in time, so Rose liked him. Rose was not a bad girl, only vain and foolish and weak too, like Lem. But Eph. Holbrook didn't like her. He had forbidden his only son and heir to have anything to do with her. This very naturally had exactly the opposite effect. They met around corners and at night and the secrecy leant some glamour to their drab little romance.

Ann lived in a state of complete apathy. Her eyes took on a dull and unseeing look. She went about her daily tasks like an automaton insensible to kindness and abuse alike. Sometimes the patient Matilda got out of patience with her and scolded her in no uncertain terms

One day it was born in on Rose with sickening realization that Lem must marry her at once. This was the first harsh note in the harmony of life in that little country town. But Lem played the usual graceless rôle of the recalcitrant male and at last the desperate girl had to threaten to tell his hard-hearted old father, whereupon Lem suddenly saw things in a different light, and a few days later Rose left town, alone, with a great sum of money in her pocket.

Suddenly and without warning a storm descended upon the old homestead.

Reuben was arrested for theft!

It seems that two thousand dollars had been taken from the safe in Eph. Holbrook's store.

Reuben had been seen to return to the store early in the evening. He let himself in with his key and had come out a few minutes later with a small white package.

No one else had been near the place.

The night watchman had made his usual rounds.

Therefore Reuben must have stolen the money.

At least that is the way it was figured out. And it was quite in vain that the boy denied it hotly and explained that he had only gone back to get a present for Ann that he had forgotten. His story sounded flimsy, so they said, and he was locked up in the village jail along with Happy Jack, the genial tramp whom Uncle Josh had befriended. Happy Jack's offense was a minor one and jail to him was perhaps more comfortable than the open road. He was used to jails. But it was an unbearable humiliation to the proud boy, and only his father's faith in him gave him the courage to bear up under it.

Now Joshua Whitcomb knew that faith without works is dead and he offered to make good the two thousand dollars if Holbrook would not prosecute his son. In a wave of unexpected fair-mindedness Holbrook agreed and a trembling old man presented himself the next day at the village lock-up.

But Reuben was gone.

And Happy Jack was gone, and the little dog. A clean getaway they had made and left not a trace. A heart-broken man went home with the tale to Matilda and Ann.

"It does look bad," Matilda said thru her tears. "And you know, Joshua, Rose being gone and everything——"

"Dont!" interrupted Ann in a voice of pain. "I dont believe he's with her. I dont believe he

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Paramount production of "The Old Homestead," based on the scenario by Julien Josephson adapted from the Denman Thompson stage play by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods. Directed by James Cruze. The cast:

Uncle Joshua	Theodore Roberts
Eph. Holbrook	George Fawcett
Happy Jack	T. Roy Barnes
Ann	Fritzi Ridgeway
Reuben	Harrison Ford
Lem	James Mason
Rose	Kathleen O'Connor
Aunt Matilda	Ethel Wales
Ike Goodsell	Edwin J. Brady
Si Prime	Frank Hayes
Seth Perkins	Z. Wall Covington
Gabe Waters	Charles Williams

"You see," said the older and shabbier of the two, "you will be welcome. They do want you back. Cheer up, boy! Love ain't all dead yet." And Happy Jack laid his arm affectionately around Reuben Whitcomb's shoulders

took the horrid old money. Oh, Auntie, how could you say it? How could you?"

"There, child, dont take on so," replied the woman soothingly. "We must just bide our time and be patient and he'll come back. You'll see. Everything'll turn out for the best. I know it will."

But it was with heavy hearts the little household went to bed that night. Two thousand dollars was a fortune to Uncle Josh—but he'd get it. That was his problem. Ann's faith was not so strong as she claimed. Perhaps he *had* gone away with Rose. She wanted to die—but she must live for her foster father. That was her task. As for Matilda, she felt the heaviest burden was on her shoulders. She would economize—just as tho she had not always done so. She must keep the poor dears cheered up—just as tho she had not always done so. She would bake and brew and scrub and sew—just as tho she had not always done that. But she would double her efforts and market the result. Patterson in the village would take three dozen eggs a week. That would be a dollar and twenty cents. The baker would buy her cakes for a dollar a piece. There would be so many pounds of butter and doubtless she could make patchwork quilts in her spare time. And her loving old heart was full of hope and her busy mind full of plans for helping. But, best of all was her cheerful insistence that everything was going to come out all right.

If Uncle Josh's spirits sagged, she entertained him with stories of her still persistent swains. She would save out some of the money she earned until he would come home particularly discouraged and then offer it as a grand surprise to add to the slowly growing sum. Josh was grateful and determined, tho money was hard to get and Holbrook was pressing him heavily.

But Ann was more difficult. She was just resigned and hopeless. She lived in a state of complete apathy. Her eyes took on a dull unseeing look. She went about her daily tasks like an automaton insensible to kindness and abuse alike. Sometimes the patient Matilda got out of patience with her and scolded her in no uncertain terms. But she only listened with far-away eyes and a little droop to her sweet young lips that caused the woman's scoldings to die away into silence and break out again into tender little croonings of endearment.

In New York Happy Jack and Reuben, begged a little, worked a little, and be it confessed stole a little. The boy was desperate. The bottom had been knocked out of his world. He had fled the town in disgrace. Every hand was against him—or so he thought. He did not know to what length his father was going to save his honor. He did not know that his Aunt prayed nightly to her God for his safe return. He did not dream that Ann's loving heart lay open and bleeding because he had gone away. No, he thought they all believed him guilty. There was nothing left. What did it matter—this stealing? One had to live. But something fine in the boy saved him in time. A New England conscience is as rock ribbed as her coast and his heritage of honesty and bravery from his father lifted the boy up from the mire into which he had sunk.

In their last little difficulty with the police, he and Happy Jack had become separated and Reuben did not know a soul in all that great city full of people. Lonely days and lonelier nights for the boy were driving him crazy. He could not go home but he must get away. The upshot of it was that he shipped on a tramp steamer whose port was determined by the whim of the moment or the exigencies of food and so forth. What did it matter where he went—Cathay or the Argentine? He was away!

Things grew worse and worse back at the old Homestead. Josh could not raise the money. Even Matilda's spirits drooped and Ann was a pale ghost of her former laughing-eyed self. Besides that, the mortgage was coming due. Josh could see only ruin for them all. It was not just. He had been given a task beyond his strength—and was it his fault then that he had failed? But no! There was one chance more. He would take it. An old school friend of his, Martin Benedict, lived in New York. They had been barefoot boys together; stealing the same cookies out of their mother's cookie jar; pitching hay in summer and swimming in the old swimming hole together; walking the long road to school in winter; studying under the same lamp at night. Yes, surely Martin would help him for old sake's sake.

However, it was a trembling and timid old man who

presented himself some days later at the pretentious entrance of his old friend's home in the city.

"Well, if it isn't good old Josh!" cried the voice of Martin Benedict in a somewhat noisy welcome, "What brings you to the city? Haven't seen you for thirty years."

"Well, I'm in trouble, Martin," Uncle Josh answered hopefully, "I jest thought—mebbe—as how—you might help me out."

"Hmm—let's see," Benedict replied cautiously, a shade less warmth in his tone.

"It's this way, Martin," Josh was encouraged to begin and he poured out the whole sad story to, alas, unheeding ears.

"Mighty sorry, old fellow," said Benedict crisply at the end of the tale. "Pretty rotten deal all around. But I just haven't got the money right now. Two girls away at boarding school, you know. Just bought this house too. And besides business is bad—bad. Sorry I cant oblige. Come around again some time. Good day."

And before he quite realized it, Josh Whitcomb found himself outside on the sidewalk once more. He wandered disconsolately down the street; some good instinct guiding his bewildered feet down toward Grace Church. In front of its great doors he paused to collect his wits once more about him.

"Well, hello!" drawled a rough voice and Happy Jack stood in front of him. "If it's not Mr. Whitcomb!"

"Reuben, Reuben," quavered the old man, "tell me about my boy. Where is he?"

"He's over in China, I guess," replied Happy Jack, "where I'm headin' for."

Uncle Josh's face fell but brightened again when Jack told him all he knew of the boy and promised to take him a note from Ann and money from his father.

"Tell him only to come home and everything will be all right," begged Josh. "I know he never took the money. And so does Ann, and Matilda and Seth and Cy, and—and there ain't hardly anybody believes he took it. Jest tell him to come home." His voice broke, and Happy Jack agreed to find Reuben and send him back if he had to scour the whole continent for him.

Josh went home with his good and bad news. He had not raised the money but he had halfway gotten in touch with his lost boy. With characteristic bravery they sold their household goods at auction: linen sheets laid away in lavender; and old mahogany and quaint hook rugs; patchwork quilts of marvelous design and fine handwork; even the family heirlooms in silver. But they squared the amount of the theft, and if their home was stripped of all but the barest necessities, their hearts were full.

Over on the other side of the world two shabby men were seated at a tumble down table in a low dive on the bund at Shanghai.

"You see," said the older and shabbier of the two, "you will be welcome. They do want you back. If you could have seen your old father, when he caught sight of me! And the letter from the little lady! Cheer up, boy! Love ain't all dead yet!" And Happy Jack laid his arm affectionately around Reuben Whitcomb's shoulders.

So Reuben sailed for home.

Back in Boston he ran across Rose, a dejected and unhappy figure, her baby

(*Continued on page* 106)

Yes, Reuben had come home, and he and Matilda had cried like children; happy, happy tears, for nothing else really matters when your own comes back to you

Stills Between Shots

By
RUTH OVERTON

David Powell is playing with Alice Brady in "Anna Ascends," these days . . . he is as gallant as ever . . .

Photograph by Marceau, N. Y.

MOTION picture people are the most natural human beings in the world. That is, if you let them be themselves. The most interesting moments in screen-dom are in the lulls between action. It is then that everyone relaxes into his, or her, own genuine self. So many lay people have the idea that a conventional cloak of artificiality covers the real personality of every screen star. On the contrary, all whom I know are much more spontaneous than most women and men I meet in an ordinary social way. This very question came up the other day with Miss Elsie Ferguson.

Miss Ferguson and I sat in front of the set where was being shot a small bit from her next picture, "Outcast," taken from her great stage success of the same name. Being plumb full of a longing for a little spontaneity—having just been talking with a woman well-known socially who, frankly, gave me a pain in the neck, to use a colloquialism—I sputtered out about it. It seemed as tho I had stepped into Miss Ferguson's very mood. She sat bolt upright in her chair, and apparently

Above is Mirta Bonillas in the superb mandarin costume on which, she declared, she had spent all her money—a breath from the Orient. At the right is Nita Naldi, glittering as ever. There are only three things in the world which annoy her—having still photographs made, going to the dentist, and going to California!

When the Stars Talk About This and That

opened the safety-valve a little herself.

"Sincerity! Naturalness! Of course, artistic people have them! Are they not both keynote and keystone of great art? Also, they are what the public wants. It is not the people who act upon the screen or stage who are unnatural. It is the person whose artificial conventionality has not been cut to fit the personality it is supposed to garnish. It is the young girl who makes up too glaringly, whose very clothes are unnatural and often seem not to belong to her. And our American girls are the worst offenders. Most critics of French women accuse them of artificiality. My experience tells me they are wrong. For instance, over in the cast with Miss Brady, who, as you know, is working in another part of the studio, there is a little French girl whom I met a year or more ago. She has been working steadily in pictures, and today she is more natural and unstudied than the average young girl you meet outside the profession."

Dear me, I wish I had room for more that Miss

(*Continued on page* 98)

At the left, Alice Brady as she appears in "Anna Ascends." She deplores the general tendency of today to chuck overboard all smoothness and refinements as denoting weakness and effeminacy

Peggy Shaw is at the Fox Studios too. She is playing in the Mary Carr picture, "Penzie"

Elsie Ferguson, playing in "Outcast," was as interesting as usual. She said it was the person whose artificial conventionality had not been cut to fit the personality it was supposed to garnish who was artificial. She thinks sincerity and naturalness are both the keynote and keystone of the great

Soul of Thespis

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

All photographs by Melbourne Spurr

NOT so long ago the moguls who make pictures began to realize the necessity of having serious artists in their productions.

For, quite fortunately, the public began to tire of sleazy, blonde ingénues who tried to imitate Mary Pickford, and to grow weary of wax-haired leading men whose only claim to fame was a good-looking profile.

And, at about that time of the films' renaissance several rather well-known stage players—people who had studied, and who *knew* dramatic art—began to come to the films. One of these was Ethel Grey Terry.

What has often impressed me, in my ramblings about the studios, is the lack of seriousness a number of the players seem to have toward their work. Frequently you will find leading ladies who dont know the meaning of punctuality, and leading men who think that mental concentration is something that is put up by the pound for household consumption.

I have seen unimportant players, egged on by their own egocentricity, hold up an entire company many minutes merely because they desired to talk to some friend or, perhaps, change their shoes.

That sort of thing used to be expected in film studios. Now, however, it's tabooed!

All of this has nothing at all to do with Miss Terry. She is a straightforward, sincere, young woman who has been on the legitimate stage ever since her earliest childhood—who has been reared to the concepts of theatrical regularity—who enters in a heartfelt way into whatever she may be called upon to do.

Her mother is Lillian Lawrence, now one of the films' best-known character actresses, but in former years a popular stock leading woman in a number of Eastern cities. At three she put her daughter on the stage. Later, when the child needed educating, she placed her in a convent, but, still later, when Miss Terry was sufficiently mature, she saw to it that she was properly launched in the legitimate.

That is Miss Terry's background. And that is the reason she takes her work seriously. Real "troupers" have this view.

Personally, in certain moods, Miss Terry reminds me of the well-bred, dynamic clubwoman. Again she is a rollicking comedienne. One finds her cultured, reserved, cordial, anxious to please—and succeeding well in pleasing.

An hour's conversation with the quick-witted Ethel Grey Terry is like a travelog. One moment she tells you some humorous reminiscence of the theatrical greenroom; in the next breath she is talking about the coopful of chickens she keeps in her backyard. Never does she directly speak of herself

In the heart of Ethel Grey Terry love for the theater will never die . . . She is the Soul of Thespis . . . She is - - - Acting

She has wide grey eyes and a feminine shock of wavy bobbed hair. Her manner is informal. She has poise.

"I've often been glad no one has ever starred me," she said, "especially when one looks back over the list of stars-that-have-been. I could think of nothing more harrowing than seeing my name in electric lights and knowing that my popularity might, at the same time, be waning.

"What is popularity? It's here today and gone tomorrow.

"An actor who isn't a star has the *chance*—the real opportunity—of doing his best work in a wide variety of parts.

"I have no idea what I am. In this picture I am a leading woman; in another I am a 'heavy'—and in the next I may wear a white wig and play a character. *That* is acting. Merely walking onto a 'set' and playing one's own self isn't *acting*. It shows no versatility to merely simulate the actions one goes thru in his own personal life."

There are only a few free-lance players in Hollywood who will admit that

(*Continued on page* 90)

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

She is a peculiar combination. A desert mirage and a Gainsborough. A scarlet poppy and a milk-white *fleur-de-lis* . . .

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Ethel Grey Terry has been on the legitimate stage ever since her earliest childhood . . . she has been reared to the concepts of theatrical regularity . . . and she enters in a heartfelt way into whatever she may be called upon to do

On the Camera Coast

With
HARRY CARR

THE most interesting event that Hollywood has survived for a long time is the advent of Pola Negri.

As a reigning sensation she has cast even Peggy Joyce into the shade. Her first American-made picture will be "Bella Donna;" the preparations for which would indicate that it is to be one of the most elaborate and beautiful ever made at any Hollywood studio. Conrad Nagel is to be leading man and the director will be George Fitzmaurice.

Every society dame in Los Angeles and in the millionaire colonies of Pasadena and Santa Barbara has laid her plans for the social capture of the beautiful Polish actress and there will be more heart burning and expensive tea parties than were ever collected into one comparatively small area before.

The unspoken question at every Hollywood soirée concerns the effect that Madam Negri's arrival will have upon the somewhat mercurial Charlie Chaplin.

Charlie met the lovely Negri in Europe on the occasion of his recent tour and they were both interested—much.

Madam Negri's arrival, however, finds the talented Charles very much interested in some one else—Peggy Joyce.

Fugitive from a distressing tragedy in Paris, Peggy seems to have been able to dry up her tears and to find Hollywood a fairly interesting spot on the map. For a time, Hollywood hesitated in the case of the world-famous vamp lady; but there are limits to what human curiosity can endure; so, in the end, the film colony kind of edged around and got acquainted.

A California beach . . . and the vivid Gloria Swanson hiding from the sun in a beach chair

Madge Bellamy is the leading lady of "Garrison's Finish," which marks another return to the screen for Jack Pickford. At the top of the page she is seen talking to Director Arthur Rosson. In the center is Jane Novak and her little daughter, Virginia. In the screen version of Marie Corelli's "Thelma," Virginia plays Thelma as a child, while Mother Jane plays the heroine in later years. And at the left, Jackie Coogan turns in and helps his cameraman

Pola Negri's Arrival in Hollywood Finds Charlie Chaplin Interested in Peggy Joyce

There is no other place in the world where the scrutiny of a celebrity is so close and relentless as at Hollywood, where life is a sort of big intimate family circle.

Surveyed under these close conditions, Peggy proves to be a curiously interesting character. She is not at all pretty; but she has what Barrie called "that damn charm." Come to think, none of the great vamps of history—Du Barry, Pompadour, Cleopatra—were especially beautiful. Peggy is well read, seems to be equally fascinating to men and women, and has a subtle only-you-and-I-understand manner that is fatal to male persons. Also, it goes without saying, Peggy is a past mistress in the matter of understanding men.

Since the first two or three weeks of her arrival, Peggy and Charlie Chaplin have been inseparable. They go to prize-fights and theaters and swimming parties —oh, just everywhere. The first night that Peggy attended one of the fights at the Hollywood arena, she almost stopped the show.

Her fascinations have failed thus far to make themselves felt in one quarter, however. The gossip is that Charlie took his little playmate over to call on Mary Pickford; and that Mary was most emphatically not at home. Hence a coolness in the chummiest group in Hollywood.

Douglas Fairbanks indulged in some queer press agent antics in connection with the première of "Robin Hood." Having decided to make it the occasion of opening a new theater built by Sid Graumann, Doug gave himself a luncheon at his own studio, at which the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, etc., were guests. At this luncheon, Doug allowed himself to be "persuaded" to open in Hollywood instead of New York.

His good wife Mary has cheered up

(*Continued on page* 103)

Surf-riding. Great fun says Viola Dana

At the top of the page is Joseph Talmadge Keaton and his Aunt Norma. Only he is to call her simply Norma. No auntie about it, declares the popular emotional star. In the center is Brownie of the Century Comedies—a cinema radio hound. At the right is the swimming pool at Pickfair. Sitting on the lawn are Marilyn Miller Pickford and Jack Pickford. Doug and Charlie are in the pool, and Mary is all ready for a plunge

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The Mother of Betty

A New and Exclusive Camera Study of Betty Compson
and Her Mother, Mary E. Compson

For Christmas Gifts

look at these manicure sets

Each in a beautiful silver and blue wrapper

For her dressing table

Complete with full size packages Cutex Five-minute Set. In the new wrapper.

$1.00

A more luxurious gift

Containing buffer and other extra articles. Cutex Boudoir Set. In the new wrapper.

$3.00

For her toilet case

Larger, beautiful, convenient. Cutex Traveling Set. In the new wrapper.

$1.50

For her week-ends

Complete with smaller packages—Cutex Compact Set. In the new wrapper.

60c

WHEN you see the Cutex manicure sets in their new wrapper this year, you will instantly welcome them as the perfect holiday gift for any of your friends.

Whether you want a simple remembrance or a beautiful and distinctive gift—you have just the right set at exactly the price that your pocket-book can conveniently meet.

The new Christmas wrapper is like a beautiful miniature painting done in the time of Louis Quatorze. It will stand out as unique among a whole collection of other presents.

Even the smallest set at 60c contains every essential for a perfect manicure:—the file, the orange stick, the emery board in little separate compartments; Cutex for the cuticle, used also as a nail bleach; the polishes, the nail white—all in smart containers.

Around your own corner there is sure to be a drug or department store where the clerk will hand you any of these Cutex sets.

The De Luxe Set which is not shown is sumptuously fitted in a satin-lined case. It, too, has its special Christmas wrapper. The price is $5.00.

On sale at all toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada and at chemists' shops in England. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Juvenile Critic

By

DOROTHY WHITEHILL

September 21, 1922.

DEAREST PUNCH: I have just come home from seeing a movie called "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," and I am all puzzled. I thought, you see, that it was going to be a really children's picture, only I dont think it was meant to be because it was all about grown-ups that didn't like children at all in the beginning and who ended up by being simply crazy about them.

Everybody seemed to be making mistakes all the time. First, one of the sisters (there are two of them that the story is mostly about, I think) gets married and then she finds out she hasn't really at all, and when she is going to do it again why her cross father wont let her and her husband gets killed in his motor and then everybody gets awfully excited and the girl faints.

I dont think you are supposed to like the older sister, but I did because she just simply adored her bulldog and I dont blame her a little bit, but it seemed to make her husband very angry indeed.

The very interesting part of the story is about two little children whose mother dies and they go to live in a very nice orphanage, and it makes you want to cry the way they love each other.

The girl who had fainted comes to see all the children very often and she just loves one of them very much and it's just a very young baby, and one day a woman who had been her nurse tells the young girl that it is her baby, and I thought that was sort of funny because here she had been all that time and she didn't know it, but, of course, it was very nice too.

The other sister adopts the little girl and oh, Punch! she doesn't adopt the little brother too, and I cried when they said good-bye, but it all turns out very nicely because the brother goes to see her the very next day and meets the husband and he adopts him and they all four are very happy and they have some beautiful toys.

There's another part too, about a dog who has the dearest puppies, but one day when she is out getting food for them the hateful, horrid dog catcher gets her and the poor darling pups are left all alone. Only not for long because a beautiful collie dog comes and adopts them all.

You see the story is mostly about adopting and I dont think children would like it very much, but I'm sure grown-ups would, especially ladies who haven't any children of their own.

I didn't see just where the little child led them, but I guess it was a nice place.

Your sleepy JUDY.

DEAR PUNCH:—I have just come from the movies and I feel all "dancy" inside because I saw—guess what? "Grandma's Boy," and that funny, funny Harold Lloyd was it, except just at the first when a little boy who looks ever so much like him took the part.

He was a regular little sissy and no matter how much the other boys teased him he wouldn't fight. He just sticks his finger in his mouth and looks foolish.

Well, he grows up and he is just as sissy. First, you see him standing in front of a Ford and he looks as if he were winding it up, no, I mean cranking, dont I? I always forget. Anyhow he isn't at all, he's really freezing ice cream for a very pretty girl who looks a tiny bit like my darling Mary Pickford.

Just when he gets it all fixed and ready, a great big bully comes to call and oh, he is so horrid he just simply knocks poor Mr. Lloyd all around and finally throws him into a really truly well.

(*Continued on page* 98)

At the left are two of the juvenile players in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." I didn't see where the little child led them, but I guess it was a nice place. At the right, the funny, funny Harold Lloyd in the funny, funny "Grandma's Boy"

Protect your skin against wind and cold by applying the right cream before you go out

TO PREVENT CHAPPING
—*this protective cream*

The cold winds of winter cannot harm your skin if you give it the proper protection.

But they whip the moisture out of an unprotected skin and leave it rough and dry. A chapped skin is the painful and distressing result.

To guard against chapping you need a cream that keeps your skin soft and holds the natural moisture in.

A protective cream for daytime use must be one that your skin absorbs instantly—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. Based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect, this fragrant cream is absorbed the moment you smooth it on your face. It acts as an invisible shield against wind and cold and holds the natural moisture in the skin.

The enormous use of this cream in countries and states that have severely cold climates—where women simply must protect their skin before venturing out into the cold and wind—proves how effective a protection it is. No matter where you live, do not go out in winter until you have protected your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The glare of the sun on the snow also hurts your skin

It is light, not heat, that really burns the skin and the glare of the sun on the snow is as great a danger as any summer sun. Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin against this danger, too.

For cleansing your skin thoroughly, you need an entirely different cream—Pond's *Cold* Cream—made with just the right amount of oil to cleanse without overloading the pores. Start using these two creams today. Each is too delicate in texture to clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
139 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

. . . And a Safe Return

Photograph by International Newsreel

Norma and Constance Talmadge; their mother, Margaret Talmadge, and Joseph Schenck, the husband of Norma, are vacationing somewhere in the shadow of the Sphinx. And it is rumored that they may stop long enough to seek locations for "The Garden of Allah," which Norma will make shortly

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

At the left, Norma and Constance snapped on the observation platform of the train which carried them across the continent. Above, on the private deck of their suite on the *S.S. Majestic*

REDUCING

'I am a Shadow of My Former Self' says one Southern lady

Get Thin to Music records always say

REDUCING

and the label bears the signature

Wallace

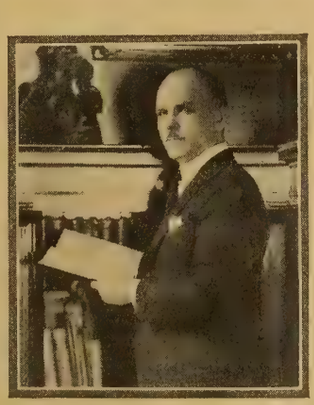
or they are **NOT** Reducing Records.

"HERE GOES ANOTHER POUND"

This shadowgraph of a Louisiana woman was taken when she was on her fourth Wallace lesson and had lost just 18 lbs. She completed the course with a total reduction of 39 lbs.

NEARLY two-hundred thousand people have got thin to music. From every degree of obesity they have gone down to natural weight and proportions via the delightful phonograph route. But there are doubtless more than this number who would like to reduce, but just haven't made the start.

A Louisiana lady had known of Wallace's remarkable reducing records for over a year. But delay and doubt made it only month before last when she made it her business to sit down and write for the first Wallace lesson—sent free. Now comes a grateful letter to say: "Why did I wait so long to remove my uncomfortable, unsightly avoirdupois? I lost five and one-half pounds the first week; five more the next; 18 lbs. in all by the end of the fourth lesson. I have since reduced more, a total of 39 lbs. I think I feel better and I know I look better. I am sorry I may not permit use of my name, but perhaps my story will inspire some other women to do as I have done—or rather, as Wallace records have done for me."



This is Wallace, originator of the famous music method of removing fat

Five Pounds a Week

So many report the loss of five pounds the first week, it would almost seem safe to promise this result. But there are cases that show only two or three pounds in that time, and in rare instances women have started the second and even third lessons before the system commences regularly to reduce. The course takes hold from the very first day, but the loss of weight by this method comes only after the system has been naturally prepared for the change. It is because of this that Wallace is endorsed by the medical profession generally. Doctors have advised the use of his records to hundreds.

A normal figure is no longer restricted to youth. Women of fifty years and more have found Wallace's scientific course can and does restore correct lines. It has reduced some women *more than one-hundred pounds.*

Don't Punish Your System

—with deadly drugs, or by merciless diets. Nature always leaves her mark on those who reduce by harsh measures. It isn't healthful. It isn't pleasant. And now with Wallace records, there is such an easy and enjoyable way. At any time of day or night—whenever it is most convenient—you slip into easy garments, and slip on a reducing record. Until you have run off a lesson yourself, you can't realize the thrill of the method. Long after you are down to weight you will find yourself doing the records now and then—just for the fun of it. Then, too, if ever excess fat tends to return, your records will keep it away.

The Wallace course never fails to cause surprise at the simplicity of it all. It always proves easier than anticipated. It usually brings results quicker than seemed reasonable to expect at the outset.

Make No Payments or Promises

When you consider that Wallace asks no money in advance, what excuse can there be for not trying his way of reducing? Within a few days you can have your first record, and start to Wallace-away-your-weight. Keep up the course when it has demonstrated that it is actually reducing you; don't keep it if it doesn't. But be certain it is Wallace's method you try, for there are regrettable imitations. It isn't the records that make you thin, but what Wallace's twenty-year experience has put into them.

Here is a coupon that brings the first lesson free; if you mean to use it, use it now. By the first returning mail will come the one successful solution to your overweight.

WALLACE,
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago:

Please send record for the first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial.

Name _____ (87)

St. & No. _____

P. O. _____ *State* _____

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg.

Greenroom Jottings

Photograph by International Newsreel

The Hudnuts recently sailed for Europe. Rodolph Valentino, because of his legal difficulties with Famous Players-Lasky, remained at home. But he was down to the liner to wish them Bon Voyage. Reading from left to right, as they say—Rodolph, Mrs. Hudnut, then the most envied lady in the land, Winifred Hudnut Valentino, and Mr. Hudnut

POLA NEGRI, came, saw and conquered New York—all during a lunch at Sherry's. Dressed entirely in black with a large black hat, her dead-white make-up and scarlet mouth, her very difference from our own stars made her a figure to be remembered; in other words, she registered. She is now on the Coast looking Hollywood over before she starts in on the film version of **"Bella Donna."** By this time she is probably convinced that there is no opera in Hollywood, a fact which she was exceedingly unwilling to admit or believe.

Theda Bara has at last found a story that pleases her, Mr. Selznick, and that undoubtedly will please the general public. It is **"The Common Law"** by Robert W. Chambers. It has been mentioned frequently that Miss Bara was to return, after her two years' absence, in a rôle other than that of vamp. How that is to be accomplished when playing a Chamber's heroine is hard to conceive.

Norma Talmadge has established a precedent. Before her last release, "The Eternal Flame," opened on Broadway it was shown at St. Paul's Convent on West 65th Street before five hundred sisters. So far as is known, this is the first time an abbey has been turned into a motion picture house. "The Eternal Flame" was taken from Balzac's famous story of the Duchesse de Langeais, who found peace behind convent walls from the gay life of the court of Louis 18th.

Two years ago **Nita Naldi** was unknown to the Motion Picture public; now she has just signed a five-year contract with Paramount. How did it happen. Once during the filming of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," director John S. Robertson was, marvelous to relate, seeing a performance at the Century Roof with John Barrymore. It was marvelous, because Robertson used to tell with tears in his eyes how he spent hours chasing Barrymore in taxis so he would show up, not more than two hours late, to his appointments. However, John and John were sitting amiably side by side wondering where they were going to get a Spanish dancer when Barrymore spotted the one third from the left in the Shubert chorus. It was Miss Naldi and Shubert's loss was the Movies' gain, even if Rodolph does hate splitting the honors.

Mae Murray always has had a passion for antiques and her home is crowded with them. Now she is filling her sets with them. Her latest Metro release, "Broadway Rose," is furnished with the contents of an antique shop from upper Madison Avenue. When Miss Murray and her director went to select the things from the shop, they were so taken with everything there that before they had finished two truckloads of stuff were sent down to the Tiffany Studios.

Claire Sheridan, in a story to the *New York World* from Berlin, says: "In the film world I am disap-

A picnic luncheon on location. You'll find the regal Betty Blythe curled up in the left corner of the picture. The other picnickers are members of the company

pointed in not finding the new staging and the futurist effects that the "Dr. Caligari" film of German fame has led me to expect. Lubitsch's studio is very much the same as a California studio. Pola Negri, working for Lubitsch when I saw her, was much excited because she was about to go to the United States. Lubitsch himself as a personality is intensely interesting and a great artist, but the only superiority I can see in the German film as compared with the American is in the stories themselves. And here the absence of soppy sentimentalism is an immense relief."

Rodolph Valentino went to the Commercial Trust Company the other day to deposit part of his meager weekly wage of $1,250. They almost had to call the reserves because the crowd gave such a good imitation of a mob scene. The bank thought it was the beginning of a run, but Rodolph was merely bored by the proceedings; he had too many other things on his mind, such as no couch in his dressing-room, too small a mirror, and memories of sitting on a hot barrel under the hot California sun.

Jack and Marilyn are back in the East again. Jack has finished his picture, "Garrison's Finish," and Marilyn Miller is opening in "Sally" for the winter season

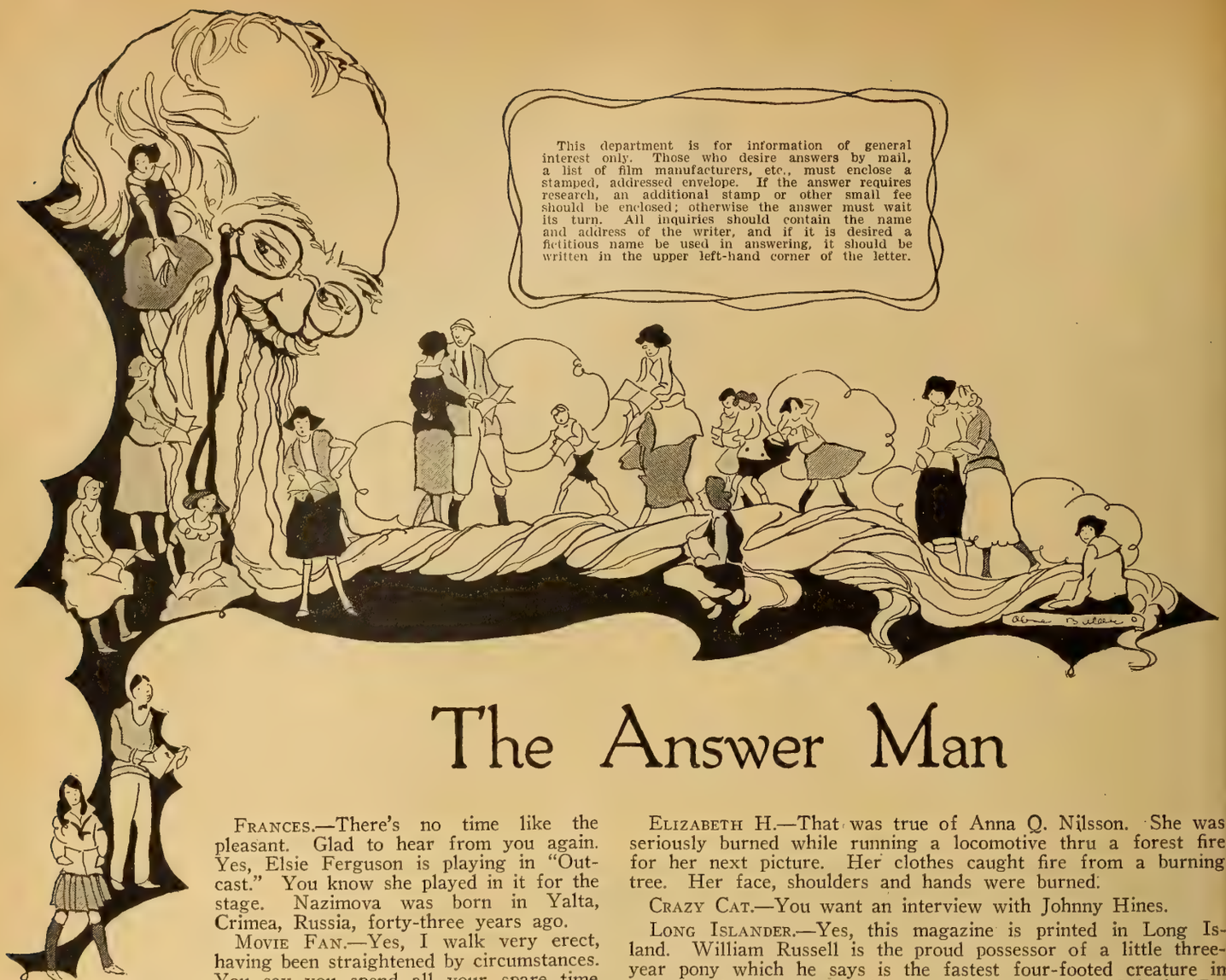
Constance Binney is making pictures in England at present. She is appearing in the English screen version of "A Bill of Divorcement," which pleased theatergoers here last winter

Marion Davies has killed forever the remark that she is beautiful but cant act. **"When Knighthood Was In Flower"** did the trick. Miss Davies evidently knew what she could do and knew the type of vehicle suited to her talents. It was a long hard battle to buy the screen rights of Charles Major's story; others besides Miss Davies also realized the film value of this romance, but Miss Davies finally won out. Now her competitors, even, have nothing but praise for her performance. The rôle of Mary Tudor has been handled admirably by Miss Davies and she has proved that she can act. Robert Vignola, who directed it, has given a perfect picturization of a period.

Bull Montana and John Masefield have something in common. Mr. Masefield used to be a bouncer in a New York saloon while Bull Montana used to eke out his wages as an iceman by acting as bouncer in a Bowery theater. And now on his last trip to Italy the Italians wanted to put up a statue of Bull in a main square. Bull was embarrassed. "What's the use of putting up a statue when they can pay their money and see me on the screen?" Showing that Bull's press agent had instilled the right ideas.

Irene Castle, fortunately, was not seriously injured when she was thrown from her horse and

(*Continued on page 88*)



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

FRANCES.—There's no time like the pleasant. Glad to hear from you again. Yes, Elsie Ferguson is playing in "Outcast." You know she played in it for the stage. Nazimova was born in Yalta, Crimea, Russia, forty-three years ago.

MOVIE FAN.—Yes, I walk very erect, having been straightened by circumstances. You say you spend all your spare time thinking up questions to ask me. Aren't you afraid of a nervous breakdown? No I cant read bumps, I have all I can do to read some of the letters I receive. Antonio Moreno is with Famous Players-Lasky. Earle Williams is playing the part of a secret service fan in Vitagraph's "You Never Know." Let me hear from you again.

ELEANOR R.—When the outlook is not good, try the uplook. Cleo Ridgely was Clara. No, Betty Compson is not married at this writing. By the time you read this she might be. Yes, Baby Peggy is doing "Little Red Riding Hood."

C. W. C.—Stop your teasing the old Answer Man. Everything is all right now?

M. A. E. PARIS.—*Wee, wee, comme il faut.* Yes, Sessue Hayakawa is to play in the legitimate. I cant say when he intends to return to the screen. I live all by myself in a hallroom. After all, home is the place where we are treated best, but where we grumble most. Yes, Fannie Ward is married to Jack Dean. No, I dont mind answering questions.

BEVERLY J.—So you think I ought to save up enough money to get a shave and haircut. That's been suggested before. Bebe Daniels is twenty. Mrs. Carter de Haven was known on the stage as Flora Parker.

ROSALIND.—All right, here are a few books you should read: "The Vehement Flame" by Margaret Deland; "This Freedom" by A. S. M. Hutchinson; and "The Glimpses of the Moon" by Edith Wharton. Books whisper to the heart, but pictures speak to the soul. Did you say moving pictures? It is pronounced "Mee-an." Yes, I believe Norma Talmadge will send you her picture.

JEAN G.—Thanks for the fee. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver—so do I. Address Wallace Reid at the Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Los Angeles, Cal. Eugene O'Brien has made no new arrangements at this writing. Write me again, Jean.

JEANNE PHYLLIS.—As ye sew so also shall ye rip. Just address Katherine MacDonald at the Katherine MacDonald Studios, Georgia and Gerard Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

DOROTHY B.—You're all wrong about that. There are lots of good ones. Eleanora Duse was born in Italy sxity-three years ago, while Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris seventy-seven years ago. So you like Mae Murray. She is making "Coronation" on the Coast, and after that she will do "The French Doll."

ELIZABETH H.—That was true of Anna Q. Nilsson. She was seriously burned while running a locomotive thru a forest fire for her next picture. Her clothes caught fire from a burning tree. Her face, shoulders and hands were burned.

CRAZY CAT.—You want an interview with Johnny Hines.

LONG ISLANDER.—Yes, this magazine is printed in Long Island. William Russell is the proud possessor of a little three-year pony which he says is the fastest four-footed creature in Hollywood. And I guess he can ride her too. Tom Mix in "Do and Dare."

MAE W.—So you dont think I am eighty. Wait till you see my tombstone—that will settle it, and me too. You will probably have a long wait. Martha Mansfield in "The Wonderful Chance." Clare Adams in "The White Dove." Wallace MacDonald in "Silk Hosiery." Guess he always wears them. It's time I got my long undies out.

MORAN E. H. S.—Those were fragrant thoughts of yours expressed in flowery language. Yes, Guy Bates Post is married to Adele Richie. Blanche Ring is Mrs. Charles Winninger. And, Eddie Foy's real name is Edward Fitzgerald. Dont mention it. That's what I'm here for.

TOOTS.—Guess you know by now, dont you?

JEAN.—Make the best of everything, think the best of everything, and hope the best for yourself. Yes, Phyllis Haver has got it too. She is going to start her own company. Charles Ray in "The Tailor Made Man." Ralph Graves is about twenty-three and born in Cleveland, Ohio.

ALLIE.—Calm yourself, Allie. All things teach man to be calm, and patient. The language of excitement is only picturesque; but you must be calm to utter oracles. Yes, Arthur Trimble is playing in "Remembrance" for Goldwyn. Gladys Brockwell and William Scott in "A Sister to Salomé." Jean Acker has no children.

RENA.—Well, the man who has nothing but his ancestors to boast of is like the potato—the best part underground. Agnes Ayres opposite Milton Sills in "Borderland." Ethel Clayton in "If I Were Queen."

MOOVINECH.—Is that the name of a horse? Better stay in Texas, child. It's a nice place.

REGINA.—The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so. No, I dont take myself seriously. So you like Henny Porten.

LITTLE KIDDIE.—Yes, Jackie Coogan is going to take a trip to London in time for the English première of his film version of "Oliver Twist." Jane and Katherine Lee's "A Pair of Aces" is going to be re-issued.

WESTMONT.—So you think ten-fifty per is a very small sum for me to receive; and quote "Nothing is impossible; there are ways which lead to everything; and if we had sufficient will we should always have sufficient means." Quite right! Quite right! Jane

"George Couldn't Believe I Had Made Them All By Myself!"

"HE was dumfounded! And no wonder! Six months ago I couldn't sew a stitch! But when I told him the whole story, he said something that made me the happiest woman in town! I used to wonder where in the world my clothes money was coming from! But now—thanks to the School of Modern Dress—I have more and prettier clothes than I ever had before in my life—at a fraction of what they cost in the shops! And I know that what *I* did, any woman or girl can do!"

Women everwhere are saying things like this, since they have learned, right in their own homes, in spare time, through the School of Modern Dress, how to make all kinds of stylish, becoming clothes.

No longer do they have to say, "Oh! I'd just love to go, but I haven't a thing to wear!" Now, at the mere cost of the materials, they can create for themselves dresses, suits, and hats, that are appropriate and in good taste, whatever the occasion.

The remarkable "New Way Course in Fashionable Clothes-Making" was prepared under the guidance of expert dressmakers in simple step-by-step lessons. You need not know anything at all about sewing to begin with. The lessons start with the very simplest stitches and reveal to you *step-by-step* all the correct "professional" methods of the dressmaker's art, until you can plan and completely make even the most elaborate clothes for yourself or others.

The directions are so simple that anyone who can read can readily understand them—and the pictures show, by actual photographs, just exactly what to do.

The New Way Course is designed to accomplish in a few months what formerly would have taken two or three years to do. With it, hundreds of other women have solved their clothes problems; with it, you can solve *yours* too.

Suppose a fashionable new gown attracts you in a shop window. You see that it is just the style most becoming to you, just the kind of a new frock you want. Through the New Way methods of sewing, you can duplicate this dress in a few evenings — at one-third or less the ready-made cost. And for the saving you effect through making the dress instead of buying it, you can have two more pretty dresses.

Or suppose that the gown you see in the window is not quite appropriate to your type of figure. You can duplicate the style, change the color to suit yourself, alter the lines a trifle here or add a touch there—and you have a distinctive gown, made just for you.

For the New Way Course teaches you *more* than how to make beautiful clothes. It shows the way to make clothes that are beautiful on YOU. You will learn how to combine your dress materials into an artistic interpretation of yourself. You will discover how to express your tastes, your ideals, your very individuality in the clothes you wear.

You can learn, too, all about the new materials and how to combine and use them effectively. You learn how to make over last season's clothes to conform with this season's styles—thus doubling the life of every garment.

You can do away once and for all with the tiresome visits to the dressmaker. You will never need to bother again with the shortcomings of ready-made garments. And yet you don't need to know even the first thing about sewing or dressmaking in order to master this New Way Course. You begin at the very beginning and progress rapidly, but surely, until you are fully capable of designing, cutting, finishing, fitting, and trimming anything from the simplest apron to the most elaborate evening dress.

How to Get Six Smart Garments FREE

Not only does the School of Modern Dress teach the newest, most up to date and rapid methods of sewing, but it is the only school that supplies, absolutely free to its students, the materials and trimmings necessary to make garments required in the course. You receive free sufficient material and trimming during the course to make a smart collar and cuff set, a dainty chemise, a handsome blouse, a useful house dress, a convenient "over all" apron and a stylish afternoon frock. No other school furnishes such free materials to students.

You know from your shopping experience that these articles would cost you many dollars if bought ready made in the stores. The School of Modern Dress shows you how to make them all yourself.

In addition, if your enrollment is received promptly, you receive free a beautiful Oriental work-basket containing a complete sewing outfit, and a valuable dress and skirt form.

The School of Modern Dress also offers a course in Millinery just as fascinatingly easy, practical and complete as the Dressmaking course. It reveals all the secrets of the milliner's art, and makes it possible for women everywhere to make and trim all kinds of stylish, becoming hats—for themselves and others—and save one-third to one-half the prices they now pay.

Send for This Free Booklet

You can find out all about the School of Modern Dress without ex[illegible] gation. Simply fill in [illegible] below and yo[illegible] fully illustr[illegible] this great [illegible] women [illegible]

T[illegible]

Find Out How to Get These Valuable Things Free

Materials free for six smart handsome garments. A beautiful work-basket and sewing outfit—free. And a valuable skirt and dress form—yours without cost if you act promptly. Send the coupon today for full details of this offer!

S Novak in "The Snow Shoe Trail." William Farnum in "Moonshine Valley." Run in again some time.

MAXINE.— *A votre santé.* Dont take it with water tho. Glad to know what you said about "The Sheik." Anita Stewart in "Rose O' The Sea" directed by Fred Niblo. See above for Elsie Ferguson.

REGGY.—Someone told me the other day that I looked like a century plant. I assure you I am not so old as I look. What's the use of looking now. Subtle, eh? So you like Madge Evans. Who doesn't? Yes "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" has been done.

LOIS WILSON LOVER.—No, plain white paper and blue ink is good enough for me. It doesn't have to be scented. So you think Buck Jones is much better looking than Rodolph Valentino. Well, you have a list of 1427 players listed alphabetically. Just keep on listing. Bebe Daniels played Vice in "Everywoman."

MONTE SANO.—You say one has to take a Roth Memory Course in order to know who belongs to who these days. I'll admit it's a bit trying. Of course I like Dick Barthelmess. He's real. Thomas Meighan in "Gloria's Romance." Madge Kennedy in "The Purple Highway."

DOROTHY D.—Enoch Arden, from Tennyson, was a sailor supposed drowned, who returns home to find his wife married again. Quite new. Agnes Ayres was born in Chicago and she started with Essanay years ago.

SUNDAY BLUES.—So you say I am the right person to write to on a Sunday night. Cant think of anyone better. Shelly wrote "Queen Mab" at eighteen; Thackeray was thirty-six when "Vanity Fair" appeared and John Bunyan finished "Pilgrim's Progress" at fifty. I've been writing these inquiries for the past twelve years. Jack London's "The Mohican's Daughter" is being filmed.

TETO.—Thanks for the picture of you and your better half. I'll put it among my treasures.

THE INVALID.—The life of love is better than the love of life. And now they say that Norma Talmadge is going to do "Within the Law" when she returns from Europe. You seem to be cheery thru it all. That's the spirit. Happiness is the ability to recognize it.

IRISH.—Colleen Moore is real Irish.

EUGENE S.—Yes, I go to the movies at least once a week and to a stage play once a week. Clara K. Young has an elaborate wardrobe for her "Enter Madame." She prefers American-made clothes to any Paris model. Will Rogers is playing in "The Follies." That was some joke.

DAYNA M.—How dull life would be if we all liked the same thing. You say you would like to read "The Life of Mae Murray." So would I. That isn't her right name. Amusement is to the mind what sunshine is to the flowers. Gladys Brockwell in "Back Pay."

TASMANIAN DEVIL.—No, I dont live with my grandmother. Did you know that more children are spoiled and ruined by grandparents than by parents? Yes, I like Harold Lloyd too. He's a real big boy.

HAROLD.—No flowery path leads to fame. Violet Heming is playing in "When the Desert Calls." So you think I am Adele Whitely Fletcher. Guess again. No, she is the big chief in the Editorial Department. Helen Holmes and Marjorie Daw in "Laramie Lad."

MOB.—You say you are nineteen and very much in love with your husband. You ought to pray to your stars every night that it lasts.

JOSEPH O.—There isn't much to tell you about Mabel Juliene Scott except that she is playing in Cal[illegible]

[illegible]bling for Romeo," "Dawn of [illegible]" were fictionized in [illegible]and "The Concert," [illegible]." and "O'Malley [illegible]1921, CLASSIC. [illegible]: numbers by [illegible]partment. [illegible]re. Write

[illegible]f a letter [illegible]d dis- [illegible]ne-

number of dots and dashes. I herewith hand you your diploma—you're welcome. That sure was a clever letter, and I hope to hear more of you.

DURIAN.—It is easy to be critical, but hard to be correct. And they say that good wine makes a bad head and a long story. Be sure to send me those snaps. I'll be glad to have them. Betty Compson at Famous Players, 1520 Vine St. Los Angeles, Cal.

SAUCY BRIDGET.—Never too busy to read a letter from you. Thanks for all your good wishes. So you like Valentino, and Gloria Swanson. Why dont you subscribe to BEAUTY and then you would surely get it? Yes, all men are simple. I am simple.

ARDELLE.—What do you want me to do? Fly up in a temper and pull the hair out of my head? ! ! ! Eugene O'Brien is thirty-seven. The tongue of a woman is her sword, which never rusts. Write me again.

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Can this be true? Curiosity is to blame for lots of improvements in this world, and for lots of sin, too. Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley in "Bull Dog Drummond" from the stage play. Write me again.

ALMOST MARRIED.—Yes, I can see that writing is your favorite pastime. Here are a few of the whose married to who: Thomas Meighan to Frances Ring; Harrison Ford divorced from Beatrice Prentice; Kenneth Harlan divorced from Flo Hart; Wallace Reid married to Dorothy Davenport; Bert Lytell married to Evelyn Vaughn; Richard Barthelmess married to Mary Hay and Milton Sills married to Gladys Wynne. You're very welcome.

FLATBUSH.—You refer to Kenneth Harlan in "Lessons in Love."

KATHLYN WILLIAMS FOREVER; COLBY DOLL; E. T.; ANGEL H.; MURIEL; RUTH; PHILOSOPHER; VIANE V.; ANNIE P.; LOTTA PEP; OSBORNE, COMPSON and HAYAKAWA; LORIS; HELEN C.; GRACE M.; ELLEN S.; DERRA MANN; PATIENCE; IMA FAN; SHUCKS; ANNA G.; BRUNETTE; MODERN CINDERELLA; Better luck next time.

MRS. W. L. Q.; SNAP; LLOYD A.; A. B.; J. M. A.; LOTTA FUN; PATTY; GREEN; RODOLPH FAN; MARGARET JEAN; CLEO B.; E. D. N.; SULO K.; RUTH C.; FOO-FOO; MRS. J. J.; MRS. LONG BEACH; MARGARET K.; CELESTE P.; REBECCA 19; Sorry to put you in the alsorans.

LULU.—Well, "chaperon" originally meant a hood or cape, and was used in France in its figurative sense of protection to designate an adult woman placed in charge of young girls. So you want an interview with Bert Lytell. Yes, he has wonderful eyes, if you say so.

GA. PEACH.—Well, you struck it right this time. You have been rewarded for your patience. "Rose and Thistle" is the name of the picture Corliss Palmer just finished, and in which she plays a double part—a wild fisher-girl and a society belle. She is now cutting this picture. Elmo Lincoln's next Tarzan serial will be "The Adventures of Tarzan." His address is Serial Sales Corp., 1540 Broadway, New York City. Hazel Dawn, in "Devotion."

TRYXYE TRYE.—I forgot whether advice be among the lost things which Aristotle says may be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there. So you dont want to see Dorothy Gish on the stage, but you do want to see her in comedies on the screen. Righto! Them's my sentiments. Faire Binney is playing in "The Girl from Porcupine."

TINEY.—Yes, she played in that. But in love, great pleasures come very near great sorrows. Better stay at home for a while. It is reported that Jacqueline Logan is engaged. Marcia Manon, in "The Man Who Smiled." Tom Mix, in "At Your Service," and Alice Lake, in "The Golden Gift."

PEGGY E.—As Rochefoucauld would say, "Our virtues are often but vices in disguise." But I say that it is beauty that begins to please, and tenderness that completes the charm. Montague Love, with Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Yes, they are married. Jack Dillon and Edith Hallor are married. Dont mind me.

PATICIA.—Here are a few of the players who expect to enter vaudeville: Mildred Harris, Dorothy Gish, Dorothy Phillips, Pauline Fredericks, May Allison, Nazimova, Montague Love and Polly Moran. Virginia Pearson, Petrova, F. X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have already succumbed to the lure of the footlights.

FRANK A. O.—I bow, kind sir, with deepest thanks, when you say, "Thanks to your great knowledge, and the wisdom in your dome; there is no need of us going to college, when we can learn more from you at home." Ford Sterling is not playing now, neither is J. Warren Kerrigan.

He Sold Two Stories

The First Year

THIS sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that this young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a short time ago he was retained by Gene Stratton Porter to dramatize her novels for the screen. But if you have ever said, or felt like saying, as you left the theatre, "Why, I could write a better story than that," you want to know just how Mr. Meehan proceeded to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

He Tested Himself

DOUBTFUL, but "willing to be shown," as he expressed it, Mr. Meehan proved conclusively to himself and to us that he had undeveloped talent. The rest was a simple matter of training. The Palmer Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural story-telling ability which we discovered in him.

We Offer $1,000 and Royalties

THOUGH we are daily discovering among men and women in every walk of life, new screen writers, like Mr. Meehan, we continue this nation-wide search, because, regardless of the rich rewards that are being offered in this field, the demands for good screen stories are far from being filled.

We are now offering $1,000 and royalties to new and unknown writers for acceptable screen stories to be produced by this corporation. This is the first time that new writers and photoplaywrights have had the opportunity to share in the success of screen stories of their own creation.

J. Leo Meehan

One hundred and sixty companies in Los Angeles alone are searching for better screen stories, offering from $500 to $2000 for each one that is acceptable. Yet their demands are not filled. Our Sales Department, the biggest single outlet for film plays, cannot begin to supply the needs of producers.

One Way to Know About Yourself

H. H. VAN LOAN, the well-known scenarist, in collaboration with Malcolm McLean, formerly instructor in short story writing at Northwestern University, developed the Palmer Test Questionnaire, which has proved its usefulness in discovering in men and women the ability to write screen stories.

Among those whom we have recently discovered, developed, and whose stories have been accepted are people in all walks of life; a California school teacher, a New York society matron, a Pennyslvania newspaper man, an underpaid office man in Utah, and others.

Still others, men and women of all ages, are enrolled, not because they want to become professional screen writers, but because they realize that Creative Imagination, properly developed, is the power which lifts those who have it to lofty heights in any field of endeavor and they appreciate the opportunities for training presented through this new channel.

You may have this same ability. It is for you to decide whether these opportunities are attractive enough to make you want to test yourself, free. It costs nothing and involves no obligation.

All you do is to send the coupon for the Palmer Test Questionnaire, answer the questions asked and return it to us. We will tell you frankly and sincerely what your answers show. We hold your answers confidential, of course. If you prove that you are endowed with creative imagination, we will send you further information relative to the Palmer Course and Service. If not, we will tell you so courteously.

The Chance is Yours You Must Decide

KNOWING as you do the rich rewards, can you afford to pass this opportunity to test yourself? It costs nothing—no obligation.

And if you are endowed with creative imagination a simple matter of training will prepare you for photoplay writing, for many other highly paid positions in the film producing field which now await properly trained men and women, or for higher places in other lines of endeavor.

Send the coupon. Make this intensely interesting test of yourself. Know whether or not you are endowed with the ability to grasp the opportunity for rich rewards which are now going begging.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 912,
Palmer Building,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

CHINWAH

YOU will not grow weary of this fragrance for it is—"The subtle charm of beauty half revealed . . . . . a fragrance that ever charms anew . . . ."

Talc . . . 25c *Toilet Water $1.00*
Face Powder 50c *Perfume . . . $1.50*
Compacts . . 50c *and $3.00*

Send 15 cents to ROXEY, Dept. 103, Times Bldg., New York City for generous sample of CHINWAH

Roxey
PARIS
NEW-YORK

The Alluring Charm of Sparkling Eyes

Nothing makes one look so Young and Fresh and Radiant as Eyes that Sparkle. You, too, can Possess the Alluring Charm of Brilliant, Vivacious Eyes through the Daily Use of *Murine.*

Murine contains no Belladonna or other Harmful Ingredients. It Refreshes and Enlivens Dull, Tired Eyes. Use it Night and Morning. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Send for FREE Book on Eye Beauty

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
Dept. AB. Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 83)

she insisted on appearing at the opening of her last film, "Slim Shoulders," traveling from Ithaca with her shoulder and arm in a plaster cast to do so. But now she has fully recovered and is on tour dancing.

Press notice: "Malcolm MacGregor will play opposite Billie Dove in 'All the Brothers Were Valiant,' a Metro production. Here is a title which is not inane and which interests." The title has been changed to "Cold Courage."

Thomas Meighan is coming East as soon as he finishes "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow." He is to start work in the Paramount Long Island studios on another play written for him by George Ade which is titled "Back Home and Broke."

E. F. Albee, head of the Keith vaudeville circuit, has sent a letter to house managers and performers requesting the elimination of "references to motion pictures in a discourteous or criticising way." It is rather magnanimous of Mr. Albee, considering the fact that the movies are vaudeville's greatest rival. Do you remember about eighteen years ago when the Keith houses used to run Kinetographs between the first and second bills for the sole purpose of clearing the house for the next audience? Usually the films went by some such dizzying title as "On an Observation Train Thru the Swiss Alps."

Sessue Hayakawa has returned from the land of the cherry-blossoms in spite of the rumors afloat about his detention for the rest of his life in Japan; all because he played spy rôles, and while making a name and fame for himself gave, in the minds of some of his more sensitive countrymen, a black eye to the land of his birth. But now, after a mysterious disappearance out of the back-door or down a column of a Tokio hotel and unheralded passage on the *Shingo-Maru* he is once more in this country; in fact he is in New York, where his début as a legitimate actor in "The Leopard" by Fred de Gresac will take place.

Thomas A. Edison may enter the Motion Picture Industry in an advisory capacity. He has on file some two thousand subjects of an educational value that he worked on several years ago. It is possible that thru George Kleine that these subjects may be presented on the screen before the universities of the country.

Along on the heels of that item

(*Continued on page* 119)

When careers intermingle they combine nicely with marriage, Alice Terry has discovered. A common interest cementing every other bond. At present she is in Florida with Rex Ingram, appearing in his production of "The Passion Vine," which is being filmed there

A Woman of the World

(*Continued from page* 41)

girls of fourteen and fifteen. There is, by the way, the maternal instinct in small Miriam. She may not know it, but probably her subconscious instinct is for a million children and one maid, rather than her avowed *vice versa.*

There is the siren instinct, too. Of course I know that I should only tell tales on girls my own size . . . but it may as well be known before too much damage is done: Miriam is a vamp. Never let it be said that the Old Order of the Lorelei is extinct, with Miriam growing up, more dangerous every hour. With mine own eyes I saw her reduce two strong and stalwart men to a state of collapse. One of them did a Sappho act and carried the buxom lady starlet up devious flights of steep and winding stairs, nor did I hear her plead, "Oh, put me down! Put me down!" . . . Scandalized bystanders threatened to tell his wife and, if only in the interest of Comstockery, doubtless one of them has done so.

The other gentleman was cornered in a limousine and between tempestuous caresses murmured ineffectual nothings about the weather and mopped his heated brow . . . Of course I am mentioning no names, not wishing to start trouble *no* place!

Miriam's black curls . . . and sloe-black eyes . . . her olive skin . . . and piquant mouth . . . her dancing feet and dancing wit . . . well, a few short years from now all existent flappers had best take warning. Miriam will institute a new order in the land and they will come, from out the covers of the Brothers Grimm, on palfreys white and dazzling mammoth swans, to buy her jade of deadly white and carry her up steep and winding stairs . . .

"ANTONIO MORENO"

By D. E. SULLIVAN

He has clashed the cymbals
And banged the drums
. . . and clowned!
Because . . .
He played in shallow froth
That did not prove
The depths within his soul!

He has clashed the cymbals
And banged the drums
And played a tuneless song
That jangled
With the finer things within.
The finer things
That really *are* . . . Moreno!

A soul of poetry is his!
Romance lies within his eyes
. . . and smile.
His head is splendid . . . classical.
Of fine proportions is he formed.
While grace . . .
He does epitomize!

He spells . . . *romance!*
Romance that we all can live
When he . . .
As dashing cavalier
Or madly pulsing lover
Doth move upon the screen
With charm . . . and *insouciance!*

Magic

Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show *you* how to beautify the teeth.

Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. They mean so much that leading dentists the world over now advise them.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings to people new conceptions of clean teeth.

Lives altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

If you count such things important, cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists practically all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 959

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 421, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

X-Bazin—The absolutely safe depilatory—
Sold on a money back guarantee

X-BAZIN

The French way to remove hair

HAVE you noticed all the lovely gowns for dress-up hours? Sleeveless, indeed, they are, but any woman can wear them becomingly who uses X-Bazin.

X-Bazin is rose-perfumed, flesh-colored—as easy to apply as face powder. It leaves the skin smooth, cool, white and absolutely free from hair.

In Paris, where it has been on every smart woman's dressing table for more than a century, X-Bazin is considered the safest and most effectual agent in the world for removing hair. Unlike the unwieldy razor, X-Bazin does not encourage the further growth of hair.

At all drug and department stores. 50c and $1.00 in the U. S. and Canada. Elsewhere 75c and $1.50.

Send 10c for trial sample and descriptive booklet

Made by the makers of Sozodont

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., *Sole Distributors*
In the United States and Canada
Dept. E, 16th Street and Irving Place, New York

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. **B. N. Bogue, 3068 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.**

$2 Brings This Genuine DIAMOND PLATINUM RING

SEND ONLY $2.00 and this hand carved and pierced ring of *Solid Platinum* set with a *brilliant blue white perfect-cut first quality Diamond* comes to you charges paid.

10 Days' Free Trial

Keep the ring 10 days. If not satisfactory or if you can duplicate this value anywhere for less than $90.00 your deposit will be returned to you. After trial pay balance $6.30 a month for 10 months. Price **$65.00.**

FREE— Write today for Royal catalog of *Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.* Thousands of gift suggestions shown in our **$2,000,000** stock. ***10 months to pay on everything.*** Address: Dept. 624.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO
35-37-39 Maiden Lane-New York

Soul of Thespis

(*Continued from page 73*)

they do not *want* to be a star. Stardom seems to be the crux of an actor's ambition. Perhaps it is the vanity of seeing his name prominently displayed. Perhaps it is the Thespian's idea of a just reward for his work.

If you ask Miss Terry what her innermost ambition is, she'll tell you—*acting.* She has her home; she is married. She loves the former and is happy in the latter. Yet . . .

"If I am not working, I am miserable," she said. "It seems that the atmosphere of the theater were made part of me at my birth. I am not always satisfied with myself on the screen—nor was I always pleased with certain of my stage performances.

"Everyone has a set ideal. How often do we live up to it?"

An hour's conversation with the quick-witted Ethel Gray is like a travelog. One moment she tells you some humorous reminiscence of the theatrical greenroom. In the next breath she is talking about the coopful of chickens she keeps in her backyard. Never does she directly speak of herself.

An interview with her is somewhat of a worming process.

But as regards her chickens . . . Her chief worry, on the afternoon I saw her, centered upon a fat, red, setting hen which had taken to mothering sixteen eggs. Miss Terry was grossly afraid lest biddy starve to death because she wouldn't leave the nest.

"What'll I do?" she kept asking me, who knows nothing whatever about barnyard fowl.

It seems that her flock of twelve hens and a rooster have been individually presented to her by her professional friends. She feeds them herself—the chickens—and says she *loves* them.

"That's the wonderful part of picture work," she declared happily. "Living in a New York apartment, what opportunity has one ever to see anything else than crowded streets and stiff rows of buildings? When you're on the legitimate, you never have a chance to have a home. You live out of your trunk year in and year out, and reside in rooms furnished by some unfriendly landlord.

"In Hollywood the air is so fresh and cool, and you can plant a garden in your backyard and be reminded all the time of spring and happiness.

"The very thought that you can live in your own home ought to be an inspiration."

"But the theaters here!" I protested. "They're so terrible!"

"There are so many other things than the theater. You get so you dont miss it at all."

Yet, some day, Miss Terry declares that she's going back to the stage. Once on it, never away from it. Such is the "trouper's" view.

As I have said, she was started on the boards at the tender age of three in a company of which her mother was leading woman. Followed other engagements with her mother, and then the convent. Later, when she had grown into young womanhood, she played two seasons in Belasco's production, "The Lily," and followed this with four years in stock in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Boston, Albany and Schenectady, N. Y., where she had her own company.

Subsequent seasons found her leading woman in New York City in "Search Me," at the Gaiety Theater; in "The Smouldering Flame," with Conway Tearle, at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, and in Winchell Smith's "The Only Son," again at the Gaiety. In between times she made pictures for World and Pathé, and played the original lead in "The Sea Wolf," vaudeville sketch, with Hobart Bosworth at the Palace Theater, New York.

It was then that she turned to pictures. Goldwyn was presenting Tom Moore in his initial starring vehicle, "Just for Tonight." Miss Terry was cast opposite him. And then Goldwyn called her to the West Coast for "Going Some" and "The Penalty."

Since then she has been a resident of Hollywood, and has played with Bessie Barriscale, William S. Hart, Bosworth, Wanda Hawley—with the latter in "Food for Scandal." Followed a long engagement with Mack Sennet in "Heartbalm," which later became known as "For Love or Money," and after this came two two-reelers with Selig in which she was featured with Lewis Stone and Wallace Beery.

But her last two pictures are the two she likes best—"Shattered Idols," and "Under Two Flags," in which she was working with Priscilla Dean at the instance of this interview.

What particularly impresses me with Miss Terry is that she is charmingly natural, as any refined, cultured woman always is. She holds no false illusions, nor does she look at life thru a pair of rose-colored spectacles.

She is a peculiar combination. A desert mirage and a Gainsborough. A scarlet poppy and a milk-white *fleur-de-lis.* The Twenty-Third Psalm and a page of Vance Thompson.

She is the soul of Thespis, in whose heart love for the Theater will never die.

She is—*Acting.*

Let George Do It!

(*Continued from page* 55)

"And it was sent back to the Coast, recut, retitled, and ruined. As it was finally released, it was ordinary, commonplace, average. Average!" repeated the grizzly enthusiast of Originality. "Can there be anything more deadly said of a supposed piece of art than that it is average? I cant imagine it!"

Fawcett has never stayed with any single company for more than one or two pictures, because he never could stand being directed continuously by any one man. Not that he's temperamental! He isn't.

"I stayed with Triangle in the Fine Arts days, because they had a whole corps of directors — Dwan, Withey, Franklin — enough to keep me busy without making a standardized character man of me. Since then I have free-lanced all over, with the Talmadge girls—clever actresses, the two of them!—with Vitagraph, and Metro once, and more recently supporting Elsie Ferguson in 'Peter Ibbetson' and with Elaine Hammerstein, over at Fort Lee. This way, you see, I'm George Fawcett, and directors call me in to do things my way. If I stayed with any one director too long, as I almost did with Mr. Griffith, whom I admire unreservedly, I would get to act as that one director liked to have me act. And altho Griffith is a great director, I dont want to let any director on earth take my personality away from me, and make of me a mere automaton."

It is a pretty safe bet that no one ever will do this: the Fawcett method of acting has served as a model for many a director and character man.

We were reaching the hotel, now, and Mr. Fawcett stopped and again tapped my arm, confidentially.

"We'll grant that I can act a little bit," he said. He waved a deprecating hand. "Lots of fellows can! But what I want is for you to come around to see me in a year or two from now, for an interview with Fawcett, the director. If I can hypnotize some producer into giving me a free rein—all the time I want and a reasonable amount of money—I'll be directing better'n I act!"

That's a large promise, but if you had heard the best character man on the screen make it, you would have made the same note in your date-book that I did: "See Director Fawcett in 1924."

Given a chance, George will do it!

Let It Be of Dogs!

(*Continued from page* 25)

He is poised and charming because he keeps both his mind and his body fit.

He is successful because he has a philosophy—it is this: *If you want anything hard enough, you'll get it—if you work hard enough for it.*

He is a man Everyman likes.

He is Everywoman's hero.

Rigaud's Presentation Sets

(Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden)

IT is a tribute to a woman's daintiness —and a revelation of your good taste— to send these "Presentation Sets" for Christmas greetings.

Even the most elaborate is surprisingly modest in price, and if you wish to send a less important gift, the separately boxed Toilet Water is in itself a dainty remembrance.

It is easy, even in the "rush" hours of the Christmas shopping season, to select these Rigaud's aids to loveliness—each attractively boxed in satin-lined, holly-red boxes—at all good drug and department stores.

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD, *16 Rue de la Paix, Paris, France*

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., NEW YORK
Sole Distributors in United States and Canada

However little you may have to spend for gifts, they can have quality and daintiness. A safe choice is any of ***Rigaud's*** Presentation Sets, Separately Boxed Perfume or Toilet Water—fragrant with *Parfum Mary Garden.*

The gift that bears your Christmas greeting card will be handsome in appearance and flawless in quality if it be chosen from these ***Rigaud*** products.

It is a satisfying assurance —when selecting toilet articles for gifts — that ingredients and blending are exquisite and accurate. This assurance is yours when you buy products bearing the ***Rigaud*** label.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$5 $6 $7 & $8 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE: For style, material and workmanship they are unequaled.

Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the price stamped on every pair.

Years of satisfactory service have given them confidence in the shoes and in the protection afforded by the W. L. Douglas Trade Mark.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are put into all of our 110 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores

YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New England.

COMPARE our $7.00 and $8.00 shoes with any $10.00 or $12.00 shoes made.

If not for sale in your vicinity, send for free catalog.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas Shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.

Boys Shoes $4.00 & $4.50

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole.

W. L. Douglas

President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
132 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Why Dont You Buy

CLASSIC

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

Here is a foretaste of the good things in the DECEMBER number

The story of the man who made **Dick Barthelmess** famous. Who is he? Perhaps you know him—this Wonder-Man to whom should be given credit for the Rise of Young Richard. You will find his name in Faith Service's article, **"Pre-Griffith Days."**

Harry Carr went over to the studio one afternoon to interview **Norma Talmadge.** He found Norma's mother and Eugene O'Brien and her husband, Joseph Schenck. And they all talked Norma over! But when she appeared, Norma said—well, perhaps you'd better read it for yourself.

The pomp and panoply of the Russian Court is no more—but the memory of it is still glamorous to **Theodore Kosloff,** at one time with the Imperial Ballet, and who knew well the members of many royal families. Do not miss his reminiscent article, **"Before Kings Fell."**

CLASSIC

$EARN MONEY$ AT HOME

Be your own Boss. Make 25 to 75 Dollars a week at home in your spare time. We guarantee to make you a Show Card Writer by our New Simple Method. No Canvassing or Soliciting. We sell your work and pay you cash each week, no matter where you live.

Illustrated booklet and terms free

THE DETROIT SHOW CARD SCHOOL

U. S. Office
216 Lehrman Building
Detroit, Michigan

Canadian Office
16 Land Security Building
Toronto, Ontario

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three to six months' course. Modern equipment. Day or evening classes. Easy terms. Ask for Catalog No. 29.

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY

NEW YORK 141 W. 36th St. | CHICAGO 630 So. Wabash Ave. | BROOKLYN 505 State St.

A Flapper With Philosophy

(*Continued from page 35*)

the broad back of the lounge.) This is the first apartment I've ever had. Until I married I was hardly aware of housekeeping. Mother, Lillian, and I have lived in hotels and sometimes furnished apartments.

"We went on the stage when I was four. Lillian and I used to learn our lessons at my mother's knee. Our schoolrooms were dressing-rooms in theaters scattered all over the country. We depended upon one another entirely. I often tell people about those days when they remark about our companionship."

"Do you miss your mother and Lillian now that you are married?"

"Why, it's just the same as ever," she said. "Only I have Jimmie extra. I see them every single day, unless I'm away on location. When I was married, mother used to tease me and say I wasn't her little girl any longer. I was terrified. I thought if marriage was going to change everything I'd never like it.

"But now . . . I wouldn't be unmarried for anything. My life is full. And if I ever had a row with Mr. Rennie there'd be no place in the world for me to go. Mother and Lillian adore him. We're just the same as ever—only now we have a man in the family."

She said she wanted to do stage work again . . .

"Drama," she added. "I can probably be nothing but a second-rate dramatic actress, but I have a longing here."

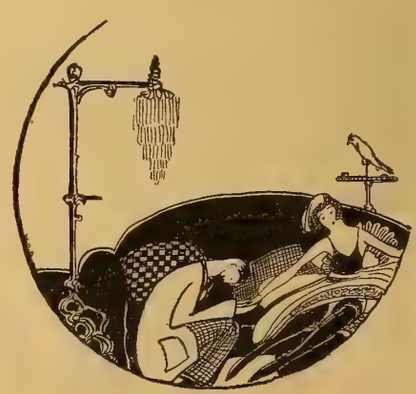
She pounded her heart furiously with a clenched white fist.

"You know," she said laughing at the burlesque, "'Merton of the Movies' stuff. I want to do better and finer things."

"A stage and screen income, too—wealth," we murmured.

"No, not that. I dont want to be poor, goodness knows. But I'm afraid of lots and lots of money. It does things to people. I think it takes a much wiser person to spend money than it does to make it."

It was late when we left. The old pieces had found oblivion in the deepening shadows even as their years. But Dorothy with her pale brown hair and the bright red of her sash stood forth surely in the one shaft of flecked gold light given by the sinking sun. It seemed almost as a symbol . . .



Mary Pickford's Problem

(*Continued from page 22*)

day is coming when her locked garden will be empty and desolate: when she will call for the little girl and hunt for her among the roses and mignonette: but she will never find her.

And what will she do then?

To suggest that Mary Pickford look forward to another line of grown-up parts is about like suggesting to the young mother of a dead baby that she can adopt another one.

She doesn't want to do another line of parts. It would be like beginning a new life. And it would be folly for her to do that.

I know that Mary Pickford is looking into the future bravely, but helplessly. The truth is, she sees no answer there.

She tells her intimate friends that the dearest wish of her life is that the good God will send her children.

Could this great happiness come to her, she would retire from the screen tomorrow. It holds nothing for her.

The real reason why she continues making pictures is that she cant stand idleness. Gadding about in society doesn't interest her. A woman of her prominence cant have a normal society life. She must always be the center of all eyes. She cannot go out in public without blocking the traffic. That is all right for an occasional thrilling experience, but it makes social life impossible.

Staying at home with books does not appeal to her. She could not make reading the object of her life.

Money is no longer any object to her. She always says, for the benefit of the public, that she intends to retire when she gets money enough. This is just conversation. The truth is, Mary has about two million dollars in the soundest securities.

If she chose, she could amass a great fortune, for Mary is a wonderful little business woman.

Her money affairs have always been in the hands of her mother. The relation between them has been a financial partnership. All Mary's wealth has been shared 50-50 with Mrs. Pickford.

Big business men who have sat in financial counsels with them tell me, however, that Mary could be a better business woman than her mother. Mrs. Pickford has had too many hard experiences. She started, a young widow, with three little children on her hands and no money. She secured employment sewing for a theatrical company. One night an emergency brought her onto the stage in the part of an injured actress. For years after that, every dollar meant a fight to get and a fight to hold. The result is that Mrs. Pickford, while socially charming and merry, is a tartar in a business deal. The minute money is mentioned in her presence, she becomes cold steel. Mary is more reasonable and a better trader. There is no doubt that, if she cared to, she could build up a tremendous fortune. While she has an eye for the main she has no special thirst for great wealth. She knows enough of the ways of the world to know that, after you get a certain amount of money, you become a wretched slave. You no longer own your money; your money owns you.

And so, with all her wealth and fame, there is a little ache in Mary's heart.

The little girl with the curls is out there in the garden ready to come and play at her call, but some day she is going to wander away out on the long long sad road that leads to the past. Some day, Mary will call and there will be no answer, only an aching loneliness and memories.

Night Joys

Think what this dish means at bedtime

Puffed Wheat makes whole wheat a confection.

It makes each grain a tidbit, thin, airy, crisp and nut-like—enticing to the taste.

It makes whole wheat wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted. Every granule is fitted to feed.

Two foods most essential

Most children need more whole grains and more milk.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It is rich in minerals which growing children need. It is practically a complete food. Milk is rich in vitamines.

Puffed Wheat makes the milk dish tempting.

It supplies a night food easy to digest.

Things to remember

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not mere delights. They were invented by Prof. Anderson.

They are the only whole-grain food with every food cell broken.

They are foods to serve at any hour, easy to digest.

And they make every element in the whole grain available as food.

Children who get such foods in plenty are in no way underfed.

Puffed Wheat

Whole grains steam exploded

Puffed Rice

Puffed to 8 times normal size

In the morning

Puffed Rice is the finest breakfast dainty that children ever get. But serve at other times as well.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. It is better than sweetmeats or pastry.

It had never occurred to him

HE seemed to have all of the qualifications for business success. Yet, somehow or other, he didn't advance as he should have. Something seemed to stand in his way.

The thing that held him back was in itself a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) *never* won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it is a handicap. And the pathetic part of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has given the smoker pleasure. Usually—and fortunately, however—halitosis yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Recognized for half a century as the safe antiseptic, Listerine possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat unpleasant breath. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is right. You *know* it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells a great deal of Listerine. For it has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

The Romance of the Art-Title

(*Continued from page 39*)

difficult, if not next to impossible, to sustain any mood under such conditions. And as there was no way, other than by printed words, to explain the action and situations of a motion-picture drama, titles were a necessary evil.

But then came the idea that, if some method could be devised to keep the setting or the characters constantly before the spectators' eyes—even during the projection of the titles—these distracting breaks in the atmosphere of the drama would be obviated.

And so the art-title was evolved. It's primary purpose was to maintain the continuity of the picture thruout, and to carry the eye and the mind over from one shot to another. By the use of art-titles, a motion picture is given a greater homogeneity and a more closely related form, as well as a more pleasurable artistic value.

Therefore, the best art-titles—those, indeed, that serve their true purpose—are the ones which are symbolic of, and most intimately in keeping with, the atmosphere of the scene or situation being shown at the moment.

There are six types of art-titles—that is, six different variations of pictorial backgrounds for printed captions; and while the projection principle is very much the same in all of them, each one creates its own individual effect. One or another of these six styles of pictorial atmosphere is used in all titles; and a particular one is chosen, as a rule, because it harmonizes best with the subject-matter of the photo-drama itself.

First, there is the painted art-title. This is the most common. It is simple to produce, and any subject or lighting effect can be had merely by telling the artist what is desired.

This type of art-title is made on a piece of academy-board, or canvas, about eighteen by twenty-four inches in size. It may be an interior, or landscape, or sea picture, or even a dramatic situation with figures. It is, in fact, merely a black and white illustration, painted in oils, such as might be used to illustrate a story in a magazine.

This picture is photographed the full size of the film—the way a close-up is taken. Then the words of the title, which have been printed in white against black on another card the same size as the painting, are also photographed; and the two are double-exposed.

Thus, when this title is projected on the screen, you see a village street or a country lane (let us say), with the words explaining the action or situation appearing in white across it.

Then there is what is called the photographic art-title.

In the place of paintings, actual photographs of some scene in keeping with the atmosphere of the play, are used as backgrounds. For instance, during a sea episode, a photograph of the ocean and sky is made—not in animation, however, but a "still"—and the words of the explanatory title are double-exposed upon it by the same method employed in painted art-titles.

Sometimes, instead of the photograph being printed the full size of the film, it is limited to a third or a half of the space; and the words, against black, are confined to the unoccupied area. This is done so that the printing can be easily read, and the atmosphere suggested at the same time.

Always, however, when using the photographic medium for art-titles, the picture is toned down by soft focus, or else a misty or somewhat "grey" scene—one without violent contrasts—is selected. Otherwise, the sharp details of the photograph—what is called the "chiaroscuro"—would clash with the lettering and render it difficult to decipher.

Another type of art-title which has gained considerable popularity is the kind that is made with clay models. Famous Players have used it a great deal; and the effect of dignity and richness obtained by this medium harmonizes perfectly with certain kinds of stories. Perhaps you recall the clay-model titles in "Experience."

The method used in producing this type of art-title is similar to that employed in making the painted variety, the only difference being that, instead of a picture, a small flat design in clay or plaster furnishes the background. This cast is photographed at close range, and the wording is double-exposed upon it, as in the case of the painted background. But often the words of the title are engraved right into the cast, similar to the carving on a stone tablet or marble frieze.

The final effect of the clay-model art-title is that of a beautiful *bas-relief*. The chief drawback to this type of title is its practical limitation both as to variety and atmosphere. A clay model is more difficult to make than a painting, and often the same design is used for numerous titles in the same picture.

A recent variation, or rather development, of the clay-model title has been made by the Waller Studios. Instead of flat casts in *bas-relief,* complete sculptural figures and groups are used, and are photographed from different angles and ranges. The first production to employ this new type of art-title was "Nero." At least twenty of these sculptures were made for the picture, and they proved very effective.

The pastel art-title is still another type which has a distinctly individual atmosphere, and which accords well with certain kinds of stories. It differs from the painted title only in the fact that pastels, instead of oils, are made use of by the artist.

Many comedies are titled in this manner, for the pastel medium is lacking in realism, and lends itself well to comic effects and burlesque subjects. This medium is also suitable for whimsical, fantastic and imaginative themes. Moreover, pastels photograph well in color, and sometimes, when colored titling is desired, they are used in preference to oils.

This brings us to the colored art-title, which will no doubt be seen more and more as the process of animated color-photography develops.

Already there are many noteworthy instances of where this type of art-title has been successfully used. The main title of "The Loves of Pharaoh" was colored. Also, there was colored photography among the first titles in "Passion"; and all the art-titles of Mae Murray's "Fascination" were in color.

In all these cases the process of color-photography was employed. There are, of course, colored art-titles which have been hand-tinted; but such pictures scarcely constitute a separate and distinct variety of titling. Therefore, when I speak of the colored art-title, I mean those actually made by scientific color-photography.

There is one other general type of art-title. Metro first tried it out; but it has never been very popular, and is now

rapidly being abandoned. I refer to the animated art-title.

This kind of title is produced by using an actual "shot" of some scene in the picture as the title's background. The scene is photographed (soft-focused or gauzed), and the explanatory words of the title are double-exposed upon it. Then the words fade out, the focus is adjusted or the gauze removed, and the scene continues. This amounts merely to throwing the words on the first few feet of every "shot" needing an explanation.

The idea behind this type of title was logical enough—the theory being that, by this method, there was no moment during the entire projection of the picture when some active scene was not being shown. Thus the complete continuity and the atmosphere were at all times maintained.

But it was soon discovered that any action taking place while a title was being shown, diverted the spectator's vision and distracted his attention from the words themselves. Often, because of this counter-attraction of movement, the titles were not fully read.

In fact, the chief problem which confronts all makers of art-titles is simply this: Just how far can one go in decorating the backgrounds of titles (so that the atmosphere and the continuity of the drama will be preserved), without making those titles so striking and attractive that they will deflect the attention from the explanatory words to the decorations themselves?

In addition to the different mediums already mentioned, there are other means of making backgrounds and decorations for art-titles. For instance, there is etching on glass; crayon sketching on cardboard (as used in film cartoons); water-colors; and tempera "wash" drawings.

But, as in the case of the hand-tinted title, none of these mediums constitutes a separate type of art-title. They are, in reality, but variations of the painted background, altho each carries its own distinctive atmospheric effect.

A word in closing should be said about the lettering on art-titles, for this is a most important item, and one to which experts have devoted years of study and experimentation. The problem consists in finding a style of type which possesses both attractiveness and instantaneous readability. Also, the spacing of both letters and words is an important consideration.

Mere commercial, or book lettering is too commonplace, and detracts from the illusion of the picture. On the other hand, any fancy or highly decorative type creates a strain on the eye and is difficult to follow. A letter of even thickness has been found to be the most desirable. One or two studios in the West, and the Waller Studios in the East, have achieved a style of printing which is both practical and pleasing to the eye. But the problem is always present.

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 57)

that we start a "They're In Again" department and give everybody a chance to have some fun. We'll start it off with A. C. Naismith's own pertinent remark:

"Dont you love the flapper who forgets to hitch her hat to the post and just as Rudie is showing the young swains in the audience how to make love, the hat rolls down and stops at your feet; you stoop and return it to the owner three rows back and miss the best part of the picture?"

Who's next?

A Christmas Token That Is Totally New!

The Ansco Memory Kit

A thoughtful and pleasing ensemble for taking the intimate personal pictures which store up treasured recollections — that in brief sums up the Ansco Memory Kit

NO Christmas of the past has ever brought anything like it.

The Ansco Memory Kit comprises three things: (1) Your choice of three fine Ansco Cameras, as set forth in the paragraphs at the right; (2) a supply of Ansco Speedex Film; (3) a handy and supremely handsome compartment-receptacle of solid mahogany, for keeping camera and extra films always conveniently together; the lid embellished with a burnished metal name-place for the recipient's name or initials.

Man or woman, girl or boy, that one on your list who receives an Ansco Memory Kit is certain to rank it high up among his or her most preferred belongings.

At $15

—the camera compartment of the Memory Kit contains the widely popular Ansco Vest Pocket Junior—a remarkably capable little camera that is producing fine pictures the world around. By an exclusive device it combines a fixed focus with an adjustable focus, providing for both beginners and skilled users. Special finish, Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Speed U. S. 4, in Deltax Shutter.

At $20

—the Memory Kit includes the Ansco Vest Pocket Junior in special finish equipped with the brilliant Ansco Anastigmat Lens, Speed F 7.5, in Grammax Shutter.

At $40

—it's an Ansco Vest Pocket Speedex No. 3—a camera of the highest grade and widest efficiency, yet in compact size. Ansco Anastigmat Lens, Speed F 6.3.

Ask To See Them

Each takes a picture 2¼x3¼. Covered in genuine leather. Genuine leather bellows. Beautifully designed, accurately built for precision, scope, and service.

Ansco makes a complete line of Cameras, ranging from $1.50 to $65—each model a standard for quality and value at its price.

Have you tried the new Ansco Speedex Film? "Fits the light, dull or bright" — a better film that gets better pictures.

Any Ansco dealer will gladly give you a complimentary copy of the Ansco catalog—or write to us

ANSCO COMPANY

Binghamton, New York

ANSCO

Let DIAMONDS say Merry Xmas

642AD—18″ indestructible quality Pearls of unusual sheen and lustre with White Gold clasp, set with genuine Perfect cut diamond. **$14.50**

643AD—Premier Diamond Ring, Blue-white Quality Diamond. . . . **$95.00**

644AD—Engraved Premier Diamond Ring, Blue-white Diamond. . . . **$37.50**

645AD—Green Gold Hexagon Platinum Top with Blue-white Diamond. **$55.00**

646AD—Engraved Belcher Ring, Blue-white Perfect cut Diamond. . **$60.00**

647AD—Substantial Round Belcher Ring, Brilliant Blue-white Diamond. **$80.00**

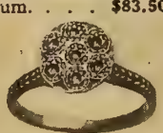
648AD—Gent's Cluster Ring, 7 Blue-white Diamonds set in Platinum. . . . **$83.50**

652AD—Popular 14kt. White Gold rectangular Wrist Watch, very much in demand, 15-jewel guaranteed imported nickel movement. Special Price **$33.65**

651AD—Solid Platinum Trueheart Ring with exquisite Blue-white Perfect cut Diamonds. **$118.50**

653AD 18 kt. White Gold Hexagon Ring, 7 Blue-white diamonds set in Platinum, **$59.50**

649AD—Cluster Ring, 7 Blue-white Diamonds set in Platinum. . **$73.50**



650AD—Green Gold Gypsy Cluster, 7 Blue-white Diamonds . **$87.50**

656AD—Famous 19-jewel Illinois in 20-year Engraved case with Engraved gilt dial **$39.75**

654AD—Gent's Ring, finest quality Blue-white Perfect cut Diamond. . . **$110.00**

655AD—White Gold Gent's Ring, Blue-white Perfect cut Diamond. **$116.50**

For a few cents a day

Think of it! You can own any of these bargains—the greatest in America—**for a few cents a day.** Your simple request brings your choice for **free examination.** Do not send a single penny.

NO MONEY DOWN

Any of the startling diamond values pictured here can be yours without risking a single penny. Each item is ideally suited for Christmas and will make a charming gift. No matter what you select, you pay **only a few cents a day.** Your selection sent on your simple request without a single penny down. If you don't agree that it is the **biggest bargain** you have ever seen, return it at our expense. If you keep it, pay at the rate of **only a few cents a day.**

YEARLY DIVIDENDS

You are guaranteed 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also 5% bonus privilege.

BIG MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

The Greatest Bargains in America are pictured. Send coupon for your copy today. It's free.

Special Discount 15% on all cash sales for this month only.

SEND FOR MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

J.M.LYON & CO.

2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

In Business Nearly 100 years

J. M. LYON & CO.,
2-4 Maiden Lane, Dept. 1529
New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once your big 128-page MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK, showing thousands of America's greatest diamond and jewelry bargains.

*Name*_____

Address _____

*City*_____ *State*_____

WHY DO YOU MAKE PRESENTS AT XMAS?

Is it not because you want to make someone happy? Is it not because you want that someone to know that you have been thinking kindly of him? And does it not make you too happy for words, when your selection turns out to be the most appreciated of all the gifts received by those you have remembered?

Gloves, neckties, stockings, socks —you know the usual list of gifts —all are welcome in their way— but gifts of this kind dont begin to express the real thought you wish to convey. If you give an umbrella, you will be remembered on rainy days only. The general line of presents soon wear out and the gift itself is then forgotten.

We Are Glad To Suggest A Gift Which Will Be A Constant Reminder of Your Thoughtfulness The Year Round

To those you think the most of, give a yearly subscription for the *Motion Picture Magazine* (price $2.50), *Classic* (price $2.50), *Shadowland* (price $3.50), or *Beauty* (price $2.50). Any one of these magazines will make a mighty acceptable gift, and as there are twelve monthly issues in a yearly subscription, the recipient simply cannot forget your gift until Xmas comes again. Inexpensive to buy, yet rich in value, the four Brewster Publications offer a wide selection to choose from.

Besides giving you a selection of excellent magazines, we aim to save you money as well. Look below for the season's biggest magazine bargains. If you take two or more subscriptions you may send each magazine to a different address and still take advantage of the special prices. Gift Announcement Cards will be sent on request.

Motion Picture.....$2.50
Beauty ..... 2.50 } **Special 3.90**
Regular Price.... 5.00

Classic $2.50
Beauty ..... 2.50 } **Special 3.90**
Regular Price.... 5.00

Shadowland $3.50
Classic ..... 2.50 } **Special 4.60**
Regular Price....6.00

Shadowland $3.50
Beauty ..... 2.50 } **Special 4.60**
Regular Price.....6.00

BEAUTY, MOTION PICTURE or CLASSIC
With Pictorial Review.....$3.15
With McCall's Magazine..... 2.75
With Today's Housewife..... 2.65
For Canada add 50¢ For Foreign add $1.00

These bargain offers are wide open to our readers for the next thirty days. Save money by ordering for yourself and friends at once.

Send your order to

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

What's Wrong With the Women?

(*Continued from page* 53)

being strength to weakness. They like the soft, pretty creature who flatters and makes much of them.

"Why must women hold that the proof of their independence is in the economic field? Women rule best by their dependence.

"A man will never fail the woman who is actually dependent upon him. I dont mean financially. I mean fundamentally. He will never cheat the woman who can easily be cheated. He will almost invariably play fair if he knows it is easy not to. He wont take advantage when he knows that he can. He will protect the woman who loves him and is unable to protect herself. But when men and women meet on a common ground, economically and every other way, there will be so much quarter given pro and con and no more.

"Women are coming down to a common stamping ground. They had the throne and they are abdicating it.

"The old-fashioned woman is the woman men love.

"Being old-fashioned and 'clinging' does not imply stupidity. Sensitiveness, imagination, mental growth, all flourish as well on the hearthstone as they do on the rialto.

"Women have read too much Freud. I believe Freud has done more subtle damage to the woman of today than all the economic independence she has gained.

"Economic independence is not the only independence. Competition in the commercial and artistic worlds is not the only competition. Life is lived as fully, as completely and can be lived as satisfactorily in other spheres, in other ways.

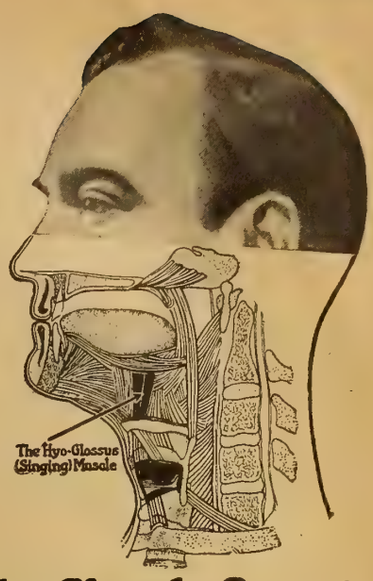
"In my picture, 'What's Wrong with the Women?' I do not attempt to postulate any definite theory. I do not attempt to answer any leading question, or settle any controversy. I do not believe in preachments and propaganda on the screen. I merely tried to give a picture of a certain phase of life as it is lived today, and individuals may draw their own conclusions. I have merely told a story.

"I have tried to tell it truly and also tried to cast it truly. To me, the cast is the thing. You cannot put Mary Pickford and the latest 'tramp' on the lot into the same cast and expect a balanced result.

"Also, I believe in the one-man picture. The average production goes thru too many hands. There are generally five and six people tearing at the thread of a single story before it sees the light of presentation. The result is bound to be without co-ordination."

Doctor Goodman is going to make, I think he said, *four* other pictures this year, and all of them will tell true-to-life stories of life as it is lived today. Problematical life, perhaps, but with no pulpit purpose other than the story for the story's sake.

I sat by meekly while Doctor Goodman paid for my cinnamon toast, and told him I couldn't possibly acquire the strength nor the economic independence to get around the corner to the station. Result, a taxi, bought and paid for! Dependence pays—and pays—and *pays!*



The Simple Secret of

Caruso's Power

WHAT are the physiological reasons for a beautiful, powerful voice? In the past, this subject has been a mystery even to voice instructors who, consequently, were forced to teach in the most haphazard way. Now scientists have cleared up this subject, so important to all who sing or speak. A close study of the vocal mechanism of the late Enrico Caruso, preserved by scientists of his native Italy, has fully corroborated the theory and practice of the famous Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

For three generations, the family of Feuchtinger has been famous in the musical capitals of Europe for their success in voice development. Grand Opera stars have been trained by their method. Voices, apparently lost, have been recovered. Until a few years ago, America knew nothing of this method.

American singers who desired not merely vocal training, but *voice development*, sought their goal in Europe. Few understood the principles involved in the Feuchtinger method—but everyone marveled at the striking results attained.

Now Professor Feuchtinger's training is open to you. Professor Feuchtinger himself is here in Chicago. He is devoting his time to thousands of American pupils. Hundreds are being benefited where only one could have his attention before. The marvelous Feuchtinger method is perfectly adapted to instruction by mail. You can practice these wonderful, silent exercises in the privacy of your own home. The Professor, himself, follows your progress. He encourages you—answers your questions, and explains everything with perfect clearness.

Prof. Feuchtinger Guarantees to Improve Your Voice 100%

You alone are to be the judge. After faithfully following this course of training, if you are not fully satisfied, your money will be refunded. You take no risk.

If you are ambitious to sing or to speak—if you stammer or stutter, Professor Feuchtinger will help you. Everything about this wonderful method is explained in the Professor's free book, "Enter Your World." Send for it today. He wants you to have it.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
1922 Sunnyside Ave. Studio 1269 Chicago

This Book FREE

If You Mail this Coupon!

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Avenue
Studio 1269, Chicago

Please send me your book, "Enter Your World" without charge or obligation. I have put X after the subject that interests me most.
☐ *Singing* ☐ *Speaking* ☐ *Stammering* ☐ *Weak Voice*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____ *Age*____

Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY Dept. 205 CLARINDA, IOWA

In the DECEMBER number

SHADOWLAND

offers

To the Appreciative Reader

the work of three literati of world-wide reputation: a novelist, a critic, and a poet.

WILLIAM McFEE, author of *Command, Captain Macedoine's Daughter* and other stirring novels, writes on the *Romance in Going to Sea.* Mr. McFee is chief engineer of the *S. S. Carrillo,* and says that he never would quit the sea. "On shore everyone is pulling . . . at sea all is peace."

BURTON RASCOE, editor and literary critic, will review the best of the season's new books. Mr. Rascoe's keen analysis and sound judgment rank him with the foremost literary critics of the day.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, whose sensitive poems have won praise from both those who really know poetry and those who merely enjoy it, will write of three of our ablest women poets—*Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Lola Ridge.*

SHADOWLAND

for DECEMBER

Make from $2 to $5 a Day

painting Parchment Shades without leaving the privacy of your own home. Easy to learn—we teach you to do our work and positively guarantee to supply you with interesting spare time employment. Write immediately for information to

UNITED SHADE COMPANY
Dept. K, Sturgeon Bldg., Toronto, Canada

YOUR HOROSCOPE

scientifically calculated by the science of Astrology will discuss your personality with general affairs of life. For Analysis send $1.00 and birthplace, time of birth if known, and place, Address **"Neoteric Astrology" offices, Suite A, 3571 Grammercy Place. Los Angeles, California.**

$ $ For Photoplay Ideas

Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 926 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Publishers Scenario Bulletin-Digest
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY

The Juvenile Critic

(*Continued from page* 78)

He has to walk home with his clothes all soppy wet and the sun makes his very best suit shrink until it looks so funny everybody laughed. I did too, only I felt dreadfully sorry for him too.

He has to go to a party at the pretty girl's that night and he hasn't anything to wear, but his dear little Grandma, who is just the dearest little old lady in the world, finds him a suit that his grandfather used to wear.

She helps him get ready and polishes his shoes with mutton tallow. Well, he goes to the party and, oh Punch, there are some kitties and they—but I simply mustn't tell any more.

Lots of exciting things happen at the party and it ends by everybody going out to hunt a tramp who has been stealing around the neighborhood. Of course, Grandma's boy is scared to death. I just cant explain how funny it all is. Anyway the next morning his Grandma tells him a most wonderful story and it makes him just as brave as a lion. I wont tell you what the story is but of course he catches the tramp and fights the bully and marries the pretty girl, so it's a truly nice picture, Dont, dont miss seeing it!

Your loving
JUDY.

Stills Between Shots

(*Continued from page* 71)

Ferguson said. It was interesting in a live way, and peculiarly pertinent to the question we were discussing.

As we were talking, David Powell came along, and we drew him into the discussion. Miss Ferguson was called away in consultation a moment later by Mr. Chet Withey, who is directing her picture, and with apologies, she left.

Mr. Powell and I wandered over toward a scene from "Anna Ascends," in process of being shot under the direction of Mr. Fleming. This is Miss Brady's picture, and both Mr. Powell and Robert Ellis are in it, also the conventionally correct Charles Girard. A girl in resplendent raiment headed toward us. It was Nita Naldi.

When I want entertainment, I gather Miss Naldi to myself. I hailed her now.

"I am still weighted down with glittering ornaments, you see," was her greeting. "Some day, I am going to have a calico dress part. Not that I mind this gorgeousness! There are only three things I mind in this world. First, having a still photograph made. Second, going to the dentist's. And, third, going to California. I dislike stills because they make me, as they do everyone else, look so big."

We sat down on the players' bench, and Miss Naldi kept me convulsed with bits of personality and gossip, not of the studio, but of people we knew. There was one delicious bit of comment on one of our grand opera stars, who recently did well for herself, at least financially, by her marriage. Worse luck, just at this moment, a sudden call for Miss Naldi cost me my pleasant companion.

However, shortly, a ragged girl, evidently newly arrived from the "ould sod" somewhere, came across the set toward me. It was Miss Alice Brady. As I always like to talk with her, if I can stop watching her dimples flash long enough to listen, I moved along the bench by way of invitation, and asked what was on her mind.

"Fan letters," she replied, seriously. "Are all those real that are in the magazine

columns? I am stunned at some that I receive. I cannot see why so many Americans should be unable to write in their own tongue. Many letters are badly phrased, and with so poor a vocabulary. They form a sad contrast to literal translations even of letters from South America, and Japan. And yet, our public school system is supposed to offer the greatest opportunities not only to children, but to grown women and men. I have had correspondents who signed themselves 'Mrs. Fanny So-and-So.' There is no excuse. Books on such details are so easily obtainable." That recalled to my mind a letter from a State Senator's wife, signed "Mrs. Sara Steplightly"—we'll say for convenience. Miss Brady went on to comment on the general tendency of the day to chuck overboard all smoothnesses and refinements as denoting weakness and effeminacy. She quoted the young men who will not wear dress clothes, but stick to golf duds, or such togs as are fit for rough wear. Last winter's flapper with her flopping galoshes was mentioned as another example.

When Miss Brady was called into action, I hurried away. For, I had promised Mrs. Mary Carr that I would meet her, and go to see some scenes from the new picture in which she is working, at the Fox Studio.

Mrs. Carr is another honest-to-goodness real person. She plays a mother part so well because she feels it so deeply. The affection with which the youngest of the six Carrs "maided" her mother showed that. "My parts are real to me. That's what the people who like a picture recognize in the acting," she chatted on as we walked over to the set on which she was to work.

The first person I saw on the set was Mirta Bonillas, who shared the lead with Peggy Shaw in the (to my mind) great William Farnum picture, "A Stage Romance." Miss Bonillas also played opposite Mr. Farnum in his next release, "Shackles of Gold," and Miss Shaw has just had the lead in "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." Both are in this picture, "Penzie," which is being directed by Mr. Herbert Brenon.

Miss Bonillas was opening a package, from which she drew a pair of diminutive embroidered black satin Chinese slippers, and a lovely necklace and dangling ear-rings of jade. "I've just spent all my money on a superb mandarin costume," she explained.

"Oh, please try the necklace and ear-rings on me," pleaded Miriam Battista, who had run to greet Miss Bonillas. Miriam looked like a Gypsy fairy in the drooping jade ornaments. She has a difficult bit in this same picture, over which she had to work very hard. "At first," she said, "Mr. Brenon frightened me, but as soon as I knew what he wanted, I was not frightened. I have learned a great deal from him." Mr. Brenon, in the usual director's chair, at one side, buried in a script, looked up after muttering something about "these scenarists."

"How's the scratched ankle, Miriam? Keep her home tomorrow, Mrs. Battista. Get that scratch well healed."

After I had said "good-bye" all around, I started on my way. At the door, I ran into Mrs. Battista and Miriam, and we all started off together.

Activity is springing up in all the studios in the East. Screen people are clustering about us on all sides. Next month's *causeries intimes* bid fair to swell to an alarming extent. It is hard at any time to draw a line, and put the final period. Selah! It is written.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

As a girl, Mother's box of Lablache fascinated and tempted me. Its daintily fragrant powder cooled and refreshed *my* skin. Now, in grown-up years, Lablache is still my choice for its purity, softness and clinging quality.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send* **10c** *for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston Mass.

Beauty and Youth

--For a Christmas Gift!

Boncilla

BEAUTIFIER

Clasmic Packs

will keep you as young as your children, because they will make you look as young.

Only a few minutes are required to cover the face with *Boncilla* Beautifier (clasmic pack). As it dries, you can feel its invigorating action going right down to the source of complexion troubles. You can feel it opening up the pores, drawing out blackheads and impurities, stimulating the circulation, building up tissues, smoothing out lines.

Boncilla is guaranteed to do these definite things for the face or your money will be refunded:

1. Clear the skin and gives it color.
2. Removes pimples and blackheads.
3. Lifts out the lines.
4. Closes enlarged pores.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues and muscles.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

When you remove *Boncilla* Beautifier with a wet towel, you will see instantly that it has done all these things for you: you will know that nothing else can accomplish such perfect beauty for you.

Boncilla Pack O' Beauty Only 50 cents

The Pack O' Beauty contains enough *Boncilla* Beautifier, *Boncilla* Cold Cream, *Boncilla* Vanishing Cream and *Boncilla* Face Powder for three complete facial packs. You can secure it from your dealer, or send coupon, with 50 cents, and we will mail it to you postpaid.

Boncilla No. 37 Set a Distinctive Holiday Gift

The No. 37 set contains a large tube of *Boncilla* Beautifier, regular sized jars of *Boncilla* Cold Cream and *Boncilla* Vanishing Cream, large box of *Boncilla* Face Powder and a cake of Beauty Soap. An unusual gift and one that will be welcomed by men as well as women; priced at $3.25.

Boncilla toilet waters and perfumes, Locelle or Royal Bouquet, or *Boncilla* powder compacts in the attractive dull gold cases, make acceptable Christmas Gifts. Most department stores and drug stores can show you the *Boncilla* holiday line; or we will mail you our price list upon request.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES,
443 East South Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

I enclose 50 cents. Please send me introductory *Boncilla* Pack O' Beauty.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

M.P. 12-22

Feasters in Babylon

(*Continued from page 32*)

perspiring press agents have convinced the public is the lot of all movie folk.

Mary's midnight speculations as to the Rev. West's "dangers and temptations" had resulted in a vague expectation of being met at the station by a long row of evil-eyed clubmen in evening clothes and tall hats. But so far was the reality from this terrifying picture that no one in the hurrying throng glanced at them, to Lissa's discomfiture.

The prices of the first hotel they tried sent them gasping to a Y. W. C. A. where Mary explained to the dour female at the desk that they were going to Hollywood the next morning.

"You'll be back again," prophesied the woman darkly; "they mostly come back begging us for railroad fare back home, or a chance to wash dishes and make beds. Ten thousand poor little fools like you came to Los Angeles last year!"

Lissa refused to be discouraged by this gloomy view. "If they're all like that bunch on the train, we should worry!" she declared; "only we've got to get some clothes that aren't f. o. b. Chicago mail-order. We're rubes now."

Mary had to admit that they certainly did not look like the girls they saw on the street, but it was with a distinct sinking of the heart that she saw their tiny horde melting under her sister's reckless expenditures: powder, creams, mysterious little boxes, bottles and pencils—Lissa had spent her time on the train to good purpose—silk stockings and lingerie that to Mary's innocent gaze looked strangely improper. In a little gown of black with dashes of flames, and a wide black hat, Lissa's vivid prettiness became sophisticated allure, and Mary hardly recognized herself in a poke bonnet and coquettishly demure blue crêpe.

"It's funny," said Lissa as they took the bus marked the magic name "Hollywood," "that we should have exactly the same profile and not look a bit alike." She preened herself complacently, "I'm just as glad I'm dark. I'd rather play bad women any day!"

Hollywood did not look sinister as it lay before them in a drift of roses in the white California sun that was shattered into dazzling splinters of prismic lights on acres of glass roofs. On the heights above the town Italian villas and turreted chateaux proclaimed silently that a face might be a fortune. Along the wide boulevards moved handsome cars, and buses, bearing signs of the different studios, darted to and fro. Lissa was anxious to try their fortunes at once, but Mary insisted that they find a shelter first.

If Los Angeles prices had been disconcerting, the rent of the humblest apartment in the Capital of Moviedom seemed based on the supposition that everyone was a star. After a wearisome day of tramping the streets, the only thing they could find suited to their means was two dingy rooms over a barber's shop, smelling of bay rum and hair tonic.

"Never mind!" Lissa laughed as she applied a lip-stick lavishly in front of the warped mirror, "we'll soon have one of those ducky bungalows—you wait and see!"

Wait and see. It seemed to Mary that that was all they did in the next two weeks. They waited in the offices of a dozen casting directors with hundred of others, some of whom had been waiting so long that Mary imagined that the office boy must dust them off every morning when he opened the place. And they saw strange sights as they waited. Sometimes the windows overlooked the seething activities of the lot: plaster towns that were all front with a disillusioning scaffolding of wood behind; Japanese temples; Western villages; here a squalid bit of the slums; there a yacht's deck awash in a huge tank. Thru these scenes moved Arab sheiks reading the baseball extras, Western bad men, youths in evening clothes with bright yellow shirt fronts, adventuresses smoking cigarets thru long jeweled holders. Carpenters stolidly built sets without a glance for the society lady taking a bath before the grinding camera nearby, women in backless evening gowns placidly darned their husbands' hosiery and harassed men with megaphones called for George to "see here quick" in a strange jargon in which the profanity was the only coherent element.

They learned to recognize the film favorites who rolled up triumphantly in their glistening cars and sauntered past the awe-struck ranks of the waiters, superbly unseeing. Now and then a man in his shirt sleeves would come to the door and glance over the crowd of applicants for an income tax. At such times everyone brightened, assumed becoming postures and alert expressions which they discarded as he turned away. The women made continual repairs in their complexions and gossipped about the stars, referring to them by their first names with an easy nonchalance calculated to awe newcomers, and at noon sandwiches and pickles came out of the inevitable handbags. The prevailing spirit was one of optimism.

"Things is kinda slow on the lots just now," Mary's neighbor in the Superba anteroom explained, "but I got a straight tip Gessler is going to need a lot of extras in a day or so." She was a bosomy lady with elaborately frizzled white hair and armed with a lorgnette for society parts.

"There goes Nain Gilmore!" Lissa nudged enviously. "Look at the airs of her! I bet she parks those curls on the bureau nights! And she was a waitress—that girl in the red hat knows all about her. She says——"

"Sh—sh!"

A murmur of excitement ran over the crowd like a ripple over placid water. The magic door had opened and the casting director, Leon Grey, an undersized man with a varnished pompadour and pink sleeve garters stood before their hungry eyes. He was an ugly, rat-faced fellow, but he was the god to whom they made their prayers. Lounging against the lintel he savored his own magnificence, casting a lazy and insolent scrutiny over the faces turned to him that gave Mary the sick sensation of being inadequately clothed that one has in nightmare dreams. But Lissa, laughing audaciously, was on her feet, throwing him a kiss. Grey's insinuating glance slipped down the warm curves of her like an avid hand.

"You cuties there, and the blonde baby beside you," he called, "I can use you in a cabaret set if you can strip without showing structural steel."

"He means if you aren't too bony to wear low neck," translated she of the lorgnette as startled crimson swept Mary's cheeks, "ain't you lucky? Superba finds the scenery, too; most companies you gotter furnish your own clo'es."

Some twenty others were chosen and the fortunate ones passed thru the door into the studio with something of the star's disdain for the unelect. In the con-

fusion of the huge dressing-room Mary lost sight of Lissa. Almost before she knew what was happening, her dress was off and a woman in a smeary smock was plastering her face with grease-paint while another did strange things to her hair. A black satin dress strong with crystal was lowered over her head. In a mirror opposite Mary saw a sumptuous creature with high piles of golden hair held by a huge shell comb and a dress that displayed white shoulders and bosom. It could not be herself! Yet when she put up involuntary hands, the shameless creature in the mirror did the same.

Mary looked about her. Some of the others were still more generously undressed, and Lissa——

She uttered a little cry as her sister revolved before her arrayed in what seemed to her horrified eyes little more than beads and a tinsel breast-plate. "Lissa! You cant—you shant——"

"Oh, shut up!" Lissa interpolated high-pitched laughter, eyes flames of excitement under the fantastic head-dress. "Dont be silly! Think I'd give up this chance? Why, it was Al Gessler *himself* picked me out for a cabaret performer. He noticed *me!* And I'm going to see that he doesn't forget me either. Think of the luck—Gessler the director! Why, it was he who made a star of Saidi Love!"

They were moving out into the studio with the others. "But, Lissa, what would Cloverly say?" Mary pleaded.

The other laughed recklessly, "I'm not Melissa of Cloverly, I'm Lissa of Hollywood!" She struck an audacious pose, swaggering deliciously. "Isn't it wonderful I learned to turn handsprings in the hay loft tho!"

In her distress for her sister Mary forgot her own self-consciousness. Fortunately all that was required of her was to sit at a table with several others, toy with the weak tea which the waiters served in dissipated looking glasses, and watch the performers.

"Look like you were raising hell—you at the tables!" Al Gessler shouted thru his megaphone. He was a handsome, hard-looking man with the shoulders of a matinée idol and a scar on one cheek.

"I suppose he got that scar in the war?" Mary ventured to the youth opposite who was smoking a cigar with a precociously worldly wise air.

"Him? That's a good one!" laughed the youngster; "everybody knows Orrin Fane did that with a champagne bottle when he found Al at a roadhouse with his wife."

The lights whirred and rattled overhead, giving faces and hands a livid hue. Somebody began to pound a piano. Mary tried to laugh and talk with the others and even held a cigaret in her fingers according to the blasé young man's instruction but her gaze wandered with the fascination of horror to Lissa's young loveliness so pitilessly exposed to the world as with the naïve unconcern and relish of a child in showing off she danced between the tables; and vague fear squeezed her heart like a hand as she saw that Al Gessler was watching the provocative little figure, too; his handsome, slightly worn face expressionless as a mask.

"Some cute chicken!" the world-weary one drawled; "I see Al has noticed her—bit of a poultry fancier, Al!"

The afternoon dragged by in endless rehearsal and experiment. Stage hands ran aimlessly to and fro; "props" perspired and conferred, and the extras, assured of several days' work on the scene, chatted joyfully. Toward the end Lissa disappeared, stopping to tell Mary that she was

Really DESTROYS the growth by removing the ROOTS

ZIP

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Madam, do you shave?
Horrors, No!
Do you use depilatories?

Bobbed hair demands that the nape of the neck have a perfect hair line, well defined, free from unsightly hair.

A well rounded arm--free of all downy hair--is a necessity with the vogue for short sleeves.

The new perfect arched brow, so expressive is readily had with ZIP. Plucking and shaving are passe.--Hop Hampton

Whether you use the blade or an ordinary depilatory, you merely take away surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive. Both methods throw the strength back into the roots and tend to create heavier growths.

ZIP, on the other hand, gently lifts out the roots with the hairs, quickly, painlessly and safely, and thus ***destroys the growth.*** ZIP is praised as the only effectual remedy for destroying Superfluous Hair—whether heavy or fine. **Guaranteed!** ★

Not only removes hair—but checks its future growth.

Used by women of discernment, actresses and Beauty Specialists for face, arms, underarms, limbs, body, perfect hair line back of neck and new arched brows.

When in New York, don't neglect to call at my Salon to have FREE DEMONSTRATION Treatment. This convinces the most skeptical.

Three Types of Superfluous Hair. Which type have you? Write for FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which also explains each type.

ZIP is for sale at all good stores or by mail.

Madame Berthé
Specialist
Dept. 645, 562 5th Ave. (46th St.), New York

JEAN JORDEAU INC.

TEAR OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON

Mme. BERTHE, Dept. 645, 562 Fifth Avenue, (46th St.) New York City

Please send me your free book "Beauty's Greatest Secret" also free sample of your Massage Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Free to Writers!

A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. *How to Write* This surprising book is *absolutely free.* No charge. No obligation. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *now.* Just address **AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 251, AUBURN, NEW YORK**

7 JEWEL 10 YR. CASE

FREE

RUSH your name and we will tell you HOW you can get this handsome 7-jewel 10-year guaranteed gold-filled Bracelet Watch

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Remember, with our plan it won't cost you a cent. Write at once for FREE WATCH PLAN

HOME SUPPLY CO., 116 Nassau St., Dept. 593, N. Y. City

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—it refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH **SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY**

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At drug and dept. stores. **Send 10c for miniature can.**

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE S. C. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

"Some present"

What a wonderful thing it will be for any boy whose parents make it possible for him to take his first lesson on Christmas day on his own Buescher True-Tone Saxophone. A Saxophone is a boy's instrument, to which he takes naturally and which he easily masters.

The technique of the Saxophone interests and tempts a boy's ambition. It brings out and develops his latent musical talent. It will help keep your boy at home and occupied with things worth while; it will teach him to improve his time instead of wasting it; it will bring him in contact with better, cleaner associates.

Nothing can take the place of the Saxophone for home entertainment, church, lodge, school. It is the one instrument that everyone can play—and it wholly satisfies that craving everybody has to personally produce music.

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Your boy can learn the scale in an hour and in a few weeks be playing popular airs.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

We make it easy for you to get your boy a Saxophone this Christmas. You may order any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other Band or Orchestral Instrument without paying in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy terms to suit your convenience.

Saxophone Book Free Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophone takes violin, cello and bass parts, and many other things you would like to know. Ask for your copy.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
2166 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestral Instruments

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
2166 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.
Gentlemen: I am interested in the instrument checked below:
.....Saxophone .....Cornet .....Trombone .....Trumpet
(Mention any other Instrument interested in)
Name .....
Street Address.....
Town..... State.....

CHOICE $1.49 WEDDING RINGS
14K GOLD-S

SEND NO MONEY—Just choose the ring you want, A, B or C. Send your name, address and finger size. Your ring will come by return mail. (A)—Oval, artistically engraved with **Orange Blossoms.** (C)—Heavy Plain Narrow **Yellow Gold English Oval Ring.** (B)—Handsome, Square, Engraved **Bridal Wreath** design. Newest and most fashionable Rings. If you order rings A or B you can have your choice of **Yellow Gold** or the latest **White Platinum** finish. **Unconditional 10-Year Guarantee.** Pay postman $1.49 on arrival. Money back if not satisfied. **Act Quick!** Only limited number at this special price.
ROE & ELDER
332 Plymouth Court Dept. 131 Chicago

YOU CAN PLAY THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR
JUST LIKE THE HAWAIIANS!
Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. **In half an hour you can play it!** We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to **only four**—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is **only a matter of practice** to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Our complete course of 52 lessons includes FREE a Beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 pieces of Music. ***Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.***

Your favorite instrument given away FREE with first lesson. SPECIAL COURSES UNDER FAMOUS TEACHERS. Learn to play VIOLIN, TENOR BANJO or UKULELE.

This Makes a Splendid Christmas Gift.

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway (Woolworth Bldg) New York
Please send me full information about your 52 easy lessons and FREE GUITAR OFFER.
Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State..... M.P.M-12

going to learn a dance for tomorrow's work.

As the extras, released at last, hurried toward the dressing-room, Mary felt a hand laid on her arm and turned to find the unwholesome face of Leon Grey, the casting director, leering into hers. He was half a head shorter than she and the reek of brilliantine on his gluey pompadour was an offense to her nostrils.

"C'mon into my office a minute, girlie!"

Perhaps he was going to tell her that he had been watching her work and it wasn't good enough! Mary followed the pink-striped silk shirt into the office marked Casting Director, again acutely conscious of the inadequacy of her costume. Leon Grey closed the door and leaned against it regarding the shrinking girl with what he evidently considered a fascinating smile.

"First day on the lot, eh?" He lighted a cigar with black-rimmed fingers. "I wouldn't have forgotten that hair!"

"You dont think I can—learn to act?" Mary asked tremulously. It was not that she cared for herself. She could go back to Cloverly joyfully, but Lissa—she must not leave Lissa.

"Oh—*act!*" He shrugged away the suggestion airily, "what's that got to do with succeeding in the movies? You've got the face and *I've* got the power to put you over——" again he laid his hand on her bare arm familiarly; "to put you over big, girlie. Get me?"

Mary drew back, she did not quite know why. "You—you think I could really learn to be an actress?" she asked confusedly. The hand on her arm was hairy, not over-clean. The look in his protuberant pale eyes filled her with chill distress.

"I mean I can get you a real part, *if I want to.*" Grey seemed to be saying something quite different from his words. "I like you, girlie, and when I like anyone there isn't anything I wouldn't do for 'em. Get me?"

She managed a rather breathless smile. "You're very kind! Thank you——"

He flipped the cigaret away. "I dont want thanks—I guess you know what I do want, girlie! C'mon, let's seal the bargain with a kiss!" His pimply face was close to hers. Mary sprang away, pressing her hands to the tumultuous beating of her heart. Under the sophisticated piles of hair, her face held the blank wonder of a child confronted with something terrifying and strange.

"I dont—understand——"

Leon Grey laughed in an ugly fashion. Then he explained without nice choice of words what he meant. Did she think a little nobody got advanced in any business for nothing, he added, angered by her pallid horror of him. Diamond Deare got her start thru a director's kindness. Look where she was now! Swell houses, cars, everything a girl could want! And Gawd knows they didn't either of them have brains enough to make a good headache.

Mary continued to stare at him as at something unclean, something loathsome. His eyes fell uneasily from her look. "Not that I care a damn!" he blustered, "suit yourself! If you want to be a little fool and stand in your own light they's plenty others——"

He had moved away from the door, turning his back on her. In another moment Mary found herself in the deserted dressing-room, leaning against the wall, shaken by a very nausea of disgust and rage. So *that* was the Rev. West's "dangers and temptations!" Temptations! She laughed a trifle hysterically at the thought of the man she had just left, with his dirty hands and the dirty thoughts peering like rats from his eyes—could it

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
238 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue • • New York City

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds--the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold filled ring set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond--in beautiful ring box; postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Earn Money at Home

Take up Dressmaking. Hundreds of girls and women just like yourself have learned Dressmaking at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute and are now earning $20, $25, $30 and $40 a week. You can do as well. There is not the slightest doubt about it. Pictures explain everything. No tedious preliminaries. Positively so simple that you start at once to make pretty, becoming garments for yourself and others. Write to-day for 64-page **FREE BOOKLET—"Dressmaking Made Easy."**

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 19-M, Scranton, Penna.

ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS?

Embarrassed in company, lacking in self-control? Let me tell you how you can overcome these troubles.

C. VERITAS, 1400 Broadway, New York City

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 882-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

be that a *thing* like that could tempt anyone?

With shaking hands she dragged the elaborate structure of her hair down into a tumbled mass of gold and turned to the locker where she had left her things. A square of white pinned to her dress caught her eye. She opened the note with a sudden fear as she saw Lissa's writing and read the few words it contained aloud.

"Dear Mary—the most wonderful thing has happened. I've got a chance for a real part. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow—one of the girls is having a party tonight and wants me to go. Dont wait up for me—Lissa."

Like the blinding vision revealed by a lightning flash Mary saw Lissa's slim figure held close in Harvey Peder's arms, the straining dark hands crushing the white dress, the child-lips yielded carelessly, then the vision was gone. She was standing in the dressing-room with the smell of perfume and perspiration, looking down at the paper in her quivering hands. From it a single sentence sprang to her eyes——

"——an offer for a real part——"

Dangers and temptations—dangers and temptations—the walls of the room receded to immense distances before Mary's eyes. "I mustn't faint," she said aloud with dry lips as she took a step across the floor that seemed to rise and fall beneath her in waves. "I must *do* something. And I must do it quickly——"

(*To Be Continued Next Month*)

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 75*)

her working staff by a panic of discouragement over her picture—the re-made version of "Tess of the Storm Country." It is a matter of studio family history that Mary also gets the blues and knows that all is lost save honor when she gets toward the end of every picture due to be a knock-out. When she is smiling and enthusiastic, they know that the picture is to be just so-so; but when she looks mournful and tear stained, they know what to expect. The end of "Tess" was filmed in grief and worry on Mary's part.

Her next picture will be "Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall." There is a general feeling that the films are due for a return to romantic stories, with top-boots, swords and gad zooks. The public seems to be sick of stories laid in the drawing-room where the biggest thrill is the fancy box in which the erring wife keeps the telephone.

The "eternal triangle" is about the deadest piece of dramatic furniture in the world.

Two very interesting productions about to start are a super production of "Vanity Fair" at the Goldwyn Studio and "Java Head" at Lasky's. "Vanity Fair" has been made for the screen once before, but never as Goldwyn intends to make it. He is now on a still hunt for a girl who can play Beckie Sharp. "Java Head," I understand, is to be made under the personal supervision of Joseph Hergesheimer; it being part of the contract that he has to approve of the production. "Java Head" originally belonged to Griffith insofar as the screen rights were concerned. He intended it for Dick Barthelmess. When Dick left the Griffith banner to become a star in his own right, the rights were sold back to the author and by him sold again to Lasky.

"Java Head" is considered a very difficult story to put on the screen because the heroine is a high-born Chinese girl

BUY TODAY 10 MONTHS TO PAY

E35 Four White Gold inverted hearts are set with 1 superior quality, sparkling Diamond, $75.

E36—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum in a fancy 18K White Gold mounting, $65.

E37—Artistic Platinum top Friendship Ring set with 5 blue white Diamonds. White Gold Shank, $135.

E38—Superior fine Diamond in beautiful hand-engraved Platinum Ring, $100.

E39—Ladies' 7-Diamond Cluster Ring, Platinum set in an exquisite hand-pierced mounting of 18K White Gold, $90.

E40—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, $85.

E41—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, $65.

E42—Ladies' Belcher Ring set with fine Diamond, $25.

E43—Ladies' 18K Belais White Gold hand-engraved Ring, octagon-shaped, set with 1 fine Diamond, $30.

E44—Superior Diamond set in 18K White Gold Cup, $50.

E45—Beautiful Lavalliere, genuine Pearls, 1 fine Diamond, $28.

Beautiful Xmas Gifts

On Credit—at Cash Prices

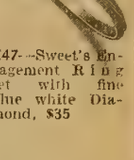
WE'LL send anything you select ABSOLUTELY FREE for complete examination and approval. If entirely satisfied, pay only 1/5 the price, then send balance in ten equal monthly instalments. If not satisfied, simply return. Transactions strictly confidental. Guarantee Value Bond given with every Diamond purchase.

Xmas Catalog FREE

Featuring gifts you will be proud to give. Send for your copy TODAY. Thousands of beautiful designs to choose from—thousands of splendid money-saving opportunities. Write to Dept. 312-T.

SWEET STANDS FOR SERVICE

L. W. Sweet, Inc.
New York City
Capital $1,000,000


E47—Sweet's Engagement Ring set with fine blue white Diamond, $35

E48—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior, fine Diamond, $100.

E46—"Sweetheart" Platinum Ring set with superior fine Diamond, $150.

E49—Beautiful hand-engraved White Gold mounting set with superior Diamond, $50.

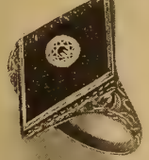
E50—Perfect, blue white Diamond, square-set in this artistically hand-carved Gent's Green Gold Ring, $75.

E51—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum, $48.50.

E52—Unique Platinum top Green Gold Ring set with 1 fine Diamond, $40.

E53—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum, $85.

E54—Gent's Tooth Ring set with perfectly-cut, blue white Diamond, $35.


E55—Genuine Black Onyx set with fine Diamond in Platinum bezel, $33.

E56—Octagon-shape case of 14K White Gold, exquisitely hand-engraved, guaranteed 15 Jewel movement, $20.

E57—Gent's hand-carved Belcher Ring set with fine blue white Diamond, $45.

L·W·SWEET INC. THE HOUSE OF QUALITY 1650-1660 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.
Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

Learn Cartooning

At Home—In Your Spare Time

from the school that has trained so many of the successful cartoonists of today earning from $50 to $200 and more per week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Write for full information and chart to test your ability. *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

NOW—when so many fresh fruits and vegetables are out of season—

you may not be able to keep your diet varied and well balanced. You may not be able to avail yourself of all the elements which Nature places in fruits and vegetables to keep the human body healthy.

It is well known that those who eat an abundance of fruits and vegetables seldom suffer from indigestion, sour stomach, biliousness, constipation, headaches, and the distress which such disorders cause. When fresh vegetables are difficult to obtain, you can nevertheless still give your system the benefits of vegetable laxatives.

You will find these properties in Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). Nature's Remedy contains in concentrated form the ingredients which act therapeutically the same as those which Nature furnishes in the most healthful foods.

But Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) *does more than a laxative.* It tones the stomach, increases assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding Nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new.

All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c Box of NR Tablets

Used for over 30 years

NR JUNIORS Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them. Send 2c stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE COMPANY
Dept. K St. Louis, Mo.

who has been rescued from death in China by a young sea captain. In order to save her life, the captain marries her and brings her back to the stuffy, conservative, little New England town where his family has lived for generations. Finding that her arrival as his wife has broken the heart of another girl and feeling herself generally in the way, the Chinese girl kills herself. It is a beautiful and poetic story, but directors have usually dreaded the job of trying to screen the remarkable and subtle character of the Chinese aristocrat. The part is to be entrusted to Leatrice Joy, whose work in "Manslaughter" stamps her as an actress of the finest genius. Raymond Hatton is to be the degenerate brother of the captain's fiancée and Jacqueline Logan is to be the "other girl." The period of the story is that golden day of American shipping when captains used to go aboard their crafts dressed in top hats and blue broadcloth suits with brass buttons.

One of the big soirées of the month in the films was the première of Thompson Buchanan's new stage play—"A Sporting Thing To Do." It was held in the biggest theater in town. Everybody and his wife in Hollywood's filmland was on hand: the leading lady of the piece was Enid Bennett who looked very, very lovely and who showed a lot of real ability as a dramatic actress. She is headed for Broadway with the piece when it opens in the fall. The sporting thing to do, by the way, was for a vamp lady to give back the gentleman in the case to his divorced wife.

Another "legit" opening of interest to the film colony took place in another theater in Los Angeles the same week. This was Victor Schurtzinger's opera "Be Careful Dearie" of which the featured attraction was Evans-Burrows Fontaine, the young dancer who stirred up such a hullabaloo over her romance with the scion of the Whitney millions. When the piece opened in Pasadena, the police were appealed to in a laudable effort to compel the young lady to wear a few more clothes. Victor, having surveyed his triumphs, has gone back to directing Katharine MacDonald.

Charley Ray is going to make a picture out of the adventures of John Alden, who was told to speak for himself when he tried to scare up a wife for Miles Standish. For several months, Charley, who is writing the story with his cousin Al Ray, has been lost in libraries of New England books. Charley knows more about what happened on the *Mayflower* and in the early days of the Plymouth colony than old Miles Standish did himself. Incidentally, Mr. Ray has chased the family wash day back to its original haunts. It seems that the *Mayflower* arrived on the Sabbath and the passengers, altho very much soiled from the voyage, piously waited until the next day to do the laundry. Ever since when, Monday has been wash day. Just at the present writing, Charley is trying to screw up his courage to the point of putting an unhappy ending onto his Riley picture, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

Bill Hart's baby has arrived amid much sorrow and unhappiness. His separation from Winifred Westover (Mrs. Hart) gave the Hollywood newspaper fakers another chance to come to bat and fill the world with slander just as they did after the murder of William Desmond Taylor. The wires were kept sizzling with stories about Bill's domestic melodramas—how he had dragged his bride around by the hair; had beaten her up; turned her out in the cold and the snow, etc. All of which were fakes of the most cruel and

outrageous description. At no time did Mrs. Hart ever make such charges herself. I understand the real trouble between the Harts came up over money matters. Mrs. Hart had prodigal ideas and Bill had not.

In June, about four months before the baby was born, they agreed upon a separation. Bill gave Mrs. Hart $103,000 and placed $100,000 in a trust fund, the interest of which was to be paid to the baby upon his arrival. In addition to this, he settled an income of $100 per week upon his mother-in-law for the period of one year. I understand that Bill's adventure of less than a year in matrimony cost him something in the neighborhood of $700,000. What brings the tears to Bill's eyes, however, is not the money but a clause written in Mrs. Hart's handwriting at the edge of the contract of separation which provides that she is to have sole custody forever of the baby. All stories to the contrary notwithstanding, I know that Bill Hart is heart-broken over the whole affair—especially over the separation from the baby which he was not allowed to see for a week after its arrival. He intends very soon to begin making another picture.

An interesting family reunion took place in Los Angeles recently when Edna Flugrath, the English film actress, arrived to visit her sisters, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, whom she had not seen since they were very little girls. Viola and her sister got into a terrible panic down at the depot for fear they might not recognize their sister. Then the awful thought that she might not like them! Just as the train was coming in Shirley Mason had a still awfuller thought. Suppose sister didn't like Shirley's husband. However sister liked them all and everybody was happy. A few minutes after the meeting, Viola had to hurry away to a location on Big Bear Lake up in the mountains.

Creighton Hale, whose success as the professor in "Way Down East" was one of the outstanding screen hits, is going to become a star with the backing of some heavy financial interests in San Francisco. The northern city is making a desperate effort to pry loose some of the motion picture studios from Los Angeles. Hobart Bosworth is one of the leaders in the movement.

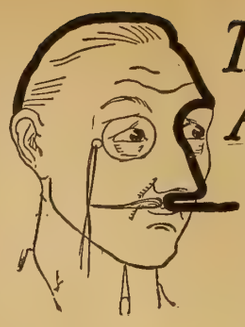
Betty Compson has gone to Honolulu to film "The White Flower" by Julia Crawford Ivers. The Goldwyn company directed by R. W. Walsh has just come back from the South Seas. The company which made the trip to film "Captain Blackbird" included House Peters, Pauline Starke, Antonio Moreno, Rosemary Theby, George Siegmann and Myrtle Lind. They had a grand time in Papeete, altho their company somewhat overtaxed the hotel accommodations of the island.

Theodore Roberts, Vera Gordon and two of Bobbie Harron's sisters are going into vaudeville; Mr. Roberts is appearing in a sketch written by William de Mille called "The Man Higher Up."

The "Writers' Revue," the clever burlesque, or satire or whatever you wish to call it, on the Hollywood film colony, which was played in Los Angeles for the benefit of the Screen Writers' Guild, is to be taken to New York and staged by Dillingham. When played in Hollywood, every member of the chorus was a famous screen star.

BOBBY: Pa, what is meant by "the light that never was on land or sea"?

PA: I think it must be the light used by the movie folks when they show the hero and the girl walking uphill into the "Dawn of a Brighter Day."



The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines

Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short line here. Another there. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture! It was all so easy—because he knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw you too can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!

New Easy Way to DRAW

How Easy!

Note how these few little lines are transformed into a picture.

One of the most fascinating, best paid businesses—yours after a few minutes' training a day.

Delightful pastime! Endless fun! Acquire the knack in your spare time.

Invaluable asset in your present business. A few lines can drive home your intangible ideas. New way makes it easy to learn drawing.

THIS wonderful new method makes it possible for **anyone** to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never **touched** a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive **personal** instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists of 30 years' successful experience.—Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists, are but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game. NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning!

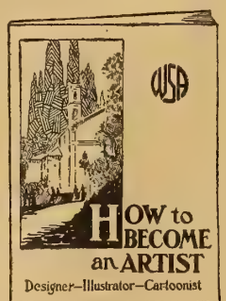
YOU—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art—that "It's all a 'gift.'" Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $50 to $500 or more! Many artists get as high as $1,000 for a single drawing.

Big money is gladly paid and big money is waiting for anyone with foresight enough to prepare for this pleasant profession. Through our new easy method of teaching, YOU can earn big money as an artist, **regardless of your present ability.** Mail coupon today for interesting booklet telling all about it.

Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "How to Become an Artist," has been prepared and will be sent to you without cost. It tells how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes' daily spare time and at a cost of a few cents a day. Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Booklet gives full particulars about our "Free Artist's Outfit" Offer. This booklet will be sent free, and without obligation. Read all about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time. Fill out the booklet-coupon now. Mail it TODAY.



Mail coupon today for this fascinating booklet, and learn how you can become an Artist in a few minutes a day of your spare time. Cut out coupon and mail NOW.

The Washington School of Art, Inc.
1910 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist," and full details about your special Short-Time Offer.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Washington School of Art, Inc., 1910 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

DIAMONDS • WATCHES

Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed

CASH OR CREDIT

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT OF ALL—A HANDSOME GENUINE DIAMOND. WHY PAY MORE THAN LOFTIS ASKS?

Our Diamonds are magnificent blue white, brilliant, perfect cut gems, set in Solid Gold and Platinum mountings. We import Diamonds direct from European markets and sell direct to you by mail. Our immense **buying power** is a great saving to you. Customers testify to Loftis values.

Send for FREE Catalog

There are over 2,000 bargains in Diamonds, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc. Select as many articles as you wish and have all charged in one account. Sent prepaid for your **Free Examination.** Catalog explains everything. **LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED.**

CREDIT TERMS on all articles: One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months.

"Sylvia" Diamond Ring, 18-k Solid White Gold, $75. **Wedding Ring,** Platinum, $25; Solid Gold, $5 up. **Wrist Watch,** 18-k White Gold, 17 J., $89; 14-k., 15 J., $32

LOFTIS BROS & CO. ESTD 1858

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
DEPT. G-615
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

17 JEWEL ELGIN—Open Face Green Gold, engraved. Guaranteed 25 years. 12 Size, gilt dial. Assorted patterns. Exceptional value at . . . **$35**

Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

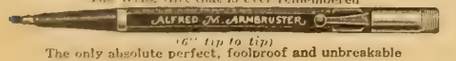
Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle
Dept. P-29, Park Ave. and 129th St. New York

Help Wanted

We require the services of an ambitious person to do some special advertising work right in your own locality. The work is pleasant and dignified. Pay is exceptionally large. No previous experience is required, as all that is necessary is a willingness on your part to carry out our instructions. If you are at present employed, we can use your spare time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for your time.
If you are making less than $150 a month, the offer I am going to make will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—your full time will bring you in a handsome income.
It costs nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place before you the facts so that you can decide for yourself.
ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Mgr. Employment Dept.
7212 American Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BIGGEST VALUE IN THE WORLD
The Write Gift that is ever remembered


('C' tip to tip)
The only absolute perfect, foolproof and unbreakable
AUTOMATIC PENCIL **50c**
(finest quality eraser) with a sharp point ever ready to write right, at the popular price of
including GILT ENGRAVED NAME, STEEL CLIP and ONE DOZEN EXTRA LEADS
Comes in artistic flowered box. Mailed prepaid Parcel Post insured.
Send Check, Money Order, Cash or Stamps.
UNION PENCIL CO., Inc. 407-9 Broadway, Dept. L., N. Y. C.
Liberal Discount to Banks & Business Houses

The Old Homestead

(*Continued from page* 69)

dead, her money gone and nothing but misery staring her in the face. Reuben knew what it was to be like that. His heart ached in sympathy for her and he persuaded her to let him take her back home with him. Home! The very word was like a bell that rang thru his longing heart, a clarion call to holier things. Yes they would go home. Rose thought only of her mother she had left so coldly and Reuben thought of—Ann.

He did not know that fate mocked him with her usual malignity. The mortgage that Holbrook held on the old homestead was due. Altho the despairing Joshua had begged him for a little more time, Holbrook had declared he only wanted his just dues. And the house was put up for sheriff's sale.

The day Reuben arrived was the day of the sale. The old homestead was placarded from one end to the other with blatant signs. The inmates broken in heart and spirit huddled inside. In spite of threatening skies a crowd had gathered outside, for it was a fine old place and there were many who would be glad to pay a good price for it. As Reuben walked down the dear familiar streets with the other penitent prodigal, Rose, little flurries of dust swept before them, spraying the air with its fine shower, whirling the dry leaves in fluttering masses. The sky grew blacker and the wind stronger, but Reuben scarcely noticed it. He waited a moment to see Rose safe in the arms of her forgiving mother and went on alone. A little figure slunk away in the fast gathering darkness and walked on leaden feet out to "Lover's Leap," a jagged promontory high over a rocky creek. It was Ann. She had seen her heart's desire return with Rose. It was true then. He had been away with her all this time. A terrible pain tugged at her heart. It seemed as tho she could feel it break in two.

A shutter banged suddenly. A door slammed shut. The saplings on either side of the road bent their slender length almost to the ground. The wind whistled and screamed down the street, tearing its way thru like a mad thing, tossing twigs and leaves and papers up into the air, flattening out the uncut grass as tho a steam-roller had laid it down. Reuben buttoned his coat tighter and hastened his steps. Ann began to run, the terror of the tornado almost making her forget her desperate resolution.

Someone else had seen Reuben come home—someone who had good reason to fear his return—Lem Holbrook. Lem was a coward anyway and afraid of a storm in any event, but the reappearance of Rose and Reuben and the dread wind storm threw him into such a state of terror that he seized his father just as he was about to drive off to the sale.

"I did it, father," he cried, "I took the money for Rose. You cant foreclose Uncle Josh's mortgage. Reuben told the truth when he said he came back to the store to get a present for Ann. I took the money myself out of your safe. I tell you, I took it! I took it!"

Eph. Holbrook's face turned grey. He griped his craven son by the shoulder with a hand or iron. With the other he held a horsewhip.

"It's not too late," was all he said and drove the terrified boy before him thru the storm all the way out to the old homestead. There he made what restitution he could and offered to send his son to jail. But Uncle Josh was ever kind-hearted and told him not to be too hard on Lem. Uncle Josh couldn't bear to see any cross between a father and son, for his own had just come back to him.

Yes, Reuben had come home and he and Matilda had cried like children, happy, happy tears, for nothing else really matters when your own comes back to you.

The crowd dispersed and went fearfully and thankfully home. The storm still raged and these simple country folk were awed as tho they had seen a miracle, and each in his heart thanked heaven for the shelter of his own fire side.

"Where's Ann?" said Reuben suddenly.

But nobody knew.

Only a little shaver cowered under the shelter of a great haystack could tell him anything about it.

"Miss Ann?" he repeated in answer to Reuben's frantic questioning. "Yes ma-am—er—sir, she sent out that-away when the wind began to blow. She often goes out there. It's Lover's Leap you know. She sits on the rock and thinks and thinks. She'll prob'bly blow off it today tho," he ended cheerfully looking about for Reuben. But he was gone, and the youngster settled down again under the hay.

But journeys end in lover's meeting, and a frightened boy and a terrified girl kissed and clung on the brink of the great overhanging rock known as Lover's Leap. For a while they said nothing, he only held her in his arms until her heart stopped its wild racing and her sobs grew still.

"I was going to kill myself," she cried at last passionately.

Reuben shuddered and drew her gently away.

"We'll go home, dear," he said, "and everything will be explained."

As they drew near the house who should appear but Cy and Seth, still hopeful, and the long arm of coincidence was not thru yet. Across the lawn trailed a dusty wind blown figure—Happy Jack and his little dog. They all smiled happily and went inside.

"It do beat all," Happy Jack was heard to say, "how they all come back to the Old Homestead."

WOMAN

By WILLIAM W. PRATT

Clarissa had a movie date
  And went upstairs to dress;
To change her clothes and decorate
  Her girlish loveliness.
She changed the tinting of her face,
  Her necklace and her rings;
She changed her camisole of lace
  And other underthings.
She traded heavy black silk hose
  For lighter ones of blue,
She changed her buckled pumps for bows,
  Her gloves she traded too;
She changed her very low cut gown
  For one cut lower yet;
She changed her grey-squirrel fur for brown,
  Her earrings, sapphire set.
She changed her wrap, blue satin lined,
  For one unlined and plain;
And then at last she changed her mind
  And changed them back again.

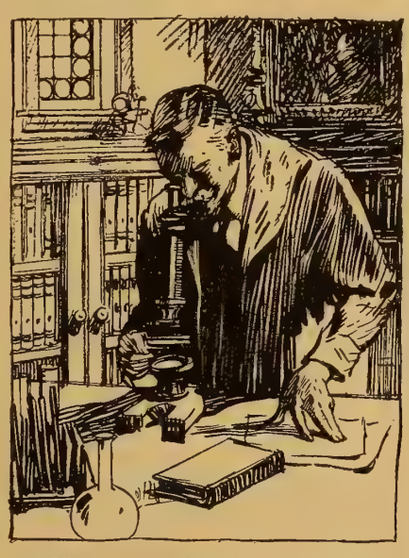
Some movie stars think it is better to be alone than in a bad company.

Man Finally Reproduces Nature's Natural Flush!

Old-Fashioned Rouge has had its Day and Women are Turning to this New Discovery

AT LAST a satisfactory, *scientific* way of imparting color to the cheeks! An Englishman discovered it. Women everywhere are welcome to the secret. This announcement—not designed to sell you anything—is truly important to every thoughtful woman who values her personal appearance.

A two-year search for a tint which would not clash with Nature has resulted in one so perfect that its use has spread faster than a large laboratory could supply the trade. Meantime, a limited quantity is being sent direct [without charge] to those anxious to try it. But first, read what English Tint is, and how it works.



He discovered a tint so perfect no woman can afford to ignore it, or ever look her best without it

Why the Tell-tale Shades of Rouge Were Wrong

Three hundred shades were tried before the English Tint known as Princess Pat was found. All the old rouge colors had the same great fault—every one of them added to the face a color that was not natural. Their purplish tinge could neither match nor blend with Nature. Then an extraordinary experiment was made. Uncompromising reds were abandoned, and the scientist tried—*orange!*

A rare shade of *orange* was applied to his assistant's cheeks—and Nature performed her miracle! Instantly, the orange hue turned the familiar, inimitable flesh tone. The woman's natural color and the added color became one! The effect is exactly as when the color of your cheeks is deepened by a flush. Brightest sunlight reveals no difference between the color of your skin and the English Tint used to enhance it.

No wonder this way of emphasizing one's own natural coloring is fast ending the use of things which cover it up. Princess Pat English Tint gives that desirable shell-like tone quite impossible to the most skillful user of the old-fashioned purplish rouge.

And your introduction to Princess Pat is secured without cost!

Amazing Features of Princess Pat English Tint

Here is a tint that takes its color from your own. So the one shade is correct for any type of complexion. (Old style rouges have failed because of the impossibility of "matching" an artificial color with yours.)

English Tint has this tremendous advantage: It retains the same, perfectly natural appearance *whatever quantity is applied.* Deepens to any desired warmth of color *without a trace of purple*; and the effect is the same by day or electric light.

Princess Pat is perspiration-proof and water-proof; English women have found it unaffected by surf-bathing. It *will not* run. Yet it vanishes instantly when you apply a bit of cream, or soap.

This scientific tint has already met with such enthusiasm that the women of two continents have all but pounced on fresh shipments to the shops and stores. Your druggist may have been supplied; see if he has any left. Or you may take advantage of the preser offer of a free trial of the tint. Th special offer which follows means that any woman desirous of trying this new and better tint may do so. Until the distributers are able to supply all stores with Princess Pat English Tint, a request mailed direct to them will bring you a complimentary supply. It is sent without any charge whatever, to acquaint you with the unusual superiorities of this very unusual tint. Use the coupon printed below for your convenience; do so now.

FREE!

A Week's Supply of Princess Pat English Tint

Free of charge!

News of this new beauty aid that works hand-in-hand with Nature has caused an embarrassing shortage for the time. We can, however, let every woman who writes us have a week's supply—and this we are glad to do without cost to you.

If your dealer has English Tint you will want to have it and use it today. If not, request some of us and it will be forwarded by return mail. There is sufficient Princess Pat to supply everyone making prompt use

GORDON GORDON, Chicago SOLE AMERICAN DISTRIBUTORS

Princess Pat English Tint—Princess Pat Cream—Almond Base Face Powder—Instant Astringent—Princess Pat Perfumes

A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

Banish
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Pimples
Freckles
Superfluous Hair
Oily Skin

I tell you how to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Beautify the Lips; Banish Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots Blotches, Sallow and Oily Skin; Beautify the figure, by building up or reducing; Remove Superfluous Hair; Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the skin of Pimples; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.

Send for My Booklet—FREE

Just clip this coupon, write name and address and mail to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Investigate! It costs you nothing to write and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to EVERY WOMAN LIVING, whether homely or beautiful.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 4012, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS."
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Boys and Girls Earn Xmas Money

Write for **50** sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for **10c** a set. When sold, send us **$3.00** and keep **$2.00.**
NEUBECKER BROS., 961 East 23rd Street, Dept. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 59)

To bring this novel to the screen was a vast undertaking. The very extravagance and sumptuousness of those lavish and reckless years had to be achieved that the cameras, in turn, might catch it. Withal there was a beauty to the tapestried castle walls, the stretching palace gardens and the heavy carven portals. Charles Urban, who is responsible for innumerable settings of dignity and beauty, designed not only the scenes but also the costumes. Often the screen seems a fine old tapestry given life.

Robert Vignola, too, is a director whom we have come to depend upon. It seemed to us that he was handicapped in this instance by a cast hardly equal to the demands made upon it. For the greater part the players were barely adequate. This seems a pity with everything else so fine. Nevertheless, Vignola has given a good account of himself.

Marion Davies as the heroine is quite as lovely as you dreamed Princesses to be even in your extravagant days of fairy-lore. We wish to commend Miss Davies highly for her interpretation of Mary Tudor. It seemed to us that she offered her characterization with a natural grace and an understanding which we have heretofore failed to discover in her work.

We're reasonably sure you'll like the high romance of "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

"East Is West" comes along not only a welcome addition to the autumn screen but also to prove that Constance Talmadge can do more than impersonate sophisticated flappers.

For months we have been deploring the vehicles of Miss Talmadge. We use the word vehicles advisedly. Her pictures have been reeled around slender stories—oh, so slender—conceived, apparently, solely for the purpose of permitting Constance to flit about the screen and prove to her audiences that she can be fascinating without any help from authors. And this she has done very well, too.

Of course, "East Is West" is an adaptation of the stage play of the same name. It had a long and successful run. Fay Bainter is still touring in it, so we understand, altho it pleased Broadway two seasons ago. The critics were not particularly kind, we remember. That was natural. It is no step forward so far as the drama is concerned. And then the stage production asked you to take the story seriously. The screen version seems wisely to offer you "East Is West" in the guise of a pleasant evening's entertainment only. It does not ask you to believe——

It is the story of one Ming Toy who comes to San Francisco's Chinatown with the venerable Lo Song Kee. Billy Benson, an American touring China, made Lo Song Kee her guardian when he rescued her from the barbarous Love Boat. However, when she reaches Chinatown, other complications arise. Charley Young, chop-suey magnate—Fifty-Fifty Charley, they called him—fifty per cent. American and fifty per cent. Chinese—determines to possess the fascinating Ming Toy. And Ming Toy, when she is not practising the shimmy or chewing gum or adopting some other Anglo-Saxon eccentricity with bewildering rapidity, is bemoaning the continued absence of her adored Billy Benson.

The production has been splendidly staged and splendidly directed by Sidney Franklin. Of the excellent cast Warner Oland deserves special mention for his Charley Young.

As Ming Toy, Miss Talmadge is surprising. We talked to her shortly before she began work on this production, if personalities are permissible, and we are convinced that her performance is born of the enthusiasm with which she prepared for this characterization. Moments of poignant tenderness are intermingled with moments of delicious comedy. There are tears. And once or twice there is an atmosphere almost Normaesque.

Not very long ago the magazine, *Life*, ran a satirical and delightful paragraph concerning Cecil B. de Mille. His recent production of "Manslaughter," with its several injections of Roman episodes based on the Alice Duer Miller story, calls it to mind. It read like this:

"Cecil B. de Mille has sent to India for seven hundred dancing girls, sixty-eight elephants, fourteen Bengal tigers and five maharajahs to be used in the dream episode of his forthcoming production of Sinclair Lewis' novel 'Main Street.'"

"Manslaughter" is interspersed with innumerable flashes of the decadence of Rome. They are breath-taking flashes, it is true, and, without a doubt, they caused the production-cost figures of this picture to soar. But to say simply that they are superfluous is to put it mildly.

"I object! *I object! I OBJECT!*"

That is what the lawyer for the heroine's defense cried in the court-room scene when the District Attorney digressed in the summing-up of his evidence to proceed upon a lavish description in which he compared the bacchanal orgies of old Rome to modern conduct in roadhouses.

The objection was sustained, for, of course, such a thing would not be tolerated by any judge. But, in the meantime, the spectacular flashes have been shown.

We, too, object to this sort of thing. There is certainly no rhyme or reason for it. And we venture to hope that you, the final critics, will sustain our objection so that similar deflections will not be introduced in the future.

"Manslaughter" is a vital story. It has for its heroine Lydia Thorne, who is enormously wealthy and proportionately reckless and extravagant. She is loved by innumerable men, among them Daniel O'Bannon, the district attorney. He loves the fine woman Lydia might have been rather than the headstrong girl which her fortune permits her to be. And when she is brought to trial for manslaughter, he silences his heart and uses his eloquence to put her behind the bars. Here, he hopes, she will find time to give a thought to others and comprehend realities.

From there the plot goes on to other equally stirring and intense situations. The story needed no tonic and the spectacular flashes of Rome succeeded only in detracting from the worth-while theme itself. Such policy, or, to be explicit, such lack of policy, is deplorable.

Leatrice Joy as Lydia Thorne gives one of the finest shadow portraits which it has been our privilege to witness. We particularly liked her sardonic moments.

George Fawcett, Julia Faye, Casson Ferguson, Sylvia Ashton, Raymond Hatton, Shannon Day and Charles Ogle are in the cast together with Lois Wilson.

Thomas Meighan is splendid as the District Attorney. But then everyone expects the most of Mr. Meighan.

There are colored titles. These vie with the lavish Roman episodes as irritants. They're symbolic, *of course*. But it seemed to us that the cast managed to get their action across admirably without the glaring assistance of these chromos.

$1.00 Down

Brings This

6-Piece Library Set

A Room Full of Furniture

New Set

With Solid Comfort Morris Rocker

Only $1.00 with the coupon brings you this positively sensational furniture bargain—on 30 days trial. Six splendid pieces of furniture—fumed solid oak—**including a wonderfully luxurious and comfortable reclining Morris rocker with disappearing foot-rest and adjustable back**—at a slashed price that is positively sensational when you consider the value, the usefulness, and the supreme comfort of this set. A few months ago a set like this would have cost you $45.00. But now, on a special factory sacrifice, we can slash the price on this complete set to only $32.80—and on easy payments of only $3.00 a month! Get this special price, special terms, and special comfort. Seize this opportunity on our special offer—we take all the risk. Don't delay.

30 Days Trial—Only $3.00 a Month!

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish — the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Enjoy the solid comfort and rest of the Morris rocker. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price — **even for spot cash.** Then if not satisfied for any reason, return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid. If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $3.00 a month until you have paid $32.80 — payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. **No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit, no C. O. D.**

6 Pieces

Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded; seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known.

Morris Rocker has the real comfort giving features of the Morris chair and couch, as well as the additional advantage of a rocker. The back is adjustable to 3 positions. Foot rest can be extended or hidden entirely under seat. Seat measures 20 x 20 inches, width of back 27 inches, height of back from seat 28 inches. Arms 4 inches wide.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat 19 x 17 1-2 in., height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide, shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat 19 x 17 1-2 in., height 36 in.

Library Table — A beautiful piece of library furniture. Beautifully designed ends to match chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock; massive, dignified. Top measures 23 1-4 x 34 in.

Reception Chair has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17 x 17 in., height 35 in.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17 1-2 in. high; the top 12 x 12 inches.

Entire set shipped knocked down construction. Easy to set up. Saves freight charges. Wt. about 230 lbs.

Order by No. B7284A. $1.00 with coupon, $3.00 a month, price $32.80.

Free Bargain Catalog!

Shows thousands of bargains in house furnishings, jewelery, silverware, porch and lawn furuiture, wearing apparel.

Straus & Schram, Department 1529 Chicago

Get this Offer Send Now!

Don't delay. Just send $1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial — we take all the risk — no obligation. Send the coupon today — NOW!

Straus & Schram, Department 1529 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you $3.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to **refund my money** and any freight charges I paid.

☐ **6-Piece Library Set, No. B7284A. $32.80.**

Name _____

Street, R.F.D. or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ *State* _____

If you only want catalog put X in box below:

☐ **Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry** ☐ **Men's, Women's, Children's Clothing**

FIBERLOID

BEAUTIFUL Toilet Articles of Fiberloid. in Ivory, Tortoise and colors to harmonize with interior decorations.

A gift intimate and lasting, Fiberloid will not break, dent or tarnish.

Leading stores sell it in single pieces and in handsomely cased sets.

Send for the *Fiberloid booklet*, describing the attractive patterns—

Avondale . Berkshire . Fairfax
Gramarble . Rosemont

THE FIBERLOID CORPORATION
Indian Orchard, Mass., New York Office, 55 Fifth Ave.

DO YOU LIVE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE?

A House Haunted by the Ghost of Your Departed Beauty?

Does this Ghost peer over your shoulder whenever you glance into a mirror, an unhappy reminder that your figure has lost its lithe slenderness, that your hair is scant and lusterless?

And, whenever you gaze upon exquisite colorful fabrics, does this Ghost whisper: "You cannot wear those tints—your skin is now muddy and sallow, your eyes are dull, your personality has lost its radiance and charm?"

And is this Ghost so omnipresent in your thoughts that you have become self-conscious — even morbid? Has it driven away your grace and your poise?

If this case is yours, then

YOU MUST BANISH THE GHOST BY REPEATING

Three Magic Words:

Beauty

for JANUARY

A study of this magazine and an application of its advice and formulas will gradually materialize your departed beauty. But this cannot be accomplished perfectly unless your mind be rejuvenated as well as your body. So we offer in our New Year's number three special features:

An "Imaginary Conversation" with Du Barry that will make you laugh—and laughter is the finest of beauty tonics. A short story by the author of "Violets and Spice" that will fire your imagination.

An illustrated article, "Good Looks for Xmas," that will banish all the worry lines which have been forming because you haven't been able to find suitable gifts for the holiday season.

Beauty for January Beauty

Comments on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 63)

from being robbed of her valuable property and keeping her father from being railroaded to the gallows for a crime of which he is innocent. The comedy moments generate wholesome humor. When the guide, the Indian, the nobleman, and butler stop over night at a camping spot, patrons are certain of receiving some timely advice on the camping question, especially if they are motorists. If you dont know how to open a can of beans—see this picture and learn the trick. The animal kingdom is called upon for a mule. Cant you guess that his lordship attempts to mount him? There are some goodly thrills. Indeed, Duncan always has several in reserve and his supply seems inexhaustible. Edith Johnson provides the romantic appeal. You'll enjoy the piece—it's a cracking good western.

Fortune's Mask—Vitagraph

Right out of O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings" comes this story, which despite its many impossible situations is kept moving with enough creditable speed to amuse the proletariat. It's the best story that Earle Williams has had since he co-starred with Columbus. The story? It's the old comic opera favorite—dished up with sufficient tabasco sauce to make it palatable. The president of a tropical republic is murdered and his son is brought back from the States, incognito. Wearing an Irish monicker, he becomes the idol of the people—the man of the hour—the new president. There must have been a rush on the medal market during the filming of the picture, for the sessions of the Cabinet resemble an Odd Fellows grand lodge. The hero furnishes amusement in the manner in which he knocks the "army" and police around the landscape. There is a surprising climax which compensates for the obvious story. Patsy Ruth Miller makes a spirited señorita. Dont expect too much and you will like it.

A Girl's Desire—Vitagraph

Father acquires a "roll" and mother starts to "climb." So there is nothing to prevent her from going to England in search of ancestors and a family crest. You know that Dad isn't in sympathy with his wife's social ambitions, tho he reluctantly gives up a share of his gold to fulfil mother's ideas. Then, with smooth sailing for the bogus nobleman, along comes the fairy prince in the guise of a writer and spoils the deep-dyed villainy. Mother is well satisfied when he is safely attached and daughter is happy. The highest bidder story, isn't it? Yet it is worked out with a good sense of adventure, satire and some dramatic fireworks. The delectable Alice Calhoun, who is coming forward rapidly since "The Little Minister," shows a flair for comedy here which is as surprising as it is enjoyable. Some day Vitagraph is going to appreciate her talent enough to give her a story equal to her capabilities. "A Girl's Desire" is the best picture she has had since the Barrie adaptation. The comedy spirit saves it up to the climax, at which point there is some effective drama. Its weaknesses are the slightly warped plot and some unconvincing portrayals by the supporting players.

What's Wrong With the Women—Equity Pictures

This is Daniel Carson Goodman's first large production for Equity Pictures. He

wrote, directed and titled the picture and thruout exercised admirable restraint by not overemphasizing situations or permitting the settings to become too luxurious.

The story deals with three types of women and their reactions to modern life: the flapper out for all she can get; the lady who lives by her wits, and the pretty wife, a bit bored by the monotonous round of domestic affairs. There are times when the men in the play become slightly annoying to a woman and that is, when they shed tears of hurt egotism because woman has stepped off her pedestal. As the most mid-Victorian male in the cast says to his ex-fiancée, "You have brought yourself down to my level."

To tell the truth, we rather liked Montagu Love as the polished villain, "the millionaire who understood misunderstood women," and hardly blamed Barbara Castleton, as the wife, when she Ritzed around with him and got home just in time to get Rod La Roque, the deceived husband, a delicatessen supper. However, Rod finally wakes up, beats the horrid villain; a darn good fight it is too. Had it not been for the intervention of the "mysterious stranger" and of course, the child, all would have been over. However, the dove fluttered back to the hearthstone.

The cast included, besides Miss Castleton, and the others mentioned, Constance Bennet, Hedda Hopper, Julia Swayne Gorden, Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, Baby Helene Rowland, Wilton Lackaye, Paul McAllister and Huntley Gorden.

It is hard with such an excellent all-around cast to commend any special person. Every player was admirably picked for his rôle. With the excellent Box-office title and a really consistent story it should prove a good drawing card.

BURNING SANDS—PARAMOUNT

It's the same old story of the desert with its caravan and the exiled Englishman which confronts the spectator in "Burning Sands." There is no variation in this formula which, now that Valentino has made it popular, is brought forth from its cubby-hole in the filing cabinet marked "B." The Valentinoritas will miss their favorite here. In his place is Milton Sills trying to appear as convincing as possible under the burden of carrying on the heroic virtues. He is awfully manly, is Milton here—a figure too good to be true. Would you know the plot? Well the spoiled darling of society is charmed by the Englishman's colorful tan and wardrobe. Being so far away from Hyde Park she has time to realize that the time and the place are in order when one is looking for romance. There is no story interest because the idea is too trite and the development brings forth all its stupidity. George Melford directed the picture. He also directed "The Sheik." Therefore his sands, palm trees, caravans *et al.* are entirely appropriate. It's a favorite recipe—this story. Consequently it will be produced 'til the sands of the desert grow cold.

DESTINY'S ISLE—AMERICAN RELEASING

About all this picture has to offer is background. The plot is a topsy-turvy affair revolving around the desert isle formula in which a jilted youth seeks solitude, but instead finds himself deep in the throes of another romance. The pretty islander does not belong to his world, but she manages to enter it by making him appreciate her character and charm. So we have a hackneyed theme lifted occasionally by the Florida scenery. Several of the scenes present the sea-plane, *Miss*

—"A New World Has Opened for Me"

HAVE you ever wished that you were "popular"? Have you ever been a "wall flower"? Many nights as I lay on my bed, many days as I sat at my desk, many times at social gatherings—I have envied the popularity of other girls. How I longed to enjoy their friendship! How I longed to be "asked" by Jack Harrison, and some of the other fellows—to the "movies"—to a dance—to go driving—and to enjoy their companionship.

BOYS did not seem to interest themselves in me. Why? I thought about it. I was just twenty-one. I was a good conversationalist. I was well educated. I could play rather well on the piano. My clothes were just as good as Gladys Norwood's, and Gladys Norwood was the most popular girl in our town. Gladys was a good friend of mine, we worked in the same office, she was popular. I decided to ask her to help me solve the problem. We had lunch together and I told her my "worry." Gladys said that she did not want to "hurt my feelings"—but the real reason was that I had an "unshapely nose" and that several of her friends had spoken about me—calling me an ugly duckling. I thanked Gladys and hurried back to the office.

THE afternoon was gloomy, I went home unhappy and directly to my room, I tried to go to sleep but could not. In despair, I picked up a magazine and rambled through its pages in the hope to forget my "worry." I noticed an announcement by M. Trilety describing a nose shaper. Eagerly I read it. Here might be a help to me! I wrote for a descriptive circular. The treatment was so simple and the price so reasonable that I lost no time in purchasing it. After several weeks I looked in my mirror—and lo! My face was changed—I was actually pretty. Soon I became "popular." I was invited "out" by the boys who had not been interested in me before. I now enjoy life! I am happy! I thanked M. Trilety in the following note.

"SINCE I have worn your new Nose Shaper it seems that a new world has opened for me—I feel like another girl and I thank you a hundred times over for advertising your treatment, for had I not seen your ad, I should not be so happy as I am at present."

MISS C. R. S.

NOTE: This original testimonial letter is on file in my office. I have hundreds of others too.

M. TRILETY.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently (diseased cases excepted). Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

M. TRILETY,
1822 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me without obligation your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....

DONT LOOK LIKE A PAINTING!

Extract From
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

USE a powder that is individual in color and quality and prove that beauty is yours.

We recommend this powder to you! You—who love the beautiful!

One shade—the peach bloom—has proven unequalled in day attire, evening dress and before the camera.

Wonderful as to its even texture, lovely in its fragrance and unusual in its sticking quality.

Be natural—use the shade of powder to blend with the flesh color of nature.

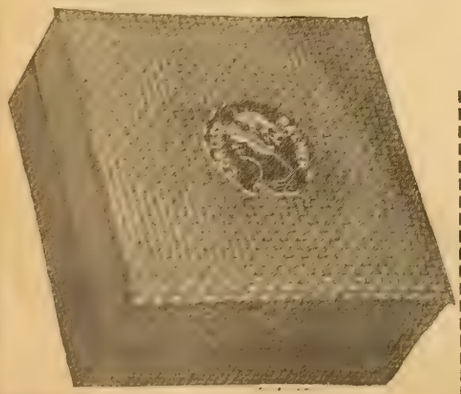
Corliss Palmer Powder

Price One Dollar the Box

A written description is useless—a trial proves the truth!

Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to Corliss Palmer Powder.

Send a dollar bill or one-cent or two-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.



WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

M-1

Miami, of such tragic memory. Most of us recall the dreadful tragedy in the early part of this year when the sea-plane, forced to make a landing on the water, with four passengers and her pilot aboard, pounded herself to pieces. Forty hours of this mad lashing before the passengers, driven mad by the terrible experience, went overboard to their death. The thought of this tragedy in viewing the plane, here, brings to mind the shortcomings of the plot as compared to the real thing. Dont you remember the pilot's story? In the cast are George Fawcett, Virginia Lee, William B. Davidson and Ward Crane. By their actions one would guess that they dont know what it is all about.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES—F. B. O.

Who hasn't read Conan Doyle's exciting story, "The Hound of the Baskervilles"? It has always been considered Sherlock Holmes' greatest adventure and, taking into account its rich element of mystery, its eerie atmosphere, and its cumulative suspense, one wonders how it slipped the attention of the American producers. Straight from England comes this screen version and if you overlook some bad photography here and there, and a tremendous amount of letter writing contributed by "My dear Watson," and several explanatory subtitles, you will agree with us that it carries quite the same qualities as the book. Those who read their captions out loud are in for a tough evening because fine print is used. And if any picture is shown which might cure the pest who must be heard—then "The Hound of the Baskervilles" hasn't been made in vain. It sends forth more than one shiver. Take notice of the fiery hound who leaps like a deer over the moors of Devonshire. Take notice of nocturnal visits of Sir Henry to the Druid Stones. Will he suffer the same fate as his ancestors? The spooky backgrounds—the calm deliberations of Holmes, excellently played by Eille Norwood, who looks as if he might have stepped from the pages, the silhouettes of the detective against the dusky sky—these suffice in making the picture entertaining. Dont imagine it is as good as the book. It isn't. But it will thrill you once in a while and the boys will like it.

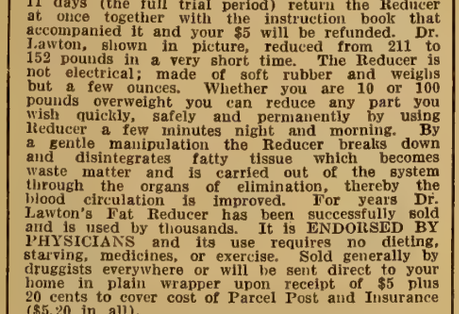
DUSK TO DAWN—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

Give King Vidor a chance and he can humanize any story. Give him such a story as "Dusk to Dawn," adapted from Katherine Hill's novel, "The Shuttle Soul," and the heart touch for which he is famous is completely buried. This is one of those so-called mystic dramas which contain a sprinkling of the occult, a slice of the Orient, a dream or two, and a dual personality—and because it resembles the tricks which pass into the magician's hat—the mystified patron is supposed to use his imagination. Vidor gets in contact with the soul touch here, but not in his familiar manner. The eerie plot rotates around a girl whose vividly realistic dreams enable her to have a counterpart in the body of an Indian beggar maid. What this picture attempts to prove is that two personalities are able to live in the world with the same soul. If you are using your imagination at all, you are apt to wonder if your other personality isn't wandering up and down the streets of Stamboul. And if you are not using your imagination, you are apt to wonder what it is all about. King Vidor must have appreciated its "intrikut" scheme, for

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed
FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Will Show Reduction Taking Place in 11 Days or Money Refunded

Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period) return the Reducer at once together with the instruction book that accompanied it and your $5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you wish quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes night and morning. By a gentle manipulation the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines, or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere or will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of $5 plus 20 cents to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance ($5.20 in all).
Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. **Or if you prefer, send for a free booklet.**

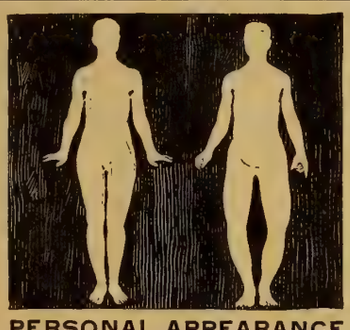
DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street, Dept. 58, New York



Clear Tone FOR PIMPLES

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. **$1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.**

FREE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.
E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100%.
Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, Specialist, 247 L, Ackerman Bldg. Binghamton, N. Y.

he comes out in the open, occasionally, forgets the magic and the wand waving, and gives us some exceptional backgrounds. The scenes of India are opulent and the marriage procession indicates that Barnum & Bailey's elephants might have had a holiday. Be surprised to see Florence Vidor executing a nautch dance with the grace of a Ruth St. Denis. As for King, we hope he gives us another gem like "The Jack Knife Man." He has wandered far from the simple life here.

KINDRED OF THE DUST—FIRST NATIONAL

While the passing summer has ushered in some screen masterpieces, it will also have to assume the responsibility of releasing the most absurd and artificial picture which has graced the silversheet in some time. "Kindred of the Dust" takes itself so seriously that it automatically becomes ridiculous. Interminably long and presenting a spineless group of characters, there is nothing in its development that will cause you to argue with a screen scoffer. We have a hero at the point of death because his father is keeping him from the woman he loves. Why? Because she has a child thru a mock marriage. The girl travels across the continent to save him. Here is devotion for you. Yet when the young man recovers, his relatives deliberately insult her and show her the door. The story covers a period of years and grows in artificiality as the months fly by. And in the cast is Miriam Cooper looking more wistful than ever. We feel as sorry for Miriam as she feels sorry for the blight upon her life. If you must see the picture, be prepared to ask yourself—"Why do they do it?"

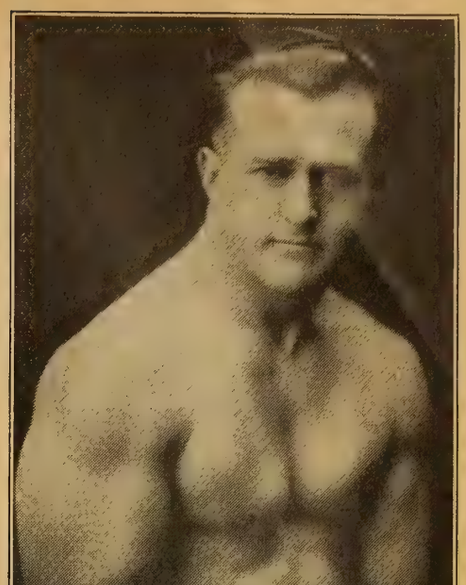
WHEN HUSBANDS DECEIVE—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

The "problem" picture is becoming as familiar on the screen as a yellow taxi on the streets of New York. The taxis are yellow but carry different names; the "problem" pictures are the same design under different titles. This one comes right out with a lurid title after the style of Bertha M. or Laura Jean. It is supposed to be snappy enough to attract attention. When you are in your seat, you will look upon an old friend. She is the girl who is led into a hasty marriage with a man she doesn't love. Oh yes, there is the other woman. The opus is nothing to make a fuss over. It gives Leah Baird another chance to take film life seriously. The animal world is represented in the cast by the famous Teddy, a canine of personality, and a monkey. Pictures are relying a great deal upon the menagerie these days. It is just as well in some cases—at least the acting is always natural.

FOOLS OF FORTUNE—AMERICAN RELEASING

There is nothing quite so mournful as a conventional western attempting to be funny. Here we have the rollicking cowboy determined to masquerade as a missing heir and who takes his three cronies along for proper evidence of his rightful inheritance. So they all hop aboard the Pullman and the subsequent scenes are filled with ancient hokum—such as sprawling in the berth, and the cowboys coming in contact with the indignant sleepers. When one of the boys is fixed up like an Indian on the warpath—you can appreciate the weak attempt to make it funny. Even treating it as mild burlesque wouldn't have helped it any, because the plot is too light and the characters lifted from a regulation pattern. The city is reached and the hokum

(*Continued on page* 118)



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is to-day

If You Don't Exercise—
YOU DIE!

It's the plain truth, fellows, and you might as well face it. The human body demands exercise to keep it alive just as surely as it does food. If you doubt it, tie your arm to your side for one month and watch it waste away.

There's a RIGHT way and a WRONG way

Some say, "That's all right, but you can exercise too much." Right again. You can also kill yourself by over-eating, but you eat just the same. We have been taught to eat moderately three times a day and we get the best results. But what do you know about exercise? What exercise will do **you** the most good? And how much and how often should you take it? There is only one way to find out.

SEEK THE MAN WHO KNOWS—

When you are sick you go to a doctor for advice because he has devoted his life to the study of medicine and its effect on the human system.

I have made "muscular development" my life study. I have proven my system on both myself and my thousands of pupils who are now among America's leading strong men and directing big business enterprises.

A PROVEN SUCCESS

Why do leading physicians and physical directors recommend my system so highly? There is but one answer. **It never fails.**

I don't promise strength. I guarantee it. Inside of 30 days I will add one full inch to your arms and two inches to your chest. Meanwhile, I work on every muscle of your body—both inside and out. But that's only a starter. I want 90 days in all to make a real he man out of you. I give you a physique that will make your friends admire you and respect you. I put a flash to your eyes and a spring to your step that only come with abounding health and strength. I put real pep in your old back-bone and give you a clear thinking brain to handle any problem set before you. This is no idle prattle. Come on and make me prove it. Make me eat my words. I like it because I know I can do it. If you want to let your body rot away, keep on the way you're now doing, but if you want to be a **live** one,

Send for My Book
"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"
It Is FREE

It contains dozens and dozens of full page photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. I want every man and boy who wants to be strong to send the attached coupon and the book is his—**absolutely free.** All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. Don't delay one minute—This may be the turning point in your life to-day. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 312, 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 312, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." Please write or print plainly.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Water Wave Your Hair

Any Woman can have Beautiful Wavy Hair!

Water-Maid Wavers

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo.

Stop burning hair with hot irons!

Stop twisting with curlers which break the hair. Send for Water Wavers (patented) today. Absolutely sanitary, universally successful—endorsed by society's leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

WATER-MAID WAVER CO.
117-C West 7th St.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Charmant
Powder Filled Puffs

Just a tap and the puff yields the required amount of dainty, refreshing "Charmant" Powder. No waste, no muss, no bother. Send 30c stamps (or three dimes) for one. Four Powder Filled Puffs and a handsome dressing table box-Special for $1.00 Specify shade white, flesh or rachel.
CHARMANT CO., 101 MA East Ave. Long Island City, N. Y.

$1.00

DIAMONDS

ONLY $2 DOWN AND 10 MONTHS TO PAY

Send only $2.00 deposit as a guarantee of good faith and we will send your choice of the $49.00 cluster diamond ring, or the $50.00 beautiful solitaire diamond ring, or the $12.00 wedding ring, or the $25.00 wrist watch. **Pay the balance in ten equal monthly payments.** For the $100.00 solitaire blue white diamond, send $20.00 deposit. For the $75.00 diamond, send $15.00 deposit. **Men's rings with same diamonds will be supplied at same price.** Hundreds of similar bargains are described in our new catalog.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Wear any article of your choice on trial for 30 days. If not satisfied send it back and we will return every cent you paid. Free examination at bank or express office before payment or deposit, if desired. Written guarantee that if any other jeweler in the U. S. can sell you equal merchandise for less money, you can get your money back. On this guarantee you cannot lose.

$100.00 B $49.00 C $75.00 $12.00 18K ONLY F $25.00 E $50.00

14 Karat solid white gold rectangular wrist watch, 15 jeweled movement. Worth $40.00. Full length indestructible pearls $5.00. Our prices are the same for credit as for cash. Order article of your choice by letter and give size wanted. Everyone a wonderful bargain. Rings A-B-C-D are 18 Karat white gold. Ring E 14 Karat yellow gold. Thousands of similar values in our beautiful catalog.

Write for our big catalog

$1,000,000.00 and 43 yrs experience back of our guarantees

B. GUTTER & SONS
Wholesale Jewelers & Diamond Importers
172 NASSAU ST., DIV., 634, NEW YORK

Second Fiddle

(*Continued from page* 49)

readjusting the ruby scarfpin in his pale grey tie. He kept reassuring them. He kept saying that it was "all right." Wasn't *he* there? Jim didn't say very much. Little Minnie's little hunted body hurt his thoughts. But he kept very close to Polly. Polly was just about the same age.

They went to bed quite late. The women didn't like to be alone. That Cragge . . .

The boys slept in the living-room. They would be "on guard" they said. Mama said that she felt perfectly safe with Herbert there . . . Jim, too, of course, she added, kindly. Polly just looked at Jim. She didn't look at Herbert at all now.

Around midnight a dark figure moved about the house. Jim heard it and so did Polly. They both awoke, both stole out into the hall. They met on the stairs and listened. Silence. They must have been mistaken. Dreaming. Overwrought nerves. They laughed shakily and sat down together to talk. Then a face at the window. Lighted for a moment by the shifting clouds liberating the moon. *Cragge.* Jim was suddenly cool. Danger. And Polly and Mamma. The doors were all bolted, but what were bolts to Cragge? Life and death were nothing to him.

Jim told Polly to sit still while he got Herbert. He woke Herbert up with the one word "Cragge." Herbert jumped to his feet. His face seemed oddly white and set to Jim. But he said that he would "Take charge of the situation." "You stay here with the women and hold him off," he told Jim. "I'll go for father and the posse. It's the only way."

"It may take you hours," said Jim; "you'd much better stay here with the women."

"You do as I say," said Herbert; "I'm doing this. Here. Here's the gun. I'll get the posse."

Herbert was gone. In an instant. Like an arrow. Jim was left alone with the women. Alone with the women and the gun. Then he made a terrific discovery. Herbert, the masterful, the cool-headed, the foresighted, had taken the cartridges with him. The gun was empty. Just Jim and a rattly-bang empty gun between the women—and Cragge.

Afterward it was never very clear to Jim. Never very clear and always very painful. He knew that there was something wrong about it, something all confusing and very wrong, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Couldn't quite come out and say anything because he wasn't sure of his ground, and because, too, to clear up the haze that was in his brain about the whole thing and to formulate his thoughts would be to tear down from its long-held niche the idolatrous place that had always been Herbert's.

At any rate, Cragge had come in. His lean, throat-hungry hands had pried the window open and his long, lecherous body had followed the hands.

Just before Cragge got into the room Jim had made one desperate effort to get the cartridges from the wardrobe in the hall. He had failed. Succeeded only in pulling the heavy walnut thing over on top of him and when he rose, dizzy and faint, there was Cragge. For ten minutes or more—it seemed ten eternities to him—he had stood there facing the villainous-looking creature with his empty gun. He had tried to look grim, to look stern, to give to his attitude the appearance of "Move or your Life." Upstairs were Mama and Polly—women. Women he

CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

ISHAM JONES

BENNE HENTON

JOSEPH SMITH

PAUL BIESE

Cultivate Your Musical "Bump"

Play a tune in One Hour! You can do it, without previous musical experience, on the Conn Saxophone.

Exclusive features and improvements make this the "World's Best," so acknowledged by today's greatest artists, a few of whom are shown here.

Double Your Income and Pleasure. Send coupon now for details of Free Trial; Easy Payment plan on any instrument.

C. G. Conn, Ltd.
1225 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Conn New York Co., 233-5-7 W. 47th
Conn Chicago Co., 62 E. Van Buren
Conn Detroit Co., 243 E. Gr. River
Conn Seattle Co., 1609 Third Ave.
Conn New Orleans Co., 317 Baronne
Conn Portland Co., 127 Tenth (Ore.)
Conn Cleveland Co., 1220 Huron
Conn Atlanta Co., Auburn & Ivy

Free
Handsome new Saxophonebook showing all models. Send coupon today.

C. G. Conn, Ltd., 1225 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind. Please send me Free Saxophone book, and details of your free trial, easy payment plan. (Mention instrument.)
Name.....
Street or Rural Route.....
County.....
City..... State.....
Instrument.....

Treat Your Toes and Feet Well

You can have them just like the skin of your fingers and hands by using
MRS. EDWARDS
Medicated Foot Powder

For 30 years as Famous as Atlantic City's Boardwalk. Sifting cans and booklet on care of the feet at leading druggists, or by mail postpaid, 50 cents.
MRS. E. M. EDWARDS CO., Inc.
15th and Green Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

BE AN ARTIST

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Easy method. Write for terms and List of successful students.
ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, 28-A Flatiron Building, New York

A New Perfume

As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of Rieger's new creation—

Parfum Rienzi

Perfume $2.50 per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. $2.00. At druggists or department stores.

Send 25c (silver or stamps) for regular 50c bottle. Made by the originator of—

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for 6 months, Lilac or Crabapple $1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet $2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 20c stamps for miniature bottle. Send $1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25c bottles—5 different odors.

Paul Rieger & Co. *(Since 1872)* **105 First St., San Francisco**

Send 25¢ for TRIAL BOTTLE

loved. Polly, just Minnie's age, with slim throat . . . the thought was too much for Jim. The thudding in his head grew louder and louder. The waves of nausea mounted and mounted. He was gone . . . Polly's white throat . . . Polly's white throat . . .

He knew nothing until he awoke, from diminishing waves of nausea and agony, to his mother bending over him—to his father by him—to hear Herbert saying to a group of men, "But I left him with a loaded gun—I should call that safe enough."

Jim started to protest. "The gun wasn't loaded," he said. "You can look and see."

Papa picked up the gun. It was fully loaded. Jim sank back again, weakly. He didn't understand. Had he been crazy all of the time? Had he really been such a coward, such a scare-cat that he didn't even have sense enough to see that the gun was loaded? Mama looked tight-lipped, now, and reproving. Herbert looked lofty and disdainful. Polly . . . looked perplexed and uncertain. Uncertain of him, Jim bitterly supposed. No wonder. A scare-cat. Addle-pated and a scare-cat. The posse, it seemed, headed by Papa and Herbert, had come in just in time to release him from the hands of Cragge. Herbert had discharged a gun, catching Cragge in the leg. Cragge had been captured and was on his way to the village lock-up.

"I wouldn't mind so much," Papa said to Jim, "if you hadn't of lied about the gun."

"'Lied!'" Oh, well, he supposed he must have lied. He hadn't meant to, of course. He had honestly believed the gun to be empty. But how explain that? After all, they had found the gun, the same gun, fully charged.

Jim was very unhappy. Polly went away without saying very much to him. That was kind of her. After all, what could she have to say to him? And that evening Mama gave him Polly's ring—the ring he had given to Polly more than a year ago, in token, as a pledge of a bright Someday. "I guess she wants you to have it back," Mama said. Her eyes said, "And no wonder."

Herbert and Papa talked together about the menace of Cragge. They ignored Jim. He wasn't man-stuff. He couldn't enter into such matters with them.

Jim felt his soul give way within him. His little world, all that he knew, had turned against him. He was wrong, yet with the troublous sense that somehow, intrinsically, he was right—*right*—and couldn't prove it. A man and not a coward, yet stamped with the yellow brand of the latter. The best thing for him to do would be to go away. There was folly and no good in staying about here now. All of Spell's River would know what manner of white-livered thing was Jim Bradley. All of Spell's River was talking about Herbert Bradley. He had always been "a regular man" they said . . .

That night Jim collected his "traps." The world was wide. There were other garages. Other Cragges. Other ways and wheres and means of proving his manhood, if only to himself. But ah, nowhere else was there another Polly. And she was all that mattered now. Now that it was all boiled down and he was, so to speak, alone, stripped of the little familiarities, stripped of even the indulgent rank of second fiddle which had so long been his, Polly alone stood forth, shining and desirable and *all*.

But of course—Polly wanted a man. Not a coward. Not a second fiddle. She deserved better than that. But ah, how it hurt his heart to think of the hawthorn blossoms!

There wasn't much to pack. He would wear his best suit. His other suit, his overalls, his underwear, one or two books and Polly's picture were all. There was one of Herbert, a sophomore, jaunty and correct, but for some obscure reason Jim put that back. Somehow, he couldn't have explained why if it had been to save his life. He didn't think he cared much about it any more. Herbert's face . . . it had looked different to him . . . as Herbert had told the posse about the loaded gun. Well.

But Jim didn't go.

Things happened to prevent. Polly. Other things. *This:*

Jim was preparing to leave just as a boy came in with a message for him. It was from Polly and she was stuck somewhere up the road near Medford way in her new Ford. Would Jim come and help her out?

But Jim had rather not. What was the use in seeing Polly now? Just to say good-bye to her? And a good-bye he might find it too weakly hard to say. "You go, Herbert," he said, and Herbert needed no second invitation; was, in fact, outside of the front door before Jim had said the words.

In his hurry Herbert dropped something. Jim picked it up. It was a letter from Polly. It began "Dear Jim . . ." It explained many things. One outstanding thing. It said that Polly had seen Herbert load that gun *after* he had come back with the posse. Jim didn't wait to analyze, nor to realize what this would mean to him in his connection with the Cragge affair. He just knew that *Polly* knew and that he must get to her.

He did—but not in the Ford on the road out Medford way. Before he had reached there a small boy stopped him and yelled: "I think Polly Crawford's in Cragge's shack. She went in to get help. She didn't know it was his. She . . ."

And then the terrible battle. The finding of Polly and Cragge in that fearsome, dark hole . . . Herbert's inert body stumbled over on his way to Polly . . . the hand to hand fight with Cragge, upstairs and downstairs . . . the blood that spurted forth from his nose and eyes and ears . . . the strangle-hungry hands, reaching, twisting, writhing for his throat . . . the hammering, sound, terrific conviction that strength or no strength, second fiddle or no second fiddle, life or death, he had got to beat Cragge, had got to hold him off . . . Herbert's sudden revival, sudden exit . . . up and down and over the whole shack . . . up and down . . . down and up . . . reaching, gripping hands . . . Cragge stumbling toward the window . . . reaching for the drain pipe, thinking in his demoniac fury, no doubt, that the thing was another neck for his twisting . . . Jim saw his opportunity. The drain pipe was rotten, he relaxed his grim, desperate hold on the bigger, stronger man . . . Cragge toppled from the window, fell heavily . . . dead.

Downstairs the Bradleys, Mama and Papa, wandered helplessly among the debris and called "Jim! Jimsy! Poll-y!" There was no direct response but Mama and Papa looked at one another and smiled. "I guess he isn't hurt," they said. They could hear a murmur from above that wiped away the years for them. It was Youth come into its own. It was the bud of the flowering hawthorn. It was Life and Spring.

Mama and Papa didn't pay much attention to Herbert.

An autumn woodland. "And so," Polly was saying, "I went to the jail to see Cragge. I dont know what made me,

It is every woman's right to keep her Youthful Looks

Gray Hair comes like a thief in the dark, stealing youthful looks while a woman is yet young in body and in spirit. It is unfair to yourself to have this handicap in life—it is unnecessary, as you will realize upon reading this announcement.

Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

A prominent society woman said: "I discovered Inecto Rapid when we were in Europe last Summer and my husband says—'It has taken twenty years from my appearance.'" Inecto Rapid was originally brought to this country by returning tourists from Europe, where 97% of the finest hairdressers use it exclusively. The ultra-fashionable shops in this country, like the Plaza, Commodore, Biltmore, Waldorf-Astoria, also use Inecto Rapid exclusively. From coast to coast beauty parlors, including Burnham and Marinello Shops, unreservedly endorse Inecto Rapid.

The Hairdresser, the accepted authority on Hair Coloring, has given to Inecto Rapid an unqualified stamp of superiority.

Well informed women not only praise Inecto Rapid but consider it as essential to their toilette as face powder and creams. Until the discovery of Inecto Rapid, however, when a woman's hair became gray, streaked or faded she either accepted the inevitable sign of age, or applied some so-called restorative which produced an inharmonious effect or destroyed the natural texture and beauty of the hair.

Inecto Rapid, on the other hand, is specifically guaranteed to color gray, faded or streaked hair in any desired color in 15 minutes and to preserve all the original beauty and texture.

Its results cannot be detected from natural even under a microscope. Inecto Rapid is harmless to the hair or its growth. It never rubs off and is unaffected by perspiration, sunshine, salt water, shampooing, Turkish or Russian Baths. It does not prevent permanent waving or any other hair treatment.

Inecto Rapid has created the art of hair tinting. It is controllable to the minutest variation of a shade from ash blonde to raven black.

This great European preparation is different and accomplishes marvelously pleasing results because of the Scientific and Ethical principles upon which it is founded. Inecto Rapid is the discovery of Dr. Emile of Pasteur Institute, Paris.

Thousands of women successfully apply it in the privacy of their own homes. Every woman who is not completely satisfied with the color and texture of her hair owes it to herself to know all the facts about Inecto Rapid.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send us your name on the coupon and we will mail you full, interesting details and our "Beauty Analysis Chart," enabling you to find the most becoming color for your hair.

INECTO, Inc.
Laboratories and Demonstration Salon
33-35 West 46th St. New York, N.Y.
Largest Manufacturers of Hair Coloring in the World

INECTO, Inc.
33-35 West 46th St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me gratis full details of Inecto Rapid and the "Beauty Analysis Chart."—Form L-4.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

What's Wrong With YOU!

Pep, Nerve, Vigor—Gone?

Do you dare ask yourself why your strength and vitality are failing—why your life-forces are ebbing away? Look at yourself in the glass and ask what's wrong? Ask yourself why you are unable to achieve success and get the joy out of life. Do you realize that your ailments and weaknesses are dragging you down? Is it Catarrh, Constipation, Rupture, Nervousness, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Impotency, Bad Blood and the numerous results of Youthful Folly and Excesses? Are you Flat Chested, Round Shouldered, too Thin or too Stout? I want to help you—I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will Banish Your Ailments and Revive Your Flagging Powers and Manhood—no matter what your condition is, or what caused it. I guarantee it.

Mention the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want **special confidential information** and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc., on my book—**"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy."** It's a man-builder and a life-saver. Send for my free book **Right Now.**

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
Dept. 1088. Newark, New Jersey

Cut out and Mail this Coupon
FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 1088, Newark, N. J.— Please send me your book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Blackheads	..Female Disorders
..Catarrh	..Insomnia	..Increased Height
..Asthma	..Short Wind	..Youthful Errors
..Hay Fever	..Flat Feet	..Falling Hair
..Obesity	..Stomach Disorders	..Weak Eyes
..Headache	..Constipation	..Gastritis
..Thinness	..Biliousness	..Heart Weakness
..Rupture	..Torpid Liver	..Poor Circulation
..Lumbago	..Indigestion	..Skin Disorders
..Neuritis	..Nervousness	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Poor Memory	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Rheumatism	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Manhood Restored	..Stoop Shoulders
..Successful Marriage	..Vital Losses	..Muscular Development
..Pimples	..Impotency	..Great Strength

Name.....
Age..... Occupation.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Everything About Cuticura Soap Suggests Efficiency

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Viola Dana, Beautiful Photoplay Star, recommends Maybelline

"EYES THAT CHARM"

Maybelline

WILL BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES INSTANTLY

A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows and lashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes—their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Girls and women everywhere, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that MAYBELLINE is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. MAYBELLINE is unlike other preparations, it is absolutely harmless, greaseless and delightful to use. Does not spread and smear on the face or stiffen the lashes. We guarantee that you will be perfectly delighted with results. Each dainty box contains a mirror and brush. Two shades: *Black and Brown*. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

Maybelline Co., 4750-54 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Jimsy. Curiosity, I suppose, and a sort of—of pity. Poor, drink-crazy old thing, the murderer of his own daughter. They had told me the story of how crazy he used to be about her—when she was tiny. And while I was in the jail he said, 'I wouldn't be here if that gun the young stripling held had been loaded.' Then I *knew*. I thought before that it was queer of Herbert to load it after he got back with the posse and there was no need to. But I hadn't been sure. Then I was sure. Oh, Jimsy . . ."

Jim drew her close. "I'm only a second fiddle, you know," he laughed, "not much of a match for you, sweetheart."

"*First* fiddle with me, Jim," the girl said, with a grave sweetness; "you always have been, you know . . ."

Jim buried his face in her bright hair. Happiness ran thru his veins. He whispered something that sounded like "when the hawthorns are in bloom." Polly understood and nodded thru swift tears, and overhead two birds twittered "It wont be long . . . it wont be *loooong*."

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 64)

interesting story, I naturally expected great things. Alas, for publicity! I could hardly sit it thru. This may be Mme. Glyn's idea of an ideal screen story, but to me it was just a horrible example of what movies shouldn't be!

To begin with, it's the old, old story of the poor but noble beauty, who marries an aged millionaire to save dear papa from poverty, and then immediately falls in love with a handsome young lord, and spends the rest of her married existence, hoping her husband will shuffle off so she can marry the youngster, and live happily ever after (on the old man's money). Of course, the hero reciprocates, and foolishly tells her so, and neither having common sense to flee temptation, they spend the rest of the whole five reels combating the desire to elope. As a matter of fact, the action stops right there. There are scenes and scenes and scenes of them gazing sadly out windows or looking mournfully into space, nobly combating their ignoble passion, with subtitles to tell you they are still true to duty and how much time has passed--and very little else. A period court scene and a pageant are dragged in to eke out footage, but add nothing to the play but costumes and more long-drawn sighs.

Under such handicap, the principals can do little. There are miles and miles of Gloria Swanson, wearing trick gowns with customary distinction, gasping and rolling her eyes and showing her teeth, to explain just how hard, how very hard, it is to deny her love. But deny it she does, however—in negligee, in street costume, in extreme décolleté; and if her facial contortions be true compass to her thoughts, with agony acute.

Equally, there are miles of Rodolph Valentino biting his lip and looking very seasick. We would have been sorry when dear old Bobby Bolder took himself off, and Gloria could collapse on his prostrate form before falling into the arms of her waiting lover, had not that finished the agony.

To me Eleanor Glyn is another example of well-established fact that popular novelists can write abominable scenarios. Unrequited love, if skilfully handled, can be prolonged indefinitely in a book, by simply detailing the emotional experience of the characters involved. On the screen, being

(*Continued on page* 120)

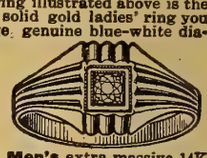
Pay Nothing

An amazing new offer—wear this GENUINE DIAMOND for a week at our expense — absolutely no risk to you—deposit nothing—READ EVERY WORD OF THIS OFFER:

Send No Money
Pay No C.O.D.

Mail the Free Trial Coupon

Just send the coupon below — do not enclose a penny — and we will send you on approval at our expense your choice of these diamond rings. The ring illustrated above is the most beautiful hand engraved solid gold ladies' ring you ever saw, set with a fine, large genuine blue-white diamond. Pay nothing when it arrives. Merely accept the ring and wear it for a week, at our expense. After a week decide. If you return the ring, that ends the matter. You have risked nothing. But if you keep the ring, send us only $3.75 a month until you have paid the amazingly low price of $38.75 for this regular $50 value. The ring is an elaborate pierced model in solid 14K green gold with hand engraved white gold top. A striking new model. The diamond is a beauty—extra brilliant, blue white, perfectly cut—a remarkably big value.



Men's extra massive 14K solid gold fluted ring with 18K hand cut white gold top set with extra fine perfectly cut blue-white genuine diamond. Extra Big Value. Now $38.75—$3.75 a month. Send no money. Pay no C. O. D. A week's trial absolutely FREE. Mail coupon now.

Just mail the coupon below. Be sure to enclose finger size. SEND NO MONEY—pay nothing on arrival.

Harold Lachman Co. 204 S. Peoria Street Dept. 1529 Chicago

Send me absolutely free and prepaid, for a week's trial, the genuine diamond ring checked below. I am to pay nothing when it arrives. After one week I will either return the ring by registered mail and that ends the matter, or I will send you $3.75 each month until $38.75 has been paid. Title remains with you until fully paid. I ENCLOSE MY FINGER SIZE.

☐ *Ladies' Ring* No. A4350 ☐ *Men's Ring* No. A4450

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... *Occupation*.....

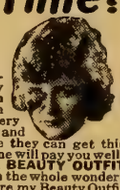
Copyright 1922, Harold Lachman Co.

Science has once more conquered! Thick, ungainly ankles, double chins, unbecoming wrists, arms and shoulders, or any superfluous fat, can be removed by a simple treatment. One jar may accomplish its object. Don't delay. Give Nirvana a trial at once. Wonderful results guaranteed or money refunded. Sold at all leading drug stores. $2.00 per jar or direct supply post-free.

NIRVANA, Inc., Dept. B
25 W. 43rd St., New York City

Will You Take Cash For Your Spare Time?

What is your spare time worth? Will you take $15 to $35 a week for one hour, two hours or three hours a day? Read my offer.



I must have at once a limited number of refined, cultured women in every community who will take cash for their spare time. An amazing new scientific discovery has been made which assures radiant beauty to every woman—**in five days.** A big profit is ready and waiting for just telling other women where they can get this wonderful new discovery. Just your spare time will pay you well. Others are making from $15 to $35 a week. **BEAUTY OUTFIT FREE.** Write me immediately and I'll explain the whole wonderful plan to you and tell you how you can secure my Beauty Outfit **FREE.** No obligation. I will finance you. You can start earning money at once if you write to me now. **MARIE FRANZAN, Dept. 2212, 2707 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

"Madame takes her daily clay bath, in her easy chair, and—

Do You Clay Your Face?

America's Loveliest Women Do!

—even madame's maid must remark the astonishing result!"

By MARTHA RYERSON

WHEN I WENT abroad I little expected to uncover a secret that would bring any woman new beauty in a new way. Nor did I dream that the discovery would, in six months, have all America claying!

"I went away a slave to complexion cosmetics that all but filled a travel-case. I returned without them—and without the need for them. A wonderful clay peculiar to a certain section of sunny Wales removed every blemish my skin had known—*in exactly forty minutes.* I shall never forget the afternoon I first clayed. A maiden of the hills persuaded me to try it. I did so out of politeness, but the miracle performed left me fairly speechless. Impurities nothing had ever hidden, were gone! Pores I had always powdered with such care were not to be seen! Color I had never hoped for, appeared—*and stayed!*

"One look, and father was an eager listener to the story. Together we returned to the tiny stream where Nature had deposited this marvelous clay. His knowledge of chemistry eventually made it possible to preserve its full beauty power and carry some back to America, where it brought the same remarkable results on every type of skin we tried. The story was printed, and father's laboratory soon resembled a post-office; letters asking for the English clay poured in from every state. Just one clay clay. It is not just a fad, nor a vogue; bath and the skin was always cleared—was it any wonder the clay bath was soon a fashionable furore? Four additional shipments were received and distributed, and still the letters of application piled up. Arrival of a fresh supply now bids fair to fill enough jars that all may have one who request it.

How to Clay

"I guess most women have tried a facial clay of some sort. Years ago I used a domestic clay that often had a good effect for an hour or two. But this natural English clay is a permeant that flushes out the whole skin structure and practically makes it over. Its application twice a week keeps complexions positively blooming. You may think you will wish to add an artificial touch to the result, but you will find there is nothing lacking and nothing to add.

"The whole secret is in the clay itself. Get this particular clay and your complexion troubles are over. Spread it on face and neck; slip into your easy chair; in forty minutes you wipe away every impurity that was buried in your skin, and your face looks and feels a dozen years younger!

"I trust it won't be long before every woman in the land knows that complexion ills melt away at a single application of this natural English claying is a hygienic habit that makes a new skin. No woman is without need of claying if past twenty—or will ever look her best until she does."

Only $1.87

for Two Months' Supply of the Genuine ENGLISH Complexion Clay!

Miss Ryerson's story is published at this time because a new importation of the English clay has arrived and makes it possible to resume general distribution. This is the largest quantity yet obtained and should allow one jar to everyone making prompt response to this offer.

For the present a full-sized jar containing two months' supply will be sent if you *merely deposit the actual cost* of getting the jar in your hands.

Do not send money, only the coupon below; the cost of $1.87 and postage can be paid the mailman on delivery. If results from *just one application* surprise and delight you, we will consider your deposit payment in full (only the first jar at this low price) otherwise you may have back every penny paid. This wide-open trial offer at actual cost through courtesy of William Ryerson, Head Chemist.

If handier to send money with application, $2 brings jar prepaid, with same money-back guarantee.

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 227
Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit Plan" offer. Please send me a full-sized jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of $1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. ..... *State* .....

KITTY GORDON
Pearls are the favorite jewels of this famous stage favorite. "And" says she—"It is my Deltah Necklaces that are most admired. They are so captivatingly wonderful."

Un Collier de Perles Deltah est le Cadeau par Excellence

A Necklace of Deltah Pearls is the gift *par excellence.* Such is the verdict of Paris—the home of the finest pearls—where the lustrous beauty of Deltahs has made them the choice of Pearl buyers from every land.

From the world's fashion centre travelers brought the demand for Deltahs to America. The House of Heller responded—and today leading jewelers everywhere display Deltahs in their dignified cases of Royal Purple.

Deltah necklaces are indestructable, have platinum or gold safety clasps and carry the Heller Guarantee showing the maker's certified price. This combination of refinements is found in no other necklace of Pearls.

At Jewelers $10 to $500 the Necklace
For Illustrated Booklet Address Dept. M12

L. HELLER & SON, INC.
358 Fifth Ave., New York
Paris, 40 Rue Laffitte

Created by the producers of Heller "Hope" Rubies and "Hope" Sapphires—true precious stones identical with the fine natural Rubies and Sapphires in every respect save origin.

Deltah PEARLS

Comments on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 113)

becomes overwhelming. The boys commandeer a taxi and get "liquored" in a hotel. After which the ancient and honorable device (see Mack Sennett, formula 27) of police interference is employed. The cops knock 'em down and drag 'em out. Thus ends the picture. Who do you think is in the cast? The always capable Tully Marshall. Good actor that he is—he cannot lift it from its dead level. You wont be interested here.

A Ladies' Man—Metro

An evening with Bull Montana is something to look forward to these days when the country is being scoured for the handsomest men and women. The Adonis of the shadow stage has reached stardom, not because he is an exceptionally good comedian, but because his personality is that undefinable something by itself. Place Bull far in the background of a picture—with little or nothing to do—and he makes a vivid impression. He has the foreground here in an amusing trifle which introduces him as an orphan. Mark his name—Oswald. He runs away at the age of ten and years later returns to his wealthy foster parents—a bully of the underworld. He is certain to arouse a distinct guffaw when he makes his debut in society. The piece is only three reels in length, and because of its footage the comedy moments are compact with high jinks. Bull's principal mission in the story is to wield a wicked right and left and rid a house of ghosts. But it isn't Bull of the bouncing blows who will leave the most lasting impression—it is Bull in evening togs. But no matter what he does or what he wears, he is just plain Bull. Which is the main reason why he is a good actor. The comedy is well decorated with attractive sets and Myrtle Lind's sub-deb charm. Dont give Dad his slippers when he comes home. He'll want to see this snappy comedy.

The Ghost Breaker—Paramount

Wally Reid needs a vacation. He seems to have grown tired, mentally and physically. His bland manner—his nonchalant way of sauntering thru his pictures with just a bit of a yawn following his careless smile—these characteristics look out of place in giving movement to a ghost story. True, the tale is a labored one and entirely preposterous, yet there is no reason for the star to take things so lightly. He very nearly makes it farcical. And perhaps the director has erred in not copying the serial picture. There is a place here for much spooky mystery. He has overlooked the secret panels and the trap-doors. Consequently the vitality is missing. Wally bobs up in the wrong bedroom. The girl appreciates his story and locks him in her trunk. And soon the Likly or Hartmann is on the high seas. The next seen of Wally he is chasing the ghosts from the castle in Spain and winning the everlasting thanks and love of Lila Lee—the only player in the cast who is thoroly in character. Walter Hiers, what are you doing in blackface—when you would be twice as funny without the burnt cork? The picture only makes a mild impression. If you must see Wally—then look it over. But you wont see the star who dashed across the screen and continent in a racing car. It isn't that kind of a story—and Wally is not the same.

(*Continued on page* 126)

TINT GRAY HAIR

JUST brush or comb a little "Brownatone" into your gray, faded, streaked or bleached hair and take 10 years off your age. Thousands of prominent women in the United States and Canada have proclaimed "Brownatone" their best friend. Don't experiment. Acts instantly, easily applied at home and guaranteed harmless to hair, scalp or skin. Any shade from golden brown to black—**50c and $1.50** at drug and toilet counters everywhere. **Trial bottle sent direct for 10c.**

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
735 Coppin Building, Covington, Ky.
Canada Address, Windsor, Ont.

BROWNATONE

Use *Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo* to improve the natural gloss and fluffiness of your hair. At druggists or direct. Large Bottle 50 cents.

BATHE YOUR WAY TO SLENDERNESS
14 Treatments
$2.00

A SAFE—SIMPLE—SURE METHOD
of Reducing Superfluous Flesh
BELCOR BATH TREATMENT

A scientific medical compound, containing absolutely harmless ingredients that will reduce the fatty tissues, weight and bulk.
Simply prepare your bath, dissolve one BELCOR carton therein and you will be delighted with the pleasant sensation and tonic effect created in your system and the marked reduction in your weight after two weeks.
A BELCOR Bath Treatment contains 14 cartons and will be sent postpaid upon receipt of $2.00. Descriptive booklet free on request.
DR. C. OSBORNE CO., 220 Fifth Ave., New York

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-958, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

LEARN
Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!
FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.
WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. D
64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

Can Your Eyes Say "STOP! LOOK?"

YOU can have expressive eyes easily, instantly. Use Liquid Lashlux to bead your lashes and make them appear longer and darker. Applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper, it dries instantly and lasts. Unaffected by perspiration, swimming or even weeping at the theatre. Liquid Lashlux is harmless and waterproof.

To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless cream Lashlux at night.

Liquid Lashlux (black or brown) 75c.
Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c.
At drug, department stores or by mail.

Send a dime for a sample of LIQUID LASHLUX. For another dime we will mail you a generous sample of JERAINE ROUGE.

ROSS COMPANY

79 Grand Street **New York**

LIQUID LASHLUX

Start a Beauty Parlor

In Your Own Home and

Make Money

Wherever you may live, whether in a small town or a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an *Electrolysis Outfit* and learning how to operate with the simple directions accompanying it. *Anybody can learn to do it.* It requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can operate in your own home, because all you require is good light, two chairs and a table. Or you can operate in the homes of your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The usual charge for removing superfluous hair is $5.00 for half an hour's treatment, and there are very few places in this country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an Electrolysis Outfit, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, $20.00.

If you wish to take up other branches of Beauty Parlor work, I will undertake to teach by correspondence the following courses on receipt of price:

Facial Massage	$2.00
Shampooing	2.00
Eyebrows and Lashes	1.00
Reducing	2.00
Wrinkles	1.00
Facial Mud Bath	1.00
Manicuring	3.00
Pimples, Blackheads, etc.	1.00
Double Chin	1.00
Body Massage	1.00

All Ten Courses for $10.00

Each course includes complete directions in simplified form. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as tweezers, bowls, saucers, witch-hazel, glycerine, cold cream, etc., except the mud bath, which is my own secret preparation, but I will make a special price on this and on all my preparations, if my pupils prefer them to others.

This is an Age of Beauty

In a few years you will see Beauty Shops everywhere. Learn the business now! Start in a small way, and some day you may own a handsome Beauty Parlor on the main street with dozens of girls doing the work for you. *There's Big Money in it!*

CORLISS PALMER

Brewster Building, **Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 88)

comes a notice saying that the Einstein theory of relativity has been explained by pictures. Edward M. Fadman of the Equity Films having brought the film back from Germany with him. It took six German professors to put the theory in picture form and that breaks the record by three, for it has always been understood that, outside of Mr. Einstein himself, only three other people in the world understood his theory. Now by paying fifty cents we all can understand it. Ain't science wonderful?

Glenn Hunter, known both to the stage and motion pictures, has written four poems which have been set to music by Daniel Wolf. They are entitled "To You," "Fear," "Exiled," and "Sainte Anne." They are dedicated to Cecil Arden, contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who will sing them on her concert programs this season.

The dignity of the Canadian Parliament must not be disturbed by anything so common as the movies. Movie men have been denied permission to film the interior of the Canadian House of Commons. Well, of course, dignity is dignity, but it behooves one to ask: "How about the Vatican?"

The Famous Players-Lasky New York studio is coming back to normalcy. **Leatrice Joy** and **Jacqueline Logan** are back; **Lila Lee** has come out of the West to play opposite Thomas Meighan in **"Our Leading Citizen,"** and George Melford is going to Salem to start filming Hergesheimer's **"Java Head."**

MOVIE REFORM

By ELIZABETH HAMPTON RHETT

Let's clean up these terrible pictures.
Let's cut out all the wild stuff,
The hugging and kissing and vamping
And everything ugly and rough.

Let's have no more dancing in pictures,
Nor swimming girls—no, none of these!
Let's cover the shapely white shoulders,
Let's hide all the bare dimpled knees.

Oh, yes, we must clean up the pictures,
It's surely the right thing to do . . .
But when we have cleaned them up fully,
I'll not go to see them. Will you?

WONDERFUL NEW DIAMITE GEMS MATCH GENUINE DIAMONDS

Get One of These Beautiful Diamite Rings with all the sparkle—flash and fire of the finest diamonds. Surprise your friends—see if you or they can tell it from a **Genuine Diamond.** Every Gem 1 carat size, set in beautiful hand engraved mountings of 1923 designs.

No. 1. Ladies' Tiffany Hand Eng'v'd 14k Gold S. Ring **$2.79**
No. 2. Ladies' Gypsy Karat Diamite surrounded by 16 brilliant stones, platinum finish **3.69**
No. 3. Gents' Tooth Mounting Hand Engraved 14k White Gold S. Ring **3.99**
No. 4. Gents' Massive Gypsy Ring, platinum finish **4.23**
Unqualified 20-year guarantee. Handsome art leather velvet lined case given with each ring.

FREE Your Choice of either Cuff Links or Bar Pin with orders for 2 Rings

To introduce these wonderful Diamite Gems we will give absolutely free the choice of Gold F. Cuff Links or Bar Pin, beautifully designed, to those ordering two Rings. Thousands now enjoying Diamite Rings. Get yours today.

SEND NO MONEY—No Installments

We pay postage—you risk nothing. Just send your name, address and number of rings you want. Send strip of paper fitting end to end over finger joint. When ring arrives pay postman price shown (no more); if not entirely satisfied after 5 days, return ring and get your money back. State your choice of free gift when ordering 2 rings. Send today.

GARFIELD IMPORTING COMPANY
Sole Importers Genuine Diamite Gems
3935 W. Washington Blvd. Dept. 137, Chicago

Lovely Eyes

The remarkable waterproof properties of DELICA-BROW were strikingly demonstrated by Miss DuPont in the filming of "Foolish Wives," Universal's Million Dollar Picture. Because this wonderful liquid eye-lash and brow dressing is rainproof, tearproof and perspiration proof it cannot run or smear and the fascinating beauty of Miss DuPont's eyes, with their perfectly arched brows and glorious lashes was preserved unimpaired through the drenching rain.

Send Now for Sample of

Delica-Brow Liquid

Eye-Lash and Brow Dressing

Send direct to Delica Laboratories, Inc., 3933 Broadway, Chicago, only 25c, for a generous sample (2 weeks supply) of this indispensable aid to beauty, including bone handle brush. Specify black or brown. Large package $1, postpaid, or at all leading drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Money back if not delighted. Be sure to get the genuine DELICA-BROW—the original liquid preparation.

Delica Laboratories, Inc.
30 Church Street, New York **CHICAGO** **734 Cole Street, San Francisco**

Remember All Advertising in *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE* is Guaranteed

MEN WANTED!

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

Earn Up to $250.00 Per Month

POSITION GUARANTEED! Many unusual opportunities for trained men. Healthful outdoor work; travel or remain near home; something new every day. Meet big railway officials.

Start at $110 Per Month, expenses paid. Prepare at home in 3 months' spare-time study. Any average man can qualify.

YOU TAKE NO RISK

Position Guaranteed or money refunded. You have nothing to lose.

Send coupon for booklet. Don't delay!

STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INST.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Standard Business Training Inst.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-864, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

"Another $50 Raise!"

"Why, that's the third increase I've had in a year! It shows what special training will do for a man."

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools, telling of advancements won through spare time study.

How much longer are *you* going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start *now* than to wait for years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in your own home will prepare you for the position you want.

Without cost, without obligation, mark and mail this coupon. *Do it right now!*

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6640, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Organization
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Business Law
☐ Banking and Banking Law
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Private Secretary
☐ Business Spanish ☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Better Letters
☐ Foreign Trade
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Business English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Metallurgy
☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Blue Print Reading
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name.....
6-26-22
Street Address.....
City..... State.....
Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

FREE Big Money writing photoplays, stories, poems, etc. Send today for free copy of WRITER'S BULLETIN. Full of helpful advice on how to write and where to sell.
EDWARDS, Publisher, 72 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.
Full particulars and Booklet Free.
AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
211 Ryrie Building Toronto, Can

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 116)

once established, it begins to pall after the first dozen scenes. Some action is essential. You can tell your audience all there is to tell of such a situation in one well-acted scene; if that's all there is to tell, for heaven's sake stop the picture. If you must go on, please start some action resulting from the love triangle. Dont leave us dangling for three or four reels with illustrated love titles, which, in themselves, are sufficient explanation for manslaughter.

And oh, if you must put Rodolph Valentino in modern films, give him something to do besides stand still and look awkward! The Valentino has not yet learned to do anything gracefully. Without action to take his mind from himself, he is painfully camera-conscious.

Why doesn't Paramount cast him in Ethel Dell's "Bars of Iron," or Garland's "The Eagle's Heart," or as some of Dumas's dashing heroes? The French novelist did write a few books besides "The Three Musketeers." In fact, both classic and modern literature bristles with romantic Latin lovers. Why not cast the Latin Rodolph in a few rôles that fit him, and give him at least a fighting chance to retain the remarkable success achieved as Julio, which a few more pictures like "Beyond the Rocks" will effectively terminate? It is a crying shame to waste the vivid charm of the Sheik and Julio on senseless twaddle like this.

Yours truly,
(*Signed*) ALMA E. HILTON,
57 Cleveland Ave., Everett, Mass.

Versus Rodolpho.

DEAR EDITOR: Altho I have been a student of the silent drama for years, I have never written a fan letter, but I cannot resist doing so any longer.

I buy all the moving picture magazines, and am sick and tired of reading about Rodolph Valentino.

Between the daily papers discussing his recent marriage and brazen disobedience of the law and now his suit with Famous Players, once again, showing his desire to break the laws of contract.

One of the reasons Mr. Valentino gives for desiring to break his contract is that he has not the proper advertising.

In "Blood and Sand," there were pictures and a beautiful program given away as a form of advertising.

I have never missed any picture that Thomas Meighan has ever appeared in, and I have yet to see any of his pictures floating about. This same is true about Eugene O'Brien.

Just as the bobbed hair and short skirt of the "Flapper" are bound to go, as her fancy tires of them, so will this Valentino craze fade away.

Perhaps that is why Valentino wants $70,000 a week.

If Famous Players want to give any one this fabulous salary, why not give to a respectable, law-abiding man like Mr. Meighan or Eugene O'Brien?

Mr. Meighan does not require his salary raised every time he appears in a success.

Valentino seems to think he makes the picture. The truth is the pictures are making Valentino. Costuming and scenery are, next to the story, the most important thing.

Not Valentino.

If Mr. Moreno was given the chance that Valentino got, he would be just as popular.

MRS. CHARLES WESTON,
2563 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Are You As Popular as you could be?

Are you as attractive as you might be? All of which means, are you taking advantage of your natural gifts? Are you covering your shortcomings and enhancing your good points?

The National Bob

Keep your lovely hair. Do not cut it! Coil it neatly underneath a NATIONAL BOB and wear your hair bobbed without cutting. And to you who want to let your bobbed hair grow back, the NATIONAL BOB will let you do it secretly and comfortably. Cool, light. Always neat, always ready. Any shade. **Price $10.**

The National Switch

You will be amazed when you see the wonderful effect this creates on ladies with bobbed hair who are anxious to grow it back to its natural length. Made of imported French human hair, gives all the grace and beauty that only a natural head of long, thick wavy hair can give. **Price $10** with folder showing how to properly wear it.
HOW TO ORDER: Send us a strand of your hair together with $10 and we will send you the bob or switch, as you desire. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
Free Booklet of new hairdressing creations and accessories sent on request.

—keep dolly in style with a **National Doll Bob**

Dress her up by putting a cute little bob over her hair. She'll look as sweet as sister. Just send strand of hair (for color) and size of dolly's head and **$1.00** and bob will be sent postpaid. Full dolly wigs with curls **$2.50.**

NATIONAL HAIR NETS
Guaranteed perfect. Made of real human hair. State color and whether Cap or Fringe Shape. At your dealer or send **65c** for boudoir box of six.

ARTIFICIAL EYELASHES **$1.50 Pr**

Agents Wanted

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
368 Sixth Ave., Dept. 412, New York 65

Remember All Advertising in *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE* is Guaranteed

Insures Results

The makers of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer take no risk in guaranteeing results. Hundreds of thousands of users have proved that this scientific laboratory preparation restores the beautiful, even, original color to gray hair. No streaking, no discoloration, no interference with shampooing—nothing to wash or rub off.
Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a colorless liquid, clean as water. You apply it yourself with a comb—no muss or trouble.

Make Your Own Test

Mail the coupon for the free trial bottle which proves these statements beyond doubt. When you know that your gray hair can be restored, safely, surely, get a full size bottle from your druggist or direct from us.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Mary T. Goldman, 2221 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black.... black or dark brown.... medium brown.... very light brown, drab or auburn....
Name.....
Address.....
Please print your name and address plainly

SLENDA-FORM

REDUCING CREAM

Harmless, Sanitary, Aseptic
Makes your figure beautiful

Are you too fleshy?—Slenda-Form will quickly reduce all superfluous fatty tissues — Results are positive. Easily applied at home.

REDUCES

Bust — Double Chin — Shoulders — Back — Abdomen — Ankles — in fact, any fleshy part of the body.

Large jar sent postpaid for only $3. Mail your order today or write for detailed information to

DEPARTMENT M. P.

Slenda-Form Laboratories
Oppenheimer System
541 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
New York Exchange for Women's Work

Normas

LIP-STICK and BROW-STICK

NO GREASE TO SMEAR AND SOIL

A lip-stick that will prove a surprise and a delight—you may bathe—you may dine—you may perspire—yet they stick. (Light and dark).

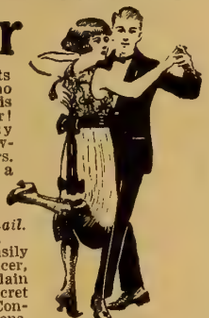
A brow stick admirably adapted for the conservative toilette, or the extreme make-up will not irritate the eyes. (Black and brown).

GUARANTEED NOT TO SMEAR

Sold in practically every beauty parlor in New York city. By mail, Lip stick, 54 cents; brow stick, 29 cents.

NORMA COSMETICS
127½ St. Felix Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why Good Dancers Are Popular



EVERYONE admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. There is no need of being a wallflower! By my remarkable new easy method, *anyone* can learn the newest dances at home in a few hours. Much less expensive than from a personal teacher. No music or partner needed. So simple even a child can learn quickly. 60,000 *have learned dancing by mail.* Your own success is **guaranteed.**

To prove I can quickly and easily make you an accomplished dancer, I will send you **FREE,** in plain cover, a lesson in Fox Trot, Secret of Leading and How to Gain Confidence. For mailing of free lessons, send 10c. Learn in private—surprise your friends. Act *now* and be a good dancer *soon!*

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 472, 100 5th Ave., N. Y.

Don't Wear a Truss

MR. G. E. BROOKS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 296-D State St., Marshall, Mich.

CONTINUITY

By RUTH OVERTON

Ah! I've the soul of a beautiful woman!

My eyes squint; the hateful marks of care,
The crow's-feet, wrinkles, flabby cheeks of age
Do mar the mask I live behind,
And hold me prison-bound within its shell!

Are these dull symbols of the march of Time—
That hate-embuing thief of grace, of youth—
Are they to steal the music of the spheres
And crash my heart in horror down to death?

Must I stand by and see each dawn of day
Bring torments crowding hard on those just passed?
See husband's love begin to peak and wane?
My friends tread carefully all speech of age?

By all the gods! I will not have it so!
I'll fight old Time with weapons of my own.
Within a land all compassed round with light,
With splendors far beyond the world of man,

Fair palaces bedecked with dreams come true,
The happy spots where myth and nature blend,
In these I'll pitch my camp. I'll build *my* dream
For countless millions; day by day.

An endless flood of details, dimly real,
That go to make that dear engrossing whole,
Shall trickle thru my fingers. When 'tis done,
The dream created lives in terms of earth!

Behind the pale, drab creature there at work,
'Mid Klugs, and Sunlights, and the Lenses keen,
A flying spirit spreads its fluttering wings.
It's dwelling, gay remote, in—*Movie Land!*

For—I've the soul of a beautiful woman!

SERMONS

By MARY MARTIN

If you have put courage in somebody's heart,
And made a laugh out of a tear,
And taken away from Life's sorrow and smart,
And given a hope for a fear;
What more can you do, if you preach or you pray—
That's what the movie folk do every day!

If you can touch lives that are hopelessly drear
And fill them with love and romance,
And rest tired mothers, and weary men cheer,
And give little children a chance—
What more can you do, if you pray or you preach—
These are the people the movie folk reach!

$1,500 for a plot

Can YOU Write a Scenario?

Just a few years ago an author was glad to get $15 for a motion picture scenario.

Today the average price paid for a plot synopsis is $1500.

Producers are anxious for stories. Leaders in the film industry are encouraging new screen writers. The handful of photodramatists writing today cannot fill the demand. Without stories, the photoplay industry cannot exist. The producers *cannot get* enough good scenarios.

Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

The successful novelist or short story writer has definitely failed in the motion picture field. Newly trained photodramatists have written and conceived the plots that have been developed into the most successful feature photoplays. For the most part the men and women who are supplying the stories were, just a few years ago, farmers, teachers, clerks, housewives, office employees.

You do not need literary ability. The producers do not want fine writing. They want plots—strong, dramatic plots, written in simple synopsis form.

But this does not mean that anyone can sit down and dash off a scenario. Scenarios must contain sound dramatic material, they must be developed along the principles of photoplay construction, and they must be written in the language of the studios. This is merely technical matter. Anyone can master it.

The Fox Plan Will Show You How

The Fox Photoplay Institute is devoted exclusively to training photodramatists. Its method is unique and original.

We cannot tell you now whether you possess the ability to create photoplay plots. *No test or analysis* could determine that at this time, for your sense of dramatic perception is undeveloped, your conception of plot formation is crude and unformed. But Fox instructors watch you as you develop and direct your ability along the right channels of photoplay creation.

Send for Free Book

In a beautifully illustrated, 32-page book, the Fox Plan is completely outlined for you. It tells all about your opportunities as a scenario writer. It tells about the great Fox Photoplay Institute backed by motion picture leaders. It shows you what kind of ideas the producers want and how to prepare them for screen use. This book is FREE if you are interested in photoplay writing. Send the coupon today.

Fox Photoplay Institute
2537-39 S. State St., Dept. 1269 Chicago

Fox Photoplay Institute
2537-39 S. State St., Dept. 1269 Chicago

Please send me, without cost, your 32-page book telling about the Fox Plan of Photoplay Writing, and about my opportunities as a screen writer. I understand there is no obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Gervaise Graham Hair Color

A clear, clean, harmless liquid brushed through the hair quickly restores the original color and natural beauty to

Gray Hair

Guaranteed to be harmless to the hair and scalp. Used by thousands of women for 34 years. At all druggists or by mail, price $1.50.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Gervaise Graham, 33 W. Illinois St., Chicago:
Please send me, *free of charge*, a sample of Gervaise Graham Hair Color in a plain wrapper.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

REAL PHOTOS

OF YOUR SCREEN FAVORITE—Just The Gift For Xmas

YOU admirers of the clever screen stars, just glance through this selected list of the BIG ONES. Wouldn't you like to receive by return mail, genuine photos of your Movie Favorites, size 8x10, in original poses by the Stars? They are beautiful and life-like. Wonderful value for the money. **50c each, 12 for $5.00.** Make your selection *now* from this list.

Theda Bara	Rodolph Valentino
Alice Joyce	
Mary Miles Minter	Frank Mayo
Mabel Normand	Katherine McDonald
Olga Petrova	
Mary Pickford	Mae Murray
Blanche Sweet	Charles Ray
Anita Stewart	Nazimova
Norma Talmadge	Charles Chaplin
Pearl White	Mildred Harris
Earle Williams	Richard Barthelmess
Clara K. Young	

or any of the other popular stars.

50c each—12 for $5.00

Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. U. S. stamps accepted. Mail at once with name and address plainly written to
S. BRAM, Dept. 127, 209 W. 48th Street, New York City
Special prices to dealers

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including terrific acid test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts could all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

Wear a Corodite Diamond 7 Days Free

Make this test. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 7 days. If you or your friends can tell the difference, send it back; you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring, the price printed here is all you pay. No installments. Remember, Corodites alone have the same cutting as genuine stones.

No. 1—Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring	$2.84
No. 2—Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring	$3.48
No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Gypsy Ring	$4.27
No. 4—Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, plat. finish	$3.96
No. 5—Ladies' Tiffany Orange Blossom Engraved	$3.54

Carat size gems. Beautiful mountings of most modern design. Choice of gold or latest white platinum finish. Unqualified 20-year guarantee. Handsome art-leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send name, address and number of ring wanted and size as shown by slip of paper, fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with postman. If you desire not to keep ring after 7 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

E. RICHWINE CO.
333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 171 Chicago, Illinois
Sole Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

PEOPLE MUST EAT—Big profits introducing Mother Hubbard Foods. Goods worth $150 free. Sales guaranteed. Send for free outfit. Inthout Company, 558B, Congress, Chicago.

$1,000,000 Concern Wants Agents to take orders for Garbardine Gas Mask Raincoats. Biggest selling coat in America today. Wonderful value. Big profit in advance. Two sales means big days wages. Only sample of cloth necessary—furnished free. We deliver and collect. Write today for exclusive territory and selling outfit. Dept. 606, Lewis Raincoat Company, Cleveland.

AGENTS—Cost $5.00, your profit $89.50, transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc. No experience, no license. Write for free samples. Transfer Monogram Co., Inc., 10 Orchard St., Dept. 156, Newark, N. J.

MEN'S SHIRTS. Easy to Sell. Big demand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Exclusive patterns. Free samples. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 South Clinton, Factory 248, Chicago.

$36 TO $56 WEEKLY in your spare time doing special advertising work among the families of your city. No experience necessary. Write today for full particulars. American Products Co., 7894 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—$60 to $200 a Week; Free Samples; Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 F. No. Clark St., Chicago.

TAILORING AGENTS. Greatest One-Price Line. All-Wool Suits at $29.75. You get your profit the minute you take the order. Big Swatch Line in fine carrying case. Salesmen make $100.00 a week. Can use a few more good men. Write fully, state experience, give us good references and we will ship outfit at once. Dept. 430, Park Tailoring Company, Chicago, Ill.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book FREE. E. Palmer, 509 Wooster, O.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

"INVESTING FOR PROFIT" is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest any money, however small, who has money invested unprofitably, or who can save $5 or more per month, but who hasn't learned the art of investing for profit. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money, the knowledge financiers hide from the masses; it reveals the enormous profits they make and shows how to make the same profits. It explains HOW stupendous fortunes are made and WHY they are made; how $1,000 grows to $22,000. To introduce our magazine write us NOW, and we'll send it SIX MONTHS FREE. Address Investing For Profit, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. C 59, Chicago.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

LADIES—$10 to $50 weekly selling sanitary specialty used by women; whole or part time; dignified work; no experience; free particulars. American Rubber Products Co., L608, 5th Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40 to $75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

HELP WANTED—MALE

BE A DETECTIVE—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

All Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$190, traveling or stationary. Write, Mr. Ozment, 294 St. Louis, immediately.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

Plays, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 62, Chicago.

MAIL ORDER METHODS

$50 A WEEK EVENINGS HOME. I made it with small mail order business started with $3. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and plan 25 cents. 1 dozen Articles free. I trust you for $3. Almpe Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS

$200 PRIZE CONTEST. Three prizes each month for best manuscripts we type. Quick service. Neat, attractive typing. Free help. Ask about it. Room 100, Writers Workshop, 4838 N. Seeley, Chicago, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD COINS WANTED. Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty Head. We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4 cents for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 48, Fort Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guide-book, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 240 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

Photoplays Wanted for California Producers—Also want magazine stories, etc., for publication. To beginners, plot chart and details FREE. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

Successful Photoplays Bring Big Money. Send for our free book, "Successful Photoplays," which gives instructions on photoplay writing and marketing. Successful Photoplays, Box 43 Des Moines, Ia.

Let Me Criticise, Revise and help you sell your Photoplay Plots and Short Stories. Submit manuscript written in any form. H. L. Hursh, Dept. 2, 210 Muench St., Harrisburg, Pa.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE published MONTHLY at 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1st, 1922. State of NEW YORK. County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PRESIDENT of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Editor, ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Managing Editor, ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Business Manager, GUY L. HARRINGTON, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give the names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. CARLETON E. BREWSTER, BAYSHORE, LONG ISLAND. EDWARD BRUESTEL, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication, sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1922. E. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires March 30, 1924.)

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED TO BUY

Cash for Old Gold, Platinum, Silver, Diamonds, Liberty Bonds, War, Thrift, Unused Postage Stamps, False Teeth, Magneto Points, Jobs. Any valuables. Mail in today. Cash sent, return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied. Ohio Smelting Co., 313 Hippodrome Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Watch for

KATHERINE MACDONALD

The American Beauty in her latest and best picture

"White Shoulders"

DID you read this story by George Kibbe Turner in the *Saturday Evening Post?* Well, you know it's a whiz, whether you read it or not from the author and the fact that it is one of the best sellers now.

It's the thrilling story of a beautiful Southern girl placed on the auction block of marriage by her mother—and the strange prank of fate that led her to the man she really loved.

This, as presented in picture form by B. P. Schulberg, eclipses all of Miss MacDonald's previous productions. It is something you will want to see, and something you will remember and talk about. Don't miss it.

And remember that all First National pictures stand for quality and artistry and the best in entertainment value. Watch for the First National trademark on the screen at your theatre.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

Why Dont You Buy CLASSIC **The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World**

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

SPECIAL SIZES

SEND NO MONEY

BEFORE AFTER

FOR CHILDREN

ANITA-*The Genuine*-NOSE ADJUSTER

PATENTED

If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER.** In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations. **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER** shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. There are inferior imitations, but the **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER** is the genuine nose adjuster highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Self adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. Gentle, porous, **FIRM** and **PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE.** Write today for **FREE** book, "Happy Days Ahead," and our blank to fill out for sizes. Return blank to us and your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you.

THE ANITA COMPANY, 832 Anita Bldg., NEWARK, N. J., formerly South Orange

a Trade Mark Registered
WURLITZER
200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING
Any Musical Instrument
On Trial
Easy Payments
A few cents a day will pay. Instruments and complete outfits at factory prices direct to you.
Send for
New Catalog
Illustrated in Colors

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1529

117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati —329 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
120 E. 42nd St., New York—250 Stockton St., San Francisco

Send me your new catalog, which illustrates and describes every known musical instrument, many of them shown in full colors, all at lowest factory prices. Also tell me how I may have any instrument on a week's trial in my own home at your expense and without obligation, and may pay for it on your special easy payment plan.

Name .....

Address .....

(State instrument in which you are especially interested)

Copyright 1922, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

YE BALLAD OF FARMER JONES AND YE PICTURE SHOW

By ELIZABETH HAMPTON RHETT

Old Farmer Jones, of Little Creek,
To town did gaily go,
And when his business there was done,
Sought out a picture show.
He settled down to watch the film
Its wondrous tale unfold
Of heroine and hero brave
And villain stern and cold.

He cussed said villain 'neath his breath
With competence and ease,
Because he set the maid adrift
On wild and stormy seas.
He cheered the hero, brave and true,
Who courted sudden death
By swimming miles and miles and miles,
Nor ever lost his breath.

He watched the fragile wooden craft,
To which the maid was bound,
The stormy waters now tossed high,
Now whirled it round and round.
The hero swam his thirteenth mile
With strength all unimpaired,
"He's shore some fish, I vum he is!"
Old Farmer Jones declared.

The hero almost reached the bark,
Almost—but, no, not quite—
A blinding flash! a flicker!—then
The screen shone bare and white.
Old Farmer Jones he writhed and groaned,
A wretched man was he,
And finally to his neighbor said,
"What kin the matter be?"

This fellow was a friendly soul,
He spoke out pleasantly:
"The film just broke, but you sit still,
They'll mend it presently."
Old Farmer Jones he raved and swore,
Then said, with oath profound,
"If they dont fix it gol-durned quick,
By gum, that gal'll be drowned!"

INSPIRATION

By MABEL HAUGHTON COLLYER

The eye reflects with vivid ray
The realm its vision can command;
But fancy wings its witching way
Beyond this borderland,
And follows where the shadows flee
Into a realm no eye has seen—
Into that maze of mystery
That flanks the silver screen!

A PRAYER

By WILLIAM W. PRATT

O Lord! I pray that you will guide
My weary plodding feet,
And keep me on the worthy side
Of Motion Picture street.
Deliver me from human apes,
From comedies on fire escapes,
And bathing girls who show their shapes
In clothes so indiscreet.

Deliver me from wonder dogs
And little baby Beth.
Deliver me from under dogs,
Confessing at their death.
O Lord! If you can hear my prayer,
Omit the maid with vacant stare,
Who never has a misplaced hair
When struggling for breath.

Remove the so-called "Foreign" plays
They hand us now and then.
The polished boy who oft portrays
A bandit in his den.
O Lord! Canst thou not take a hand
And have this silly riff-raff banned?
I know the world can understand
My agony. Amen.

CARTOONISTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh. Every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for Sid Smith every day.

Illustrating and cartooning are paying men like Briggs, Smith, Fontaine Fox and J. N. Darling from $10,000 to $100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training develop your talent and give you the skill to put your ideas on paper.

Get This Free Book

Write today for a free copy of the book, "A Road To Bigger Things." Send 6 cents in stamps to cover postage. It tells of opportunities in the art world and explains the Federal Course of instruction under 60 of America's leading illustrators and cartoonists. Mention your age.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
1220 Federal School Building Minneapolis, Minn.

A Slim Figure—
One safe and sure way to obtain it

Reduce your superfluous flesh Externally thru your daily bath with fragrant

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

The One and Only external reducer, Safe and Harmless. GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epsom salts or harmful ingredient.

No violent exercises, no deprivation—Just Bathe and Grow Thin.

Fourteen Treatments, $3.00. Thousands testify to almost miraculous results.

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 plus 25c for postage and packing. ($4.00 in Canada) direct to

Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co., Inc.
Dept. N-3., 49 E. 102d St., New York

BE A DETECTIVE Earn Big Money
Great demand. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Dept. MP.
American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York

BANISH YOUR
MOLES
WITH DESINÆVI,
A SAFE, SIMPLE, GUARANTEED HOME TREATMENT. *WRITE FOR BOOKLET OF INFORMATION*
—IT'S FREE—
DR C.L. ALLEN 1019 MAIN STREET
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.
Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
262 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, **PLAYS** New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 45, Chicago

COSMETICS

Successfully Applied Do Not Appear as "Make-Up." Heed Our Suggestions and Use Preparations of Purity and Worth

Impressions Are Lasting—Look Your Best at All Times

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows any article to leave the laboratory without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of make-up and insists that by clever use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

We enclose directions written personally by Miss Palmer. You cannot go wrong if her words are heeded.

A Special Word Must Be Said of Our Creams—They Are Exquisite and Without Equal

CORLISS PALMER FACE POWDER $1.00

CORLISS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM—A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all-day make-up, there is nothing like it..... .50

CORLISS PALMER FACE ROUGE ..... .50

CORLISS PALMER LIP ROUGE .50

THE FOUR, attractively boxed in set 2.50

CORLISS PALMER VANISHING CREAM—A light, dry cream of purity, to be used in the morning, or at any time, to refreshen the skin and make a foundation for the face powder..... .75

CORLISS PALMER CLEANSING OR NIGHT CREAM—A heavier cream, to cleanse the face at night and to soften and beautify the skin..... .75

CORLISS PALMER LEMON CREAM—An exquisite cream of even texture, purity and loveliness. For general use on the face and body..... .75

THE THREE, attractively boxed in set..... 2.25

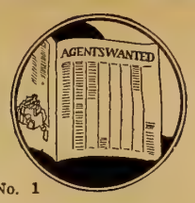
CORLISS PALMER BEAUTIFIER—A lotion of the finest quality, for those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute corrector of an oily complexion, a bleacher, an astringent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles..... .60

We Guarantee our Preparations to be Harmless

We will mail, postpaid, any of the above preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash, or money order. (In mailing coins, wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

Corliss Palmer Preparations

RICHARD WALLACE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



No. 1
Place advertising for agents that bring you inquiries.

No. 2
Send out circulars to inquiries that bring in money orders with which you buy goods.

No. 3
Ship merchandise to your agent, which he sells for you.

No. 4
Money rolls in to you from the profits your agents make you.

Go in "Selling to Agents" Business

Have Agents Sell YOUR Goods

Be the Boss — **Tremendous Profits**

Operate from your home, no matter where you live. Move to any town or city you prefer. Very easy to operate when you know how.

Don't be an agent, but go in business for yourself and have HUNDREDS of agents work for you.

The illustrations in this advertisement show the four operations that place you on the road to success. Practically NO CAPITAL required, as you operate on your agents' money paid to you in advance. This is a WONDERFUL business that is known to only a comparatively few people, as businesses go, and one that PAYS ENORMOUS PROFITS.

MANY MAKE FORTUNES YEARLY

There are thousands of men and women in villages, towns and cities that are longing for something to sell to make a living. THESE PEOPLE WANT TO WORK FOR YOU. They want to sell your goods. You, possibly, do not know how to get in touch with them. You do not know how or where to obtain merchandise that you can sell to these prospective agents.

We have placed hundreds of articles on the market through the AGENTS' SELLING PLAN, and with a practical working knowledge have completed the only known selling instruction course in the entire country.

Our complete instruction course gives you all information, as to buying merchandise, getting agents, advertising, circularizing, etc., and after receiving this instruction, you can START IN BUSINESS AT ONCE.

Write TODAY for further full and complete details of this WONDERFUL BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY which will be sent to you at once, and get started on the road to SUCCESS.

SECURITY SALES INSTITUTE, Dept. 30, 5955 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents*. It will be worth many dollars to you!

This Booklet

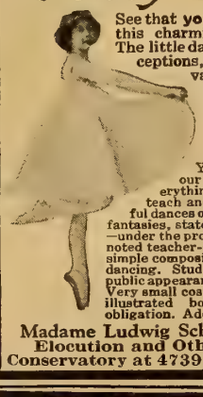
will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and you will want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

Brewster Bldg., - - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Teach Your Child Fancy Dancing



See that your daughter develops this charming accomplishment. The little dancer will take her place at receptions, school entertainments, festivals, kiddies' parties, etc. You'll be proud. She will be grateful in later years. For Fancy Dancing gives her **charm**, the one thing we all seek in womanhood.

Lessons by Mail

You teach your child at home, from our easily followed instructions. Everything made simple. Any mother can teach and any child can learn the beautiful dances of the seasons, flowers, allegorical fantasies, stately minuets, etc., in her own home—under the proper environment. Instructions by noted teacher-danseuse. Wide repertoire, from simple compositions to classics and advanced toe dancing. Students prepared in short time for public appearance—at clubs, social functions, etc. Very small cost. Write at once for handsomely illustrated booklet, low tuition fee, etc. No obligation. Address

Madame Ludwig School of Fancy Dancing Elocution and Other Accomplishments Conservatory at 4739 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

ECZEMA IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

and can be instantly relieved and quickly healed by the use of CRANOLENE, the successful cranberry cream treatment for stubborn skin troubles. At drug stores, 35c and $1.00, or write for Free Test Treatment to

Cranolene Company, Dept. 9 Girard, Kansas

Do You Need This Help?

Check off at the right the use that most interests you and I will send you my booklet and personal advice.

The Natural Body Brace

overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC ailments of men and women. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, health, strength and ability to do things. IT HAS HELPED NEARLY 200,000.

Read what users say: "Helped relieve atrocious pains and overcame permanently a spinal curvature." "Lifted me physically out of darkest depths of suffering after everything else had failed." Gives one an upright, perfect form." "I wore it for strengthening a weak back—it certainly accomplished its purpose." "Comfortable as a dress." "Worth all the money in the world."

Wear It 30 Days Free at my expense. Write me in confidence for my booklet. Check chart at right. I will at once write you my personal advice and give you our liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, President, Natural Body Brace Co.
117 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas

- ☐ Weak back
- ☐ Better figure
- ☐ Pregnancy
- ☐ Round shoulders
- ☐ Rupture
- ☐ Constipation
- ☐ Nervousness
- ☐ Enlarged abdomen
- ☐ Weak lungs
- ☐ Stomach trouble
- ☐ Misplaced organs

Stop Wondering *How* I Teach Piano; I'll *Show* You FREE!

Year after year you've seen my advertisement in all the leading publications, offering to teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time. Year after year my school has grown until now I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. In 1921 over a thousand students *graduated* from my Piano or Organ course and received their diplomas.

Yet, when I first started giving piano and organ lessons by mail in 1891, my method was laughed at. Could my conservatory have grown as it has, obtained students in every state of the Union, and in fact practically every civilized country of the world unless it produced very unusual and satisfying RESULTS for its students? See for yourself what it is that has brought my method so rapidly to the front. Write for free booklet and sample lessons.

Now for the first time, you can obtain sample lessons without charge. In the past I have always been opposed to sending out free lessons, even to persons who were seriously interested in my course. But my friends have insisted that I give everybody a chance to see for themselves just how simple, interesting and DIFFERENT my lessons are, and I have consented to try the experiment *for a short time.* Simply mail the coupon below or write a postcard, and the 64-p. booklet and sample lessons will go to you at once absolutely free and without obligation.

Within four lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practise months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention, the Colorotone. Another invention obtainable only from me is my hand-operated moving picture device, Quinn-dex. By means of Quinn-dex you actually see my fingers in motion on the piano, and can learn just how to train your own fingers.

When I say that I can teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time, do not think that this is too good to be true. Modern inventions and improved methods have accomplished just as great wonders in other branches of education. You at least owe it to yourself to *investigate.* Send coupon or postcard at once, before the offer of free sample lessons is withdrawn.

Free Book Coupon

Quinn Conservatory Studio, M. G. 52
598 Columbia Road
Boston, 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," free sample lessons, and full particulars of your method.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Quinn Conservatory Studio
M. G. 52
598 Columbia Road
Boston, 25, Mass.

PERSPIRATION can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. Destroys all bodily odors.
2. Checks perspiration without discomfort.
3. Absolutely harmless.
4. Actually benefits the skin.
5. Serves as a vanishing cream.
6. A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.

"WONDER"

Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

E. FRANK & CO. - 34 Monroe St. . BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GENUINE DIAMONDS on Credit

$48.50 $40.75 Cash or Credit

$10.00 Down $2.50 Mo
Lady Lorraine
Ring 14kt Solid gold. Large steel blue white diamond of richest brilliancy.
Wear It Now. Pay Later

SAVE 1/3 BUY DIRECT **NO RED TAPE NO DELAY**

Either of these beautiful hand engraved 14K Solid Gold, Genuine Diamond Rings—we will ship immediately upon receipt of first payment—balance in 12 months. Merely send your name, address, age and occupation.

The Klein Way—A YEAR TO PAY—Write Today

Our immense buying power and direct importing enables you to get the very best at lowest prices. Our money back guarantee protects you fully.

Send for Catalogue—Free Klein's beautiful DeLuxe Catalogue illustrated in colors containing a complete display and detail descriptions of the highest quality of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry at rock bottom prices, will be sent you promptly at your request. Write for it now.

KLEIN & CO. Dept. C-2112, 122 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Nearly 1-4 Century Same Location

Comments on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 118)

Dont Shoot—Universal

The gentleman crook who reforms when he comes under the influence of a girl is with us again—sponsored by George Bronson Howard who has dabbled at times in stories of the underworld. Mr. Howard has allowed his pen to scratch here, for he seems to have written hurriedly. Snappy melodramas need to be compact and should follow a straight course. But it is some time before Herbert Rawlinson makes his appearance with cap and smile. Herb is a crook in this tale—a crook who enters a certain house at midnight and is forced into a marriage with a girl he has never seen before in his life. Well, the story picks up and threatens to become exciting, yet when the climax is reached and you are on the point of shivering with suspense, Mr. Howard allows nothing to happen beyond an old-fashioned fight in which Herb licks about six thugs before taking the count himself in his wife's arms. We had expected something more original than this over-ripe scene. Edna Murphy and her charm take care of the romance. It's a likely yarn and no doubt you'll like it.

West of Chicago—Fox

No, this is not a railroad story, nor a scenic detailing the colorful mileage covered by the Union Pacific. It is simply a breezy western with Charles Jones, the Fox thrill boy, in there ridin' and dashin' and shootin'—with all the gusto he displayed in "The Fast Mail." It's a straightforward story, well told, filled with pep and spirit and calculated to make you go out and eat a million calories. The calm, but reckless Jones is a collegiate here—a recent graduate who is kicked out by his wealthy uncle and made to shift for himself. Then the action starts a-poppin' with the hair-raising exploits keeping you at strict attention. Jones jumps from a pony to an express train. This isn't new. Bill Hart, Tom Mix and several others have executed it time and again. We mention it because it takes a bit of courage to get away with it. And it seemed to us that Jones didn't use a double. Worth seeing.

Up and At 'Em—F. B. O.

The authors of this little film frolic doubtless put their heads together one evening and decided that something had to be done toward a story for the morning. "Why not have Doris May play a tomboy?"—one of them probably asked the other. And possibly the reply came forth, "Yes, and let's have her get locked up in a waxworks museum and have a vision that all the characters come to life." And so they were off on the big idea. What have they accomplished? Nothing but mild incident which releases much clowning and burlesque—and which is entirely out of place. The waxworks episode, while dragged in by the heels, is really the bright spot in the transparent pattern. The opening scene, disclosing a dark and gloomy jail with a tearful mother pleading with the warden to pardon her wayward child, is a good start, but it is lost in the shuffle of the subsequent events. Doris May pouts and rolls her eyes and succeeds in being peppy. She should find a new co-star. Then she should go out and find another "23½ Hours Leave." Still grandma, auntie and the girls will probably enjoy it.

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures in New York City

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway.
Alpha Pictures, Inc., 126 West 46th St.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Astra Film Corp., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio.)
Authors' Film Co., Times Building.

Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St.
Blackton, J. Stuart, 25 West 45th St.
Bray Studio, 23 East 26th St.
Bulls Eye Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.

Callahan, Andrew J., 25 West 43d St.
Character Pictures, 17 West 42d St.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmofoto Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Cosmopolitan Prod., 2278 Second Ave.
Crest Pictures Corp., Times Building.

Edison, Thomas A., Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave. (Studio.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Exclusive Pictures, 126 West 46th St.
Export and Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.

Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave. Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Film Market, Inc., 403 Times Building.
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Foursquare Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Fox Film Co., Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Frohman Amusement Corp., Times Bldg.

Gaumont Co., College Point, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 509 Fifth Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway. Studio, Orienta Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Hemmer Superior Prod., 137 West 48th Street.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 527 Fifth Ave.

International Studios, 2278 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 West 46th St.

Jans, Herman, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 West 42d St.

Kalem Co., 1482 Broadway.
Kane, Arthur S., 25 West 43d St.
Keeney, Frank A., 1493 Broadway.
Kleine, George, 729 Seventh Ave.

Macauley Photoplays, 516 Fifth Ave.
Mayflower Prod., 1476 Broadway.
Metro Pictures, 1476 Broadway. Studio, 3 West 61st St.
Moss, B. S., 1441 Broadway.

Outing Chester, Pictures, 120 West 40th Street.

Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th St.
Physical Culture Photoplays, Inc., 113 West 40th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Pioneer Feature Film Corp., 126 West 46th St.
Prizma, Inc., 21 West 23d St.

Raver, Harry, 1402 Broadway.
Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Ave.
Robertson-Cole Co., 1600 Broadway.

S. L. Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
Seitz, Geo. B., 1990 Park Ave., New York.
Select Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave. Studio, West Fort Lee, N. J.
Stewart, Anita, Prod., Inc., 6 West 48th Street.
State Right Distributors, Inc., 1600 Broadway.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 111 West 42d St.

Talmadge Films Co., 318 East 48th St.
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway.
Tyrad Pictures, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway.

Vitagraph Co., 469 Fifth Ave. Studio, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Warner Brothers, 220 West 42d St.
Wilk, Jacov, 1476 Broadway.
Williamson Bros., Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Young, Clara Kimball, 33 West 42d St.

$100 a Week FOR DRAWING

HOW would *you* like to make $100 a week as a commercial artist? If you like to draw, you are indeed fortunate—for well-trained artists are always in demand. Both men and women frequently earn $75 to $100 a week, sometimes $150 a week, or even more. These are commercial rates—the "top-notch" illustrators and designers command very large incomes. And consider this: beginners who have prepared for practical commercial work soon earn $50 a week.

Learn Quickly at Home in Your Spare Time

Get into this fascinating profession where you can put your natural ability to its best use. Thousands of business firms *pay millions of dollars annually* for good advertising drawings and designs. Develop your talent—learn the methods and secrets that will make your drawings worth *real money*. Without previous training or experience, the Federal Course gives you a thorough and practical training in each branch of commercial art. Each step is clearly explained, and you receive *individual personal criticisms* on all your lessons, by men who have themselves made good as commercial artists.

You Get the Experience of Leading Successful Artists Through the Federal Course

Leading illustrating companies, designers and commercial artists have endorsed Federal Training as *America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing*. Nationally known artists and illustrators—both men and women—are Authors of original lessons *contributed exclusively to the Federal Course*. Think of it! Artists whose work is constantly seen in the magazines—whose signatures on drawings are worth hundreds, sometimes thousands of dollars—will give you the benefit of their experience and advice only in this Course.

Among Federal Authors are *Charles Livingston Bull*, the well-known animal painter; *Neysa McMein*, famous for her Magazine covers; *Charles E. Chambers*, a leading magazine and story illustrator; *Franklin Booth*, the "Painter with the Pen"; *C. Matlack Price*, an authority on posters; *Edw. V. Brewer*, who has done many "Cream of Wheat" drawings; *Harold Gross*, for many years designer for the Gorham Co.; *D. J. Lavin*, formerly head of the Chicago Tribune Art Dept.; and *L. V. Carroll*, a noted magazine and advertising illustrator.

Get This Free Book "YOUR FUTURE"

Now is the time to investigate! By all means send for this book. It is beautifully illustrated in colors, and tells every detail you need to know about the Federal Course. Shows remarkable work by Federal Students, many of whom *earn more than the Course costs* while they are studying. Training *always* gets the big incomes—and gets them quickest. The Federal Course is aimed at practical results—and gets them *for you*. If you are ambitious to succeed in commercial art, you cannot afford to be without this book. It's free to anyone 16 years old or more who is in earnest. Fill in and mail the coupon *now*, kindly stating your age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1457 Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me "YOUR FUTURE" without charge or obligation.

Age.....
Occupation.....
Name.....
(Write your address plainly in margin.)

You Can Raise Your Income $50 a Month

For fifteen years, Mr. H. O. Shepard, the man whose picture you see opposite, has been demonstrating that real money can be made thru the plan which we now offer readers of this magazine. Read what he has to say about it.

"My experience teaches me that if you will work half as hard in our line, as you would be compelled to work in order to succeed in any other business, you cannot help but win. And right now I consider the very best time of any, during the past eight years, to start."

Mr. Shepard is a representative of the Brewster Publications. His work is collecting renewals and soliciting new subscriptions for our four well-known and popular magazines. Having unlimited territory and a proposition where his earnings depend on his own success, he enjoys the enviable position of being his own "boss" and absolute master of his own income.

SPARETIME or FULLTIME

If you are a man and now hold a regular position, you can hold that position and still enter the Magazine Business, working for us on a spare time basis. By devoting only a few hours each day to our work, you should easily increase your income by at least $50 a month.

If you are a woman and have a need for more money, you, too, can get it thru our plan. We have both men and women taking subscriptions for us. It is work that all can quickly learn to do well.

Send us the coupon below for full particulars.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
Dept. 12-M.

I am interested in your money-making plan. Please send me particulars at once.

Name.....

St. and No.....

City..... State.....

Do You Believe In Reincarnation?

KAMUELA SEARLE possessed only sixty dollars. He gave it all for some potter's clay because a strange force impelled him. He felt that at one time he had molded exquisite objects with just such material. As he exchanged his wealth for the clay he said to the clerk: "I have tried everything else. Maybe I'm a genius."

And he was.

In eight months his fame as a sculptor had spread thruout California; in another eight months it will spread thruout the world. "I learned this art five thousand years ago in Egypt," he asserts. "I was a builder of monuments."

His story is stranger than fiction. He is puzzling psychologists and scientists everywhere.

Read Harry Carr's amazing article about Kamuela Searle in the

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

for JANUARY

On all newsstands December first

Superfluous Hair

Can be permanently removed and

Destroyed by Electricity

But it can be done at your own home

BY YOURSELF

I have perfected a portable electric battery and full equipment, whereby any person can learn in ten minutes how to use the electric needle with ease and success. Full directions with each battery. You cannot fail. Even if you do, you can do yourself no harm. No danger whatever. My method is simplicity itself. You can remove hair from any part of the body, and when you once destroy the roots, the hair can never grow again. Electricity is a method known to science which

Permanently Destroys Hair Growth

A child, almost, can operate this battery without danger. It cannot possibly go wrong. A good operator can remove over 100 hairs an hour without leaving the tiniest scar or discoloration.

Price complete, with full directions for use, $20.00, prepaid.

EDWARD BRUESTEL

Jamaica - - - - New York

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

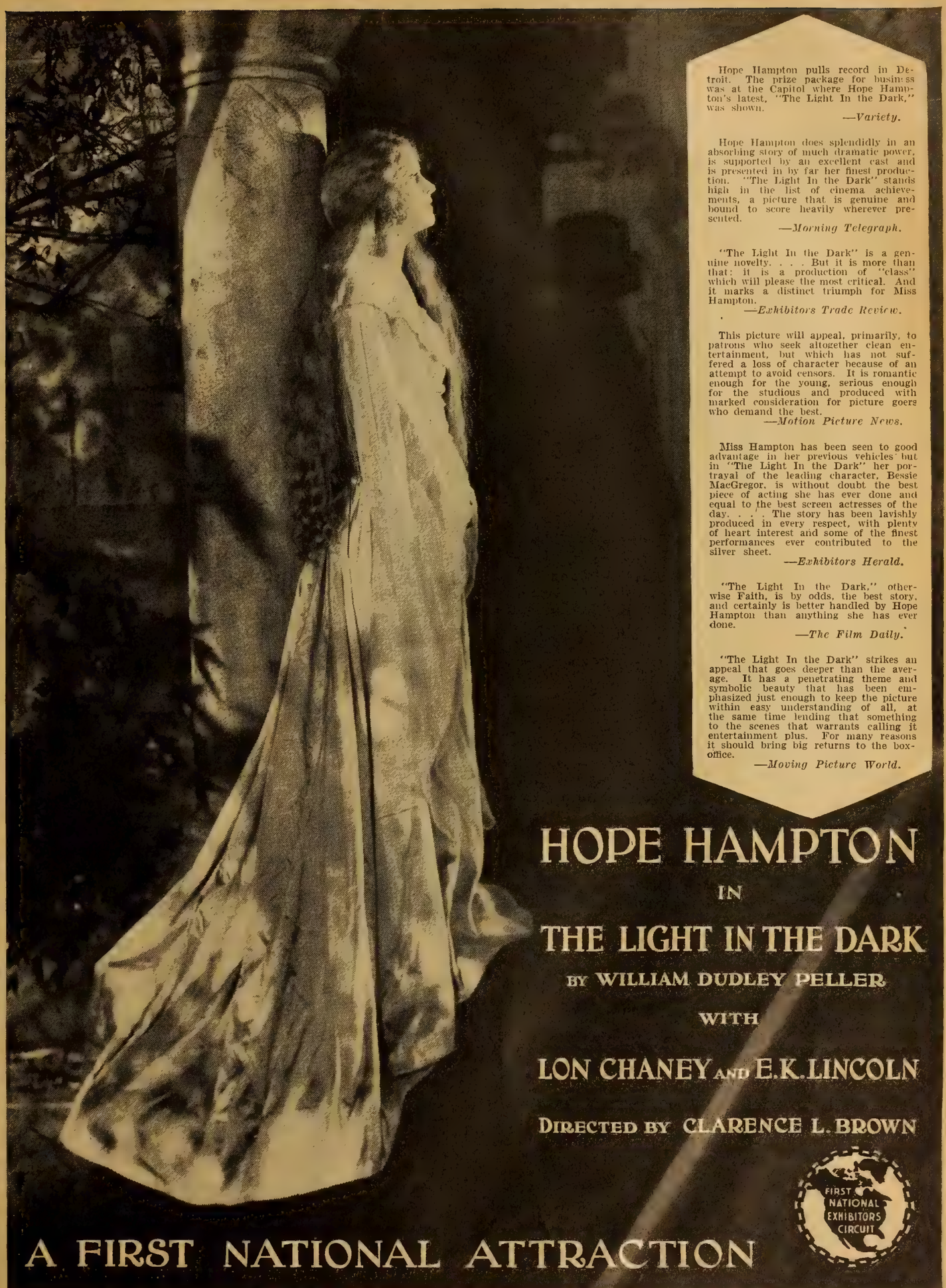
WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE
69 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

Get This Free

Beautiful 10 Jewel 14 Kt. White Gold Filled Bracelet Watch, adjusted, excellent time keeper, guaranteed 25 years. **COSTS YOU NOTHING by our plan**

Send us your name and address quickly. Full details of our FREE WATCH PLAN will be sent to you immediately.

CRESCENT PRODUCTS COMPANY
611-621 B'dway, Dept. M. G., New York



Hope Hampton pulls record in Detroit. The prize package for business was at the Capitol where Hope Hampton's latest, "The Light In the Dark," was shown.

—*Variety.*

Hope Hampton does splendidly in an absorbing story of much dramatic power, is supported by an excellent cast and is presented in by far her finest production. "The Light In the Dark" stands high in the list of cinema achievements, a picture that is genuine and bound to score heavily wherever presented.

—*Morning Telegraph.*

"The Light In the Dark" is a genuine novelty. . . . But it is more than that: it is a production of "class" which will please the most critical. And it marks a distinct triumph for Miss Hampton.

—*Exhibitors Trade Review.*

This picture will appeal, primarily, to patrons who seek altogether clean entertainment, but which has not suffered a loss of character because of an attempt to avoid censors. It is romantic enough for the young, serious enough for the studious and produced with marked consideration for picture goers who demand the best.

—*Motion Picture News.*

Miss Hampton has been seen to good advantage in her previous vehicles but in "The Light In the Dark" her portrayal of the leading character, Bessie MacGregor, is without doubt the best piece of acting she has ever done and equal to the best screen actresses of the day. . . . The story has been lavishly produced in every respect, with plenty of heart interest and some of the finest performances ever contributed to the silver sheet.

—*Exhibitors Herald.*

"The Light In the Dark," otherwise Faith, is by odds, the best story, and certainly is better handled by Hope Hampton than anything she has ever done.

—*The Film Daily.*

"The Light In the Dark" strikes an appeal that goes deeper than the average. It has a penetrating theme and symbolic beauty that has been emphasized just enough to keep the picture within easy understanding of all, at the same time lending that something to the scenes that warrants calling it entertainment plus. For many reasons it should bring big returns to the box-office.

—*Moving Picture World.*

HOPE HAMPTON

IN

THE LIGHT IN THE DARK

BY WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

WITH

LON CHANEY AND E.K. LINCOLN

DIRECTED BY CLARENCE L. BROWN

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS CIRCUIT

A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION

An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmononious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores. Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

"AURORA" $3.50

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from $15 to $20 perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

$3.50—Think of It!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligations of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora" 16 inches high, shade 10¾ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, choice of two color schemes—rich statuary bronze with brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone, or ivory white with golden yellow shade. Inside of shades is tinted old rose to give a mellow light. Shade holder permits adjustment to any angle; push-button socket, six feet of lamp cord and 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman $3.50 plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Shipping weight only 5 lbs., so postage even to furthest point is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to

Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Decorative Arts League (175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

You may send me, at the member's special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman $3.50 plus the postage, when delivered.. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations.

Check finish desired—Statuary Bronze ☐ *or* Ivory White ☐

(By)

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Pompeian Beauty Powder

Beauty's Reward

His eyes rest tenderly upon her lovely, glowing beauty. Upon her dainty finger he slips the crowning jewel of her happiness—the sparkling solitaire that proclaims his love. Such is the reward of beauty. And she holds the secret of youth and girlish loveliness—the use of the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. This is a vanishing cream that when worked well in is a protection for the skin against wind, sun, and dust—a delicate foundation to which powder adheres evenly, and from which it will not easily rub off.

Then, apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of a delightful perfume.

Now a bit of Pompeian BLOOM for a softly glowing color. And do you know that you should always experiment in the placing of rouge? Study the contour of your face. Perhaps you will look better with more color on the cheek-bones. Perhaps it is the center of the cheek where a deeper shade looks well.

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the BLOOM. And instantly the face is radiant with added youth and beauty.

GET MARY PICKFORD PANEL

(and five Pompeian samples)

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The rare beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7½. We will send you for only 10c this beautiful portrait of Mary Pickford and samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM (a rouge that won't crumble), NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty) and FRAGRANCE (a talcum). You can make many interesting beauty experiments with these samples. Please use coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2129 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Also Made in Canada

© 1922, The Pompeian Co.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

Day Cream (60c) . . holds the powder
Beauty Powder (60c) . . in four shades
Bloom (60c) . a rouge that won't break
Massage Cream (60c) . clears the skin
Night Cream (50c) improved cold cream
Fragrance (30c). . . talc, exquisite odor
Vanity Case ($1.00) . powder and rouge
Lip Stick (25c) . . makes lips beautiful

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford. Also please send me five samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below

From ENGLAND *Where Beautiful Complexions are the Rule—* comes a Marvelous Face Clay

The One Clay that Lastingly Benefits Any Skin it Touches in Forty Minutes Time — Brings Full Color and Stifles Hair Growth on Face with a Single Application — Unless it Does, You are Not Out a Penny

MADAM, you are cordially invited to try a full-sized jar of the original English complexion clay the discovery of which has set new standards of beauty for every woman. Claying with the right clay—the potent, purging clay called Terra-derma-lax, means blemishes banished while you dress for the day! And this new, natural beauty will *stay!* A dressing-table test on your own complexion will tell more than pages of talk. Our trial offer sounds daring, but really is not; this English clay's peculiar powers are more than a match for any and every impurity that dulls the skin. Even the domestic clays inspired by the discovery of Terra-derma-lax are of benefit to most complexions. But wait until you try Terra-derma-lax!

The English clay *laxates* the skin—any skin—renovates, restores, *remakes* it as you shall see.

A young scientist's search of three continents brought to light this clay of the British Isles. Then American ingenuity perserved its precious properties in a vacuum-closed earthen jar. The miracles this clay performs have been told in the public prints. First laboratory demonstrations caused a furore. The simple truths as stated by the press were scarcely believed. Perhaps *you* read, and doubted. So here is your chance to see for yourself. A full jar awaits your word that you want it, and will *try* it.

Spread this natural clay on face and neck—and forget it. In ten minutes, laxation starts; you can fairly feel the purging, purifying action in every pore. The whole skin structure responds. Another twenty minutes, and the clay is wiped away—revealing a skin silky-soft, bright with color.

Your name and address, please, and this full-quantity jar of fresh Terra-derma-lax will be sent you by first post. We want you to *see* what is so hard to *believe*. *Try* it before you *buy* it. *In other words, we guarantee that Terra-derma-lax will make your skin beautiful, enamel-smooth and colorful.* You will see this new brightness and bloom with one application of this active English clay—no charge unless you do! So, away with the coupon—off with the cover—on with the clay that is fast making poor complexions as scarce in America as they are in England.

ASTOUNDING Things That Terra-derma-lax DOES

— Acts in half an hour with complete results.

—Flushes each minute pore of all impurities.

—Brings back the full color and skin health of rugged youth and the benefits *last*.

—Keeps pores their normal size, because it is laid on, *not* rubbed in.

— Stifles hair growth on face.

— Leaves even a pimpled skin smooth in texture.

SPECIAL!

No-Profit Offer of $5.00 Jars

The regular price of Terra-derma-lax is $5—but don't send it. Our broadcast public offer must have reasonable restriction, of course. We cannot gratify the merely curious, nor send expensive English clay to children. So a small deposit to cover actual cost is asked as evidence of good faith. We have figured this down to only $1.88 plus postage. You need not trouble to enclose even this; the postman will accept your deposit. But please understand that it *is* a deposit—held to your credit. Take five days, for an unhurried decision. Then, and only if you voluntarily keep it, will we consider your deposit of $1.88 as a payment in full for your jar. Meantime, use a little of the clay, or use *all* of it For we want you to know that the trial is indeed free and unconditional.

Send No Payment Whatever

—unless you expect to be out when postman calls, and prefer to enclose $2 for jar prepaid. Either way, every penny will be returned to you unless your complexion is marvelously and overwhelmingly improved.

Dermatological Laboratories
329 Plymouth Place, Chicago

Please send full sized jar of Terra-derma-lax for five-day FREE trial. I will deposit $1.88 (plus postage) with the postman, as payment in full for the clay in case I decide to keep it. If the trial does not delight me with results, my full deposit to be returned.

218

Name _____

Address _____

To Department Stores and Druggists: We are now considering applications from representative stores to act as authorized distributors for the laboratory. Correspondence invited.

Bi[illegible] Litho. Co., N[illegible]

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE.

FIRST, FINEST AND FOREMOST

JANUARY

1923 M. 24

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

Jackie Coogan

IN THIS NUMBER THE ABSORBING SERIAL

FEASTERS IN BABYLON

Beauty
MAGAZINE

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

A Magazine of Beauty Secrets for Every Woman

A MAGAZINE to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. Every woman wants beauty: a strong, healthy body; grace; charm; a spirited, active mind. She knows that some are born beauties—others have it thrust upon them. What she does not know is that all may attain it if they will. A few years ago, those who used cosmetics in any form were called "painted ladies." Those who went systematically thru forms of exercise to improve their figures were "vain." Now, the use of cosmetics is universal. Physical culture is a habit. Every woman knows that she must *look her best*. She not only tries to *assist* nature, but to *improve* it. This is where the new magazine Beauty comes in.

LILLIAN MONTANYE,
Editor

Editorial Advisory Board

ELSIE FERGUSON	CORLISS PALMER	KATHERINE MACDONALD
PAULINE FREDERICK	ALLA NAZIMOVA	JEANETTE PINAUD

Beauty magazine is the modern

Pandora's Box

We have gathered about us some of the world's greatest authorities, and are supplying our readers with the best and most authoritative information on all subjects that pertain to personal beauty. Famous beauties of stage and screen, society beauties, beauty parlor experts, celebrated dermatologists, many well-known notables are contributing to its pages. A special feature is

The Beauty Box

conducted by Corliss Palmer who, as winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the most beautiful girl in America. This is an Answer Man department in which Miss Palmer answers all questions on the proper use of cosmetics and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. She also makes a special plea for

Physical Beauty

the importance of the care of the body itself; the significance of health; the wholesome charm of a strong, well-poised body. Each issue contains a hundred aids to grace and beauty—innumerable little "nothings" that count greatly in the end. Beauty is the Open Sesame to love, joy, life and all the dear emotions that so many have to pass by because they have not discovered the sweet secret of pleasing. Beauty is—in itself—

A Thing of Beauty

a second SHADOWLAND in its artistry. It contains reproductions of famous paintings in all their original colors, suitable for framing; beautiful photographs, in color, of famous beauties of this and other lands which make charmingly decorative pictures for the boudoir. From cover to cover Beauty is picturesque, artistic, colorful. It is

A Magazine That Every Woman Wants

and that every man wants his wife, daughter, sister or sweetheart to have. There are magazines of fashion, art, fiction, politics, homes and gardens—but until a few months ago no one had thought of devoting a whole magazine to beauty.

Dont Forget to Order from Your Dealer

There is always a rush—sometimes a real scrimmage when Beauty comes out. The price is only 25 cents a copy or you may subscribe at the rate of $2.50 a year.

Beauty is on the stands the 8th of each month.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC. - - Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Good-Bye—I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he isn't glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?

HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do *you* know what his blunder was? Do *you* know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you"?

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Just a Few of the Chapter Titles

A Plea for Dancing
Automobile Etiquette
When the Bachelor Is Host
Tipping at the Hotel
Woman in the Business World
A Trip to the South
At Tea-Room and Roof Garden
The Origin of Manners
Announcing the Engagement
Responsibility for the Wedding
How to Acknowledge an Invitation
When to Introduce—and How
Asking a New Acquaintance to Call
The "Bread-and-Butter Letter"
The Chaperon
Self-Confidence Versus Conceit
The Endless Round of Hospitality
Guests and Their Duties
The Young Country Miss
Why the Shy Are Awkward
Planning Surprises

—and countless other fascinating chapters that you will read and reread many times and find permanently helpful to you.

Are You *Sure* of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely *sure* of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

Famous Book of Etiquette in Two Volumes, Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination.

You have heard of the Book of Etiquette, of course. Perhaps you have been wishing that you could see it, examine it, read one or two of the chapters. Perhaps, even, you have had a secret desire to have your very own little problems solved for you by this famous, authoritative work.

Here is your opportunity to read, study and examine the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette absolutely without cost. For 5 days you may keep the set and examine it at our expense. Read the chapter on wedding etiquette, on the bride's trousseau, on speech, on dancing. Don't miss the chapter called "Games and Sports" and be sure to read about the origin of our social customs—why rice is thrown after the bride, why black is the color of mourning, why a tea-cup is given to the engaged girl.

You be the judge. If you are not thoroughly delighted with the Book of Etiquette, if you do not feel that a set should be in your home—in every home—just return it to us and the examination will not have cost you anything.

Surely you are not going to miss this opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette free? We know you are going to clip and mail the coupon at once.

Send No Money—Coupon Brings Books.

When the Book of Etiquette arrives, glance at the illustrations, read the introduction, read a page here and there through the books. Look up and solve the little problems that have been puzzling you. Within the 5-day free period decide whether you are going to return the books without obligation, or keep them and send us only $3.50 in full payment. Remember this is not an order—it is merely a request for free examination.

Clip and mail this coupon at once, before it slips your memory. There is no time like NOW to do it. Get it into the mail-box *today*. NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. 781, Garden City, N. Y.

Free Examination Coupon

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. 781, Garden City, New York.

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obligated to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding at $5, with 5 days' examination privilege.

(Price outside U. S. $3.50 cash with Order.)

"Shopping" for the best pictures

THIS idea of shopping for their photoplays is gradually and surely taking hold of people.

Just the way they shop for suits, rugs or motor cars.

It may seem strange to shop for such a romantic thing as a modern picture but good business methods turn out as well in buying entertainment as in buying anything else.

When you buy an automobile that bears the proud name of one of the greatest firms in the industry you are sure of the finest.

Why? The *name.*

When you go to a theatre which is showing a motion picture made by the foremost concern in the industry you are sure you are in for a great time.

Why? The *name,* Paramount.

Not only by the title but by the brand-name do the best theatres everywhere announce them—it is the pride of delivering the best.

Go "shopping" and get Paramount.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

A Few of Paramount's "Famous 41" Fall and Winter, 1922

Cecil B. DeMille's "Manslaughter"
With Thomas Meighan
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
By Alice Duer Miller
Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson

"The Old Homestead"
With Theodore Roberts
A James Cruze Production
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play by
Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson

Cosmopolitan's
"The Valley of Silent Men"
By James Oliver Curwood
With Alma Rubens
Directed by Frank Borzage

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"To Have and To Hold"
With Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
By Mary Johnson
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

Cosmopolitan's "The Face in the Fog"
By Jack Boyle. With Lionel Barrymore
Seena Owen and all star cast, including
Lowell Sherman. Directed by Alan Crosland

William deMille's "Clarence"
With Wallace Reid
Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy
By Booth Tarkington
Screenplay by Clara Beranger

Gloria Swanson in
"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
By David Lisle. Adaptation by Percy Heath
and Monte M. Katterjohn

Thomas Meighan in George Ade's
"Back Home and Broke"
Directed by Alfred Green

George Fitzmaurice's "Kick In"
With Betty Compson, Bert Lytell,
May McAvoy
By Willard Mack
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

Some New Paramount Pictures Coming in 1923

Pola Negri in
George Fitzmaurice's "Bella Donna"
By Robert Hichens
Supported by Conway Tearle and Conrad
Nagel. Scenario by Ouida Bergere
Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corp.

George Melford's "Java Head"
By Joseph Hergesheimer
With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan
and George Fawcett
Scenario by Waldemar Young

James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon"
By Emerson Hough
With Lois Wilson
Produced by the director of
"The Old Homestead"
Scenario by Jack Cunningham

Cecil B. DeMille's Great New Production
As yet untitled
By Jeanie Macpherson
With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore
Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pauline Jaron

An Allan Dwan Production
"The Glimpses of the Moon"
By Edith Wharton. With Bebe Daniels
Scenario by Edfrid Bingham

William deMille's "Grumpy"
With Theodore Roberts and May McAvoy
From the play by Horace Hodges and
T. Wygney Percyval
Screenplay by Clara Beranger

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

DEC 11 1922
©CIB553612

Motion Picture Magazine

The First, Finest and Foremost Magazine of the Screen

JANUARY

THE CONTENTS

Jackie Coogan, Cover Design.....*Ann Brockman*
Painted from a photograph by Shirley Vance Martin

PAGE

Gallery of Players..... 11
Portraits in gravure of Erich von Stroheim, Viola Dana, Will Rogers, Enid Bennett, Mary Alden, Kenneth Harlan, Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and Pearl White.

Hard Boiled Eggs with Peg O' My Heart.....*Harry Carr* 20
Laurette Taylor comes to the screen.

We Interview Pola Negri.....*Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher* 22

The Sister of Norma and the Sister of Constance..... 24

The Return of Tourneur.....*Willis Goldbeck* 25
Maurice Tourneur returns to direct "The Christian"

The Strange Story of Kamuela Searle.....*Harry Carr* 27

Baby's Hands.....*Gordon Gassaway* 28
Zasu Pitts, Tom Gallery and the young heir are interviewed.

Feasters In Babylon.....*Dorothy Calhoun* 30
The second instalment of the vivid serial of life in Hollywood

Announcing Another Screen Edition of "The Christian"..... 35

Viewpoints of a Vampire.....*Gladys Hall* 36
Nita Naldi expresses her ideas on sundry topics.

Snip, Snip..... 38
Silhouettes of famous screen people.

Capturing the Caption.....*Laura Kent Mason* 39

Tess the Second..... 41

Masquerade.....*Truman B. Handy* 42
A word picture of Lon Chaney.

At the Garden Gate..... 44

Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood.....*Peter Andrews* 45
A novelization of the feature production.

Marion Davies..... 50
Sketched by Harrison Fisher.

The Stars and Their Planets.....*Terraize MacDonald* 51
Read—and see which stars you are like.

If I Were Mr. Hays!.....*Leo Kober* 52

Considering Anita's Wardrobe..... 54

The Passing of Pulchritude.....*Frederick Van Vranken* 56
Personality rather than beauty marks new regime of stars.

Across the Silversheet.....*Adele Whitely Fletcher* 59

Comment on Other Productions..... 60

Without Wings.....*Gordon Gassaway* 63
A story about Helen Jerome Eddy.

When Beauty Reigns..... 64

That's Out.....*Tamar Lane* 65

Clarence.....*Janet Reid* 66
The popular photoplay in short-story form.

Letters to the Editor..... 71
Illustrated by William Gropper

Stills Between Shots.....*Ruth Overton* 72
Conversational minutes with the stars.

On the Camera Coast.....*Harry Carr* 74
News from the motion picture colony at Hollywood.

The Juvenile Critic.....*Dorothy Whitehill* 78
Judy and Punch discuss the new films.

Greenroom Jottings..... 82

The Answer Man..... 84

Copyright, 1922, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., (A NEW YORK CORPORATION) AT JAMAICA, N.Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, Brewster Buildings, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada $3.00; and foreign countries $3.50 a year. Single copies 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief — Guy L. Harrington, Vice-President and Business Manager
E. M. Heinemann, Secretary, and L. G. Conlon, Treasurer
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Managing Editor
Harry Carr, Pacific Coast Representative — A. M. Hopfmuller, Art Director — Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Director of Advertising

Also publishers of the CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month; SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third and BEAUTY, out on the eighth

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Are You Reading

FEASTERS IN BABYLON

that absorbing story of motion-picture studio life in Hollywood — bristling with tense situations — packed with exciting thrills — a hundred-percent story that excels in realism, dramatic intensity, and romantic charm

Now running serially in the

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

THE heroines were introduced to you in the **December** number —the fiery seventeen-year-old Lissa and her gentle sister Mary, two years older. You read of their departure from the dull home town for Hollywood—of their disappointments—of their try-out as extras—of the dangers that Mary feared and that Lissa challenged.

In the **January** number the Villain is almost crowned King—but Mary outwits him, saves her irresponsible young sister, and is given a glimpse of the hero, Dermott Trent.

In the **February** instalment many thrills and surprises await you: Mary's desperate resolve for the sake of Lissa—the frenzied party at the villa of a millionaire roué—the threat of the younger sister—the contempt of Dermott Trent—Mary's visit to the House of Mystery.

HOPE HAMPTON

IN

"THE LIGHT IN THE DARK"

BY WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

WITH

Lon Chaney & E. K. Lincoln

DIRECTED BY CLARENCE L. BROWN

D. A. COUPER

A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Permanent Wave Effect Now Quick, Cheap and Easy

New Liquid Discovery Makes Straight Hair Wavy, Soft and Wonderfully Curly

YOU have always longed for soft, fluffy, curly hair. And now—at last—you can have it! For Science has perfected a wonderful new liquid, which when applied to the most stubborn hair, gives it a beautiful permanent wave effect, making it wonderfully curly, delightfully soft, gloriously wavy.

It is called Domino Curling Fluid. Nothing just like it has ever been known before. No occasion to do away with your tried and tested method of kids or silk curlers. But Domino Curling Fluid is something more, something different, something entirely unique. Use the same old kids or silk curlers if you wish, but before doing so moisten your hair with just a few drops of Domino Curling Fluid—and, behold! A miracle of beauty will have been performed! Not only you, but your friends, will be astonished at the sudden, beautiful transformation in your hair.

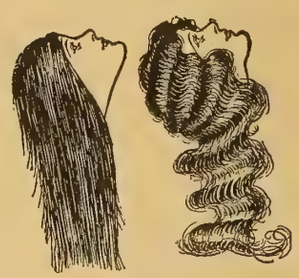
A so-called "permanent wave" costs about $25 and sometimes lasts four months, often less. But *now* you can have what we consider a far more beautiful wave—full of life and fluff—and you can have it now for only $1.45!

Just think what this means! No more costly fees to hairdressers. No more sitting for hours and hours undergoing the tortures of permanent wave methods. For in just a short time, in your own home, you can now acquire charming wavy hair that your friends will always envy. Domino Curling Fluid is *just* what you have been waiting for. On all sides beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.

Natural—Not Artificial—Waves

No matter how straight, dull or unmanageable your hair may have been, just one application of this wonderful discovery will make it fall in soft, glistening waves and natural silky curls. It will give even the most lifeless hair a new entrancing lustre. Only one application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually *for a week or more!*

If you have experimented with newfangled "permanent wave" methods, you undoubtedly know how injurious they are to the hair. Not only do they often kill the natural lustre and life of the hair, but they produce curls and waves *too artificial looking* to be beautiful.



Watch the Amazing Transformation!

No matter how straight or dull your hair may be you will be simply astonished at how Domino Curling Fluid makes it soft, wavy and charming. No more torturous electric treatments. For just one application of Domino Curling Fluid will make your hair delightfully fluffy and curly—and keep it so for a week or more.

But how different is Domino Curling Fluid! This remarkable preparation contains the very elements needed to make your hair *naturally* wavy, and *naturally* curly. That is why it always adds a new charm, youthfulness and beauty to one's appearance.

Don't let your beauty be spoiled by straight dull hair. No matter how you wear your hair, Domino Curling Fluid will beautify it immeasurably. No more straight wispy strands—no more straggly ends. For with Domino Curling Fluid your hair will *always* be neat, well dressed, dainty and charming. Try it once—and you will be amazed and delighted with the results.

Special Offer

So that every one may test this wonderful new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full size bottle of Domino Curling Fluid will be sent you by return mail. Although the regular price is $3.00, you may pay the postman the special reduced price of only $1.45 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

Furthermore, if you are not more than delighted with the results, you may return the bottle within five days and your money will be instantly refunded. We have backed up this guarantee with a special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. Thus, you do not risk a penny.

ONLY $1.45 *Send No Money*

Already Domino Curling Fluid is bringing new beauty and charm to thousands of others—and it will do the same for you. Mail the coupon now—today. Remember, on this special offer you get Domino Curling Fluid at a greatly reduced price. This offer may never appear again—so mail the coupon at once.

DOMINO HOUSE
PHILA., PA.

---Send No Money---

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. C-251
269 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me one $3.00 bottle of Domino Curling Fluid. When the postman hands it to me, I will pay him $1.45 (plus few cents postage), in full payment. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I will return it in five days and you agree to promptly refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

If you wish, you may send cash with coupon and save the postage.
(Price outside U. S. $1.60 cash with order.)

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

JANUARY, 1923

Vol. XXIV No. 12

Our Christmas Message

Merry Christmas . . . Merry Christmas!

Once again the year has come to the Season of Good Wishes. Loving hands wreathe the holly and light the gleaming Christmas candles. Hearts beat faster, warmed by tokens of remembrance and the World stops to greet his friend.

Thruout the overflowing span of days between the Yuletides there is rarely an opportunity for speaking the words of appreciation mothered in the heart. Life rushes on and on. . . . And mortals, hurrying to keep apace, sacrifice the little manifestations of friendship along the way.

So, at this Christmas season, we stop to voice our gratitude for your friendship thruout the year. Letters have come to us containing criticism which has been helpful and praise which has been encouraging. For both we are equally grateful. It has been pleasant to know you are with us; for us; of us.

And we ask you to think of us as a friend when we voice that dear, old greeting . . . a Merry Christmas!

Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

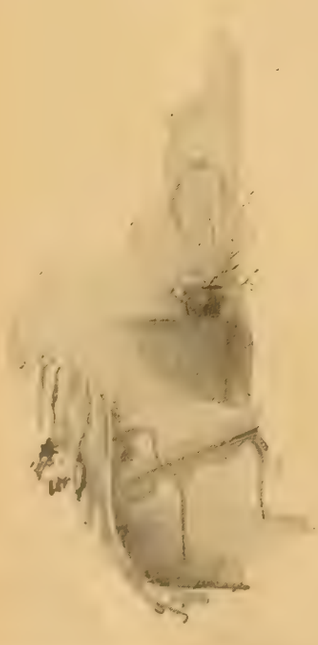
Is your skin especially hard to take care of?

Wind, dust, exposure: do they continually irritate and roughen it?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. By giving your skin the special treatment it needs, you can overcome its tendency to become painful, irritated, on the least occasion.

Use this special treatment for a very sensitive skin:

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft wash-cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear cool water, and dry carefully.



Modern authorities have discarded the old idea that washing the face with soap was bad for a delicate skin. Skin specialists now agree that the layer of dirt and oil accumulated on the skin when soap is not used, is a constant invitation to various disorders.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin now to give your skin the special care that will keep it normally resistant to dust and exposure; soft, smooth, and fine as you want it to be.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each different type of skin. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, *with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1301 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1301 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Copyright, 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Our Portrait Gallery

Eric von Stroheim, individualist, whose masterful hand is seen in the most minute details of his film productions. He is now the proud father of a son who boasts the name Saint Ritus Joseph von Stroheim

Photograph by Ellis, L. A.

Viola Dana, whose winsomeness so well fits the character of Emmy Lou, which she is now playing. Viola may look gentle, but she has a mind of her own—she absolutely refuses to let her bobbed hair grow

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Mary Alden, whose dignified name belies the angle of her hat. She is now playing in "A Woman's Woman," in which she is featured in a new rôle

Photograph by Freulich

Kenneth Harlan, who plays the part of the good-looking but weak and dissolute hero, if you wish, in the Warner production of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Beautiful and Damned." Marie Prevost is the heroine. Incidentally, she is soon to become Mrs. Kenneth Harlan

Photograph by James N. Doolittle

Bebe Daniels, with a Mona Lisa look in a Spanish setting, meditates on her next film, which is to be Edith Wharton's story, "The Glimpses of the Moon"

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

James Kirkwood is doubling for himself, for not only is he seen nightly on Broadway in Channing Pollock's new play, "The Fool," but his last film, "Ebb Tide," is still drawing capacity audiences

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Pearl White is now working in the fifteen-episode, George B. Seitz production, "Plunder." A story of romance and adventure in New York

Hard-Boiled Eggs With Peg O' My Heart

THIS was an odd and fascinating experience.

The first time I went to see Laurette Taylor, the meeting broke up in a grand family row. It was decidedly catty on both sides. It doesn't matter what it was all about; but there were "woids."

Afterward I was sorry; and she was sorry. In her impulsive Irish way she insisted on taking all the blame upon herself.

So that's how it happened that our interview finally took place in a dressing-room with Laurette Taylor eating hard-boiled eggs and lettuce on the edge of a high dressing-table. With her mouth nibbling at a piece of hard-boiled egg on a fork, she kept looking back over her shoulder with her saucer-big blue eyes, full of contrition and penitence. She was

Photograph by White Studios

At the top of the page and at the left, Laurette Taylor is seen in the rôle of Peg. She is bringing this lovely Irish lass to the screen at the Metro studios. At the right, a new camera study of Miss Taylor

"When I was over at Mary Pickford's house the other night, and Mary was helping me with my make-up," said Miss Taylor, "I asked Doug what he thought about the picture. He said, 'Laurette, you couldn't fail. Your face is too funny.'"

By
HARRY CARR

exactly like a naughty little girl, who has been sent away from the dinner table and is not quite sure whether or not the ceremony is to conclude with a spanking.

Laurette Taylor will never grow up. When she is eighty, she will still be a lovable, bad-tempered, red-headed little Irish girl—ready to give you her last nickel or to destroy you with fists, brickbats, sarcasm or whatever is handiest, as the case may be.

"I didn't mean to," she said. "It was when you began talking about legitimate actresses trying to do screen plays. I was just about fed up on that stuff. You would think that a legitimate actress was a visitor from Mars and that, on the other hand, screen acting was some involved mystery that has to come by inheritance . . ."

She gave me a questioning look as she looked for the salad dressing. "But you dont really mind rows, do you?"

I answered and she went on. "When I first married Hartley Manners I nearly suffocated for lack of a fight. You know Hartley, dont you? He's lovely. He is one of those sweet, calm Englishmen. You might get him into a fight, but no human being could quarrel with him.

Photograph by Mishkin, N. Y.

Photograph by John Ellis

Laurette Taylor will never grow up. When she is eighty, she will still be a lovable, bad-tempered, red-headed little Irish girl—ready to give you her last nickel or to destroy you with fists, brickbats or sarcasm, whatever is handiest. Above, another new photograph, and at the left, as Peg

"When I was a girl, we were a big Irish family and we fought all over the place. It didn't mean a thing. After it was all over, we cried and kissed and forgave each other. But I couldn't quarrel with Hartley. Sometimes I felt like I wanted to get up and go home for a while just to have a brisk fight. But he showed me that it is only selfishness and egotism that make us lose our tempers, so I try not to do it any more."

There was an impudent glitter in her eyes when she looked back over her shoulder the next time.

"Be sure and say that I did 'The Bird of Paradise' before I met Hartley. I was on the map first."

I asked her about Peg, which was just then being made into a screen play. I asked her why it had been a success beyond the records of all but half a dozen plays in the English language.

"Do you really expect me to be able to answer that?" she asked in alarm with a piece of boiled egg impaled in mid air.

"Of course I do."

(*Continued on page* 100)

We Interview Pola Negri

WE .....Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher
Pola Negri .....i. e. The Countess Chaulpez
Extras .....{ Maids, secretaries, hotel clerks, bell-boys and other aids to royalty

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

SCENE I.

The formal foyer of the Hotel St. Regis

In the background is the desk boasting of "Information" and armed to the teeth with hotel clerks, even, on this ceremonious occasion, more non-committal and more inscrutable and more inhospitable than hotel clerks usually are. It is borne in upon the timid observer that hotel clerks, like other artists, are born and not made. The desk is alive (we should say dead) with telephones.

"Amerika men!" said the Negri, "I like zem ver' much. Zey are what you say—healthy animals. And zey are what you call—sportsmanlike. Zey make good in ze business world. Zey wear rough grey suits mos' of ze time. Zey seem ver' happy. An' that ees right. Men should be happy when ze women are so ver' beautiful"

Gladys Hall, hereafter alluded to as G. H., is discovered seated uneasily upon the precarious edge of a large chair. Her attitude is anxious, to say the least. Her eyes are contracted as tho her head was in a vise, and the manner in which she frequently adjusts her hat suggests that it is new and a trifle too small. Her wrist watch is very much in evidence, and she compares it at intervals of one minute with the hotel clock.

Adele Whitely Fletcher, hereafter alluded to as A. W. F., enters in a casual manner. When she sees G. H., she registers shock. She comes forward muttering inarticulate things in explanation of her unprecedented tardiness. G. H. looks even more intently at her hat. Her attitude is a righteous one.

G. H. (*wearily*):
You're late, I believe, *Miss* Fletcher.

A. W. F. (*spryly*):
No, not exactly. You see, my dear *Miss* Hall, I always tell you to keep your appointments ten minutes beforehand, at least. I always have, you know, ever since I first became familiar with your—ah—temperamental deficiencies. Never have you been on time before. Why you are today, is probably a matter of higher calculus.

G. H. (*still wearily*):
You're wrong again, my friend. But we'll let it go . . . we'll let it go . . .

A. W. F.:
Well, calm yourself. It is not likely that we will be "received," anyway. I understand that Madame Negri is keeping only those appointments which interest her.

G. H. (*in a shrill voice*):
And, why, *why* should that intelligence "calm" me, may I ask? I came into this city particularly for this interview at a time in my career when buying railroad tickets is by way of being a luxury. I bought a new hat, which you have failed to

observe, also for this interview. And it is so tight that it is nearly killing me. And because, after all of this, Pola Negri may not see us, you tell me to "calm" myself. The logic of the editorial mind. Well, we'll let that pass, too. And *why*, my Oracle, may she not see us?

A. W. F. (*who would like to think that her manner is that of calming her irate contributor in wise, editorial fashion*):

Temperament, I suppose. (Drearily) *I* encounter it on every hand. Well, you have always wanted to see temperament in action, and it is not unlikely that your wish will be granted. If there is such a thing, which, being an editor, I do not doubt, the great Continental star will manifest it. Her press department has assured me of that. She has already refused to grant more interviews than she has given. She has broken scores of appointments with photographers. However . . . we'll see . . .

(*Continued on page* 102)

Above, Madame Pola Negri as she was photographed on the steamer when she landed in America. Left and below, two new and exclusive photographs

Photographs, left and below, by Donald Biddle Keyes

"When zey meet me at ze steamer," explained Madame Negri, "and say I am to be 'Bella Donna.' I felt like cry . . . I don' like to play bad woman all ze time. I want to play ze good woman, who is interesting. But always zey say you play ze bad woman. You see, tho, I play ze bad woman in 'Bella Donna, and you dont tink she such bad woman. Some day I play ver' good woman . . . some day"

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

The Sister of Norma
and
The Sister of Constance

The Return of Tourneur

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

MAURICE TOURNEUR, having in the course of years won a goodly tithe of fame and fortune, organized his own picture producing company — and in the course of months he lost it.

With the foundering of "Lorna Doone" in the midst of production activities his career as an independent producer was cut short. It has been the same story, almost without exception, for every man who has ventured to detach himself from the great machines, the Lasky, the Metro, and the Goldwyn organizations.

For a while the name Tourneur was absent from Hollywood's gossip. What he would do, no one could prophesy.

But Maurice Tourneur has proved himself big enough to come back into the fold, in a more important way, even, than he went out of it. Goldwyn, making a desperate effort to check its slide to oblivion, placed in his charge their biggest production of the year, "The Christian," by Hall Caine.

When I went out to Culver City, home of Goldwyn pictures, he was on his last week of shooting.

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Above, an interesting portrait of Maurice Tourneur, who has proved himself big enough to come back into the fold in a more important way, even, than he went out of it. At the left, the company of "The Christian" have a conference with Hall Caine. Reading from left to right, Maurice Tourneur, Hall Caine, Mae Busch and Richard Dix

That last shush was addressed to the group of girls behind him, who, unappreciative of the "marvelous" lighting, kept right on chattering while the scene progressed.

"Jeanne! Ethel! Maggie! Be still!" Bawling thus did the assistant director gain quiet for his lord, who meanwhile was getting on famously——

"Ah, Charlee! Is that not great, that scene there? No, no, Richard! Stronger! Ah, excellent. Pairfect! Cut!"

Mopping his brow, he turned to shake hands with me.

"It is hot. No? Is it?" he said.

"I think so," I said carefully.

Richard Dix, sweltering in the garb of the young clergyman, made for the exit, moaning for air.

Gareth Hughes, young acolyte in horn-rims, wandered by, blaspheming under his breath, sweetly, and hitching at his spectacles.

Tourneur has assembled an astonishing cast for "The Christian." It is a cast that, by reason of its utter disregard of established types, has set Hollywood by the ear.

Richard Dix, Mae Busch, Gareth Hughes, Phyllis Haver. The two men vary widely from

(*Continued on page 98*)

Said Maurice Tourneur, "I am convinced that to make pictures with a foreign atmosphere in this country is folly. In the first place, it is no more expensive to take a company abroad than it is to keep them at home and house them in extravagant sets, imitations of the European originals." At the left, Mr. Tourneur presents Mae Busch with a bouquet bought from an old flower vender. Below, as he was snapped while directing a scene

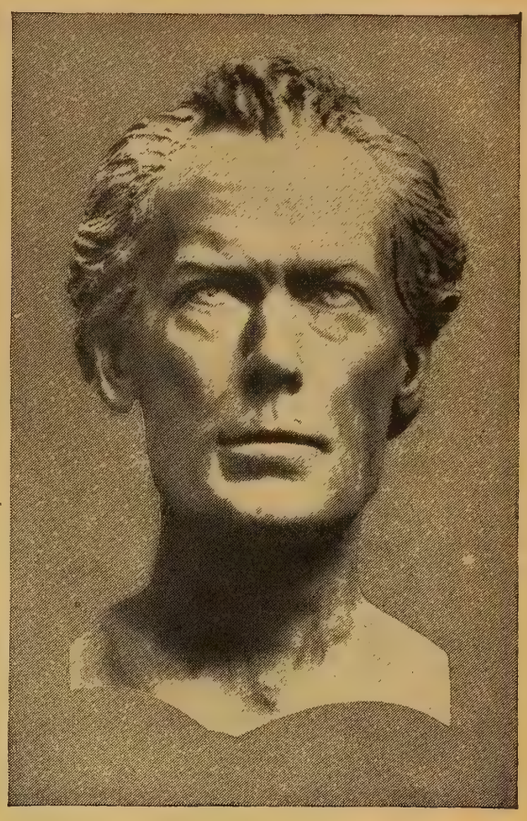
In the great glass stage it was stifling. To add to the discomfort of the place a great mass of heavy stuffs was draped over the set, roofing it and falling to the floor on all four sides. A number of fierce Klieglights were doing their best to kill the slightest suspicion of relief that a gap in the draperies afforded.

The thing that struck me at once—apart from the white-clad figure of Tourneur himself—was the astonishing number of pretty girls present among the extras. They were strewn all over the set, representing a London mission house; new faces that in all of my two years of studio peregrinating I had never encountered. One sees plenty of extra talent, but too little of it is comely. I wandered where they were sitting for the moment, most of them, on two rows of benches behind the camera. Tourneur was concentrating his attention on the scene.

"Ah, Charlee!" he would cry to his cameraman, "that light is wonderful, marvelous. . Shoot! Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh!"

The Strange Story of Kamuela Searle

By
HARRY CARR



Eight months ago Kamuela Searle was a careless young "cake eater," intent only on jazz dance steps; he had never given art a thought. Today he is a famous sculptor; a painter of note, and threatens to become a movie sensation. He explains it by saying he was a great sculptor on the ancient Nile. At the left, his bust of Lyman T. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury. At the right, Grant Wallace. Below, Mr. Searle is seen working on a bust of Cecil B. de Mille

REX INGRAM has discovered another actor. This one was formerly a priest and sculptor. He built one of the Egyptian pyramids some two or three thousand years before the Christian era. He says that was in a previous existence before there were any movies or Rex Ingrams.

Mr. Ingram's discovery is a young half-caste Hawaiian named Kamuela Searle. He has burning orbs, a passionate glance that, as Della Fox used to say, "goes clear thru you and buttons down the back," a magnificent physique and an emotional nature that sizzles and sizzles.

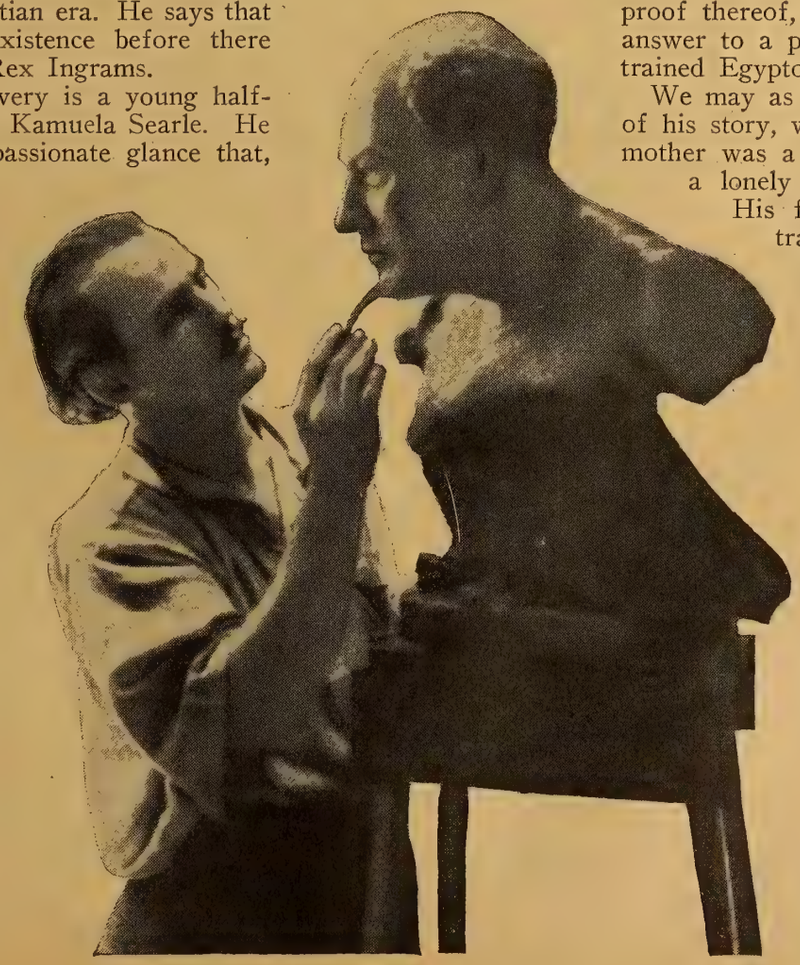
The story of this young Searle is an amazing chapter.

Eight months ago he was a careless young "cake eater" intent only on jazz dance steps: he had never given art a thought. Today, he is a famous sculptor, a painter of note, and threatens to become a movie sensation.

No one can explain it except Searle himself.

He says he was born a trained sculptor and artist. He simply remembered a technique learned five thousand years ago when he was a builder of great monuments in Egypt in the days of the forgotten Pharaohs. In proof thereof, he has given engineers the answer to a puzzle that has long puzzled trained Egyptologists.

We may as well begin at the beginning of his story, which was a love affair; his mother was a beautiful Hawaiian girl on a lonely island of the South Seas. His father was a young Scotch trader.



Until he was seventeen years old, young Kamuela lived a wandering aimless life, playing with the native children. All the speech he knew was a queer jargon of the South Sea traders—the pidgin-English of the Orient.

When he was seventeen, he somehow drifted to San Francisco. Hanging around town, he made the acquaintance of a prize-fight impresario who was struck by his lusty young strength and physique. He gave the hungry young fellow a job as a sparring partner for Harlem Tommy Murphy, who was then

(*Continued on page 92*)

Baby's Hands

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Zasu Pitts has just passed thru the glories of motherhood. A new light is glowing in her eyes. And the baby hands of Zasu II hold the reins of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallery in their chubby grasp. No baby was ever more welcome and none more loved

ZASU PITTS has just passed thru the glories of motherhood and a new light is glowing in her eyes. In back of her is the Valley of Hard Knocks and before her, she says, the world is her orange and she's going to get the juice out of it.

This is about Zasu Pitts — and Zasu Jr. The baby girl who has come into the lives of Zasu and her adored husband, young Tom Gallery, strikes, with its gurgles of joys and its little hunger-cries, the keynote of the future for these two youthful picture players. No baby was ever more welcome and none more loved. Its tiny hands hold the reins of these two lives in their grasp.

"When one thing after another went flooie, when they said I was down and out, I felt like giving up. It just seemed as if my career was becoming a series of lost opportunities. My own company failed to materialize because the money which was to finance it was seized by the estate of the man who was putting it up—and died. I had chances to take big parts at a time when I was doing something small that didn't count. When I was in the hospital, a motion picture company was casting for a picture in which I would have had a wonderful opportunity.

"This would sound like a hymn of hate if I kept it up, but I just want to say that instead of giving up I'm going right on—only now I'm going to *fight!*"

We were sitting in the parlor of the home which the Gallery family had just leased upon the side of a Hollywood hill under the eucalyptus trees. There sat Zasu, Tom and I. Zasu Jr. now three months of age, was being groomed by her nurse for some photographs. Gentle cries of protest anent the grooming process drifted in from the nursery.

There is only one Zasu Pitts. I watched her as we chatted on, in the waning light of a California afternoon, and was reminded of Lillian Gish. If you have only seen Zasu on the

Regarding Tom Gallery, Zasu Pitts Gallery, and Zasu II, and their little house on the hill

screen, you will remember her as a wistful, rather awkward girl with a quaint drollery that is all her own.

When you meet her at home, you find a girl who is still droll, but not awkward, with a low, appealing voice, large blue eyes and a firm mouth. She is exactly the sort of girl that a boy like Tom Gallery would take into his arms and say—"Let's play with life together." And he did. She defers to Tom in everything. In fact, with Tom around it is almost impossible to get an interview out of her because she leaves her statements up to him. Many interviewers in the past two years, since their marriage, have called them an adorable couple, and I am content to let it go at that. It says everything.

Now there has come a time in the lives of these young people when they are really facing that life with which they sought to play. They have found that it is not all made up of dances at the Studio Club and little dinners for two at Marcel's.

And in the metamorphosis from children to the estate of man and woman they are finding the more lasting joy of conflict for a worthy cause. The cause, I strongly suspect, is Zasu II. If there were more juniors and little sisters in the lives of more Hollywood couples — well, I think there'd be more happiness, that's all.

The story of how a little girl came down to Los Angeles from the village of Santa Cruz with the determination to crack the picture nut with one whang, and how she almost starved before she got her chance with Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess," and with King Vidor in the Brentwood pictures, is well-known history now. That little girl with the wistful eyes was Zasu Pitts. She climbed the ladder of fame with labored steps until the time came when a business man saw an opportunity to form a company and feature "this Pitts girl" as its star. But just as everything was going nicely, and her salary had been fixed at one thousand dollars a week, the man passed on and his estate claimed the money which was to pay Zasu.

"I've never owned an automobile in my life," she said to me as we sat and rocked in the parlor that afternoon, "and yet people have reported that I splurged on the expectancy of the success of my own company. They have called me a failure because that company didn't materialize. Even some of the studios were unsympathetic about it —and I dont see how it was my fault."

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Zasu Pitts is a character woman, tho not in the theatrical sense of the expression. She is not beautiful in the Howard Chandler Christy terms of beauty, but she has the thing Maude Adams had. It is appeal. It is charm

I dont either. Zasu is most dispassionate in discussing herself. She admits that she cried for two days and two nights over an interview which classed her as a failure, and placarded her as a character woman.

This Miss Pitts *is* a character woman. But not in the theatrical or professional sense of the term. She is a woman, now, with character. She is not beautiful in the Howard Chandler Christy terms of beauty, but she has the thing that Maude Adams had. It is—appeal. You might say it is charm. She is such a girl as Helen Jerome Eddy — a girl who might live next door to you.

"Come on," quoth Tom, pulling at my arm, "let me show you the house." We clambered upward, and were rewarded by a view over the somnolent town of

(*Cont'd on page* 91)

Feasters in Babylon

A Serial Story of Two Sisters Who Came to Romantic Hollywood

By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

Illustrated by August Henkel

A Synopsis of the Preceding Chapter

Mary Leonard, nineteen, and her half-sister Lissa, two years younger, live in the dull little town of Cloverly. Their mother is dead. One evening Mary sees Lissa being ardently kissed by Harvey Peders, a village boy. She is greatly disturbed, and later talks seriously to Lissa, who only laughs at her. The following morning discloses the fact that the father has killed himself, and has left the girls only a few hundred dollars. After the funeral, when the good people of Cloverly advise the orphans in regard to their future, Lissa declares they are going to California to be movie stars. Mary demurs, but Lissa is obdurate, and her plan is carried out. Arriving in Los Angeles, the younger sister spends a great deal of their precious money for strange cosmetics and what Mary considers "improper" lingerie. They go to Hollywood, but meet only disappointments. For two weeks they spend most of their time in the offices of casting directors and finally are chosen with twenty others by Leon Grey, casting director for Superba Pictures, to appear in a cabaret scene. In the dressing-room they are hurriedly made up for their parts and dressed in daring evening costumes. Out in the studio, instructions are given them by Al Gessler, the director. To Mary's horror Gessler watches Lissa all thru the scene. Others comment on it too. Released at last, the older sister hurries to the dressing-room, to be confronted by Leon Grey, who asks her to come into his office. She goes, in a panic, expecting to be fired. But Grey informs her that he'll make her a star if she'll be nice to him—that he can make her or break her. Horrified, Mary rushes out and finds in the dressing-room a note from Lissa, saying that she has gone on a party and hinting at a wonderful chance for a real part. Mary knows that Lissa's offer is of the same nature as the one she herself has just received. She tries to meet the situation calmly, to plan a course of action—but intruding upon her thoughts constantly are Al Gessler's dissolute eyes following every movement of Lissa in the cabaret scene.

THE SECOND INSTALMENT

DARKNESS had fallen over Hollywood, sudden and starless, when Mary Leonard came out of the Superba studio, a drop curtain unrolled across a bright theatric scene. The structures on the lot showed in fantastic silhouette of minaret and dome against a pallid sky, and the blackness engulfed her as she stepped down into it and began frantically to run along the street between palaces of paper and plaster, and dungeons of lath.

"Lissa!" she panted. "Lissa—wait for me——"

At the gate a figure blocked the way. "What's your hurry?" the watchman growled. Lantern held high, he peered down curiously at the white face above the garish evening gown. "Hafta show your pass, Miss, before you can leave the lot!"

"Pass——" Mary stared. "I didn't know—I cant——" she struggled to speak coherently. "I'm new, you see. My sister and I have only been working one day. I got delayed," she winced from the memory of Leon Grey's dirty fingers, hot on her bare arm—"when I went to look for her I found this." She thrust the note into his hands, watching him with agonized eyes as he read it. "You'll let me out, wont you? Please! I'm afraid something may have happened to her."

"It's the rules," the man insisted doggedly; "I got strict orders. Them actresses are careless with their jewels and there's too many sneak thieves round this here town. You'll hafta go back and get your pass, Miss."

Pass! She could not remember being given any such thing. It might take hours, when minutes were so precious. She clutched at the rough sleeve. "Look at me!" Mary cried desperately. *"Do I look like a thief?"*

The glare of lantern light fell full on the uptilted face, and even Bill, the watchman, whose heart was hardened by long exposure to feminine beauty, paid the tribute of a sincere "Hell, no!" and drew aside to let her by. He continued to stare heavily in the direction in which she had disappeared for some moments before resuming his seat on the stool by the gate.

"You cant keep a moth from singeing its wings by posting a warning notice beside the candle," he muttered sagely, "but she was a sweet little thing. She looked the way my daughter would have—if I'd ever had a daughter! Oh, well, it's none of my look-out!"

The Superba studios were on the outskirts of the town and at this hour of the evening the street was deserted. From behind stuccoed garden walls music and laughter floated out of unseen villas. The air was odorous of fresh-clipped lawns, and the scent of white flowers brought to Mary's quickened imagination an overpowering sense of passing by open graves.

After a long while of this hurrying thru the darkness she stopped suddenly as tho she had come against a blank wall. Where was she going? Where could she go? Somewhere in this scented, laughter-cruel night, perhaps Lissa was in danger—Mary had seen enough movies to be able to vision the scene. How often she and Lissa had sat, safe and remote, in Cloverly's little picture theater and watched the inevitable struggle on the screen, in which the heroine's hair came down and the furniture was overturned. She had secretly dreaded this part of the picture—it belonged to those things nice girls didn't think about. It made her feel hot and uneasy—and now——

Mary caught at a wrought-iron gateway in the wall to steady herself in the reeling of the world, and the headlights of an automobile moving down the driveway etched her a moment vividly against the darkness: the golden masses of her hair slipping down about bare shoulders, the light silk gown drabbled to the knees with dew.

The car came to a stop beside her with a screaming of suddenly applied brakes. "Hullo!" said a deep voice casually, "what have we here? Another Hollywood scandal?"

Deliberately the finger of a flashlight pried thru the darkness until it touched her face, inexpressibly woebegone, with the tears making a path thru the masking grease-paint. The light wavered uncertainly as tho in surprise, traveled down the disheveled figure to the sodden wreckage of satin slippers, and slowly back again. "Hm!" said the voice dryly, "if it isn't an impertinence,

tell me—are those tears real or are they glycerine?"

Pinioned by the shaft of keen light, Mary gazed uncertainly toward the speaker, dabbling at her cheeks with a drowned wisp of lawn. The gesture was utterly devoid of coquetry. It seemed, oddly enough, to decide the speaker, for the door of the car clicked open.

"Get in!" ordered the disembodied voice curtly, "we cant talk here. There are female reporters behind every oleander in Hollywood these days, in search of local color for the Sunday supplements!"

It seemed quite natural to obey—he had that kind of a voice. Another moment Mary, ensconced in the front seat beside a vague dark bulk, was gliding smoothly down the boulevard, pouring out her story—the day's experiences in the studio, the casting director's offer of "a real part," the finding of Lissa's note. "Of course, I may be foolish," she finished breathlessly; "perhaps one of the girls *is* giving a party, but when I remembered how that director looked at her, as if—as if she wasn't *decent*——"

They were passing a street lamp and she caught a glimpse of a grim profile with clean-cut lips that curled in a wry smile, cut like an intaglio, on a semi-circle of yellow light before darkness blotted it out. "My dear young lady," said the voice mockingly, "the only place one can find decency these days is in the dictionary, and there it is undoubtedly marked 'obsolete.' I can probably help you find your sister—but is it worth while to compel anyone to be technically virtuous?"

Mary caught at one phrase, unheeding the rest. "You can tell me where to find her? Oh, *cant* we go faster?" She strained forward in the seat as tho to urge the car on by sheer force of her impatience. "I believe God sent you!" she finished solemnly.

The man laughed, a harsh, unhappy sound. He leaned to manipulate his gears and the car sprang away like a live thing unleashed. Straightening, his cheek came accidentally in contact with her bare arm. "Good Heavens!" wheel in one hand, he reached backward into the tonneau and dragged something rough and woolen about her with masculine clumsiness. "No loyal Californian ever admits catching cold, still we all carry a bootleg wrap or two!"

The car turned sharply away from the city down an avenue lined with eucalyptus trees. The heights beyond were strung with necklaces of light, with here and there a jeweled cluster to mark the marble pile of some member of the movie royalty. On a lot which they passed, fantastic figures in Spanish costumes moved about in the blue glare of the mercury globes which gave faces and hands a corpselike hue, at the bidding of a hoarse and tired megaphone.

It occurred to Mary vaguely that it was strange she should feel no fear, she who had been told all her days never to speak to a stranger unless he wore a uniform. If anyone a month ago had told her that she would be riding tonight

At the gate a figure blocked the way. "What's your hurry?" the watchman growled. Lantern held high, he peered down curiously at the white face above the garish evening gown. "Hafta show your pass, Missie, before you can leave the lot"

Pinioned by the shaft of keen light, Mary gazed uncertainly toward the speaker, dabbling at her cheeks with a drowned wisp of lawn. The gesture was utterly devoid of coquetry. It seemed, oddly enough, to decide the speaker, for the door of the car clicked open

thru the darkness, alone with an unknown man, she would have laughed at the absurdity of the idea; yet now it seemed quite natural, as if she moved at the bidding of some law that was stronger than she. The words of old Omar floated across her brain:

> We are no other than a moving row
> Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
> Round with the sun-illumined lantern, held
> At midnight by the Master of the Show.

"Where are we going?" she asked, breaking the silence at last; "to Mr. Gessler's house?"

"Hardly!" his voice was edged; "Mrs. Gessler might object to an arrangement like that! Also several little Gesslers——"

She uttered a cry, swept with shame that scorched her like a flame. "Oh this cruel, wicked place! Why did we come?"

"It's like any other place," he answered; "the only difference is that here we have the spotlight on us all the time. For one director like Al Gessler there are a dozen unpicturesquely respectable ones. You were out of luck to happen on him, that's all."

They turned into a private road that curved among dense shrubbery in which white marble nymphs stood out startlingly lifelike, twitching at the nerves. "I may be mistaken," he confessed, "but the Sans Souci is a favorite place for—hm—business contracts to be made! It's a roadhouse where the Devil has a passkey and everyone feels it quite safe to go. When people are all in the same glass house there aren't likely to be many stones thrown!"

Mary screamed and shrank against the rough tweed shoulder beside her as a huge figure in red-devil's livery stepped suddenly into their path and tossed two gilt masks into their laps.

"Leave reputation behind all ye who enter here!" he adjured them, jovially.

Rounding the next curve the restaurant lay before them, red-lit, with windows discreetly shrouded in gauze folds behind which dim close-locked figures moved to the blare of jazz. Mary's companion drove his car across the grass into the lee of a vine-covered wall. She knew by his voice that he had turned to her, doubtfully. "Now that I've brought you here I cant do anything more. I've learned the folly of playing Quixote and trying to save people who dont want to be saved! Better take my advice and let me drive you back home."

"No!" Mary stood up. "I've got to take care of Lissa. I—I inherited her!"

Again his voice detained her. "They will deny that Gessler is here, of course. They will not let you hunt for your sister. If she is here at all, it is in some private room, and there are many private rooms whose patrons pay a luxury tax for not being disturbed. I warn you, you may be insulted. Still determined? Put on the mask, then."

He could not have explained why he did not want the eyes of the world to touch her face like slimy fingers, soiling whatever they rested on with the filth of their own imagining. He had come into this adventure on the impulse of a moment of boredom, not because he believed in this girl. It was not his habit to believe in people.

Mary felt something cold and heavy thrust into her hand, and stood dazed and shivering in the blaze of his flashlight, gazing down at the blunt-nosed thing she held.

"It may help you to persuade them," he explained. "Wait! Your hair—no one could forget *that*. Tuck it up under my cap—so. I'll wait for you here for an hour. If you're not back by then—there wont be any need of waiting——"

If he had hoped to frighten her, he was disappointed. Long after she had gone he sat motionless, then impatiently he reached into his pocket for a cigar. The flare of the match lighted up a sneer. "Dont be a fool, my friend," he muttered; "they're all alike——"

In the main dining-room of the Sans Souci the light

came from beneath thru the glass floor under which sultry flames seemed to writhe and seethe, sending up a lurid crimson and long smoky shadows, and giving the diners the look of lost souls making merry in hell. But instead of the smell of sulphur, the air swooned with sensuous perfumes and the effluvia of warm uncovered flesh. Flesh! Flesh triumphant—everywhere white naked backs, soft shoulders, the lovely curves of arms and breasts stained with the amorous light.

The dance floor in the center of the room was in almost total darkness, but a hidden searchlight moved across it at intervals, limning white mask-like features that seemed to float on the darkness like drowned faces on black waters. Some of the diners wore the gilt masks which the management thoughtfully provided, but for the most part the men and women made love openly and unabashed, leaning across the small tables, speaking in low tones under cover of the crashing music. In a mock gesture of respectability the liquor was served in teacups by waiters dressed as devils; now and again some *divertissement* was picked out by the spotlight, nicely calculated to give a fillip to appetites jaded by sensation.

It rains upon the just and the unjust alike. At Sans Souci the lights shone upon good and bad alike—or perhaps one should say upon bad and not-quite-so-bad. Here a society woman listened with heavy lids to the murmured words of the handsome youth with the varnished pompadour and the faultless evening clothes who would leave those clothes in a locker later and drive her home in his chauffeur's uniform; there at the next table a painted *demimondaine* scented her cigaret with amber from a jeweled atomizer and blew audacious smoke-rings into the pallid face of the college boy who was her companion. And beyond, Gloria Graye, ex-Follies girl, divorcée, hanger-on of the movies, and gold-digger, entertained the bald-headed oil-fields magnate, whom she had assayed as being good for a new Vivadau roadster, with sprightly comment on those present:

"—that girl in the flesh-colored dress that dont look like she had anything on—see who I mean?—that's Olga Massova that played the vamp part in 'Slightly Shopworn.' No, that isn't her husband that's with her—husbands and wives come to this place, but never together! That fellow with the collar-ad chin that's spiking his ginger-ale out of the card-case flask is Hollister Fayne, and the dame with the sleepy eyes and the dress fastened on with court-plaster is Anita Earle—that I'm not saying she isn't perfectly straight, but she certainly makes a hundred and fifty a week go *a long way*—she's got a swell marble shack on the Heights than which there isn't any place than whicher——".

In a pool of spotlight a girl clad in nothing except a coat of gilding was writhing in a voluptuous dance, piquing the interest of her audience by her manipulation of a partly concealing fan of long peacock feathers. At this moment, when all eyes were turned toward this interesting spectacle, Mary slipped into the lobby. The headwaiter, at a touch on his arm, found himself staring down at an amazing little figure with golden hair showing below a man's rakish tweed cap, a mask slipped on askew, and a soiled and garish evening gown only half concealed by an extinguishing ulster.

"Is Mr. Gessler here?" asked a shaky voice from behind the mask. "Mr. Al Gessler, the Superba director?"

"Come, Lissa!" Mary looked at her steadily, ignoring Gessler. "You're coming with me. Put on your coat—here." She picked up the coat from where it had been flung, but Lissa did not stir

The headwaiter noted the quiver of the voice, the trembling of the small fingers on his sleeve, and drew his own conclusions. Janes had come here looking for men before; sometimes they cried, sometimes they created scenes, had hysterics, cursed and broke the furniture. Naturally, the Sans Souci did not encourage these domestic discussions. Over the tweed cap he signaled to a waiter. "Certainly, Miss! Just follow this man—he'll take care of you!"

Women, reflected the head-waiter as he watched the small, incongruously garbed figure led away down the corridor toward a rear exit, were a nuisance. They were sometimes even inconsiderate enough to commit suicide in a messy fashion all over the place. There was Vera Swayne, the little model, who at the end of a hilarious evening last year had dissolved cyanide tablets in her last glass of champagne, proposed the toast "To Our Successors!" and laughing had drunk the glass to the last drop and fallen, writhing, to the floor. That had hurt business badly—and that other affair when the girl from the Flapper Comedies had insisted on Ted Royce's dancing with her and then tried to shoot him as they were doing the Dempsey Dip — yeah, women were the devil all right!

The chuckle on the waiter's lips, as he flung open the outside door at the end of the corridor, changed into a squeak of terror. The blunt black thing wavered in Mary's fingers, describing eccentric convolutions. "I'm awfully frightened," she admitted breathlessly. "I—I never shot anyone before. But I'll have to now if you wont tell me where Al Gessler is—"

"He isn't here—"

But Mary caught a quick glance at the stairs and knew that the man was lying. The strident crash of jazz in the distance sounded to her strained senses like the snarl of savage beasts, the wolf-pack on her trail. Was it a month or a lifetime ago that she had sat safely in the window of her little bedroom, looking out over the lights of Cloverly and the fields lying fallow in the blue dusk, listening to the murmur of voices on screened verandas—

The fingers that held the heavy revolver felt numb, dead. She wondered whether for the first time in her healthy life she was going to faint; caught desperately at the thought of the man waiting outside, as at a strong hand.

"My sister—is with Mr. Gessler," she said, forcing herself to speak quietly. "She is too young to know how foolishly she is behaving. I want to find her and persuade her to come home with me, that is all. You know as well as I do that this revolver is a bluff—you could take it away from me—you could cheat and trick me if you wanted, but—" she pushed the mask aside and looked up at him with a face like, as he described afterward, "one of the plaster saints in church" "—but you'll help me, wont you? You'll help me find her and take her away from this cruel, bad place?"

The waiter fumbled with the napkin on his arm, embarrassed in the presence of unwonted emotions. "Mind, I dont know nothing about anything at all," he mumbled; "a fellow has to be

(*Cont'd on page 95*)

Mary's dreams were different. She stood on the veranda of the old house in Cloverly, listening to the clatter of horses' hoofs on the bridge. And up the road toward her came a knightly figure in armor, with a white evening shirt-front in place of a breastplate

Announcing Another Screen Edition of "The Christian"

Photographs by Abbé

The stirring Hall Caine novel, "The Christian," is being filmed by Goldwyn. Under the artistic direction of Maurice Tourneur, Richard Dix is creating the title rôle of John Storm, while Mae Busch plays Gloria Quayle. The exteriors were filmed in England under the personal supervision of Hall Caine. This is the second time this novel has been filmed. Several years ago, when Vitagraph made it with Earle Williams and Edith Story in the leading rôles, it created a sensation

Viewpoints of a Vampire

By
GLADYS HALL

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Regarding Valentino, Nita Naldi said, "He and his wife are in love. She always waited for him at the studio. And he's obliging. He'd imitate the Sheik any time he was asked. I'm glad he's made good, because he did it without any backing or pull. He's some lover!"

I SAID, being editorially authorized, "Do you like to play vampire rôles?"

"Who *would?*" said the Woman Who Didn't Care of "Blood and Sand." "The vamps always get the gate!"

I confest that I hadn't thought of that. One usually gets rid of one's sympathy inhibitions over the little-woman-left-at-home. But then, after all, there is the viewpoint of the vampire when you come to think about it.

"Of course," said Nita Naldi, carelessly, "they have to on the screen. The sob sisters would set up an awful howl if the little husbands didn't come home in the last reel leaving their tales behind them!"

"But you think in real life . . . ?"

"Oh, that," said Nita, indifferently, "is different."

"*Wouldn't* the little husbands come home?" My anxiety was getting the best of me.

"Not on your life!" Nita shook a reckless earring. "You know yourself," she said, clubbily, as one home-wrecker to another, "that the way to lose a man for keeps is the way the film wives treat them. Be nice to a man and he's as good as gone. Cater to him, run after him, spill a few tears over him at the breakfast table, call him 'Dearie' and you'll have him falling into the arms of the first vamp who throws him a red rose and a cruel word now and then, when she thinks of it. Treat 'em rough if you want to keep 'em. But of course," pensively, "they wouldn't dare to show that on the screen. Think of the shock it would be to the folks at home. But, if anyone asks me what I'd like to do, just for once, during my five-year contract with Famous Players, I'd like to do one little picture showing the vamp getting her just deserts—if I've got to keep on vamping at all."

"'Just'?"

"Oh, well, so far as life goes . . . "

"Aren't you the optimist!"

"No, nor a pessimist either. I'm not enough concerned about anything."

"No consuming passion?" I was hopeful. I leaned forward, expectantly.

"Yes."

"Ahhhhhhh!"

"My little sister. She's eighteen. And she's in Italy just now. When she's home she lives here with me. She's all I have by way of my own people and I'd steal for her. Even a husband. Outside of her, I dont care for anything much. Reading . . . I do a lot of that, but I dont know whether I do it because I'm so darned fond of it, or just to pass the time away between reels."

I looked, I thought, very sleuthy.

"Have you," I said, "*anything to say about Valentino?*"

Nita stared frankly. "Sure I have," she obliged. "I like him. And he's the most conscientious worker I know of. Studies the ink off his carbon copy. That taught me something. I never knew there were carbon copies before. I thought there was one script and one only, and that that one was locked up in a safe that could only

"Be nice to a man and he's as good as gone. Cater to him, run after him, spill a few tears over him at the breakfast table, and he will fall into the arms of the first vamp who throws him a red rose . . ."

be opened by a little glycerine. Valentino taught me differently. Well, let me see . . . He and his wife are in love, if that'll help. She waited for him at the studio and went to see all the 'rushes' with him and things like that. And he's awfully obliging. He'd imitate the Sheik any time he was asked . . . I'm glad he's made good because he did it without any backing or pull. He's some lover!"

At this juncture, just when you want to know more, let us analyze before we proceed. Nita looks like a vamp and talks like a girl on the front porch of a summer hotel. Only more so. God gave her the Orientalest-looking eyes I've seen without benefit of make-up. She has the approved voluptuous figure and a red mouth and wicked-looking teeth. She'd be a knock-out in Turkey. I'd be her bookie in any harem. And she has extraordinarily beautiful hands. And exquisite nails. They could scratch a couple of dozen wives without a struggle.

Fred Niblo, when they began on "Blood and Sand," told her that he was going to take some close-ups of those hands if he didn't do another thing. "One woman in a thousand," he said, "has beautiful hands. You're that one."

"On the vamp matter," said Nita, "I just dont happen to look like an ingénue and that's why they cast me for the vampire, which is wrong again, because the real vampire is the little baby doll with the liquid eye. Every time. A man is scared to death of a woman who looks as if she might have a couple of thoughts. He wants to know it all. That's Men. The girl with the curls is the real vampire. I found that out when I was in the chorus. It was the blonde cutie that did all the damage to the front row.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Nita looks like a vamp and talks like a girl on the veranda of a summer hotel. God gave her the Orientalest-looking eyes I've ever seen. She has the approved voluptuous figure and a red mouth

"You take the vampire, especially as she is shown on the screen, and all she amounts to is a shimmie and a clinch behind the neck. Any woman can compete with those tricks. There's nothing to it. It's when there dont seem to *be* any tricks that the red flag is waving.

"As for my being a vamp and dressing like one and all that—what chance have I got? Looks is looks and I dont do anything about them one way or the other. If someone hands me a pair of

(*Continued on page* 89)

Snip, Snip

Black paper . . .
Sharp scissors . . .
Snip . . . snip . . .
And, as tho by magic, a movie star comes forth from the black paper.

Beatrix Sherman, a New York silhouette artist, contributed the figures adorning this page. They were made from life on several different occasions.

In the upper left-hand corner we have Bill Hart . . . Bill all dressed up for a movie.

Facing Bill is Irene Castle as she appeared at a fête in Greenwich Village.

Mary Pickford in the character of Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" decorates the frame.

Then comes Anita Stewart as silhouetted at a recent charity ball.

And at the left is Charles Spencer Chaplin.

Capturing the Caption

By

LAURA KENT MASON

Illustrations by G. Francis Kauffman

THE trouble with the average motion picture—if we dare admit that it can be said to have a trouble—isn't the motion nor even the picture. It is the thing that comes in between, the pause amid action and more action, when there is thrown on the screen, in ornamental lettering, the meaning of the whole thing—if it has a meaning—in other words, the caption. You may call captions Subtitles or Spoken Subtitles—if they happen to be quotations—or anything you like. "Subtitle" is the official name, anyhow, I believe. But "caption" is the good old newspaper term of just about the same thing, and as most of the folks who write them are good old newspaper people—*slightly* gone wrong—I'm going to call 'em captions. Anyhow, what I'm talking about is the presumably pure reading matter that you get flashed at you between pictures, just when the action starts going and the one thing you dont care about is reading matter. Likely as not, you've got a book at home, anyhow, if you wanted to read.

When first motion pictures came into view, the captions were simple, almost to being primitive. They were the sort of thing that cave men carved on nine smooth stones as nice little missives to their lady loves. They were short, to the point, instructive and, at times, necessary and interesting. But you remember, of course, the days of the first caption, "John Clark, the father of Betty," or "that night." Those early captions ran most strongly to "that night" or "the next day." You would have known "that night," because night pictures were dipped in blue, anyhow. But you never could have guessed "the next day." The caption, "A year later," was really necessary, sometimes; especially when we'd left the ingénue a happy and just-married bride a moment before. Nothing but "A year later" could have explained, without scandal, the crib and the baby things in the very next picture. Yes, captions have their uses.

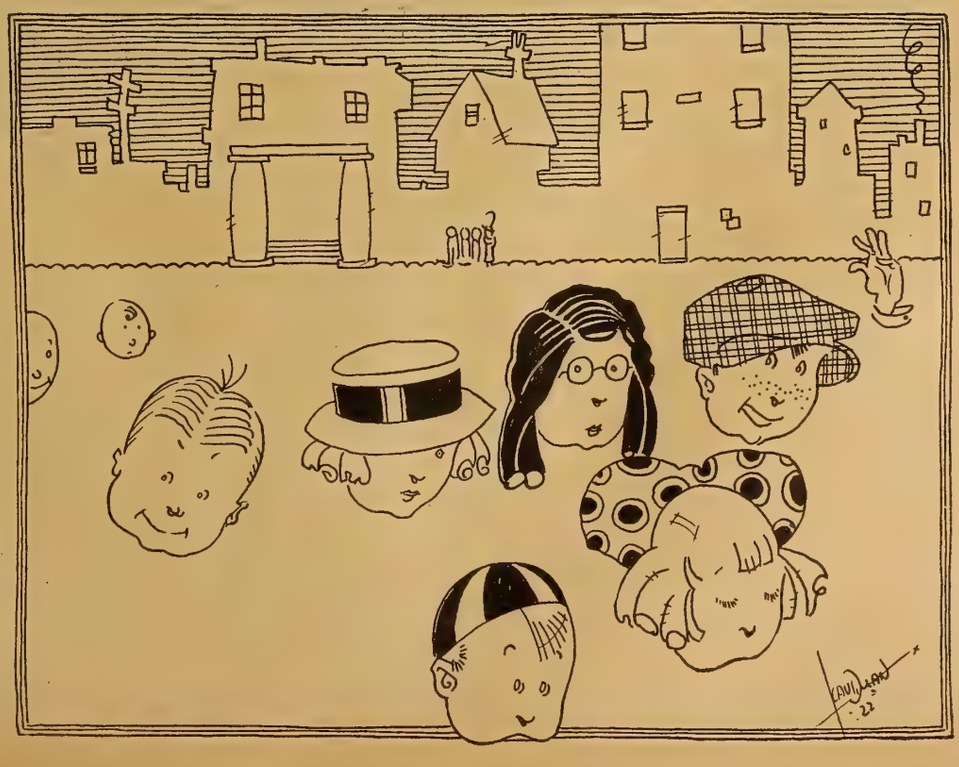
Those captions of the earlier motion picture days were frank, unafraid, simple, necessary. You were glad to know what time of day it was and how much time had passed and where Nell was going. And quite right, too. Then, "came a day" as the captions do love to say it, when a new school of photoplaywrights attacked us. This new school didn't believe in any subtitles at all! *A bas* the subtitle! That was their cry. "If a picture is perfect it will not need any explaining," they told us. Having nothing else to do that afternoon, we believed them. A new group of pictures came to us. I cant say that we did anything with them. Only a few of them ever reached even more than moderate success. The rest disappeared. Because, tho the subtitles had been dammed up for even a little while, when they were finally released, when the "say it with pictures" school of photoplaywrights faded into the background, they burst forth with renewed fierceness.

Producers Say...

—When you ask why titles are so terrible, that "people want them that way."

How they find out what people want is, of course, an unsolvable mystery.

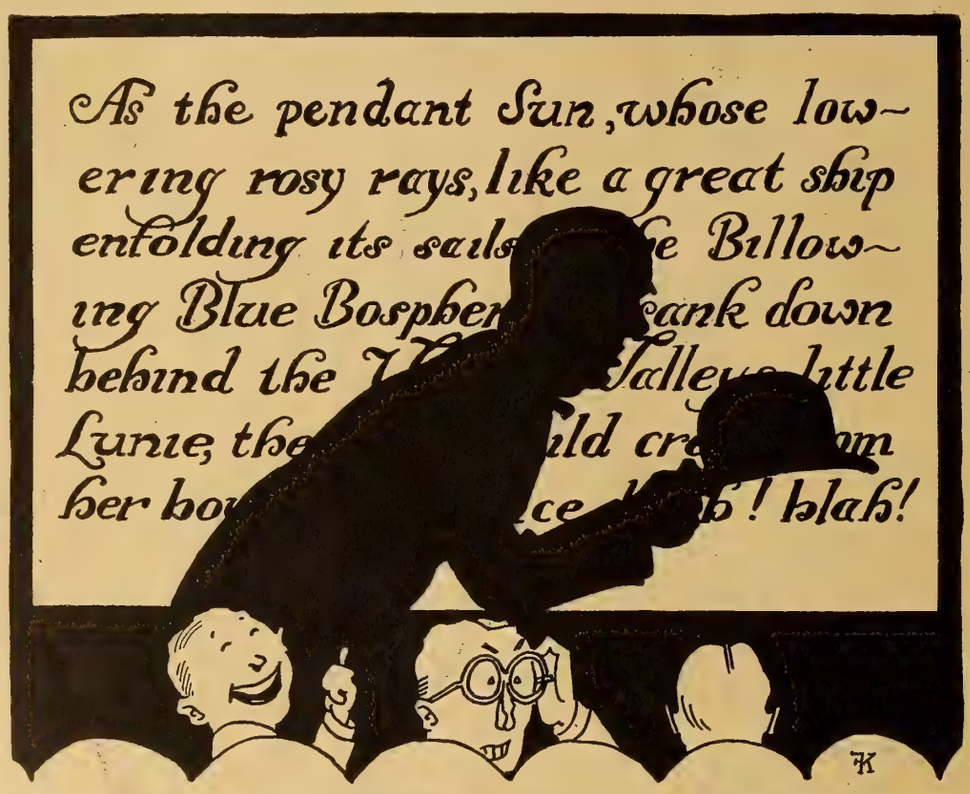
On the other hand, watch a movie audience. They look like good, average citizens to me. I can never detect the very low grade of intelligence some producers seem to think they have.



Or, in a news weekly, you may see what looks just like a band of school-children marching. It may make a great and lasting difference in your life to discover that those children are "Little Ones of Hartford, Iowa, marching in protest of the Eight Hour School Day"

The trouble with the average motion picture—if we dare admit that it can be said to have a trouble—isn't the motion or even the picture. It's the thing that comes in between—in other words, the caption. It is flashed at you between pictures just when the action starts going and the one thing you dont care about is reading matter

Today, subtitles—captions—call 'em what you will—are as important as possible. If they were any more important, you could do away with the picture, entirely. In fact, I've seen a few pictures, lately, where it seemed to me that if I'd had a bunch of old-fashioned stereopticon views and a printed story, flashed in sections, I'd have been just as happy and well-satisfied. The only reason they called that effort a motion picture was because the man who operated the motion picture machine that was showing the picture undoubtedly had to move around a bit. And of course the ushers were in motion. And of course the people in front of me weren't sitting any more quietly than usual. This may sound a trifle exaggerated, but I've seen pictures just recently where the captions were far more important than the pictures—and seemingly longer. It seems to me that that is taking literature too far. There may come a time when people get too lazy to open books and magazines. Then they may be perfectly willing to sit still and watch whole magazine stories, without any pictures, or even whole book-length novels flash in front of them. Oh, yes, I can imagine it even now, "Java Head," by Joseph Hergesheimer, starting tonight at the Art-Book Picture theater, a chapter a night until finished. But we aren't ready for that, now. Not quite ready, anyhow. Or, at least, that's the way it strikes me. I'm just simple enough to think that when persons come to a motion picture theater they want to see pictures.



There has grown up in pictures almost a complete language. Things are said in captions that would never be said in conversation under any circumstances and certainly not in literature and not even in newspapers. Long sentences introducing grandiose words and expressions are used in pictures with utter seriousness

Of course, the most terrible captions are those produced by the news weeklies. But, in a way, they cant help themselves. If they just flashed on a picture of a barn burning—as they seem to do every week—to the Average-Movie-Goer it might look just like a picture of any barn burning—the same barn, in fact, that they saw burning, in the picture, a week ago, or a week before that. So, the gifted title-writer pours forth, "Fire at Rapping Point, Wisconsin, Where Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Grain Was Destroyed." Immediately, the picture becomes real, vital. No longer is that just a barn burning. No, indeed. You can see the Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Grain right in the act of destruction. So, you see how vital title-writing can become.

Or, on the same news weekly, you may see what looks just like a band of school children marching. It may make a great and lasting difference in your life to discover that those children are "Little Ones of Hartford, Iowa, marching in protest of the Eight Hour School Day" or simply "Thousands of Children of Manistee, Indiana, Celebrate May-Day and the Close of School with a Giant Parade and Surprise Luncheon for Teachers!" My, yes! After the first caption, your heart would simply glow in sympathy for the children and in indignation against the wicked school authorities, while, after the second, you would settle back, comfortably, and almost taste the hard-boiled eggs. So, you see, in a movie news weekly, the captions may be, and usually are, the biggest part of the picture. Of course, going a step farther, to a person of average intelligence who, even occasionally reads a newspaper, the weekly may seem unnecessary, stupid and ridiculous. But, after all, there has to be something to make the program seem longer, after the feature picture, the comic and the music. And even the people who get out the news pictorials have to live. Or at least they seem to think so. But it does seem to me that they are going just a mite too far when they ring in practically pure and not even adulterated news items, from the *Literary Digest* and kindred publications, without even one picture to help them out.

After all, tho, a news weekly is only a news weekly, but a feature picture is a feature picture—or ought to be. It's the real honest-to-everything feature picture that I'm interested in, anyhow. And the captions that are inserted within them!

Franklin P. Adams, the gifted "F.P.A." who writes the *New York World's* "Conning Tower" has the most amusing stunt, which is as good a criticism of the present day motion picture and its titles as one could find. F.P.A. just recites a motion picture! That is, he gives, in a solemn voice, the title and the subtitle of a complete "feature" movie. He gets them so near to the real thing that you can visualize the whole picture. And, when he finishes, you see what a farce the average picture with its ridiculous subtitling really is. It makes you want to write Letters of Protest to the Motion Picture companies, signed Indignant Onlooker and begging for a real picture, in which the titles are not written for the pleasure of low-class morons.

When you ask a motion picture producer why the titles are so terrible, he will tell you "the people want them." How he finds out what the people want is, of course, an unsolvable mystery. But he always *knows*.

(*Continued on page* 90)

"Acting Is A Masquerade"

he had been doing more or less small things as a free-lance character man.

But, says Chaney, it was *not* make-up that gave him that particular push into the limelight. It was—*impartiality*.

In other words, it was the willingness of producers to give him a chance.

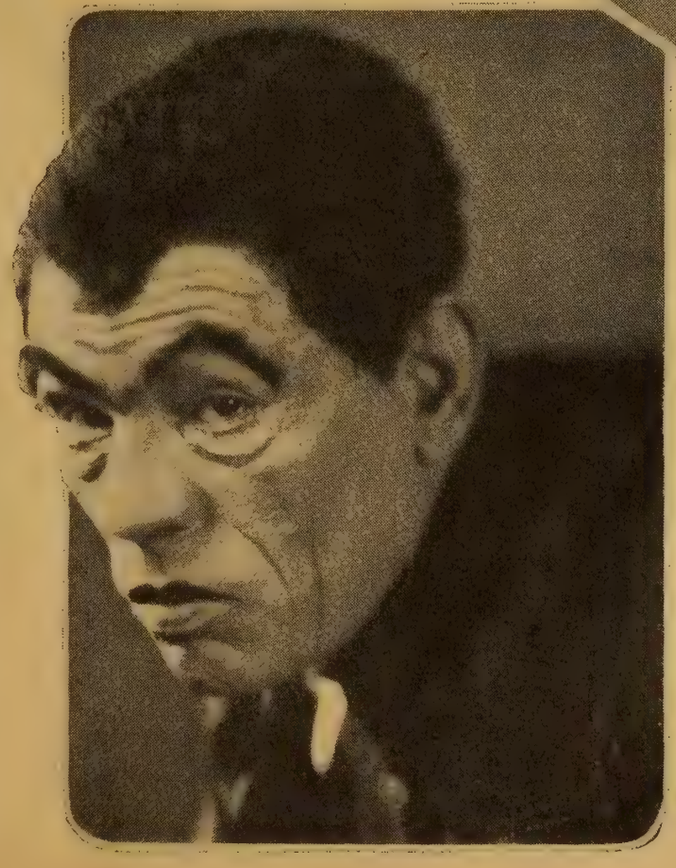
"Nearly all pictures are ruined in the cutting-room," he said, while we watched the petit Jackie rehearse another scene with George Seigman, who is playing the black-hearted Bill Sykes in the "Oliver Twist" production.

"Companies engage you to play a good part and expect you to do your best work. If you really do act, like as not the film editor cuts your good scenes. That's the pictures' attitude—cut, cut.

"It wasn't until somebody saw me in 'Hell Morgan's Girl' and 'The Miracle Man' that anyone ever thought of giving me a chance. Since then," he snapped his fingers and smiled knowingly, "it's been more or less easy."

Practically all his life Chaney has been on the stage. As a young fellow he left home and went with a burlesque company as combination property-boy and stage-hand. Later he commenced to play parts, and, at the time of his entrance into pictures some years ago, he was producer and stage-manager for Kolb and Dill.

Photograph (below) by Clarence S. Bull



Lon Chaney never permits anyone to watch him while he is putting on his famous make-ups. It takes him three hours to put on one of his disguises. And his dressing-room looks like a barber shop with its collection of paint sticks, alcohol lamps and other what-not he needs for his business of acting. Above, one of the few portraits ever taken of Mr. Chaney out of character

"It's in the blood with me, this acting," he remarked. "I'm convinced that I really live it all. If I'm cast for a rôle I can think of nothing else, and I always take my character home with me. Perhaps acting is a masquerade—who knows?

"But I cant be satisfied unless I satisfy—not the producers, necessarily, but the public.

"And in my work I am trying to *live* the middle-class life so faithfully that I can depict it flawlessly. I have just one ambition; I want to hit *somebody* in the audience so squarely between the eyes with my character that he'll go home and say,

(*Continued on page* 94)

At the Garden Gate

Posed by Martha Mansfield

THE-STARS-AND-THEIR-PLANETS

Bebe Daniels and Milton Sills. Photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes. Jane Novak. Photograph by W. F. Seely.

TERRAIZE H. McDONNELL WRITES OF THE CAPRICORN PEOPLE

ARIES

TAURUS

GEMINI

CANCER

LEO

VIRGO

Astrology is most ancient of all the sciences and, in this truth-seeking age, the verity of its beliefs are now being accepted, all over the world. Its exact origin is ageless but, historically considered, the Chaldeans were, perhaps, its first intelligent students and later, in Alexandria, in the year 150 A. D., Ptolemy, the Egyptian, compiled his great work, the "Tetrabiblos" or, as the Saracens named it, the "Almagest."

The astrological zodiac is composed of twelve constellations or "star-groups," thru which the Sun apparently passes, in his so-called path around the earth, and in the Musée du Louvre, Paris, is the original "Great Zodiac of Denderah," possibly the oldest in existence. It was taken from the temple of Hathor, at Denderah, Egypt.

It is the belief of astrologers, that character is governed by the "star-group," or "Planet," under which one is born, or, that there are twelve distinct types of people in the world, each gifted with some predominating talent and possessing individual faults and attributes, and they are all classified under the signs of the Zodiac, as is mentioned in the book of Genesis.

The first seven days of each planet are called "the cusp," as persons born in this period combine traits of the preceding sign, with that of their own.

The reader will realize that not only is Astrology a true science, but also a necessary knowledge, with warnings and suggestions that we may profit by, and, in following these articles, you will gain, as well, a true insight into the character of the motion picture people. Also, it will be of great interest to note if your friends and yourself were born under the same planet as your film-favorite.

"Capricorn." (The goat.) (December 1st to January 20th.) (Cusp. December 21st to December 27th.)

Saturn is the ruling planet of this sign and it bestows upon its subjects a high moral nature, with conscientious regard for any duties imposed upon them.

LIBRA

SCORPIO

SAGITTARIUS

CAPRICORNUS

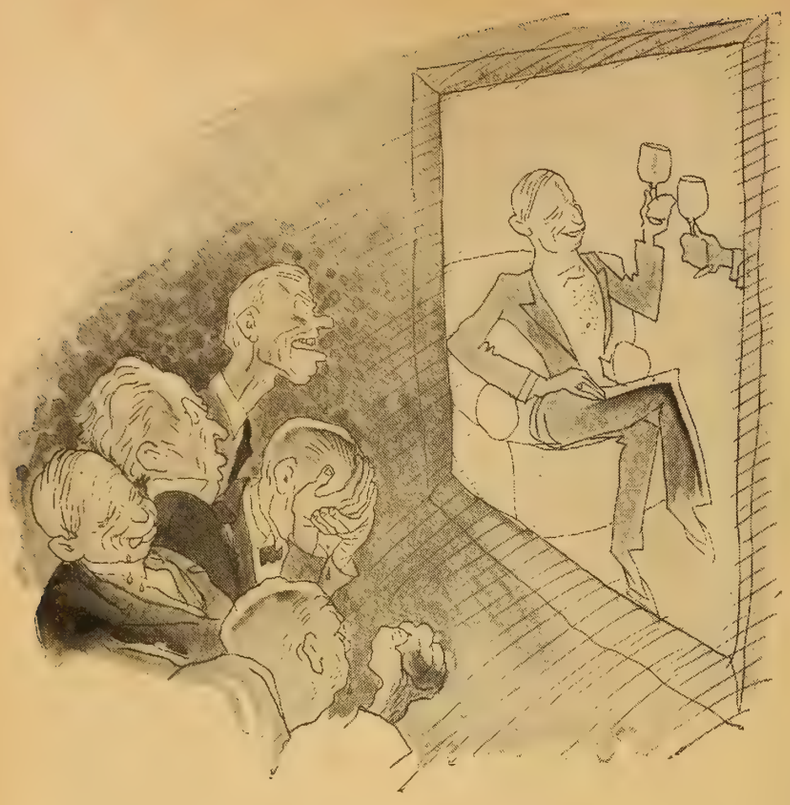
AQUARIUS

PICES

OF the many actors whose birth-date occurs, during this time, Mr. Milton Sills, born January tenth, is apparently, in every way, a true son of Capricorn. His bearing shows one of its most decided traits, namely, that he realizes his sense of fitness for position, or rank, above the common level, and feels as if wealth and power, should be his in full measure.

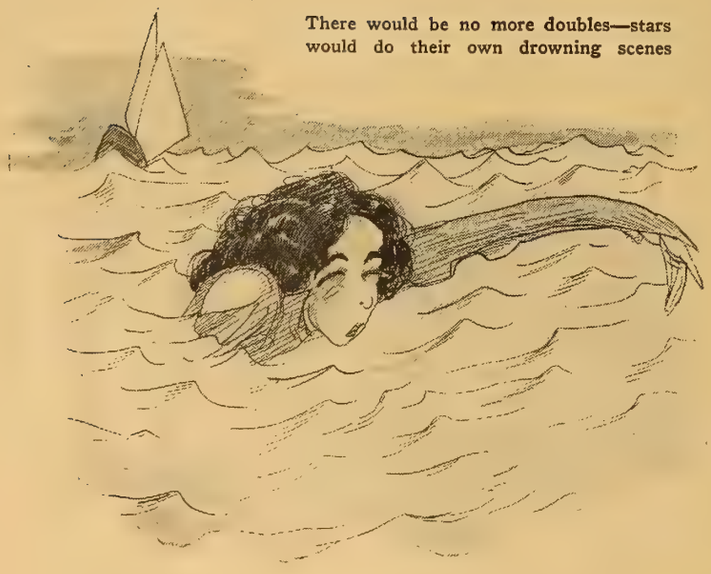
He possesses unusual business sagacity, superinduced by a highly organized power of reasoning. He immediately sees and attacks the weakest point in an opponent's argument and, thru this method, succeeds in gaining a rapid victory.

(*Continued on page 92*)



I would prohibit alcohol to be displayed in any picture, in order to spare the feelings of all good citizens

There would be no more doubles—stars would do their own drowning scenes



I would force stars to write every word of their travels and memoirs themselves

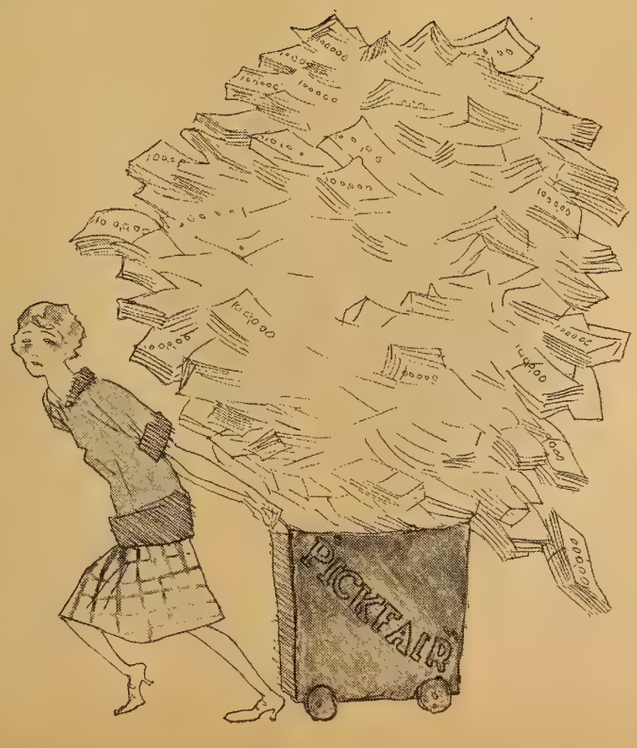
Darkened movies would no longer be a danger to morals . . . Ladies on the right . . . Gentlemen on the left

If I Were Will Hays

By
LEO KOBER

I would permit only stunts like that shown above

I would never permit couples to marry again before getting their divorces

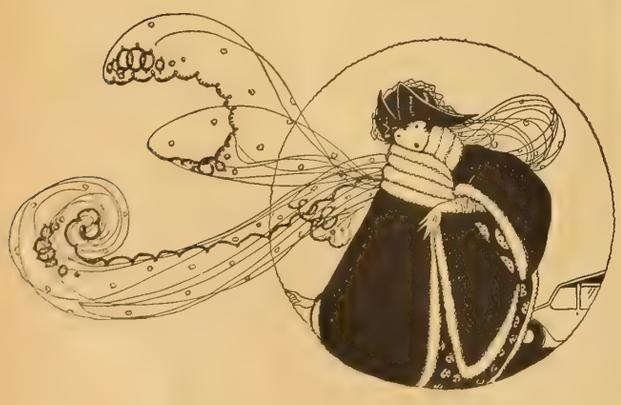


And, in order to equalize wages, all stars receiving more than a million a week would be paid in Soviet rubles

Considering Anita's Wardrobe

Evening wraps are always a problem. And you find several of them necessary when you attend as many "First Nights" as Anita Stewart. Otherwise the other firstnighters would know you by the wrap you wore. Miss Stewart admits a preference for this creation of deep black velvet, trimmed with lustrous silver braid, while bands of monkey fur ripple over the ruffles of soft white fur from the high collar to the bloused waist

All photographs by Ira L. Hill
© Otto Kahn Furs



Then afternoons come in for consideration. The combination of fur and cloth is always striking, and this voluminous wrap, which tapers from the waist, is enhanced by wearing a gold cloth turban. Small wonder everyone at the Ritz turns admiringly when Anita arrives

On the screen Anita Stewart has long been considered one of the most smartly attired stars. And this winter, the first to find her in New York in several years, proves her to be one of the most fashionably gowned women at multiple social festivities. A great deal of her time is spent shopping on upper Fifth Avenue . . . And, incidentally, the tailored frock at the right is the sort of thing she wears on shopping expeditions and business conferences. It is black, beautifully draped across the hips, as gowns are inclined to be this year. It is quite long, but does not err in being too long. The collar and cuffs are of sheer lawn and lace. And the black hat depends solely upon its sweeping curves for adornment. A beautiful grey fox completes the costume

A fragile evening gown, at the left, of lavender chiffon and exquisite silver lace. Silver ribbons encircle the waist, fasten a pale pink rose there, and fall in silver loops over the billowy skirt. The slippers are silver, of course, and the earrings are clear amethysts set in yellow gold. A charming wardrobe, Anita's!

The Passing of Pulchritude

By

FREDERICK VAN VRANKEN

TIME was when the cardinal requisite of a film favorite was a pretty face surrounded by fluffy curls. It mattered not if a vacuum lay behind those vapid girlish features and volutes of Xanthous hair. So long as a young lady's lineaments were fashioned in the image of a baby-doll, she could name her own salary and write in her own scenes. The standard of motion-picture desirability was almost entirely optical; and the screen became the rallying ground for pulchritudinous morons.

But public taste has undergone a change. The patrons of the cinema, after years of intensive education in animated picture craft, have tired of the rosebud demoiselle with the limpid baby-stare and the kindergarten mind. No longer does a curling eyelash, a Cupid's-bow upper lip, or

Valentino can act; and dont let any jealous critic tell you he cant. His pantomime carries conviction. And he knows how to get his effects with a minimum of effort

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The star gazers of ten or twelve years ago would have risen in revolt against Eric von Stroheim as the hero of a feature film

Norma Talmadge never was beautiful; but, because of her capabilities, her admirers will sit thru reels of close-ups to see a drama in which she is featured

Photograph © by Melbourne Spurr

Personality has supplanted prettiness. As a result, a new type of star is looming on the screen's horizon

a fascinating dimple in the chin, satisfy their æsthetic demands.

The film performer of today must possess a brain and use it. An ability to act has become a fundamental necessity. Personality has supplanted prettiness. More and more the public is responding to competency and intelligence. As a result, a new type of star is looming on the screen's horizon.

There is ample evidence of this new condition of affairs. Take, for example, the case of Mary Miles Minter. Despite the millions (I believe it was millions) spent in an effort to make this alliterative young woman another Mary Pickford, she has wofully failed to develop into the female Midas so fondly hoped for.

Miss Minter is sweet, pretty, winsome and dainty. Visually, she is the perfect type of the popular screen heroine. But she has neither "character" nor personality to any marked degree; and her ability to project ideas and emotions is, in the main, distinctly limited. She has, I imagine, never caused Miss Pickford a single sleepless night. And the reason for this is simply that the day of the sweet young thing—however lovely or captivating she may be—has passed. It is not Miss Minter's fault: it is the fault of the public taste.

But Mary Pickford is pretty, you say! . . . Granted. But her ornamental attributes—including her curls—are only the garnishings of something far more durable and

Photograph © by Bushnell, S. F.

Bill Hart, in fact, was one of the first screen actors to mark the turn of the tide

Photograph by Abbé

Lillian Gish, judged by almost any artistic standard, is homely. But she makes you think she is pretty. Hers is a distinctive personality; and, in addition, she has genuine dramatic ability

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Gloria Swanson is an ideal motion picture star, because she combines beauty with ability. But to call her "pretty" would be sacrilege

Who would accuse Will Rogers of being handsome. Yet his popularity continually increases

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

and histrionic genius which have secured for her the unassailable position she holds in the hearts of the motion-picture public.

Do you think that I am accusing the public of turning its back upon beauty. Far from it. Beauty of the right kind in a cinema actress is a tremendous asset. And, other gifts being equal, the physically attractive girl will be the more popular. But what I am trying to point out is that external beauty—and especially mere decorative, marshmallow prettiness—has ceased to be the *chief* asset of the film star.

Indeed, so far has the public's taste altered in this respect, that, between physical attractiveness on the one hand, and talent on the other, the average film patron today will unhesitatingly

(*Continued on page* 108)

Also, regard the growing popularity of the Slavonic Kosloff, who has conquered wholly because of his acting and his personality . . .

It is Mary Pickford's brains and histrionic genius which have secured for her the unassailable position she holds in the public's heart

Elsie Ferguson, too, belongs to the new society of leading women

Photograph by Campbell Studios

profound. Miss Pickford would still reign supreme even were she not so pretty, because: (1) she is an incomparable actress, (2) she has a feminine intelligence amounting almost to genius, and (3) she has a magnetic personality — that so-called "indescribable something"——which colors and vitalizes everything she does.

Take away Miss Pickford's pretty face, and you still have the essential and permanent part of her left. Take away Miss Minter's pretty face, and little more than a gingham frock is left. It is Mary's brains

David Powell is another of the rising stars; and he does not even use unguents on his hair!

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

Across the Silversheet

Douglas Fairbanks, D. W. Griffith, and Rex Ingram Contribute Special Productions to the Screen's Monthly Program

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

NOT because it is of the utmost importance but rather because we wish to get it out of the way in order to give more space to the other productions comprising the monthly program of special productions, we consider Rex Ingram's "Trifling Women" first.

It is interesting to consider "Trifling Women," if only from a psychological point of view. We are sorry Mr. Ingram has done this thing. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to understand how the man who gave the screen the mighty "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" could, even in a small degree, be responsible for this claptrap melodrama.

We understand it is an original story of Mr. Ingram's originally called "Black Orchids." The story is quite as unwholesome if not so colorful and exotic as the title "Black Orchids" would indicate. As a matter of fact, it is melodrama so far overdrawn that several times we stopped to wonder if it wasn't glorious burlesque which we were missing entirely in the depths of our boredom.

The theme tells of Zareda, the fortune-teller, and the adoration which is accorded her, both by the senile Baron François de Maupin and his son, Ivan. So madly infatuated is the father that he has his son sent to the battlefields that he may have the erotic field to himself. But he loses in the end, for the Marquis Ferroni steps into the exaggerated picture and until the youthful Ivan returns unharmed from Flanders, he holds sway. The end which the Marquis plans for the lovers is grim and sinister enough to leave an unpleasant atmosphere; but that is the only purpose in which the production succeeds in the slightest degree.

We forgot to say that this is a story which a novelist

(*Continued on page* 118)

At the top of the page is a scene from "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood." At the left is "Trifling Women." And at the right, D. W. Griffith's "One Exciting Night"

Paragraph Comment on

Do and Dare—Fox

THE beginning of this picture indicates that the screen is revolving in its cycle, for it features the redskins on the rampage. It is a narrative within a narrative and the scenes visualize an old Indian fighter, telling a story of his youth to his grandson. The action releases a punch here and it will make you grip your seat or your neighbor's knee. But the moment that the old man finishes his story, it behooves the grandson, Tom Mix, to go out and imitate him. So the melodrama gives way to a comic opera plot with the star trying to appear as a comedian without much success. The scenes present a revolution in some Latin country below the Rio Grande, and one has to witness a deal of aimless fighting and helter-skelter incident. The plot is dressed up with facetious sub-titles. The heroine's name is Juanita. You are liable to be disappointed here; there is nothing of consequence in "Do and Dare."

At the top of the page, Tom Mix in "Do and Dare." Above, Mary Miles Minter and Tom Moore in "The Cowboy and the Lady." At the left, Charles Ray in "A Tailor-Made Man." And below, Dorothy Dalton in "On the High Seas"

Skin Deep—First National

Thomas H. Ince has taken a leaf from George M. Cohan. He waves the flag and brings on the patriotism for a grand finale. "Skin Deep" is old-fashioned dyed-in-the-wool melodrama, which by virtue of Milton Sills' acting is worth seeing, even tho the plot is convenient and charged with coincidence. Call it a thriller if you want to. Why not? Isn't there a prison escape which includes an airplane stunt? Sills is a returned buddy whose wife wants to be rid of him. So he is framed and sent to jail. There is some good incident having to do with plastic surgery, which is interesting in connection with the general reclaiming of maimed soldiers. This calls for some marvelous make-up by Sills. The buddy rounds up the crooks and saves a large sum of money intended for the soldiers. Exciting? Indeed. And all the boys will like it. The producer had the American Legion back of him, and every Post will turn out *en masse*.

Milton Sills has been doing consistently good things of late. And his portrayal in this production should be remembered.

Other Screen Productions

A Tailor-Made Man—United Artists

It is our purpose to state here that Charles Ray has staged a come-back. Time was when this very capable performer carried the screen on his shoulders. That was some few seasons ago. Then something happened. He got lost in the hayfield of his rural comedies, and wasn't found until he gave up attempting to direct his own stories. Joseph De Grasse discovered him and placed him in "A Tailor-Made Man," and now he is back in the fold where he belongs. The picture makes pretty good screen entertainment for Ray. Once more he is a gifted light comedian who gets everything possible from his scenes. The sponsors will moralize, however. They are ever doing it and spoiling the character of the original. But leave it to the star to appear human and likable. The picture develops a melodramatic twist, out of harmony with the spoken version. But there are so many good points that one would appear over-critical to hunt for the flaws. Go and see it.

At the top of the page, Viola Dana in "June Madness." Above, Mary Alden in "A Woman's Woman." At the right, a scene from "The Lone Hand," with Hoot Gibson. And below, Richard Barthelmess in "The Bond Boy"

On the High Seas —Paramount

An implausible story is covered up here with a background which carries sufficient color and excitement—since it contains life on the bounding deep. Here are Jack Holt, Dorothy Dalton and Mitchell Lewis, the only survivors of a burning ship. Mitchell is a tough sailor, Jack—well, Jack is the hero. What does it matter if he is a stoker? You know for a certainty that he will bob up eventually as possessing enough F. F. V. quality in his blood to win the fair passenger, whom he has rescued from Lewis and the angry waves. It's a colorful sea picture. Irvin Willat can put over that kind. It may be exaggerated. It may be entirely picturey, but it will fascinate the eye. The concluding reels throw a sop to the conventions. They are utterly false. The stoker is snubbed by Dorothy as she prepares for her wedding with one of those "I say, old chap" type of fellows. Then he kidnaps her. And so it's over.

We would like to see a picture in some cinema Utopia which did not boast the conventional ending.

June Madness—Metro

Viola Dana is up to her old tricks here—deserting the groom at the altar and causing mother no end of worry keeping track of her. The idea is a favorite one of the star's and she's played it so long that she knows just how to add the necessary spice and ginger. There may not be much substance to it, but at least it keeps moving—thanks to Harry Beaumont's clever direction. The impressionable flapper falls in love with a jazz orchestra leader at a roadhouse and before she repeats "'til death do us part" the spectator is in for some peppery incident, most of which takes place on the ballroom floor. There is much frenzied rushing around keeping the disappointed groom in his place and sneaking out on mamma. What's the matter with sending the boys and girls off to see this farce-comedy? They will probably say it's keen.

Above, William Russell in "Mixed Faces." At the right, Gladys Walton in "The Girl Who Ran Wild." And below, a scene from "Clarence," which features Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy

A Woman's Woman—Allied Producers

If you haven't tired of the self-martyred mother and wife who suffers in silence, then you may like "A Woman's Woman." The chances are slim, however, that you will accept it, because the character does not extract any sympathy. She is drawn altogether too independently of those who mistreat her. It is a one-character story which follows a single groove. And because it is unduly long in the telling you are apt to become impatient. When the climax is finally reached, it is straightened out too abruptly. The only excuse to see it is to pay tribute to Mary Alden's portrayal of the mother. But as pleasing as her work may be, she is unable to win your sympathy—simply because the author makes the figure so self-reliant. Is there a reunion of the family? Absolutely. It is brought about by the death of the son.

The Lone Hand—Universal

You cannot look at many Westerns without having the lost mine bob up as the *pièce de résistance* of a few of them. That this ancient and honorable property serves as the background with Ed Gigson's (he would have you understand that he has discarded his nickname of Hoot) latest opus entitled "The Lone Hand," has nothing to do with the fact that

(*Continued on page* 105)

Without Wings

People Dont Ask Helen Jerome Eddy for Her Photograph, But They Do Ask for Advice

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

A PEACEFUL lake slumbering in the crater of a volcano. Jazz music played in St. Peter's. Helen Jerome Eddy — for pity's sake, Mr. Proofreader, leave in the Jerome—was the most surprising mental jag I've had since Teddy was a pup.

It was all arranged that Helen with her wistful smile and I with my sharp little pencil should meet up, as the saying goes, somewhere within the stucco fastnesses of the Robertson-Cole film factory out Hollywood way. I approached the meeting with kid gloves.

Ever since Helen J. Eddy flashed across the picture horizon in "The Turn In the Road" several seasons ago, I have entertained the impression that the young lady was destined, very soon, for heaven. She looked just too good to live. But whenever one of her films appeared, we always lizzied many weary miles if necessary to watch her fascinating characterizations. Specially with George Beban.

Now that I've met Helen, and I call her that for brevity, not because I know her well, I have discovered that the goodness is there—but not too good. She's human, boys, she's human!

"Miss Eddy is changing into her sailor suit," the production manager informed me, "but she'll see you in a minute." I waited, with some rather bizarre notions floating around in the old brain pan. I prepared myself for the shock of seeing Miss Eddy about to do a sailors' hornpipe. But, shucks—it was only a middy blouse she was putting on.

Her hand-shake was the first thing that jarred a couple of heavenly pre-conceived notions out of me. It was as

(*Continued on page* 106)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

There is the trace of indomitable will in Helen Jerome Eddy's every intonation. She has taken a plain girl and made her attractive to thousands of people who wouldn't otherwise look at a plain girl. She admits she wishes she knew how to do her hair

"The girl I play in this picture," said Miss Eddy, "is a New England girl. The world is full of girls just like the New England school-teacher. There are lots of nice girls left—who dont 'flap'"

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Pictured at the left is Mary Jane Sanderson of Hollywood, California. Miss Sanderson's light brown hair and blue-grey eyes contribute to her seventeen-year-old beauty. Facing Miss Sanderson is Betty Marselle of Lorain, Ohio. Betty, who is nineteen years old, has a fair skin with dark brown hair and eyes—a brown Betty

When Beauty Reigns

The graceful lady at the right is Martha Gonzales. Miss Gonzales is a Brooklyn girl of nineteen years, with brown hair and blue eyes. There is something about both her and her name which has the flavor of old Spain

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

The mail-bags of the American Beauty Contest overflow. With the contest drawing to an early close, there are many eager entrants. The advertisement elsewhere in this issue gives all the rules and details of this popular contest

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified.

Harold Lloyd and "Foolish Wives" merit appreciation.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been a reader of your very excellent magazine for some time, and each month I turn eagerly to the "Letters to the Editor" section. This seems to be the outlet for the emotions and opinions of its readers; therefore, if you will bear with me a moment, I would like to give vent to my pent-up opinions.

First, let me say that my inspiration came after reading a letter by Ethel Croft, in the July issue, when she says: "Why all this fuss over Rodolph Valentino" I agree with her, but I shall not elaborate, as my chief reason for reference to this statement is in defense of Wallace Reid. I read a paragraph in this same issue, in which the writer says, "Rodolph Valentino, threatening now the sway of Wally Reid as Sheik supreme of feminine hearts, etc., etc." Why, the comparison is preposterous. The sleek Valentino, as an actor, fades into obscurity when Wally Reid appears on the scene.

Concerning Harold Lloyd, without exception, in my opinion he is the greatest comedian of the day. His pictures are clean-cut and wholesome, not to mention the variety and originality, for which the public is continually clamoring. I walk into a theater where he is being featured with a feeling of confidence that I will be thoroly entertained, and I have never yet been disappointed as I invariably am at the usual comedy. "Grandma's Boy" is without a doubt the funniest and most entertaining comedy I have ever seen. There is something so pathetically funny about it, and the heroism that is portrayed by Harold Lloyd is so natural and unaffected that one's sympathy is unconsciously directed even to the coward without the usual trace of contempt.

I have just seen Lon Chaney in "The Trap," and he was superb. His interpretation of "Gaspard the God" is a masterpiece, and I sincerely believe it will be many a day ere he is surpassed.

"Orphans of the Storm" is another picture like the "Birth of a Nation" that will go down thru the ages as the greatest picture of its day.

But "Foolish Wives." Ah, there is the masterpiece. Why, oh why, does the public adjust its nose at an outraged angle when this magnificent picture is mentioned? Is it not what we are clamoring for? Different pictures? Von Stroheim is criticised becaused the picture touches a sensitive cord. Shakespeare said, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser," and we are endeavoring to hide ours under cover of outraged dignity. But at the same time we are paying von Stroheim the greatest tribute that can be paid an actor. We are accepting him at "screen value."

The chief trouble with pictures today is that we know our favorite actor or actresses so well, thru the medium of the all-seeing press, we lose interest without knowing just why. Of course, it is the perversity of human nature to want what we cant get, and then when we get it we dont want it at all. But my point is, that somehow, with all its publicity stories, the press has not been able to reveal Eric von Stroheim in any other light than that in which we find him on the screen. No matter how many more pictures he makes, to me, and I would almost presume to speak for the public, he will always be the daring Count of "Foolish Wives." Why? Simply because the character was portrayed so perfectly that we cannot conjure up a mental picture of him other than that in his picture.

I am looking forward to seeing "The Masquerader," with Guy Bates Post. If he proves as good in the screen version as he was on the stage, it will be a winner.

I have not written before, but in defense of Wallace Reid's popularity, and in behalf of "Foolish Wives," kindly give this note a space in your magazine.

Thanking you, I am
Very sincerely,
MRS. H. ROBINSON,
1555 West 48th Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Harold Lloyd came in for a generous share of praise in the Letters to the Editor during the last month. In the letter we have printed above, he is called the greatest comedian of today. Therefore, our artist has efficiently and wisely presented him with the proverbial bouquet. Bravo, Harold!

Hope for Nazimova in another "Revelation," and an interesting discourse on other players.

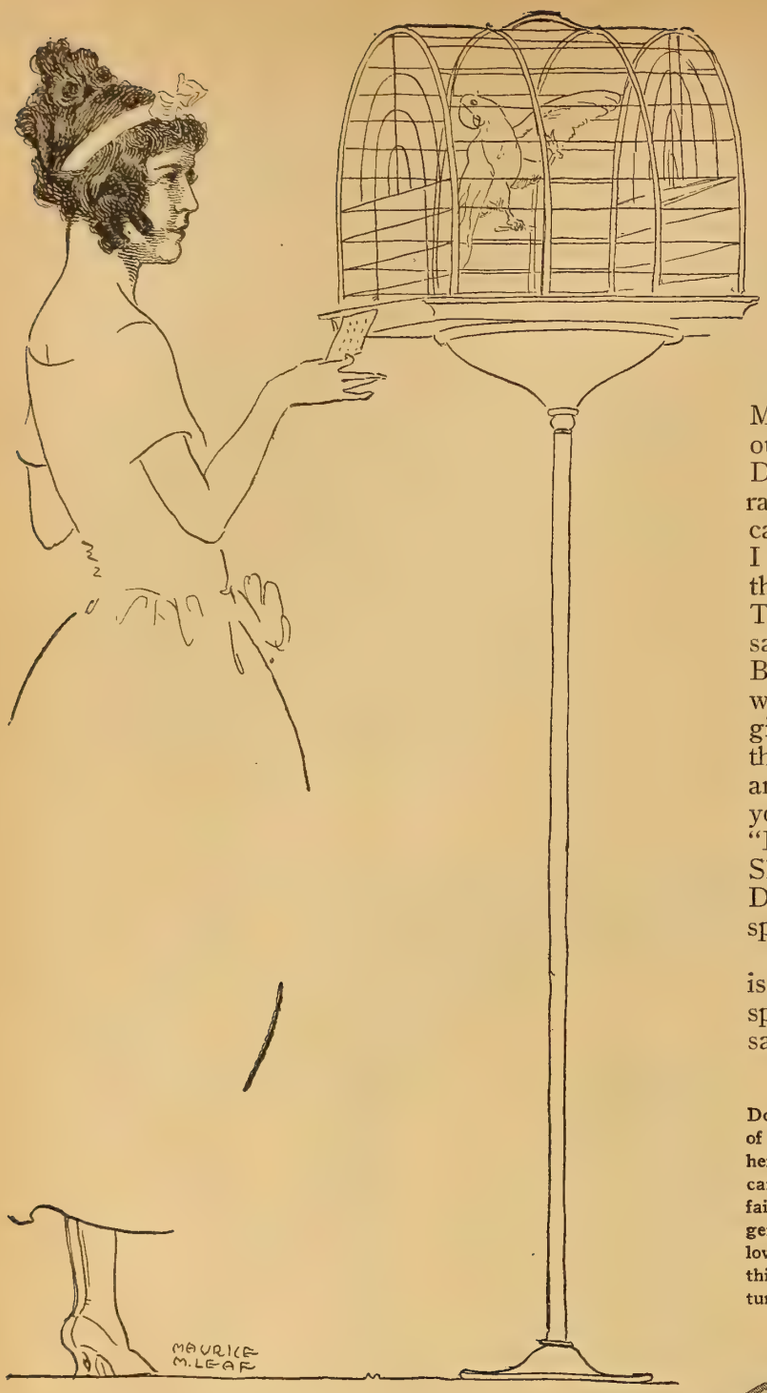
DEAR EDITOR: Just as a bad penny comes back home, a movie fan always comes back to the "Letters to the Editor" department.

Ever since I saw Nazimova in her modernized version of "Camille," I've been saying to myself, "One more perfectly great actress going to waste." Madame wants to give us something exotic, no doubt, and while I have a penchant for things exotic, I think that Nazimova is overdoing it. "Camille" was not exotic, it was silly. Where did Madame get the coiffure? Elinor Glyn was certainly right when she said that some of our stars arranged their hair in a ridiculous manner. As to the gowns worn by Nazimova in this production, I must say that if they were artistic, they sure didn't look it. I am sure that the fan public wants the old Nazimova — the

(*Continued on page* 80)

Stills Between Shots

By
RUTH OVERTON



HOW many of you have been to a dress rehearsal of one of the big theater openings of a new, important picture? We have all, or nearly all of us, been on the opening night, when everybody in Filmdom is there, when Mary and Doug and Charlie, if they happen to be in town, and all the cast of the picture, and everybody else of note, is on hand. There is the greatest excitement, and at any lull in the proceedings there is a shout for "speech!"

It was the dress rehearsal of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" that gave me a new sensation. It came the night before the formal opening. I had been at the studio, and Miss Davies had taken me in to hear an orchestra rehearsal of the charming incidental music which Victor Herbert arranged for the showing of the picture. "Come down to the dress rehearsal, please do," invited Miss Davies, in her hospitable way. I was mighty glad I went. Every one who had bent energy in even the tiniest way, hammered the smallest nail in the settings, we'll say, to help make "Knighthood," as it was called in the studio, the huge success it turned out to be, was there. There was a thrill in the air that has never reached me in the showing of any other screen play. That picture belonged to every one in that theater, and the building was packed to the doors.

They are now working on "Adam and Eva," Miss Marion Davies and her interesting company. They were out on location the other day near Stamford, and Miss Davies hailed me as I was motoring by. My fur was rather ruffled at a delay I had just had in getting a 'phone call thru. I'd probably had to wait all of three seconds. I sputtered, as usual. Miss Davies laughed, and recounted the difficulties she had had in calling a number in Paris. The service was abominable. All she had by way of satisfaction in response to her complaint was a shrug. Back in New York, when her first call was put thru without a hitch, she thanked the operator. The telephone girl, expectant of kicks rather than praise, evidently thought she was being mocked. "What's your trouble, anyway?" she queried. That's little old New York for you. By the way, that is to be Miss Davies' next picture, "Little Old New York," from the play of the same name. She will be charming as that winsome little heroine. Miss Davies carries a natural girlish quality, which in its spontaneity is delightful.

Mr. Robert Vignola, who directed "Knighthood," and is now working on "Adam and Eva," spoke of this unspoiled youthfulness in Miss Davies and in her work. He says the greatest thrill he gets is when the person he is directing comes thru with the emotion he wants them to express. They all enjoyed making "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Miss Davies lays their success to a sort of family feeling that exists about the studio. She has found tremendous inspiration,

Dorothy Gish says, "Merton of the Movies" has spoiled her for interviews. All she can think of is Merton's faithful "old nag" and "bigger and better things." Below is Dick Barthelmess, who thinks he will make a picture with a love interest next

Between the Scene Conversations With the Stars

also, in the excellent actors she has had grouped about her in her recent pictures.

Motoring has attained a new interest for me these days. I am continually running into motion picture people out on location. There are so many companies working here in the East that Hollywood had better look to its laurels. After I left Miss Davies and her company, I went on sauntering thru New England, and lo, and behold!—who should I come upon but Mr. Richard

Mae Murray always reminds you of a gaily colored bird, an oriole perhaps, just bursting with happiness.

Marion Davies told me she found tremendous inspiration in the excellent actors grouped about her in "When Knighthood Was In Flower"

Barthelmess and Miss Dorthy Gish, making some scenes for "Fury," Mr. Barthelmess' next release.

There was a breathing space—someone had been sent away for something essential to the taking of the next shot—and Mr. Barthelmess and Miss Gish seemed to welcome the chance of stepping out of character. Miss Gish was called away, and Mr. Barthelmess and I pursued the policy of the Walrus and the Carpenter. Only our talk turned on Mr. Valentino and "Blood and Sand," which I did not like. Too much bull-fighting, sad horses and so on. Mr. Barthelmess was enthusiastic about the picture, the play, the book, Ibañez, and

(*Cont'd on page* 110)

Harry Millarde is directing Percy Marmont and Ann Forrest in "If Winter Comes" and his finger always marks his place in the Hutchinson novel as he works

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

WELL, Pola got the bungalow.

This and the changed complexions of the Hollywood girls are the signals of her triumph.

A few days after Mme. Negri's arrival, after she had tasted all the oranges and dutifully raved over the manifest beauties of California, the business of making motion pictures was permitted to intrude upon her cosmos.

Jesse Lasky escorted her around the big Vine Street studio. Mme. Negri was arrayed for the occasion like a dark princess of the Orient. She had a trying ordeal to go thru, being peeked at thru the crack of star dressing-rooms; she bore the test bravely, but not with humility.

The dressing-room problem lay upon their hearts like a pall. With forced gayety and enthusiasm they showed her all the lovely boudoir dressing-rooms. Their enthusiasm rose to passionate heights when they showed her where Agnes Ayres dresses and they told her they could give her one just like it.

Mme. Negri smiled and bowed in a non-committal way and an inscrutable smile played about her encarmined lips.

"How very, very lovely," she said, drily. "And, now let us see where the beautiful and charming Gloria Swanson dresses."

To tell the truth, this was not on the program. Gloria has — had — the only bungalow on the lot. Ever since the foreign star's arrival, they had been haunted by the terrible suspicion that Mme. Negri might also want a bungalow. She did. She glanced over Gloria's bungalow, which they could not refuse to show her, and said —oh, so sweetly—"This is most charming: I, also, will have a bungalow."

A panic-stricken consultation was held. When Mary Pickford was making pictures on the Lasky lot, she had a little Japanese bungalow with sliding panels. After her departure, it was turned over to the Lasky Scenario department for the housing of the big "story chiefs."

There being no help for it, the distinguished *literati* were bundled up and thrown out on the cold pavement between a night and a day and Mme. Negri moved in.

"How lovely," she said, with a queer little smile when they escorted her into the beautiful little bower they had constructed for her.

In addition, Mme. Negri also made her platform clear on the subject of

In the picture above, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, return from a visit to their native Japan. At the right, Harold Lloyd endeavors to meet Princess Wee Wee, tiniest woman in the world and one of the attractions of Barnum's Circus, on her own level. Below, Blanche Sweet reads some of her lines in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" to Marshall Neilan. It's nice to have a great director for a husband . . .

Photograph, at right, by Gene Kornman

paper cups. The day of her first appearance at the studio, she asked for a drink and some one wildly galloped to the nearest water bottle and came back with a sanitary paper cup, brimming with bottled spring H2O.

She looked at it with interest but did not hold out a hand to take it: just stood looking at it with interest. Some one, with intellect sharpened to superhuman keenness by nervousness, caught the meaning of the look and a frantic and impassioned search for a regular water dish made out of glass, etc., ensued.

Mme. Negri took it with a gracious smile.

At this writing, the final preparations are being made for her first work, in "Bella Dona."

Aside from a few other small incidents which indicate that Mme. Negri knows the extent of what the colored population calls her "entitles," she has been gracious and charming. For a few days she had apartments at one of the big hotels: now she is installed in a beautiful home rented for her on Hollywood Boulevard. There, she has her own retinue of servants and a Hungarian cook.

There also, presumably, she applies the newest thing in complexions.

Since her arrival, all the husky blooming beauties of Hollywood, who, but yesterday were buoyant flappers with fat legs and the lovely bloom of youth, are now pale, sinuous and interesting.

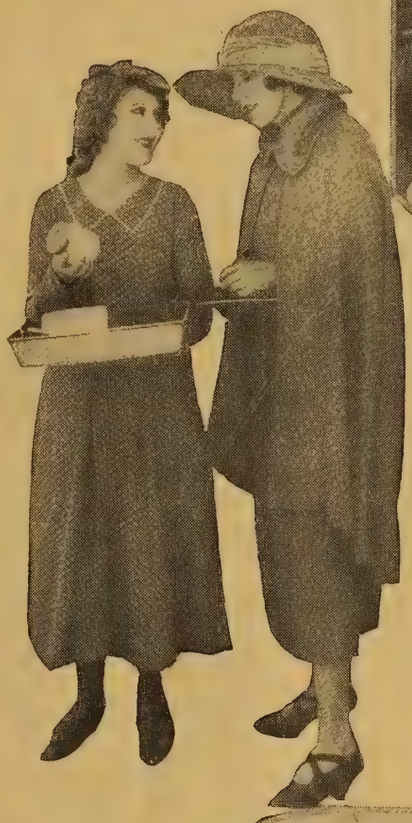
Dozens of formerly vivacious girls have suddenly turned into silent white mysteries with pale tragic faces gashed with scarlet lips. It is impossible to giggle in this new Pola make-up. A queer little Mona Lisa smile is the approved brand of mirth that goes with the interesting paleness. Bobbed hair and legs would be impossible. It is absolutely necessary to be muffled up in a profusion of long skirts and a profusion of mysteries.

Pola made her first formal appearance at the all-star performance of "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, in Hollywood Bowl, the night of Oct. 7.

This was the first all-star performance I ever saw that was all stars.

It was a wonderful affair. The Hollywood Bowl is a natural theater. The hills rise so abrupt-

Photograph by Paramount



Clara Beranger writes all of the human William B. de Mille scripts. They are seen above in a conference on the set. At the left, Laurette Taylor visits Mary while she is working on "Tess of the Storm Country," where she learns some movie make-up secrets. Below, Jackie Coogan acts as Ballet Master to a half-dozen extras in his "Oliver Twist"

Above, Eric von Stroheim confers with Captain Albert De Conti Cadessamare, his military attaché. The carriage was brought to this country for "The Merry-Go-Round," and it is the actual carriage in which Franz Josef rolled around Vienna. It may have been this was the last straw—anyway, von Stroheim has been taken off the production and Rupert Julian is going on with it. There is not to be another cost sheet like "Foolish Wives" produced, say the Powers at Universal. At the right, reading from left to right, Viola Dana, Edna Flugrath and Shirley Mason. The occasion was Edna's arrival from England, closing a separation of ten years. Below, a new Reid family group. Betty Anne Mummert, age three, was adopted by Dorothy Davenport Reid and Wally Reid. Lucky Betty!

Photograph by International Newsreel

ly that the "back-drop" that you see thru the great proscenium arch when the curtain is drawn is a real mountain and the audience sits on the slope of another mountain.

On the night of this performance there was a full moon which threw the little canyons and coulées into queer shadows that turned into violet haze under the spot lights. The fragrance, musty and delightful, of the button sage and the manzanita filled the air.

In the first act there was a pageant made up of world-famous beauties. Probably since the world began there has never been anything to equal it for dazzling pulchritude, for these women have come from the ends of the earth.

In one section, representing the "rulers of the world," were Claire Windsor, Edna Purviance, Jane Novak, Lottie Pick-

ford, Kathlyn Williams, Marie Prevost, Ruth Roland, Mae Busch.

In another section Helene Chadwick appeared as Aspasia; Wanda Hawley as Calypso; Claire Windsor as Faustina; Anna Q. Nilsson as Helen of Troy; Carmel Myers as Salome; Florence Vidor as Sheba.

In still another section Mae Murray appeared as Aphrodite; Lois Wilson as Diana; Bebe Daniels as Isis; Agnes Ayres as Juno; Dorothy Phillips as Lilith; Priscilla Dean as Minerva and Pola Negri as Cleopatra.

(*Continued on page* 121)

Pretty, well-kept hands

How you can have them

NOT every woman has that flawless beauty of face which artists long to paint. But every woman can have attractive hands—hands that are pleasant to look at, and touch. The kind of hands that fastidious men love to watch among the tea things, or fluttering about in other dainty feminine tasks.

You can have hands like this, even though you have not developed their full beauty in the past. Just a few Cutex manicures, and you will note an amazing change.

That is because Cutex manicuring keeps your hands so perfectly groomed—your nails beautifully shaped and polished, the cuticle free from ragged edges, hangnails, and all discoloration.

And it is so magically quick! You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe off the loosened flakes of dead skin and surplus cuticle. Every trace of stain will be gone from the nails, the cuticle will be prettily curved, smooth, lovely and unbroken.

Then—for the Polish

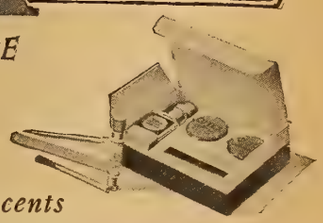
In the Cutex Polishes, you have choice of five—the cake, stick, paste, powder and liquid forms, all giving a brilliant and lasting lustre. The new Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm give you a dazzling finish which is as quickly renewed. The new Cutex Liquid Polish dries instantly and leaves a delicately tinted lustre that lasts a week.

CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Don't Cut the Cuticle

Never trim the cuticle. Infections often come from the little cuts made by scissors that penetrate to living tissue. The Cutex way of manicuring is the safe way. Cutex Cuticle Remover loosens adhering cuticle from the nails, frees them from hangnails, and surplus cuticle. Endorsed by doctors and nurses. Recommended by beauty experts. Price 35c.

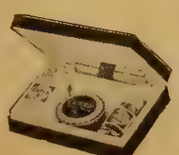


Send for Miniature Set

—only 12 cents

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12c in coins or stamps for attractive Miniature Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Powder Polish, Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Cuticle Cream, emery board, and manicure stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. M-1, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Five-minute Set, $1.00



This new Cutex Set brings you the manicuring essentials, all together in the handiest form—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, in full size package, with orange stick and package of emery boards.

Northam Warren, Dept. M-1.
Makers of Cutex
114 West 17th Street, New York City

I enclose 12c in stamps or coins for new Miniature Set containing enough CUTEX for six manicures.

Name.....

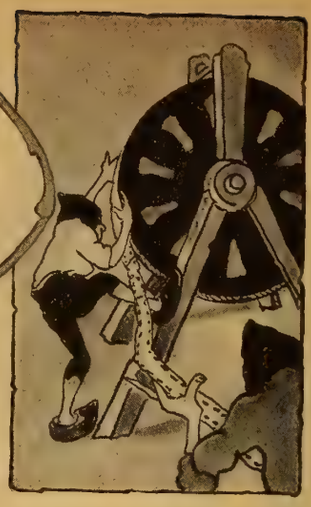
Street
(or P. O. Box).....

City.....State.....

The Juvenile Critic

By

DOROTHY WHITEHILL



DEAR PUNCH:

Did you know Henry VIII had a sister with a most lovely temper? I didn't; I just thought he had six wives. But last night we saw "When Nighthood Was in Flower," and it was all about her, the sister, I mean.

At the very beginning she had the most beautifullest birthday party you ever saw. The whole world was decorated with flags and Mary Tudor came to it in a gorgeous boat with all her pretty ladies-in-waiting. Then, oh, such handsome men came to joust in her honor. (Uncle Roddy says you will understand what that means.)

It was just too funny watching them because they kept falling off their horses and it took all of their servants to help them on again because of their clumsy armor and they would no sooner get on than another man would push them off with his long stick, I mean his lance.

The man that got pushed off the most was the Duke of Buckingham and the man that pushed him was Charles Brandon. He was the hero and he fell in love with Mary Tudor the very first minute he saw her. But, you see, Punch, he wasn't a duke or a lord or anything and so he couldn't marry her.

Henry VIII, such a funny old thing especially when he blustered, he decided his sister must wed the King of France, the most dreadful looking, silly old man you ever saw. He was so horrible and skinny that he made you shiver. I'm not surprised France stopped having kings if they looked like that.

Well, of course, Mary flew into a rage and said she wouldn't and was most dreadfully rude. You see she wanted to marry Charles.

There were thrilling fights and things after that, but I dont remember what they were all about, and then one night Mary sent for Charles and he and Lady Jane Bolingbroke and Sir Edwin Caskoden had a dance. It was the first time that Mary had ever danced anything but a square dance and I think she liked it because Charles had his arm around her.

Well, the Duke of Buckingham found it out and he was fearfully jealous. You see he was so very handsome that I suppose he thought he ought to have been asked too but Mary didn't like him. Anyway, he told the King and Henry said that Charles had to leave England and so—what do you suppose? Mary dressed up like a boy and went with him.

That part was very exciting because her hair fell down at the wrong minute and all the men in the tavern knew she was a girl, and they all swore to protect her but they couldn't because the King came and took her back to the palace and locked her up.

Oh! what a temper she was in and she said she just wouldn't marry that old Louis of France, that is until they told her that if she didn't Charles would be beheaded and, oh dear Punch, he nearly was! It was just like "Orphans of the Storm," the waiting I mean. But the pardon came in time, thanks to the court jester who was a darling.

Poor Mary, she went to France and married the silly old King, but he didn't live very long and when he died she escaped from his son who wanted to marry her next and went back to England with Charles and sent the King into fits by telling him they were married and reminding him of his promise that she could choose her second husband.

It's a very nice and exciting picture and I enjoyed it very much.

Your loving sister, JUDY.

Oh Punch dear, why cant all pictures be as nice and funny as Wesley Barry in "From Rags to Riches?"

(*Continued on page* 99)

At the left, Marion Davies as the lovely Princess in "When Knighthood Was In Flower," and, at the right, Wesley Barry in "From Rags to Riches"

Each night your skin needs a thorough cleansing. Always use the cream with just enough oil

The kind of cream for a thorough cleansing

No skin can be always lovely unless it is kept really clean.

To have skin with lovely transparency, softness and smoothness, you must give it a thorough cleansing *every* night.

Ordinary washing is not enough. It cannot reach the fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores. If this dirt is allowed to remain your skin becomes dull looking—it loses its lovely transparency. For a thorough cleansing your face needs a cream; and its choice is all important.

Only a cream made with oil can reach the deepest dirt. There must be *just enough oil* to remove every particle of dirt—not a drop more because creams with too much oil overload the pores and make the skin greasy. It must not be stiff because stiff creams are difficult to work in, and when once in the pores have a tendency to remain and stretch them. The cream that meets all the requirements for a thorough cleansing is Pond's *Cold* Cream.

Start using this cream tonight

Wash your face first. Then smooth in Pond's Cold Cream. In a minute it works its way deep into your pores and out again bringing every bit of dirt and powder with it. Wipe it off on a soft towel or bit of cloth. The grime will astonish you.

For *daytime* uses your skin needs another cream—a very different one—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It is perfect as a foundation for powder.

Both these creams are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream
to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

Pond's Extract Co.,
140 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State.....

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 71)

the Nazimova of "Revelation." I've always wanted to see her in the rôle of Freya in Ibañez's "Mare Nostrem."

At present I think that Mae Murray is my favorite player. She is the personification of pep, and who doesn't admire pep?

One of our nicest stars is Alice Calhoun. She's such a regular girl that one cant help wishing her all success. She never gets mixed up in sensational murder stories, she just couldn't, for she isn't that kind of a star. She likes fun, but it is always wholesome fun. After a long day at the studio one will not find her at a cabaret. She's a home girl, and I like her as all her fans do.

Glenn Hunter ought to "go big," for he's just a regular fellow. He's sort of a second Dick Barthelmess, and who is more popular than Dick?

Most fans seem to write only about the stars and then forget to say a good word for the interviewers. I like Herbert Howe, Adele Whitely Fletcher, Gladys Hall and Willis Goldbeck. In my estimation, all these interviewers write perfectly well.

Before writing more I must say that I agree with those that claim that Lillian Gish is one of our greatest dramatic actresses. She reminds me of a mignonette in the wind—so frail and yet so beautiful. She is the living proof that it takes something more than a beautiful face to make a great actress; it takes a beautiful soul.

Editor, why is it that producers say that their stars must be "sweet young things"? Ethel Clayton is very popular, and yet she is well in her thirties. A girl of sixteen, unless she is a genius, cannot express great emotions; so why not "sign up" older stars? I am not old, but I realize that it takes a long time to know all about life.

In the October issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I read a letter written by a friend of mine in which he says that "Foolish Wives" was a perfect picture. I for one disagree. The story was nothing out of the ordinary, and Miss DuPont could not have played her part much better. The sets were beautiful, and Mae Busch was great, but wasn't von Stroheim just von Stroheim? He was the same in "Blind Husbands." As a screen star, he is a great director.

I would also like to hear from other fans to see if they agree with me on the statements I make in this letter.

Three cheers for the magazine that's as good as the best and better than all the rest. Thank you.

Most sincerely yours,
DICK DURAND,
356 N. Indiana Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

"What! Am I supposed to fall over this cliff?"
"Sure, take it slow and easy—we'll make it look fast in the picture."

Logical thoughts regarding inferior productions.

DEAR EDITOR: That much-mooted question, "What's wrong with pictures," has so lodged itself in my mind that I fain would rest uneasy until I have unburdened myself on the subject.

That something really is wrong, was conclusively evidenced during the past few months, when the theaters hereabouts offered productions which wrought discontent over even the most ardent fans.

Here, in my belief, is the answer in the proverbial nut shell: A concentrated effort on the part of various producers (few, if any, excepted) to flood the market with pictures featuring their stars, while the period of popularity for said stars is at its peak. The ultimate result was that little attention was paid to selecting the right kind of pictures, befitting the make-up and ability of the stars. Weak plots crept in and ill-fitting settings were in evidence, so that one would leave the theaters minus the restfulness and satisfaction which the entertainment should have inspired.

Now that the summer is over we can sigh with relief in anticipation of a more encouraging outlook. Better pictures with stronger plots and more brilliant acting are showing up on the horizon.

I had occasion to witness the initial showing of "The Valley of Silent Men," on Broadway, and was quite favorably impressed with this stellar production. The acting was superb and the scenery imbued one with a supreme desire to visit the great North. Alma Reubens was undoubtedly at her best—I never really took to her acting until I saw this latest picture—and the minor leads were especially well selected. Lew Cody deserves his share of the praise, altho I did think that he hardly rose to the plane which Curwood reached with his strong story character. Lewis Stone would have been an ideal selection to enact this particular rôle.

We're looking for great improvement in the picture line, henceforth, with Douglas Fairbanks and his "Robin Hood" in the offing, and Mary Pickford about to release her latest. Many other first-raters of promise are slated to blossom out. The motion picture stock is bound to go up. Whether or not general opinion will lean more favorably toward the picture industry will rest with the impetus which is given toward keeping pictures, as a whole, on a higher level.

Let's click our glasses (of grape juice) together with a toast for the betterment of the picture game, and a banner year in 1923.

Yours for an uplift in movies,
R. T. PATTERSON,
Room 31, 321 Broadway
New York City, N. Y.

Praise for Glenn Hunter.

DEAR EDITOR: Altho I am, of course, interested in many players on the screen, I would like to write of one in particular—Glenn Hunter. I am for him, and believe that he can do great things, if he is but given the chance. I have watched his work with great interest, and altho most of the pictures he has appeared in have not given him much opportunity for characterization or originality,

(*Continued on page* 99)

"No other woman is half so lovely"

AT the beginning of Jack's and Sally's engagement, all their friends rejoiced, while the envious others wondered, "How long will it last?" For Jack was a man of rare magnetism, whom all women liked.

Tonight they had been married five years, and his every glance, his every thought, was for her alone.

"There's no one like you, Sally," he said. "You're as pretty now as the day I met you!" She only smiled at him out of tender eyes, while he watched a little dimple deepen.

"No other woman is half so lovely," he thought. "It's her complexion that is her greatest charm. And she belongs to *me!*"

Quite true, she was his; but then, too, you see, he *still* belonged to *her*.

"You're as pretty now as the day I met you!"

The way to make mere prettiness bloom into beauty

The Pompeian Instant Beauty Trio, consisting of Pompeian Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom, gives the magic touch.

The Day Cream is truly a vanishing cream; it does not reappear after application in the form of tiny beads. It gives a perfect foundation for powder.

The Beauty Powder has the property of adhering to the skin despite the perspiration attendant upon mild exercise, such as dancing. It makes frequent disappearances for repowdering unnecessary.

The Bloom is a rouge that will not break nor crumble, and is absolutely harmless to the skin, no matter how often used. In all needed shades, the medium being wonderfully popular.

Use these three Pompeian preparations—Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom—together, for Instant Beauty. The effect is better if they are used in combination—not indiscriminately mixed with preparations of other brands—for great care has been taken that all Pompeian preparations blend perfectly, to give the most natural effect.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c *per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*
POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM	50c *per jar*
POMPEIAN LIP STICK	25c *each*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and five Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7½.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.
6. Sample of Pompeian Fragrance (a talc).

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2129 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian

Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

Using Rouge Rightly

By MME. JEANNETTE

The correct use of rouge is not so generally understood as it should be. Rouge, like perfume, is something to be employed with restraint and moderation, lest it defeat its own ends.

Judicious tinting of the skin with rouge delicately heightens the color and imparts sparkle to the eyes.

Rouge should be used as a "high light" upon the cheek bones, the tip of the chin, and the tips of the ears. If your cheeks are very full the shade should be near the centre. In any case, blend the rouge outward with chamois or the tips of the fingers. This fine shading prevents the abrupt line which is often the only way that tinting can be detected. So applied, and well blended with powder, it produces a soft, natural flush.

Pompeian Bloom is a rouge for gentlewomen. The medium shade, especially, is very popular with girls and young matrons of daintiness and refinement.

—:—

The lip stick, like rouge, must be used with discrimination. It should be applied to the inside of the lip and then worked out with the tip of the tongue to the natural lip-edge. Pompeian Lip Stick is harmless, prevents chapping, and gives a most realistic effect when correctly applied.

—:—

Each night cleanse the pores by bathing the face in warm water with a baby sponge or softest possible wash cloth, and dry with an unstarched towel. Then a coat of Pompeian Night Cream (a cold cream) patted on delicately with the tips of the fingers, just enough so that the pores, opened by the warm water, may be thoroughly cleansed. Do not rub. Just cover the face with the cream and remove with absorbent cotton.

Rinse the face again with warm water to take away all traces of the cream; then bathe with cold water to close the pores, using gentle strokes with the same fine sponge. It is very important not to roughen or irritate the skin by hard rubbing.

—:—

If your skin is of the oily type, you should not use a greasy cream by day, confining your use of such preparation to retiring time.

In the daytime use Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, almost greaseless. This will serve to counteract the excess of oil in your skin and to prevent shine, giving a perfect foundation for powder.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

USE THIS COUPON
For Mary Pickford Panel and five free samples

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the five samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below

Greenroom Jottings

Photograph by Paramount

Leatrice Joy is playing the gorgeous aristocratic Manchu lady in the screen version of "Java Head," the Hergesheimer novel, which has long been a favorite on library bookshelves

TAHITI is coming to the films, not as a setting, not as a story based on glamourous South Sea romances, where a god-like hero settles down under waving palm fronds for a life of luxurious idleness, with a beautiful brown-eyed maid. No, it is Tahiti in flesh and blood, Tahiti in the person of **Nua-Nua,** the first and only Tahitian to trail her languorous beauty across the silver-sheet. She was discovered only a few short weeks ago; by whom, no one will state, connoting that some publicity stunt is brewing. When she will appear is not yet known.

Carpentier has been vindicated by no one less than **J. Stuart Blackton,** for whom Carpentier is working. "I picked Carpentier for the films because of his ability as an actor, not a boxer, and shall continue my association with him on the same assumption. His recent defeat in London will have no effect on his film career. He has one of the most attractive film personalities I have ever come in contact with." All this is very pleasing to Carpentier's admirers, and there are many of them.

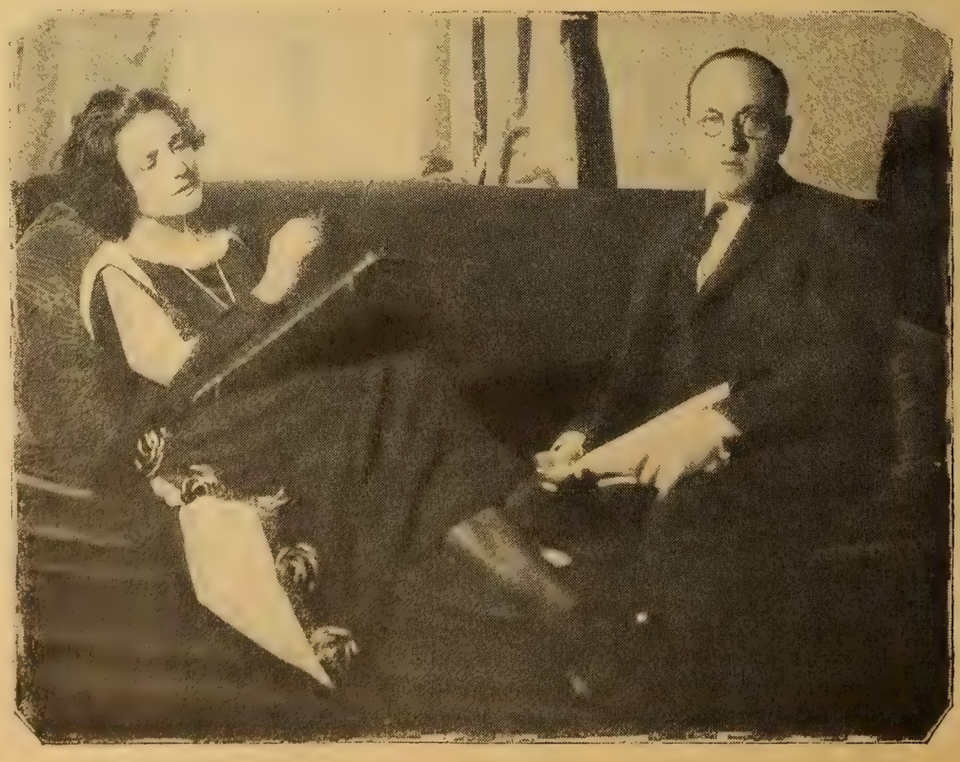
Who is going to play **Alice of Old Vincennes?** First the story appears that **Madge Kennedy** has the picture rights, but no sooner did that story reach print than **Marion Davies** telephoned to say that she had a deposit on the story and intended to produce it next year. It is about time for Mary Pickford to enter the combination, as these three seem to have been going after the same stories for some time now.

Louise Fazenda has realized a long-cherished ambition, she is to appear out of character, that is, out of her usual screen character, she is going to be a vamp in the new Warner production of Scott Fitzgerald's **"The Beautiful and Damned."**

Marie Prevost and **Kenneth Harlan** have announced their engagement and as they both are playing in "The Beautiful and Damned" it is, according to Miss Prevost, going to be an example of all they shouldn't do after marriage. Mr. Harland agrees, with one reservation, the rather sorry hero of the play did carry a flask. Well that's not such a bad idea, says Mr. Harlan.

Mrs. Sidney Drew, who, after the death of her husband and the consequent discontinuance of their excellent comedies, became a director, is now touring the country in vaudeville. In the spring she goes to England where she will make a special eight weeks' appearance in London and all of this leads up to the fact that after that Mrs. Drew goes to Italy to her beautiful estate, which she has recently purchased near Lake Como.

"Thank God," said **Rodolph Valentino,** in a recent interview, "I have a wife who is willing to work and support me, while I am held up by litigation." Of course, we wouldn't suggest for an instant that Rodolph isn't a great film actor, but when



Mabel and Hugo Ballin are working hard on the adaptation of "Vanity Fair." Hugo will direct, of course—and Mabel will play Becky Sharp. It should be a treat!

the point is reached that you feel surprised when he is quoted as saying something nice in an interview, we think it is about time that he started to have a less irritated outlook on life.

Joseph Hergesheimer deserves a vote of thanks. His novel, **"Java Head,"** which was made into a Paramount picture by George Melford, is in its screen adaptation a perfect piece of work, according to Mr. Hergesheimer. Waldemar Young did the scenario and when Mr. Hergesheimer commended him, rejoicing stalked thru the studio. If there were only more authors like Mr. Hergesheimer or more adapters like Mr. Young!

The Motion Picture Industry is just keeping up with itself, according to Will Rogers; who went on to elucidate that every time D. W. Griffith made a picture it put the industry ahead five years, but that every time he, Will, made one it put it back five years. Simple isn't it?

Hugo and **Mabel Ballin** are no longer members of the Eastern motion picture colony. They are in California working on **"Vanity Fair."** We can think of no one better fitted to make a perfect production in setting and costume of Thackeray's novel than Mr. Ballin, whose artistic ability is widely known and appreciated. It is hoped that after he finishes leading the vinegary Becky and gentle Amelia thru the sets in the golden California air, that he will come back to the East immediately or even sooner.

Long Island openings are growing more and more frequent, so now half the time the commuters have it all over the subway standees and see the Broadway shows a week before the shows see Broadway.

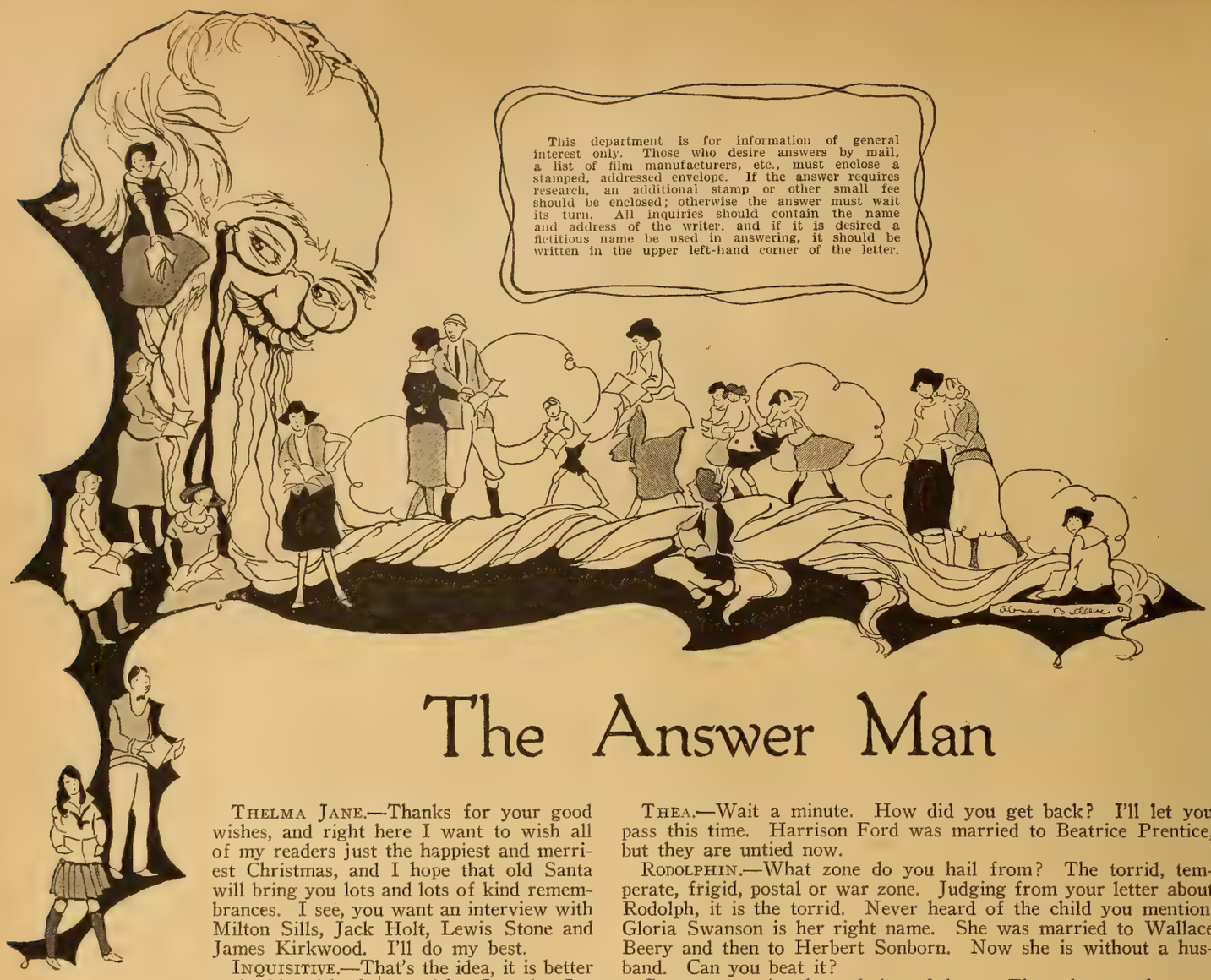
Photograph by Paramount

Good stories are a problem, but Thomas Meighan doesn't mind reading hundreds of 'scripts when his good wife, Blanche Ring Meighan, lends a helping hand

Alice Brady has some interesting comments on the difference between stage acting and movie acting. "Acting in the real sense," she says, "is building for a climax, that is impossible to do on the screen, because the scenes are so broken up, therefore there is no real acting in screen work. On the stage the actor has two or three hours to work up to his climax; on the screen, he has only the two or three minutes before the camera is ready to prepare for the great moment. It is really the director who does the acting in screen work, because he explains before what climax must be prepared for, and, if you have ever noticed, most of the great directors achieve their dramatic effects by scenes rather than by a character. It is true that on the vaudeville stage this same lack of time in working up to a climax is felt, but even there you have the logical preceding action to help you, where in the movies you may have played the preceding action two or three days before. But, nevertheless, it is much harder to be a good screen actor than it is to be good on the stage, it is harder to make the audience feel your character, because it has to be done with pantomime, and there are few

(*Cont'd on page* 88)

Hats . . . hats . . . hats! Betty Blythe adores them. And she considers the choice of a hat that is to be worn in a scene of the utmost importance



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. If the answer requires research, an additional stamp or other small fee should be enclosed; otherwise the answer must wait its turn. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and if it is desired a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

The Answer Man

THELMA JANE.—Thanks for your good wishes, and right here I want to wish all of my readers just the happiest and merriest Christmas, and I hope that old Santa will bring you lots and lots of kind remembrances. I see, you want an interview with Milton Sills, Jack Holt, Lewis Stone and James Kirkwood. I'll do my best.

INQUISITIVE.—That's the idea, it is better to be kittenish than cattish. Leatrice Joy will play the part of the Chinese Lady in "Java Head." Think you are going to like her in it? Interesting letter, write me again.

CHO, CHO.—Elliott Dexter in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." He was interviewed last month. Yes, Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell. Address her in care of Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Yes, Ethel Barrymore played in "Rose Bernd" on the stage in October. Why, Hazel Dawn's real name is Hazel Tout. Dont mention it.

BAD EGG.—Ever hear that story? Well, I wont tell it here. About as simple as your questions—"What river did Washington cross when he crossed the Delaware?" "What year was the War of 1812 fought in?" Yes, there is a limit to everything, even to my patience. Shoo fly!

RICHARD.—So you want to come to New York to see the Woolworth building. We've got lots of other high buildings too—the Woolworth is seven hundred and fifty feet high, the Metropolitan Tower is seven hundred feet high. You know the Cologne Cathedral is five hundred and sixteen feet, while the Olympic stream is eight hundred and eighty-two feet high. Can you picture it? There were several girls in the "Leather Pushers." Which do you refer to? Gertrude Claire in "Hail the Woman."

THEA.—You say "No woman would be two faced if she had to buy paint for both of them." Applause! You want more about Robert Frazer. I'll tell the Editor. A friend in need is a friend indeed—if he doesn't need too much. Of course, you're my friend.

IMA MILLANITE.—Is that so! Why, Conrad Nagel is playing opposite Pola Negri in "Bella Donna." Conway Tearle will be the Arab. You want to see Louise Lovely. Dont know what I can do about it.

A PLAIN GIRL.—Now that's my style. Your letter takes the prize. Casson Ferguson is playing in "Sacrifice," with Mary Miles Minter. Hope you write me another long letter.

PELEJAH.—Yes, when children are little, they make our heads ache; when grown, our hearts. Yes indeed, Johnnie Walker is playing in "Captain Fly-By-Night," with Shannon Day opposite Jack Mulhall and Louise Lorraine in "The Fish Patrol." Sounds as tho it might be a fish story. Who can tell? Just write Betty Compson, in care of Famous Players, Los Angeles, Cal. Dont be afraid of me. They have had me here for twelve years, and I have never been known to harm a child.

THEA.—Wait a minute. How did you get back? I'll let you pass this time. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but they are untied now.

RODOLPHIN.—What zone do you hail from? The torrid, temperate, frigid, postal or war zone. Judging from your letter about Rodolph, it is the torrid. Never heard of the child you mention. Gloria Swanson is her right name. She was married to Wallace Beery and then to Herbert Sonborn. Now she is without a husband. Can you beat it?

CHARLOTTE.—Another victim of love. They do say that one mood always forgets another, and till we have loved we have not imagined the heights of love. William Stowell in "The Right of Happiness." Claire Adams in "The White Dove." Frank Mills in "Wild Honey." Claire Adams is playing opposite Herbert Rawlinson in "The Kidnapper."

HARRIETT.—Books should be read as deliberately and reservedly as they were written. I wish I had time to read more. Yes, I go to pictures about once a week and to a legitimate show once a week. The other nights I stay in my hallroom and work. I manage very well on my ten dollars and fifty cents. Haven't bought all my Christmas presents yet. I get them all at the five and ten, you know. That was Nell Craig in "The Poor Simp," and Martha Mansfield in "The Wonderful Chance." Hazel Dawn on the stage. Whew!

ALICE.—It's the empty car that makes the most noise. Yes, I liked that picture too. He is twenty-seven and speaks English very well. Lew Cody and Marguerite Courtot are playing in "Jacqueline," a James Oliver Curwood story, directed by Dell Henderson. Do you remember him of Griffith fame in the old Biograph days?

F. D. H.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Mo. He is playing in "Thirty Days." Anna Q. Nilsson is playing in Cecil de Mille's next production. It hasn't been titled as yet. Pauline Garon is the flapper daughter.

BEANIE.—And very nice, too, Beanie!

MECELA J.—Cheer up, maybe he didn't mean it. What causes such a miscalculation in the amount of gratitude which men expect for the favors they have done is, that the pride of the giver and that of the receiver can never agree as to the value of the benefit. I hope I made myself clear! Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs, and then you can write letters to your heart's content.

SHAMROCK.—Pretty soon we will be wearing them. Wesley Barry was interviewed in October, 1922, MAGAZINE. Bebe Daniels, Lewis Stone, Kathlyn Williams and Harrison Ford in "Paths of Glory." Edmund Loew and Betty Compson in "The White Flower." Bull Montana in "Glad Rags." Welcome to our city.

JANE M.—See above for Johnny Walker. Georgia is called the Cracker State; Nevada the Silver State, and Maine the Lumber State. Yes, Cullen Landis is playing in "The One Man," with Myrtle Stedman and Harry Carey. Sure thing I go out every

Why English Women Have Abandoned the Use of Ordinary Rouge

By Margaret Cheney

WHEN one has found something which adds immeasurably to the appearance, I don't believe in keeping the discovery a secret. A new way—a vastly *better* way—of imparting color to the cheeks has made me, and countless of my acquaintances, grateful to science. I refer to Princess Pat—a perfectly wonderful new tint. *Its exact duplication of Nature's own color is nothing short of miraculous!*

I am sure that no woman has searched more industriously for the right shade of rouge than I. How many different kinds I have tried—only to find the same old purplish tinge that clashed with Nature. But an extraordinary series of experiments by an English scientist has at last solved the problem of a perfect color. I read of this scientific tint, tried it, and now I know what has been wrong with all old-fashioned rouges.

This remarkable new tint is not the usual red, but a new *color value* which changes at the moment of application and blends naturally with the flesh tone beneath.

Three hundred shades were tried before the new tint now known as Princess Pat was found. Then a hitherto unknown shade of *orange* was applied to the cheeks of the scientist's assistant! The new hue turned at once to the desired, inimitable flesh tone! The woman's natural skin color and the added color were magically suffused in one beautifully modulated flush which by sun's rays or electric light remained true. I know this complexion miracle to be so; for the new tint has done exactly the same for me. It is a scientific transformation that simply cannot, by the very nature of things, fail.

No woman can sense the importance of this Princess Pat discovery until she has seen the fascinating, almost mysterious effect taking place on her own cheeks. I wonder how many there are who might read of this achievement and put it down as "just another rouge" we patient women were invited to try? I know I was a long time in making up my mind, but how genuinely glad and grateful I am that I was finally persuaded to adopt this boon to beauty! Princess Pat has so many advantages over the customary crudely purplish reds that it is bound to be the accepted way of enhancing one's color here in America, as it already is in England. To begin with, one shade is right for *any* type of complexion; for it takes its *final* color from the skin tone underneath. And it has the same natural look *in any quantity used* (which means you can put on Princess Pat until any desired warmth of color results, and there is not the least artificial effect). Also, it is positively water-proof. I have proved this by the extreme test of going in the surf and finding the tint I had applied undiminished and unaltered on coming out. It is perspiration-proof, too; yet a dab of cream or soap and water instantly removes it.

Now that science has given us women so perfect a means of enhancing color, I am sure the old, familiar color of rouge will not long continue to be seen. For no shade of red, or purplish red, can ever look anything but artificial. Old-fashioned rouges are doomed by the discovery of this natural tint.

You *must* try Princess Pat. It is sold by stores generally, but has met with such enthusiasm that there has been some difficulty in keeping everyone supplied. Should your dealer be out of Princess Pat temporarily, its makers have provided against your disappointment; a week's supply is sent without charge to all women who do not readily find a shop that has it in stock! (Always ask for Princess Pat by name. I have seen more than one imitation of this new English tint.)

The convenient coupon placed on this page brings a week's supply of this remarkable new tint at once, without obligation.

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply—without charge. At no cost to you, and without any obligation, your prompt use of this coupon will bring to you the Princess Pat new, natural tint:

GORDON GORDON
2701 So. Park Ave., Dept. 21, Chicago

ENTIRELY FREE, please forward me postpaid a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

Name (Print).....

Street.....

City.....

Princess Pat

—the New, Natural Tint—Always Ask for It By Name

GORDON GORDON, Chicago SOLE AMERICAN DISTRIBUTORS

Princess Pat Tint—Princess Pat Cream—Almond Base Face Powder—Instant Astringent—Princess Pat Perfume

S day. I dont mind the cold weather, my beard makes a good muffler.

JEWEL.—So you think it is a shame that I have to work. Yes, them's my sentiments! The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old. I dont mind it, tho. You want to see Gloria Swanson's little girl. All right! Why, yes, "Head Hunters of the South Seas" is the name of Martin Johnson's jungle adventures. John Gilbert in "Calvert's Valley." Do write again.

TEDDIE AND T.—You say you are all ready but the ring. Why not go to Denmark? There the maidens never receive a diamond engagement ring. They are always presented with a plain gold band, which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day, the bridegroom changes the ring to the third finger of the right hand, which is the marriage finger in that country. Louise Lovely with Famous Players. Frank Mayo in "The Summons."

MOVIENE.—I'm sorry you dont like my picture up above. You're all wrong about me, too. First impressions rule the mind, but sometimes our first snapshots are poor likenesses. Jackie Coogan had a birthday on October 26. He is playing in "Oliver Twist," which was taken in California. Wheeler Oakman is married to Priscilla Dean.

THISTLE.—Your letter was most interesting. The only address we have of Ralph Kellard is Post Road, Rye, N. Y. Grace Davidson at Room 403, 1465 Broadway, N. Y. You must write to me again.

THELMA.—What's in a name? If it is a Russian name, I should answer—the alphabet. Lila Lee and Nita Naldi had the leads in "Blood and Sand." Valentino is five feet eleven and one-half inches, and he is twenty-seven. No, a negro can hear better than a white person.

ROSE.—Milton Sills with Lasky Productions, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal. He played with Florence Vidor in "Skin Deep." Harrison Ford with Famous Players. Yes, "Alice Adams" is played by Florence Vidor. You liked it better than "Gentle Julia"?

SWEET PATOOTIE; MARJORIE S.; MISS F. A.; A. C.; OLIVE B.; QUESTION BOX; and JUST SIXTEEN.—Had to answer you together, but your questions have all been answered up above.

LOUISE.—Occasionally a player with a good figure displays bad form. Valentino played in "The Big Little Person," "Delicious Little Devil," "Eyes of Youth" before he played in "The Four Horsemen." I cant say what made him popular all of a sudden. Rex Ingram, I suppose.

PEG.—Yes, we have lots of express trains in New York; in fact, everybody is in a hurry. I find that those who argue most are usually those who know least. Owen Moore in "A Dollar Down."

DIXIE.—So you dont like beards. I'm sorry. If I took mine off, I would catch my death of cold. You refer to Barbara Bedford. At one time India produced most of the diamonds, but now the Transvaal in South Africa produces more. That's where most of mine came from.

CHICAGO LASSIE.—Thanks, you congratulate me. Generally the reason that we forget a thing is because we really never knew it. And now you are raving about Robert Frazer. He became very popular after "Fascination." He will appear in "Coronation," with Mae Murray.

CHERIE.—*Quien sabe?* A sour disposition is a greater enemy to beauty and to happiness than is the small-pox. You like Colleen Moore. She is playing with Cullen Landis and June Elvidge in "Forsaking All Others." The first American express was opened between New York and Boston in 1821.

KENTUCKY GIRL.—As Byron says, "The night shows stars and women in a better light." And you think Maurice Flynn is very good looking. I mean he is. Why, Dorothy Dix is a writer and not a player. She is a very interesting writer, and lives in New Orleans.

FANCHON.—No, I am not a married man. Never been married in my life. But someone told me that no man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife. Francis Carpenter is playing in a two-reel serial in which Dot Farley is playing the lead—"A Measly Interpretation." Dot has been in pictures ever since the old Imp days.

R. R. C.—Yes, eggs are a troublesome, but fowl produce. I eat them every morning. Viola Dana is playing in "Miss Emmy-Lou," with John Bowers and Allan Forrest. So you didn't care for "Beyond the Rocks." I didn't see it.

E. C. P.—Yes, and a drop of ink will make millions think, if wisely directed. Clyde Filmore is not playing now. I believe he has deserted the screen. Orville Caldwell is playing opposite Katherine MacDonald in "The Lonely Road" and "The Scarlet Lily."

OLGA SEVENTEEN.—What's the idea, you calling me Pete? I may be Pete, but not Repeat. Yes, I always try to go to the first night performance of pictures. Saw "Trifling Women," and who do you suppose were present—Mabel and Hugo Ballin, Zena Keefe, Virginia Norden, Anita Stewart, Lillian Walker, Hope Hampton, Mary Carr, Rodolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, Kitty Gordon, David Warfield and Raymond Hitchcock. It was quite a gala affair. I didn't care so much for the picture.

PATTY.—So you look like Bebe Daniels, and you want to get into pictures. You have my consent. If some men had to eat their own words, their health would be ruined forever.

GEORGE W.—Work has been my one great joy. Ha, ha! Yes, Eva Novak recently married William Richard Reed. Johnny Hines is doing a six-reel picture before doing any more comedies. Norma Talmadge is going to do "Within the Law." No record of Martin Griffith. Write me again.

WILL S.—But remember that a woman's guess is generally more reliable than a man's certainty. That sure is ancient history. Alkalie Ike played in the old Essanay days. Clara Young is playing "Entre Madame."

JUST ME.—So you stole time from the boss to write to me. You couldn't steal it for a better purpose. A guilty conscience needs no accuser—if you catch him at it. Betty Compson has brown hair and blue eyes.

LENA S. C.—Yes, and many an ugly old woman was an attractive girl; many an attractive girl will be an ugly old woman. There is nothing I can do to help your friend get into pictures. Too many experienced players who are not working.

IMA LUNA TICK.—Thrilled to the vertebra! You want to know if the chap, who was standing in front of the Royal Alexandra Theater in Toronto with the grey suit at 1:20 last Friday, was Joseph Schildkraut. Precisely! Your beloved William Farnum is playing in "Sacrifice." Yes, I remember seeing the "Fatal Wedding" in a stock company about sixty years ago, more or less.

UNSIGNED.—I cannot give you the addresses, because you left no address.

MOVIE KRAZED.—What do I do with my beard when I go to bed, what did you suppose—I take it with me. Jack Mulhall is playing in "Broad Daylight," with Lois Wilson. You are indeed quite a genius. Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science. Poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul when it was first quickened, and should neither be stilted art nor science, but genius.

KATHY.—Yes, J. Warren Kerrigan is coming back to the screen under the Lasky Banner in "The Covered Wagon." Kenneth Harlan was married to Flo Hart. He is playing in "The Beautiful and Damned." Earle Williams and Gertrude Astor in "You Never Know." No, one never does.

NETTIE M. B.—I dont know who is responsible for "a good horse will not turn back to eat grass; and a good wife will not marry a second husband." Might have been Bernard Shaw. Gareth Hughes and Betty Compson in "Kick In." Phyllis Haver is going to do a five-reel comedy for Mack Sennet. Come in again, Nettie.

ANNA FROM SAVANNAH.—Yes, I have been to Charleston, S. C. You say it is the most finished city you have ever seen—people sit around with their arms folded, with nothing more to be done. Well, my child, the more you study this world and what there is in it, the more you will believe in miracles. Milton Sills, John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte in "What a Wife Learned." I suppose the husband takes credit for teaching her.

JULIA MARLOWE FAN.—Yes, she is still a favorite of mine.

VIRGINIA VALLI VALLI.—Cullen Landis and Madge Bellamy in "Ten Ton Love." Hope Hampton is doing "Lawful Larceny," from the stage play. Of course, I drink buttermilk in the winter time.

HELEN M.—I do believe in reciprocity. Neither friendship nor love should accept what they cannot return. Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City. She is not from Philadelphia. Irene Rich is playing in "Michael O'Halloran."

HOLLIS H.—Wallace Reid's next picture is "Thirty Days," with Wanda Hawley. Ralph Graves and Edith Roberts in "The Ghost Patrol." No, I dont mind long letters—I do read everything I get; have pity.

OLGA SEVENTEEN.—So you liked "The Storm" in pictures better than the stage play. I didn't. I liked the picture "Smilin' Thru" a great deal better than the stage play. You should see Griffith's "One Exciting Night," with Carol Dempster. Wow! What mystery.

Elizabeth Thacher
A Housewife—
who found that *she* could do it

We Pay $1000 and Royalties

to men and women anywhere, of any age, who can learn to write photoplays. A novel, free test, made at home, will tell you if YOU can learn as Mrs. Thacher did.

UNDER the new Palmer Photoplay Production Plan we pay a minimum of $1,000 cash for scenarios which are acceptable for our own productions.

In addition, we pay royalties on the profits of the picture. This permits new, Palmer trained writers and photoplaywrights, for the first time, to share in the success of the screen stories of their own creation.

At the same time, we continue to be the largest single agency for the sale of scenarios to the great producing organizations of the country. They gladly pay $2,000 and rarely offer less than $500 for acceptable screen stories.

Yet the demands are far from adequately filled. These fortunes are actually going begging because many men and women, endowed with story-telling ability, have not discovered it. So we are searching the land for this hidden talent which we train for success in this rich field of endeavor.

We Will Test YOU without cost or obligation

THIS search is being tremendously successful because of a novel Test Questionnaire developed in collaboration with H. H. Van Loan, the well-known scenarist, and Malcolm McLean, formerly of Northwestern University.

You may test yourself under this plan without cost or obligation. Send the coupon below. Your answers to the questions will indicate whether or not you possess the creative imagination which opens this rich field to you.

We hold your answers confidential, of course. If they indicate that you are endowed with this ability, you will receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service, which will fit you for this work. If you are not so endowed, we will tell you frankly and courteously.

The Experience of Elizabeth Thacher

NOT long ago, Elizabeth Thacher, a busy Montana housewife, little dreamed that she was different from thousands of other housewives.

Yet she took Palmer training and soon wrote a successful photoplay and Thomas H. Ince was glad to buy it at a handsome figure—the first she ever tried to write.

Never before had she even written for publication. And, in fact, had no desire to write, until one day she saw an advertisement like this one which told of the opportunities for new and unknown writers of ability and training to earn rich rewards.

When shortly after her enrollment she sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince, she wrote: "I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Know About Yourself

MANY men and women, like Elizabeth Thacher, have the ability to win success in this field. We are preparing qualified men and women, not alone for scenario writing, but also for positions of all kinds in the producing companies.

And many others, with no desire to become professional screen writers, are developing under our training their power of Creative Imagination, for they realize how much more success, in any field of endeavor, comes to those who possess this power, properly developed.

You may know whether or not you are endowed with Creative Imagination, if you will but ask for the Creative Test Questionnaire. There's no cost—no obligation. It may discover to you this gift that you will want to develop.

Perhaps your life holds stories which the world is seeking and for which the world will pay you well.

Mail the coupon. Test yourself. Know if you are wasting these hidden talents.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 901.
Palmer Building,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

Dept. Q-29, Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, **PLAYS** New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 45, Chicago

BE AN ARTIST

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Easy method. Write for terms and List of successful students.
ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, 28-A Flatiron Building, New York

$ MAKE MONEY $ AT HOME

Make 1 to 2 dollars an hour At Home In Your Spare Time. We guarantee to make you a Show Card Writer by our "New Simple Method." No Canvassing or Soliciting. Working Outfit Free. We sell your work and pay you cash each week no matter where you live.

Illustrated booklet and terms free

THE DETROIT SHOW CARD SCHOOL

Canadian Office
16 Land Security Building
Toronto, Ontario

U. S. Office
216 Dinan Building
Detroit, Michigan

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 83*)

good pantomimists who are masters of their art.

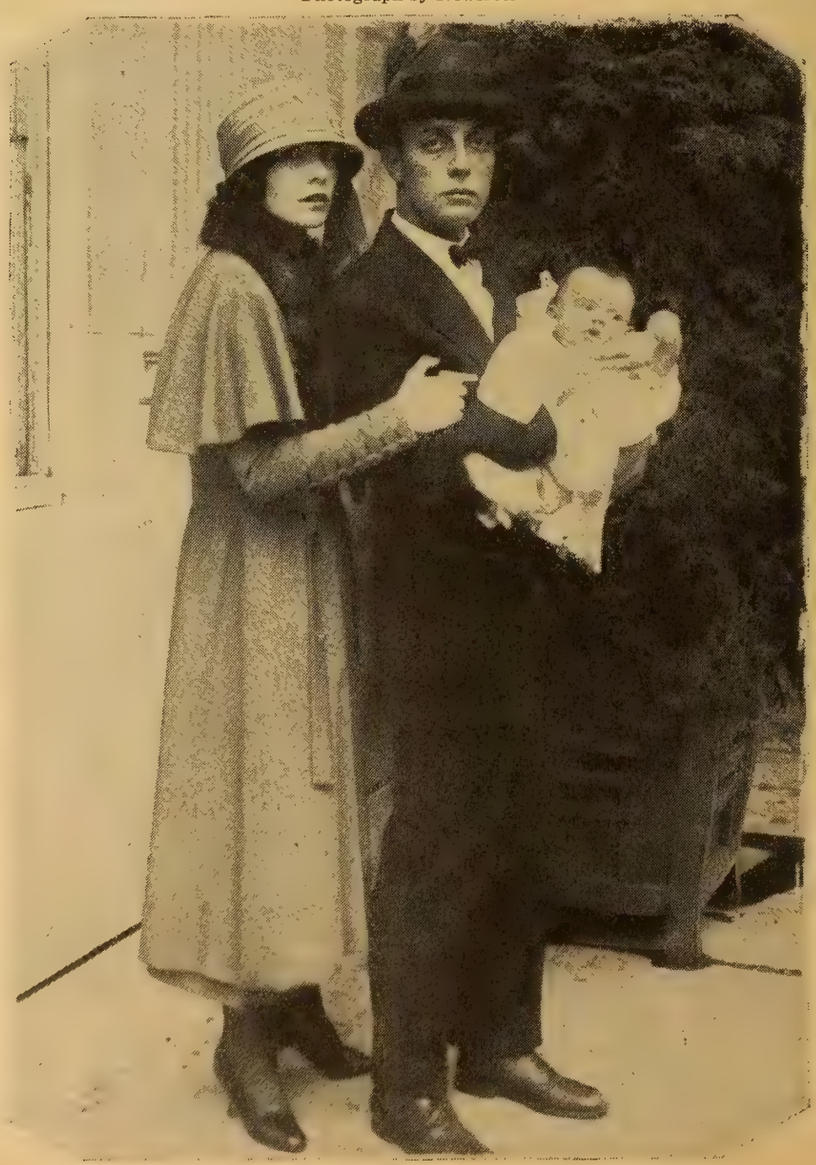
"Wrong, all wrong," says Miss Lillian Walker, for ten years a film star, and now making her stage *début* in **"Sweet Petunia,"** "I admit that George Beban is a scholar and a gentleman, but he doesn't know what he is talking about when he says the people of the screen are 'dumb-bells,' and I think," she continues, "if Mr. Beban thinks his remark over, he will find that he was a bit hasty and in error when he made that remark."

Joseph Schildkraut, who was the aristocratic and elegant Chevalier de Vaudrey in **"Orphans of the Storm,"** said a few pertinent remarks to a Brooklyn audience, which we hope will be heeded by other audiences as well. It was during the performance of **"Liliom"** that a perfectly serious remark struck the audience's sense of humor. Now an actor can stand anything but laughter when laughter is not called for. At any rate it was too much for Joseph's delicate sensibilities, so he stepped to the footlights, looked coldly at the audience and said, "You should be ashamed of yourselves. An artist is here trying his best to entertain you, giving you the best that is in him, and you laugh, thoughtlessly laugh, when a second's concentration would show you that this is neither the time nor the place to laugh." Schildkraut walked back, took up his part, and the play went on in silence, for a second, then a ripple of applause went thru the audience.

Viola Dana has bobbed hair. A few short weeks ago there would have been nothing startling in that statement, but now that the latest Paris hair-dress is a bunch of disheveled curls caught high with a Spanish comb and the newest skirts trailing the ground in long sweeping points, most are buying false curls and groaning as their shorn locks approach the awkward length. Not so Viola; her hair is bobbed, she likes it bobbed, and it is going to stay bobbed, and there you are.

Baby Joseph has arrived in New York with his father and mother. This is the first time Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton have been in New York since their marriage. Note the fist the young heir shakes at the photographer

Photograph by Newsreel



Viewpoints of a Vampire

(*Continued from page 37*)

earrings, I attach 'em. I go into a shop and they trot out all of their most—what do you call 'em?—exotic-looking things, and I suppose I look as well in them as I would in anything. But I dont care what I wear. I'd just as soon wear a shirt-waist and skirt as a yard of chiffon any day.

"Vamps are generally known by their bedrooms . . . by their boudoirs shall ye know them! Come take a look at mine if you've any lingering suspicions."

We mounted the stairs.

"I have a whole house because it was cheaper than a flat when I took it," Nita said carelessly . . .

Nita's bedroom testified to the truth of her testimony. It contained none of the semblances of original sin. There were neither floor lamps nor *chaises-longues,* nor perfumed censers, nor Russian cigarets, nor shrouding drapes, nor a Louis Quatorze bed, nor . . . *) No. On the simple cretonne-covered bed, a bed that might have belonged to Mother had she not come from sunny It', there were flung no negligent négligées, but only some thumbed copies of the fan magazines. On the dresser, guiltless of topped bottles, sinister viols and other snares and delusions, were photographs of the little sister. On the window sill was a box of chocolates. On the mantle there were three large and conspicuous likenesses of Mister Nita Naldi.

I was convinced, indeed.

Nita is a happy accident. She is only twenty-two and age may do wonders for her. May give her methods and manœuvres in the course of time, but at present she seems to be casual, a child of the hour, taking what comes as it comes, kissing her fingertips to what goes as it goes . . .

"I dont get the pose stuff," she said, "my mother and father were born in Italy and I could get away with enough foreign stuff to do a dozen vamps, but I was born and brought up in New York City, and that's that. I tell it even to interviewers. I never had an accent and couldn't stop to acquire one, and I haven't prefixed a 'Madame' to my name.

"I cant stand the Coast. I wouldn't live there if I had to go back to being a model. In New York you can be more or less natural and as you please. Or you can be inconspicuous. People dont even notice you unless you trip them up or make faces at them. But on the Coast! Say, it's killing out there! You'd think you were in with the British aristocracy to say the least. Duchesses and Her Nibses and all the rest of it. I dont want to get personal . . . but say!"

Such is Nita Naldi. She has five years to go with Famous Players, having just signed her contract. Careless, generous, without affectations, enthusiastic in fits and starts, indifferent and utterly frank . . . what will the five years bring?

*Editorial revision.

GUARANTEED NOT TO CRACK

LADY CUSTOMER: Have you the "Movie Star" face cream?

CLERK: Sorry Madam, we haven't. Could I interest you in some "Buster Keaton" face enamel? Best on the market.

Except the eyes, no factor in beauty counts for more than white teeth

No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Used by careful people of fifty nations. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 962

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 514, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

Big Magazine Bargains For The Holidays

The Most Appropriate Gift for Xmas is a Yearly Subscription to These Magazines

Entertaining and instructive, the Brewster Group of magazines offer an exceptionally wide selection from which to choose the gifts you wish to make this Xmas. With gifts of magazine subscriptions, your remembrances cannot be forgotten. Coming once each month, the magazines, themselves, serve as a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Motion Picture..	$2.50	a year
Shadowland	3.50	" "
Classic	2.50	" "
Beauty	2.50	" "

Cards Announcing Your Gift Will Be Sent Upon Request

For those who will give more than one subscription, we have made up some exceedingly attractive combinations at especially low prices. Each magazine may be sent to a different address.

Motion Picture.....	$2.50	PAY
Beauty	2.50	$3.90
Regular Price....	5.00	
Motion Picture.....	$2.50	PAY
Classic	2.50	$3.90
Regular Price....	5.00	
Motion Picture.....	$2.50	PAY
Shadowland	3.50	$4.60
Regular Price....	6.00	
Motion Picture.....	$2.50	PAY
Pictorial Review...	1.50	$3.15
Regular Price....	4.00	
Motion Picture.....	$2.50	PAY
McCall's Magazine..	1.00	$2.75
Regular Price....	3.50	
Motion Picture.....	$2.50	PAY
Today's Housewife..	1.00	$2.65
Regular Price....	3.50	
Motion Picture.....	$2.50	PAY
Little Folks.....	2.00	$3.40
Regular Price....	4.50	
Beauty	$2.50	PAY
Classic	2.50	$3.90
Regular Price....	5.00	
Beauty	$2.50	PAY
Shadowland	3.50	$4.60
Regular Price....	6.00	
Beauty	$2.50	PAY
McCall's Magazine..	1.00	$2.75
Regular Price....	3.50	
Beauty	$2.50	PAY
Pictorial Review...	1.50	$3.15
Regular Price....	4.00	

For Canada add 50¢ For Foreign add $1.00

These special offerings are good until Xmas only. Save money by subscribing for yourself and friends now.

Send your order to

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Capturing the Caption

(*Continued from page* 40)

Perhaps he has discovered, by some method of his own, that the person who goes to the movies has a peculiarly low grade of intelligence—which isn't a great credit to the producer, by the way. On the other hand, watch a movie audience. I've watched them. They look like good, average citizens to me. I can never detect the very low grade of intelligence that some producers seem to think they have and that the title-writer caters to. Perhaps, if the title-writer improved his titles, he'd find that they would get across just as well if they had a little more brains back of them. On the other hand, perhaps the producer has made one small error and got the intelligence of the audience and the title-writer confused. Maybe—just maybe, now—it's a child of seven, if somebody cared enough about him to give him the Simon-Binet test.

Just to show that it isn't the audience that is at fault, look at the pictures that Anita Loos and John Emerson produce. I dont know if it's the young Anita or the solemn John who writes the titles. Maybe they do really do them in partnership. But, either way, they are clever, well-written, snappy. They fit the pictures, add real pleasure to the motion part of the reels, and do not insult the audience by their stupidity. According to the producers who say that the audience wants terrible titles, people ought to walk out on an Emerson-Loos production. They dont. They come in droves to see them. These two aren't the only ones. There are perhaps half a dozen others who write decent, readable stuff and get away with it. As nearly as I can discover, the poor captions are written by folks who failed as newspaper writers or fiction writers, and, hearing what easy money there was to be made in the movies—and without brains, too—persuaded some movie producer, whose long card wasn't intellect, anyhow, to allow them to write the captions. And so far, they are getting away with it. Most of the scandals connected even remotely with the films have not concerned title-writers. Some day, someone, driven beyond their strength by a particularly terrible caption, is going to find out who wrote it and strangle the writer—and it's going to look to me a lot more justifiable than most of the crimes that are being pulled off these days.

There has grown up, in pictures, almost a complete language. Things are said, in captions, that would never be said in conversation under any circumstances and certainly not in literature and not even in newspapers, which have never been famous for their perfection in turning a phrase. Long sentences, introducing grandiose words and expressions, are used in the pictures with utter seriousness. If the children are really considered, as some motion picture makers say they are, then the modern child is receiving, along with his formal education, a most wonderful idea of life and living. Besides the unusual language, allusions to non-existent Gods and Goddesses, references to people who lived neither on earth nor in any mythology, are forming but a small part of the moving picture education.

What are we going to do about it? The answer is—we are going to do the same thing we have done about all the things we dont like in the movies—*nothing at all.* We are going to accept the foolish and quite frequently illiterate captions until such times as the producers think that we are grown-up enough to get sensible and grown-up subtitles. When will that be? We can only echo, with Zoe Akin, "God knows."

Of course, if you go to the movies to be amused, you are going to be furious at any suggestion of changing the captions. I dont mean amused at the comics. Of course not. Nearly all of us are amused at them. Chaplin, Buster Keaton, a half a dozen other comedians are really funny and their pictures are funny and their titles and subtitles are funny. But there are people, serious people—and two of the most intelligent people I know are among them—who go to serious—well, meant-to-be-serious—pictures just for the fun they get out of them. They howl at the extras, in dress clothes, trying to pretend to be society folks. They yowl at the servants who do all of the things that well-trained servants are supposed not to do. But at the captions—well, they come to the movies to read the captions. They gain enough comic material there to last them for a full week. So, of course, if movies are meant to offer merriment, dont change the captions. If they are offered as good entertainment for the average person, as an hour or two of interesting and serious attention, of forgetfulness of the everyday world, then, at least they should be sensibly worded and in almost as good English as we get in our daily newspaper. We should be able to expect that much, at least.

One thing more. Who governs the length of time a caption is shown? I am not a fast reader. I'm near-sighted, besides being a bit slow. Without glasses I can usually read the average subtitle six times and sometimes I've done better than that. After all, the average audience isn't illiterate. If it is illiterate, the movies aren't a Night School, anyhow. If it isn't illiterate, cant we take it for granted that the captions can be read at a moderately fast rate, that "So, together, they entered a new life" need not be spread over long enough to show them entering the life and leading it again.

Help! Help! The captions need help—nearly all of them, and so—or more so—does the audience who loves the movies well enough to take them as they are in spite of what is being handed out in the way of title and subtitle. Give us some better captions—just for fun—and see if the audience wont accept them in real delight. After all, even the average audience isn't so simple as the average producer would have us believe.

Baby's Hands

(*Continued from page 29*)

Hollywood, its skyline pierced here and there with the sets of picture studios. In the distance I could see the rising towers of Doug Fairbanks' "Robinhood"—the Castle of Nottingham or something.

I was eager to hear more of the family life of this vital, youthful couple. Tom was enveloped in wide gestures, pointing out to me the advantages of a mammoth sleeping porch when Zasu made a sudden appearance.

"But they raised our rent twenty-five dollars," she said, in that droll, dispassionate way of hers. "We dont know whether to stay or to move."

"It really isn't money," put in Tom (they always interrupt each other), "but it's the principle of the thing."

Picture players aren't given to discussing finances with interviewers. They usually strive, rather, to give the impression of large freedom from financial affairs; but not the Gallerys. Their affairs become at once your affairs, if you prove a sympathetic listener. They are such kids, after all, and they have such a strong determination to get ahead.

Hollywood residents who are engaged in picture work at the studios, if the truth be known, are somewhat *blasé*. They are not a childless group of people, but a great number of them take their babies as they take their make-up—a matter of course. Not so with Zasu and Tom. And their example of tender parenthood should be emblazoned on the Hollywood hillsides for all the community to see.

In "Country Love," the Metro picture which Zasu had just finished, she played the part of an eccentric piano pounder of a small picture theater.

"It's the first part I've had since the baby was born," she explained, as she hustled us down the stairs and into the kitchen to get a drink of water. "People may think it's funny that I, who was almost a star once, should play mere parts in the pictures which star other girls, but I want to say I'm glad to do it.

"I'm going to take everything that comes along—but some day, well, some day we'll have that million dollars, wont we, honey?" And she kissed her tall young husband just in back of his ear.

Tom showed me a large photograph of a chap who was in the war with him. "That fellow saved my life," he said, simply. While we talked, he put the picture down on the kitchen table and we three leaned against the sink. Zasu doesn't remain quiet for long. She sort of wiggles, and moves her hands a great deal. In a moment she picked up the photograph. Underneath, on the table surface, was a burned spot.

"Oh, yes, that's right, Tom," she murmured, with a smile. "Our maid burned the table," she added, deprecatingly. She thought Tom was hiding the spot from interviewing eyes.

The baby was ready for the cameraman, then, and we went out to the garden. I cant describe the process. It was too complicated. But if you have ever known a young married couple with their first offspring, you know what I mean. We got the pictures, as you can see for yourself, just as the sun was sinking in the west, and it was with much regret, and a promise to come to dinner sometime, that I drove homeward down the winding road under the eucalyptus and pine trees. But inside me, my hard, interviewish heart was warmed by the tenderness and love of the little family on the hill.

Warner's WRAP-AROUND

Invisible Corseting

NOT A TRACE OF A LACING has the Warner's Wrap-around—just narrow sections of firm elastic alternating with brocade, that stretch enough to let you "wrap it and snap it" on. And when on, the Warner's Wrap-around is a part of yourself—not a line showing through the gown. It does not stretch into looseness, making the figure unsightly, as does a solid rubber corset. It holds you, just as much as you want to be held—and no more. It's a featherweight, and you're free in it.

Prices: $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up.

A BANDEAU *especially designed to wear with this type of Wrap-around. It extends well down below the waist line and stays down securely over the low-top of the Wrap-around. Prices: $1.00 to $5.00.*

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

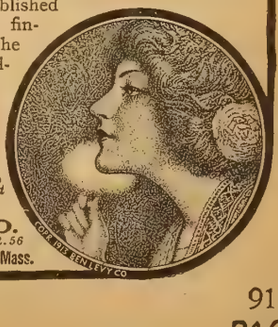
By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

"How the elusive perfume of Lablache takes me back! Grandmother's lightly powdered cheek—Mother's dimpled chin—and home." Fifty years of dainty custom—three generations have established Lablache as the finishing touch to the toilette of well-groomed women.



Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send* **10c** *for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston Mass.

Could You Write a Story Like This?

Could you recognize the vital dramatic situation in this scene—and write a scenario about it?

It is a scene from the Rex Ingram Production (Metro Pictures Croporation), "The Conquering Power." A great drama built up from a commonplace story. Situations like this are taking place around you every day. Right in your own street, in the house next door, in your home, a great drama is being lived.

Why can't you build a plot around it? The successful photodramatists use the simplest themes; the biggest pictures are built around trivial incidents of everyday life. The successful screen writers are men and women who see the dramatic value of everyday occurences. A few years ago these men and women were receiving ordinary salaries for doing humble tasks. Now their incomes are thousands and tens of thousands of dollars yearly.

$1500 Paid for a Scenario

That is the average price. Just for the synopsis of a dramatic plot.

You do not need writing ability. It is not hard to write a photoplay synopsis when you understand the principles of dramatic construction and photoplay technique.

You cannot tell at this time whether you possess the ability to write photoplays. *No test or analysis* could tell you, for your sense of dramatic perception is undeveloped and your conception of plot construction is unformed.

But it is worth finding out, certainly. For if you *want* to write stories—if in your day dreams, you make up tales, even tales about yourself—you are *creating*. And remember, it does not take fine writing, just the instinct to create and a knowledge of photoplay construction.

Producers Want Your Stories

They must have stories. Plots are the only thing the motion picture industry lacks. All the leaders in the profession are demanding plots looking everywhere for them. Your opportunities as a screen writer in the opinion of the film authorities are fully explained in 32-page, illustrated book. The Fox Plan of Photoplay Writing is outlined. The book is yours FREE if you are interested in writing for the screen. Send the coupon today.

FOX PHOTOPLAY INSTITUTE CHICAGO

Fox Photoplay Institute

2537-39 S. State St., Dept. 1261 Chicago

Fox Photoplay Institute

2537-39 S. State St., Dept. 1261 Chicago

Please send me, without cost, your 32-page book telling about the Fox Plan of Photoplay Writing, and about my opportunities as a screen writer. I understand there is no obligation.

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ---------- State ----------

The Strange Story of Kamuela Searle

(*Continued from page 27*)

training for a fight in San Francisco. Searle was batted around for a pittance. The impresario had thought that the young Hawaiian might be made into a prize-fighter himself; but the boy was so weak from continued hunger that his strength failed under the pressure. So he was turned loose again to pick up a precarious living.

Finally he got down to Los Angeles. There he found occasional work in the movies. He was a gorgeous-looking boy and his courage was vivid. In several wild-eyed serials, they sent him down under water to fight sharks; a trick he had learned in his Kanaka days. Even then he might have scored a success if he had been able to get enough real interest. But the happy carelessness of the tropic sun was in his veins. If he had a meal in sight, he didn't worry about the next meal.

Kamuela told me that it was not until the war that he really found himself. It is an astounding story, filled with occult mysteries.

"It was at the end of a long march in France," he said. "We had walked over thirty miles under forced pressure. It was terrible. For the last fifteen miles my feet were bleeding. It was agony. When we finally arrived in the trenches, I threw myself down in the mud.

"I was so tortured in spirit that I cried half aloud: I said: 'Oh God, if there is any God, give me some answer to all this. Why do I have to go thru all this suffering? What is it all about? Show me some answer.'

"In my agony I had thrust one of my hands deep into the mud. Restlessly my fingers moved around in the glug. It is just as one does queer unconscious things while at the telephone with one's hands.

"Presently I looked down and saw that my hand had molded a superb little figure of a nude: it was a man with both arms raised to heaven in an agony of supplication and appeal. It was my answer.

"During the remainder of my time in the trenches I was beaten about too much by the hurly-burly of war to realize much of anything. When it was over, I came back to California. One day I went to the cliffs that guard the Golden Gate.

"Looking down upon the beach below I saw a vision of a girl lying dead on the sands. It was clear to me what it meant. It was the bruised body of Art slaughtered by the brutalities of war and cast up on the shores of America. It was like a ringing message.

"One day, about a year ago, I was passing an art store in Los Angeles and looked in the windows. I dont know why, but I went and asked a clerk what the stuff was for.

"'It's potters' clay,' he said.

"'What do the potters use it for?' I asked.

"'Sculptors use it to make statues with.'

"I had just sixty dollars—the sum total of my worldly wealth. I dont know what kind of a queer whim it was, but when I went out of that art store I had sixty dollars' worth of art materials and an empty pocket.

"'I have tried everything else,' I told the clerk, 'Maybe I'm a genius.'"

He was. In eight months, his fame had spread thruout California as a sculptor. He was working on the ranch of Lyman T. Gage as a farm hand when Mr. Gage saw him modeling. Instantly he perceived the boy's undoubted genius. He provided him with a studio on the place. Young Searle modeled a bust of Mr. Gage which was at once recognized by art critics as a superior production. Thru the influence of Mr. Gage, he was permitted to model Luther Burbank. Luther Burbank is the sculptor's despair. The plant wizard's barn is filled with clay busts that represent the failures of other sculptors.

Out of the clay that he didn't know the use of, eight months before, the young Hawaiian modeled a bust so striking that the city of Santa Rosa has given him an order for a large statue to be erected as a monument for her famous citizen. Busts for Cecil de Mille and other celebrities followed.

In the midst of his work, a well-known painter asked him to go on a vacation to Santa Fé, New Mexico. While idling out there, young Searle was suddenly seized with an inspiration to try his hand at painting. He tore off half a dozen landscapes of the Southwest. One was purchased by the art-blasé city of Santa Fé: the other sold at big prices in Los Angeles.

The explanation of this astonishing birth of his art dawned upon young Searle when he heard some engineers discussing the monoliths of ancient Egypt. They were debating the possible methods of making the giant statues that abound in the land of that age-old sculptors. They couldn't find, in their own minds, any explanation as to how a sculptor could have worked on those immense scales.

The whole explanation suddenly dawned upon Kamuela Searle: he remembered having done one of those statues himself in ancient Egypt as tho it was an event of yesterday. To the thunder-struck engineers he gave the first clear explanation they had ever heard.

"The sculptor was also a priest," he said. "He had the assistance of thirty men—expert stone cutters.

"He did not work on the big monoliths himself. He first made a small statue in clay. This was placed alongside the great monolith. The two shadows were then measured at a given hour. This gave the exact mathematical proportion between the two. From this scale, the thirty workmen then carved the big statue. By measuring the lines on the small figure and multiplying the figure, the carving of the large statue became a simple matter."

Young Searle is a very handsome young fellow with a peculiar hot glow of animation. He could undoubtedly succeed as a painter, a sculptor or an actor. Rex Ingram, being a sculptor himself, wants to take Searle into the movies when he makes "Toilers of the Sea," meanwhile superintending his artistic education.

The Stars and Their Planets

(*Continued from page 51*)

This man is of a very peaceable nature, but, when opposed in his views, can become unyielding and assert his ideas, in an extremely positive manner; also, he minds his own affairs and he expects others to do the same.

Mr. Sills has great executive ability and can manage people tactfully, having a way of his own of arousing a spirit of enthusiasm, which causes all to take a personal interest in their duties, for his appeal is to their sense of honor.

Economy is, with him, another marked trait. In business, he would get the best results by associating with people born May and March, and similar in character

to Mr. Sills is Mr. Monte Blue, whose birth-date occurs on January eleventh.

Another decided Capricorn man is Mr. Douglas MacLean, born January twelfth.

He is highly magnetic and people are attracted to him.

He is decidedly fond of all things beautiful, and delights in a luxurious home. He unerringly chooses everything of simple elegance, abhors the flashy, and is seldom content with surroundings that are short of perfection, yet we find that he practises thrift to a greater extent than those of other signs, who spend without forethought.

His capacity for work is great, but an instinctive desire to enlarge and improve any enterprise, with which he would be associated, might render him liable to undertake projects in excess of even his wonderful powers.

All of these men are very sensitive and, strangely enough, lacking in confidence. They need encouragement to arouse their ambition, but, in spite of this fact, they neither seek nor heed advice from anyone.

Deep and brilliant thinkers, as well as clever orators, they would have made excellent lawyers or ministers, had not fate designed otherwise.

Capricorn men are impartial, just, accurate and calm, with a grave dignified demeanor that is occasionally broken by an incongruous gleam of humor, peculiarly saturnine and usually unappreciated.

Of the women of this sign, Miss Bebe Daniels, born January fourteenth, is a fair example.

Miss Daniels is extremely sensible in money matters, also possessing a marked desire to shine in public. She is studious, with a decided faculty for imparting her knowledge to others and, we find also, a talent for designing of any sort, coupled with an ability to execute, which she would not care to use, preferring to explain her ideas for some one else to carry out.

The commercial side of her nature is so strongly marked that she would find the scope of domestic life entirely too narrow. She feels that time has a value and that she would make it bring her an income from some source.

Miss Phyllis Haver, born January sixth, has developed the timidity of the sign, to a marked degree. She is inclined to stand coldly aloof, in her own conscious, superiority, silently reminding others of their defects and short-comings and one would not dare to be uncouth of manner or inelegant of diction, in her presence.

Both of these women are innately fascinating to the opposite sex, altho they sometimes practise a surface coldness, which causes them to be misunderstood.

In writing Fan-letters, to anyone of this sign, I would advise sincerity rather than flattery. Their love-nature is deep, rather than demonstrative, and their confidence, once lost, is never regained. They attract and are attracted by those born in May, September, March, November, July, April, December and August, in the order named.

The faults of Capricorn are extreme conventionality, arrogance, envy and too great a love for public opinion. Perhaps the worst of all, is their extreme despondency if they fail to accumulate enough wealth to satisfy their demands. At times, they are moody or gloomy and inclined to relate their affairs to strangers, and any luxury, possessed by another, is sure to arouse their covetousness.

Also, born under this sign, besides those whom I have especially mentioned, are Miss Jane Novak, born January twelfth, and Mr. Francis X. Bushman, born January tenth.

Expansion

A million new subscribers were linked to the Bell System during the past two years—putting into operation a million new routes of talk, and a corresponding increase in all intervening facilities such as switchboards, cable and long distance lines.

No other country is so well equipped as the United States for telephone communication. Yet, because of this—because the telephone is so useful—the demand for service keeps growing greater.

The growth of telephone demand in the United States is greater than the growth of population. It is an intensive growth. An increasing percentage of the population is seeking telephone service.

The Bell System is providing for more investment, further technical achievement, more wires, switchboards and stations—and more subscribers. The American people require the best service. The best service means the most comprehensive service, not only for the necessities of to-day, but for the necessities of the future.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

BATHE YOUR WAY TO SLENDERNESS

14 Treatments $2.00

BELCOR BATH TREATMENT

An easy, sure, safe and harmless method of removing superfluous flesh without drugging, dieting, exercising or discomfort.

Belcor is a scientific medical compound, containing absolutely harmless ingredients that will reduce the fatty tissues, weight and bulk.

Simply prepare your bath, dissolve one BELCOR carton therein and you will be delighted with the pleasant sensation and tonic effect created in your system and the marked reduction in your weight after two weeks.

We will mail you, in a plain wrapper, a complete two week's treatment (14 cartons) Parcel Post C.O.D.

Descriptive booklet free on request.

DR. C. OSBORNE CO., 220 Fifth Ave., New York

How to speak and write Masterly English

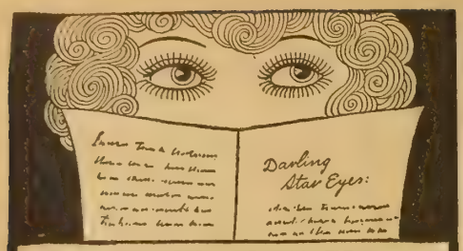
Every time you speak or write you show just what you are. Mistakes in English reveal you as a person who lacks education and refinement. Lack of language power prevents you from presenting your thoughts in the strongest possible way. No matter what you do, real command of English will help you to your goal. Stop making mistakes in spelling, punctuation, pronunciation. Increase your vocabulary.

WONDERFUL INVENTION

Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's New Invention—and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT—makes it easier to do the RIGHT way. Wonderful self-correcting lessons include Expression, Spelling, Punctuation, Grammar, Reading and Conversation.

BOOK FREE Lack of language power may easily be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you. It costs nothing to find out. Mail a postal card or letter this very minute for free book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." It will prove a revelation to you. WRITE NOW. Address

Sherwin Cody School of English, 401 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.



Does He Call You "Star-Eyes?"

You can have expressive eyes, with long dark lashes *instantly* with LIQUID LASH-LUX. Applied with a tiny glass rod, it beads the lashes and makes them appear thicker and longer. Harmless and waterproof, Liquid Lashlux is unaffected by perspiration, swimming or even weeping at the theatre.

At night apply colorless Cream Lashlux to keep your lashes soft and promote their growth.

Liquid Lashlux (black or brown,) 75c. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless,) 50c. at Drug and Department Stores or by mail.

Send a dime for a generous sample of the new Liquid Lashlux

ROSS COMPANY

79 Grand Street **New York**

LIQUID LASHLUX

STOUT WOMEN

Reduce your superfluous flesh externally SAFE, SURE, HARMLESSLY through your daily bath with

FLO-RA-ZO-NA

The Original Bath Cartons

Accept no substitutes

Approved by scientific experts. GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epsom salts or harmful ingredient.

No violent exercises, no deprivation—Just Bathe and Grow Thin.

Fourteen Treatments, $3.00

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 plus 25c for postage and packing ($4.00 in Canada) direct to

Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co., Inc. Dept. O-3., 49 E. 102d St., New York

MANY OPENINGS AT GOOD PAY

Earn up to $250.00 and $300.00 per mo., expenses paid, in this fascinating new profession. Interesting, pleasant work; travel or remain near home. Meet big railway officials; splendid opportunities.

We Guarantee You a Position

Prepare in three months' spare-time study at home. Any average man can qualify. We then *guarantee* you a position at $110.00 a month, expenses paid, or refund your money. *You take no risk.*

Don't Delay—Investigate Now

while more are needed than are trained. Send coupon *today* for free Booklet No. D-863.

STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-863, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

Masquerade

(*Continued from page* 43)

"'Gee! I used to know a fellow like that!'

"That's getting down to real life."

A peculiar frankness, an utter disregard of the personal side of existence, characterizes this actor. He has the belief that his work in his pictures is all that is necessary to his audience. And it is a conviction of his that the sending of autographed photos, the writing of stereotyped replies to fan admirers' notes is sentimental frippery.

"If some actors," he soliloquized, "would pay more attention to their work and less to answering their fan mail, they'd be better off."

He will not send autographed photos to people who write him gushy letters. He doesn't believe in having photographs taken of himself, in the first place.

"Why," he asked me blandly, "should I let everybody know what I look like in real life? That's the idea—*mystery*. If I play an ape-man in one picture and a bootlegger in the next I must keep people guessing as to what I really look like.

"I've never answered my mail, and I'm never going to."

The noted Maude Adams had this same attitude toward the public. She has never allowed her audiences to get chummy with her, and yet she is a world's idol. But the moving-picture attitude seems to be different. Tons of letters to the stars go thru the Hollywood post office every year, and tons of photographs go out in return.

And the public has come to expect its film favorites to respond with abandon to its requests for autographs. All of which, perhaps, may be the right viewpoint. It is a matter of personal choice. But Chaney is one who cant see the matter that way—who believes in keeping the personal Chaney out of the professional Chaney's limelight.

In other words, he has a *private* life.

When he started on the stage as an actor he was always in musical comedy. Nothing else. And originally he was a step dancer, a buck-and-winger, and a singer of jazz songs. His early days in pictures were in the old-time Universal comedies, made on a ranch where a horse corral served as stage and a stable as dressing-rooms and where Jack Kerrigan, Jack Holt, Louise Fazenda, Frank Lloyd, Allan Dwan, Wallie Reid, Dorothy Davenport—and a lot of others who are now "the big ones"—literally ate out of the same professional dish.

Later on he commenced playing characters for Universal, but the cycle of years went on and on before he got his opportunity—in "Hell Morgan's Girl."

But, behind his mask of make-up, Chaney harbors great ambitions. It's the classic drama that he wants to bring to the screen—Victor Hugo's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Ivan the Terrible" and other world-revered characters.

"Nobody," he declared, "has ever had nerve enough to try them. That's what producers lack—nerve, the gambling spirit. They want to follow in each other's footsteps too much.

"But I'm going to take a chance one of these days. And I'm going to do just like Griffith did when he made the first close-up—do something that everybody else will make a rush to copy when they see its success. I'd like to have the satisfaction of watching the others follow my lead."

But now, in a way, his classical desires are being somewhat satiated, for we see him as Fagin in "Oliver Twist"—as Fagin, the cleverest actor of modern English fiction.

"I'm not playing him essentially as a Jew," Chaney explained, "but as a character of more universal appeal—a man of wits who has no particular racial limitations. This will, I think, be my best piece of work."

From musical comedy, in which he was an eccentric song-and-dance comedian, to the Dickens master-criminal! It is a tremendous step, but Chaney has taken it, and he intends still further bridging the gap.

It takes him three hours to put on one of his make-ups. And his dressing-room looks like a barber shop, with its collection of paint sticks, alcohol lamps and other what-not that he needs for his business of acting.

And, in "Hell Morgan's Girl," "The Gilded Spider," "Pay Me," "The Miracle Man," "Ace of Hearts," "The Blind Bargain," "Treasure Island," "Victory," "Outside the Law," "The Penalty," and "Oliver Twist" he has never repeated a make-up.

Nor will he, he says, ever repeat one—for his work is the soul of novelty.

And there is one thing that he asked me to express for him, for, like everybody else who knows the real Hollywood, the true motion picture spirit, Chaney resents a certain public attitude that has been taken toward the film colony.

"Give us a chance," he urges, "to do our best, our most sincere work. Believe with us—just half-way, even—and dont think that we actors are all bad."

"For we're not. We're just human."

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 65)

FAMOUS REMARKS

Now that King Constantine of Greece has announced his intention of coming to California to live the casting directors will know where to get royal atmosphere cheap.

Will someone kindly write a scenario for Lon Chaney in which he doesn't play the rôle of a crook with one leg or something?

FOR THE HALL OF FAME

Henry Ford has left the movie game. Probably found that the film producers could turn out flivvers faster than he could.

MOVIE FACTS

If all of the Westerns made by Tom Mix in the last five years were placed end to end, he would go right on making them just the same.

Somehow or other I will never be fully satisfied until they have made a screen version of Webster's Dictionary.

STARS THAT WILL SHINE

Barbara La Marr, a beauty who can act. Marjorie Daw, improving with every picture, will get to the top yet.

Feasters in Babylon

(*Continued from page 34*)

deaf, dumb and blind round a place like this. I've put you out, that's my business. If you should come in again when my back is turned and go up them stairs and find Room 32, it's no look-out of mine, is it?"

Deliberately he whirled on his heel and walked away down the corridor. His face was rueful. "It would have been a ten-dollar tip," he reflected regretfully; "Al Gessler dont count the change! Oh, well, I'll take it out of my income tax under *Charity*—come to think of it, that little black-haired wren he's got did look awful glad to see me last time I went in!" He shook his head dubiously, "But that was near an hour ago——"

From behind closed doors came murmurs of voices, light laughter, the clink of glasses. A nausea of horror swept Mary's soul as she stopped before No. 32. *Silence!* Then, as she listened with every nerve strained, a chair scraped back, a man's voice: "You tantalizing little devil, you! You cant get away with that ninety-nine-and-one-half-per-cent pure stuff any longer!"

Al Gessler was stooping over Lissa's chair. He turned with an oath at the sound of the opening door. "'Damn you! Why dont you ring?" His jaw fell. "Wha-at—" The bleat of surprise brought a hysterical giggle to Mary's throat. She felt suddenly sure of herself, confident, unafraid.

"Come, Lissa!" She looked at the girl steadily, ignoring Gessler. "You're coming with me. Put on your coat—here!"

She picked it up from the chair where it had been flung, but Lissa did not stir. Under the shadows of her black curls her eyes had a strange glassiness, like the eyes of a china doll, and the slim figure in the cheaply showy new gown that callously exposed the immature meagerness of her young body sagged unnaturally against the chair back.

"What do you have to come round butting in on my business?" Lissa complained thickly; "always in-in-fearing——"

Mary stepped back, staring aghast at her sister. Bottles in a pail of ice, empty glasses. "You've been drinking," she whispered; "you're—you're *drunk!*" In Cloverly only people like Joe Sennet, the blacksmith, drank. A chill fury of disgust swept her. She shook the slumped figure, speaking slowly and distinctly, as tho to a child. "You—are going—to put on your coat and—come—with me. Now. This minute. Do you understand?"

Al Gessler spoke sullenly: "And if you do go with her you throw up your chances of a soft job in the pictures, understand *that!* A contract—a car—Paris clothes—better think twice. You'll find it pays to have Al Gessler for a friend, little girl!"

Lissa burst into tears that made a hopeless smudge of the bright colors with which she had overlaid her cheeks. "Now see what—what you've done!" she complained bitterly, as Mary helped her into her coat, "he was going to make me a star! He said so—but if you think I'll go back to that—that damn hole and sell stockings over a counter, you're wrong!" In her rage she actually struck at Mary with impotent little fists. "I'd rather die! I'll kill myself first——"

Tears and thwarted anger were fast clearing her brain of champagne fumes, and Mary had no difficulty in getting the girl to the window and out on the fire-escape that ran down the rear of the building. Then, at bay, she turned to face Gessler. Hands deep in pockets jingling

XMAS GIFTS
Buy NOW Take a FULL Year To Pay

D1—"Loveheart" betrothal ring of solid platinum, perfect cut blue-white diamond center; 4 diamonds on sides $110.00

D2—Ladies' 18K. white gold set with perfect cut, blue-white diamond .$25.00

D3 — Scarf pin set in solid platinum with perfect cut diamond $27.50

D4—First quality blue-white diamond set in 14K. solid gold mounting $75.00

D5—Ladies' solid platinum ring set with perfect cut blue-white diamond $77.50

D6—Ladies' 18K. white gold band engraved set with two first quality diamonds .$45.00

D7 — 5 diamonds and 4 French blue sapphires set in solid platinum, 18K. white gold shank $57.50

D8—Ladies' 18K. white gold band engraved set with perfect cut, blue-white diamond $55.00

D9—Ladies' 14K. white gold ring set with two diamonds and one genuine sapphire $70.00

D10 — Ladies' 18K. white gold set with first quality blue-white diamond .$57.50

D11 — Elite ring of 14K. solid gold set with first quality perfect cut diamond $35.00

D12 — White and green 14K. Lavalliere; diamond center, pearl drop, complete with 14K. neck chain $25.00

D13 — Ladies' 7 diamond cluster set in solid platinum, 18K. white gold mounting $48.50

D14 — Beautiful design of 18K. white gold set with perfect cut diamond ..$27.50

D15 — Hand engraved 18K solid white gold perfect cut blue-white diamond $50.00

D16—Hand engraved solid platinum top Bar Pin, center set with first quality diamond; square cut genuine blue sapphire on each side $57.50

D17—First quality perfect cut diamond set in 14K. solid gold mounting $100.00

D18—Gentlemen's grooved tooth ring of 14K. perfect cut blue-white diamond set in 18K. white gold disc .$50.00

D19—Beautiful rectangular wrist watch of 14K. solid white gold fitted with guaranteed movement of 15 ruby and sapphire jewels ... $25.00

D20—Gentlemen's 14K. Tooth ring set with first quality blue-white diamond ..$65.00

D21—Gentlemen's 18K. white gold set with perfect cut blue-white diamond center; genuine French blue sapphire on each side .$75.00

D22—Gentlemen's 14K. green gold; perfect cut diamond in 18K. white gold top $100.00

D23 — Ladies' 7 diamond Cluster resembles 2 Ct. solitaire, 14K. white gold mounting $57.50

D24 — Three perfect cut diamonds set in 18K. hand engraved white gold mounting $65.00

D25—Gentlemen's engraved Belcher of 14K. solid gold; perfect cut diamond $35.00

D26—Gentlemen's 7 diamond Cluster set in solid platinum 14K. gold mounting .$55.00

D27 — Ladies' green onyx set with first quality diamond, 14K. white gold mounting $27.50

D28—First quality blue-white diamond set in genuine Onyx 14K. setting ...$14.50

Pay Next Year for your Christmas Gifts!

Order Now, Don't Send a Penny

—goods come to you for examination. Pay (⅕) 20% only if you are satisfied—Take a full year to pay the balance. "ROYAL" diamonds are genuine first quality blue white perfect cut. Every article an exceptional value. **All goods sent on approval for 30 Days' Trial.** Satisfaction guaranteed. No references demanded—no red tape—no money in advance. **10% Discount for Cash.**

8% yearly Dividends in exchange allowance guaranteed on every diamond purchased from us.

FREE "ROYAL" Xmas Catalog

The most complete catalog ever published of **Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets,** etc., sent free. **Prices the lowest — quality the highest. 30 Days' Trial** and a **full year to pay** on everything you order from our $2,000,000.00 stock.

Send for your free copy today

Address Dept. 652

Established 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
35-37-39 Maiden Lane-New York

Are You An Indifferent Husband ?

RODOLPH VALENTINO is every woman's husband by proxy . . . he is the invisible Cavalier of the Boudoir . . . the Phantom Rival in every virtuous domestic establishment . . . the standard by which every wife measures her husband . . . the absent co-respondent in every divorce proceeding. Obviously he could not be the symbol of the perfect lover unless American women were in sore need of such a lover—which is a terrible indictment of the American husband. It is a warning which should be heeded at once—this on the advice of an eminent psychologist who keenly analyzes

THE VOGUE *of* VALENTINO

and explains the sex psychology underlying the tremendous popularity of this motion picture star

in the FEBRUARY

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

On all News-stands January first

FREE Five Dancing Lessons

To Prove You Can Learn To Dance At Home in One Evening

1. The Secret of leading
2. How to gain confidence
3. How to follow successfully
4. The correct dancing position
5. A fascinating new Fox Trot Step

For a limited time, Arthur Murray, America's greatest teacher of social dancing, makes this special offer to prove anyone can learn by his remarkable new easy method, at home in a few hours, to be a really good dancer. Even if you don't know one step from another, by Arthur Murray's method you can quickly and easily master any dance without partner and without music. **More than 60,000 have learned this new way.** Your own success is **guaranteed.**

Arthur Murray's method is so amazingly simple, it is revolutionizing the teaching of dancing. It is easier and much less expensive than a personal teacher. All the very newest dances and the standardized popular dances, such as the Fox Trot, Waltz, One Step, etc., can be mastered at home in one short evening. You can teach your children while you are learning. In fact, many whole families have become really good dancers from one set of instructions.

There is no need of being a wallflower. Everyone admires and wants to meet and dance with an accomplished dancer. Learn in private and surprise your friends. Be more popular by becoming a good dancer **soon.** This offer of five free lessons may be withdrawn at any moment. Send for your lessons (mailed in plain wrapper) today! **No obligation**—the lessons are yours to keep. To pay the cost of handling, mailing, etc., send 25c.

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 525, 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

LOOK AROUND!
EVERYBODY'S USING
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES
A Merry-go-round of Brushes.
There are thousands of kinds and sizes of
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES
Your dealer sells them or will quickly get them for you.
Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING - J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U. S. A.
Brush Makers for Over 113 Years and the Largest in the World.

the change, he burst into a grating laugh. "You're so good at the movie stuff it's a pity you dont get the chance to display your talent in the films. But I'll give you a chance to drop around to the Superba office tomorrow and explain about that dress you've got on. As a general thing, the movie companies dont make a practice of lending three-hundred-dollar dresses for extra girls to wear after hours!"

Lissa was waiting for her sister at the foot of the fire-escape, alternating tears of self-pity with hysterical reproaches. Was she a baby to be spied on? She guessed she could manage her own life, all right! Look at the other girls, not a bit prettier than she was, who had chauffeurs to drive their cars, and got their pictures in the magazines, and nobody said anything against them for getting ahead! All this in an undertone punctuated with sobs and stamps of a small furious foot.

"You dont know what you're saying, Lissa!" Mary told her quietly; "you *cant* know!" The snarl of the jazz sounded close at hand, the red light from the windows of the Sans Souci lay on the grass and shrubbery in a stain like spilled wine. Holding her sister's hand, she ran across it and plunged with a sobbing breath of relief into the sheltering shadows, from which a casual voice sounded near at hand:

"You found her? Good!" The two doors of the car clicked open, one after the other. "Shall we go back, then?"

In the darkness a small hand gave Mary an unmistakable push toward the rear of the car. Another moment and Lissa had climbed up beside the driver with a little plaintive wail. "Oh! Take me away from this terrible place—please! Oh, *please*——"

A quiver ran thru the words. Mary knew as well as if she could see her that Lissa was laying her head against a rough tweed shoulder, and a queer little stabbing pain went thru her heart. It persisted as the great car wound its tortuous way out into the highroad and sped like some winged thing toward the far lights of Hollywood. Blown on the gusts of their passing, Lissa's voice was swept back to her ears, with the baby lisp she assumed at times. "——and of course I didn't know—how could I? He said he wanted to talk to me about my career—terribly frightened! If Mary hadn't come——"

The deep voice answered briefly. Before the eyes of Mary's memory leaped the strong, clean-cut profile. She thought tremulously: "I hope he doesn't think anything wrong of Lissa! She didn't understand"—defiantly—"she'll feel terribly when I tell her what kind of a place she went to—I mustn't scold. I must try to explain—gently——"

She came out of the tangled maze of troubled thoughts as the car stopped, and stared at the dingy building with the barber's pole showing dimly before it. They were *home!* Already Lissa was out of the car, and standing in the full glow of the arc-lamp, smiling wistfully with crimson curving lips. Mary got to her feet unsteadily, struggling out of the ulster, dragging off the tweed cap. "I wish I could tell you—" she began.

"Please dont! I'm only glad I could be of some small service," the deep voice said ceremoniously. He was fumbling in his pocket, holding out something to her. "I know Gessler—slightly. Perhaps, if you give him this tomorrow when you report to the studio, it may save you from unpleasantness."

As Mary bent down to take the card, the great coils of her hair, freed from restraint, fell in a warm shining tide all about him. In the panic-stricken instant

Beauty

for February

IF you are one of the unfortunate women whose beauty is marred by unsightly eyeglasses and spectacles

Read

the convincing article by Frank G. Murphy, M.D.

"How to be Beautiful in Glasses"

Dr. Murphy says:

"Eyeglasses and spectacles should improve the appearance of the face and not detract from its beauty as they usually do. . . . "

"There is much about the face that determines the composition of the eyeglass frames: its contour; the shape, size and length of the eyebrows; length and size of the nose. . . . "

"Spectacles make thin faces look more round than eyeglasses do . . . and the eyebrows frequently appear deformed by ill-chosen eyeglass frames. . . . "

— —

Other Features:

A well-known grand opera star discloses her secrets for preserving beauty.

A mysterious scientist who compounds perfumes that suit personalities is interviewed.

There is a rare surprise in store: The first instalment of a fascinating serial by a world-famous writer.

Lillian Montanye continues her successful series in "If I were Thirty-five."

Be sure to read and make use of the new *Fashion Department* and *Shopping Service.*

before she could draw away and hurry out of the car she heard him make a strange sound of pain.

"God!" he muttered—"a woman's hair——"

Then she stood on the sidewalk beside Lissa, watching the car move away, almost suffocated by the beating of her heart.

"You look a sight, Mary!" her sister said casually, thru the whirling of her thoughts; "if I were you I'd get a permanent wave. Well, who is he?"

A long way off Mary heard her own voice answering: "I think—he must be the knight—without fear and without reproach——"

"Well, I suppose your knight has a name," Lissa said impatiently. They had reached their own room, and she snatched at the card in her sister's fingers, reading it aloud: *"Dermott Trent."*

They stared into each other's face, awed. Even in Cloverly the name of the Super-Czar of the Movie World was one to conjure with—Dermott Trent, producer; director of silken women; Dermott Trent, the mystery man who had come out of Nowhere a few years ago and made himself the most powerful figure in the picture world.

Lissa's weathercock mind whirled to the winds of fancy. "We'll follow this up, Mary! If we play the game right, we can get anything we want—oh, what luck! What absolutely wonderful luck!"

She danced about the poor room joyously, the memory of the night's happenings forgotten. Lissa could discard unpleasantness like a dingy garment, at will. Her sister watched her with a feeling of helplessness.

But it was not until the light was off and they were in bed that she gathered the courage to speak. "Lissa—you didn't understand what a dreadful thing you were doing, going to that place tonight. He—he is a *married man*—" She held her breath, waiting for some sound of horror and disillusion.

In the darkness sounded a giggle. "Oh, Mary, dont be *silly!*" Lissa yawned; "but all the same I'm glad you came. *Dermott Trent*—and doesn't he have a grand car? I'll be riding in one like that one of these days! Wouldn't the folks in Cloverly stare—" Her voice died drowsily away. Lissa was fast asleep, dreaming sumptuous dreams of a white marble villa with oleanders in tubs and a chauffeur in uniform waiting to help a Lissa in sables and velvet into a glittering car. And in the dream the chauffeur touched his cap and asked respectfully, "Where shall I take you, *Mrs. Trent?*"

Mary's dreams were different. She stood on the veranda of the old house in Cloverly, listening to the clatter of horses' hoofs on the bridge. And up the road toward her came a knightly figure in shining armor, with a white evening shirt-front in place of a breastplate. As he doffed his helmet to her in a courtly bow, she saw a grim, clean-cut profile, dark against the light of the setting sun——

(To be continued next month)

Your Physical Weakness is a Crime

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

How have you cared for your body? Have you prized it as a sacred responsibility—as your most precious possession? Have you kept it clean and wholesome, externally and internally, free from taints and weaknesses of abuse and neglect? Are you proud of your physique? Are you a **real** man in the fullest sense of the word?

Or are you a weak, ailing creature—one of the thousands who are leading wretched lives—tainted, diseased, a failure in the home—in business—in society? Stop and answer these questions frankly and honestly.

Slipping Back—to the Old Habits

Instead of being in the pink of condition and getting the joy out of life as you ought to be, you may be one of those whose dissipations and excesses, etc., have weakened you so that you are degenerating, slipping back into your old, wicked habits again and have become a wretched human being, shunning society and being shunned — getting old long before your time — slinking through life, dejected, discouraged, diseased, hopeless.

Get a Grip on Yourself

If you are one of these victime, let me caution you to call a halt now to this slow suicide. Don't delude yourself with dope and drugs. Day by day you will step farther and farther in the chasm from which there will be less and less hope of rescue. It looks dark and gloomy to you—but cheer up—if you truly desire to win back your health and vigor—if you long to be clean, wholesome and a **real** man—I want to help you—I can help you with

STRONGFORTISM

The Modern Science of Health Promotion

Through my scientific methods I extend a helping hand to all who are in the frightful grip of disease, drugs, and dope. Strongfortism reclaims human wreckage. If you feel down and out, it will brace you up, fill you with renewed life and energy, put pep into you and restore your confidence and manhood. It is not an ordinary physical culture course that I give you, but a unique system of individual assistance, which gives permanent health to any one who follows my simple directions. I give you personal attention, pointing out to you the surest, speediest way of recovering. No one need know you are following my methods—all your friends will be astonished at the improvement that has come over you immediately after you begin following my instructions.

I'LL BE A BROTHER TO YOU

Don't be afraid to write me in full confidence as you would to a brother. Everything you tell me will be held in the strictest confidence. I will understand. I know human nature and I know the applications of Natural Law that will free you from the misery of bad habits and excesses. Your success with Strongfortism is guaranteed irrespective of your age, sex, occupation, or surroundings.

Send For My Free Book

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy" will bring you a message of hope and good cheer that will mean more to you than anything else in all your life. It's absolutely free. Just mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon (write other ailments on extra line) on which you want **special confidential information** and send to me with a 10c piece (one dime) to help pay postage, etc. I'll do the rest. Send for my free book **Right Now** TODAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist
Founded 1895

Dept. 34 **Newark, N. J.**

Cut out and mail this FREE CONSULTATION coupon

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 34, Newark, N. J.--Please send me your book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy,"** for postage on which I enclose a 10-cent piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Pimples	..Female Disorders
..Catarrh	..Blackheads	..Increased Height
..Asthma	..Insomnia	..Youthful Errors
..Hay Fever	..Short Wind	..Manhood Restored
..Obesity	..Flat Feet	..Failing Hair
..Headache	..Stomach Disorders	..Gastritis
..Thinness	..Constipation	..Heart Weakness
..Rupture	..Biliousness	..Poor Circulation
..Lumbago	..Torpid Liver	..Skin Disorders
..Neuritis	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Stoop Shoulders
..Deformity (Describe)	..Vital Losses	..Muscular Development
..Successful Marriage	..Impotency	..Great Strength
..Rheumatism	..Weak Eyes	..Prostate Troubles
	..Despondency	..Neurasthenia
	..Diabetes	

Name.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Street.....City.....State.....

DIAMONDS WATCHES

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. ESTABLISHED 1858

Credit at Cash Prices

The Best Holiday Gift of All—a Genuine Diamond Ring

We import Diamonds direct from European markets and sell direct to you by mail.

Our immense buying power is a great saving to you. Customers testify to Loftis values. Since 1858 the House of Loftis has served the public and has built up the largest Diamond and Watch credit business in the world on the policy of "SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or Money Refunded." Your interests are safeguarded when you deal with Loftis.

Send for Holiday Catalog

Our Catalog is your shopping guide to unusual bargains in handsome worth-while gifts on credit. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc.—gifts by which you will always be remembered. There is something appropriate for everyone. Select as many articles as you wish and have all charged in one account. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination. Easy Credit Terms. Catalog explains everything. Liberty Bonds Accepted.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858

THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
Dept. H-615 108 N. State St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
STORES IN LEADING CITIES

FREE COTY'S PERFUME

To further popularize the "LILLIPUT" ATOMIZER—now the rage in Europe—we are giving away a bottle of Coty's Perfume with every order received. "LILLIPUT" is always handy, fits in lady's purse. Made of solid metal, gold and silver finish. Useful Xmas gift. In elaborate jewelry Box. Send $2.00 bill to-day. C.O.D. 10c extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. F. BLOCH & CO. Dept. 150
212 Fifth Ave. New York City

WRITE JOKES

Easy, fascinating work. Our sales department pays from $1 to $5 for jokes, epigrams and stories. A short course of three lessons teaches you how to write them. One joke alone often pays for the course. Humorists earn big pay. Get into a field that is not yet crowded. Write for information.

American Institute of Humor
Office F. 414 Park Bldg., Cleveland, O.

YOU CAN PLAY THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR
JUST LIKE THE HAWAIIANS!
Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Our complete course of 52 lessons includes FREE a Beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 pieces of Music. *Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.*

Your favorite instrument given away FREE with first lesson. SPECIAL COURSES UNDER FAMOUS TEACHERS. Learn to play VIOLIN, TENOR BANJO or UKULELE.

This Makes a Splendid Christmas Gift.

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway (Woolworth Bldg) New York

Please send me full information about your 52 easy lessons and FREE GUITAR OFFER.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State..... M.P.M-1

The Return of Tourneur

(*Continued from page 26*)

the accepted conception of the characters they play. Mae Busch and Phyllis, ex-vamps of the first order, play rôles of sweetness and light. Tourneur, noted for his erratic casting, has outdone himself.

He is a big man, Tourneur, standing all of six feet. His face has something of the cast of the Drews, particularly of the late Sidney Drew. A prominent nose, bold blue eyes, a chin slightly in abeyance. He is not, to the eye, necessarily a foreigner, altho he might be. But his speech, flavored strongly with a French or Belgian accent—one hears conflicting rumors of his origin—is unmistakable. Moreover, there is that volatile temperament that demands silence whilst it functions. Witness that sh-sh-sh-sh-sh.

"I have been convinced," said Maurice Tourneur, "that to continue to make pictures with a foreign atmosphere in this country is sheer folly. I went to England with 'The Christian' and I came away convinced that to have made those scenes elsewhere would have been criminal. In the first place, it is no more expensive to take a company abroad than to keep them at home and house them in extravagant sets, imitations of the European originals. In the second place, it is impossible to secure a faithful reproduction of the atmosphere of any country by artificial means. Over here we are handicapped by having to work out our foreign scenes under the guidance of so-called experts, most of whom know actually little more about the matter than we."

He told of the extraordinary patience of an English mob of extras, caught, while working for him one evening in Trafalgar Square, in a downpour of rain. They had received their checks; there was nothing for them really to lose by running away to shelter; but no one moved. They stood there to a man and while the heavens were emptied upon them the scenes were made. They were paid and it never occurred to them not to earn their money. It is not difficult to imagine what an American crowd would have done under similar circumstances. It would have taken them just two seconds flat to have disappeared, checks triumphantly in hand.

While abroad, Tourneur, together with Richard and Mae Busch, conferred with the famous author of the story, Hall Caine. He is white-haired now, a venerable man, who is still mentally tremendous and possessed of an active interest in the production, albeit it is the second one that has been made of the same story. Earle Williams played in it for Vitagraph years ago.

Maurice Tourneur has a varied assortment of pictures to his credit. "The Last of The Mohicans," "The White Circle," "Treasure Island." All of them big stories. All of them intended to be big pictures—and in some ways achieving bigness.

Tourneur has an eye for beautiful camera shots, fine composition, lighting values. He is an artist in effects.

But it is said that "The Christian" is turning out in such splendid form that it may be—it may be—that Maurice Tourneur will be the man chosen to make "Ben Hur."

SHE HAD ARRIVED

LATEST VICTIM: (Expectantly) What has been the greatest moment in your life?

MOVIE VAMP: The first time I saw my picture in a face powder ad.

Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

BUESCHER True-Tone Saxophone

Bennie Krueger
Director Bennie Krueger and His Brunswick Orchestra. Brunswick Records.

Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. You can take your place in a band within 90 days if you so desire. Unrivalled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music.

Free Trial You may order any Buescher Instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. 75% of all popular phonograph records are played with Buescher instruments. Ask for pictures of the Nation's Record Makers.

(70)

Saxophone Book Free After nearly 300 years' supremacy, string instruments are almost entirely displaced by Saxophones in all nationally popular orchestras. Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophone takes violin, cello and bass parts and many other things you would like to know. Ask for your copy. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2170 Buescher Block ELKHART, INDIANA

Sax Invented the Saxophone
Buescher Perfected It

Treat Your Toes and Feet Well

You can have them just like the skin of your fingers and hands by using

MRS. EDWARDS
Medicated Foot Powder

For 30 years as Famous as Atlantic City's Boardwalk. Sifting cans and booklet on care of the feet at leading druggists, or by mail postpaid, 50 cents.

MRS. E. M. EDWARDS CO., Inc.
15th and Green Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 3069 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100%.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, Specialist, 392 L, Ackerman Bldg. Binghamton, N.Y.

SPARE TIME WORK AT HOME

Big prices paid for parchment shades. The every increasing demand for these shades will enable you to earn from 25 to 50 dollars weekly. We teach you. Every step is clear and simple. No previous training or artistic ability needed. You receive our co-operation on all work we supply you. Send for full particulars free. UNITED SHADE CO.
Sturgeon Bldg., Dept. L, Toronto, Canada

You Can Have An Independent Income of $50 a Month

Just like the folks whose pictures you see here, you can have an independent income.

Fifty dollars, one hundred dollars, two hundred dollars—whatever the amount you may want, there is a way for you to get it.

If you have only spare time in which to seek an increased income, our plan is the ideal plan for you. If you can devote a full working day, each day, to a business that offers big opportunities for making money, you cannot afford not to look into the work we have to give you.

Representatives are wanted for the Brewster Publications, in every City, Town or Hamlet—men and women to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for our four well known and popular magazines. The pay we offer is a liberal commission, a monthly salary and an extra bonus. The scale below shows how easily big money can be made under our plan.

For	1 order a day, we pay	$25.90 a month
For	2 orders a day, we pay	60.50 a month
For	3 orders a day, we pay	92.50 a month
For	5 orders a day, we pay	162.50 a month
For	10 orders a day, we pay	325.00 a month

No experience is required. Everything you need to work with is furnished free. If you want to increase your income and are not afraid to work, send at once for further particulars. The coupon below is for your convenience.

—————CUT HERE—————

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dept. M-1

Please tell me how I can make money as your representative.

Name .....

St. and No. .....

City ..... State.....

The Juvenile Critic

(*Continued from page* 78)

It starts out to be interesting from the very first when Wesley leaves his beautiful home, where he is just terribly lonely and goes out across the street to play ball with a lot of boys. Of course they laugh at him and take his ball away from him, but I can tell you he surprises them by having a simply awful fight with one of them. He has on such sissy clothes that they think he is a sissy but he shows them.

His horrid governess has to come and spoil it all by stopping the fight and she drags him back to the house and all the servants and his mother just have a dreadful fit because he is all dirty and has a black eye.

He is terribly discouraged and thinks that nothing exciting is ever going to happen to him and he sits down that night and reads a thrilling book when all of a sudden—but I wont tell you what happens.

Anyway *it* makes all the difference in the world and because of it he finds himself with a wonderful friend away away from his beautiful house and all his servants and fine clothes.

He and his friend, who is just a perfect darling, decide to sleep in a barn all night and in the morning the nice old farmer finds them and tells them that if they will cut some wood they can have breakfast. So they do and the nice friend goes and falls right in love with the farmer's adopted daughter.

Of course, in the meantime the mother and father are all upset and they think their son has been kidnapped and all the detectives in the place are looking for him. So are some other people that I cant tell you about.

Wesley and his friend have a wonderful time on the farm until one day they are discovered and then comes the very best part of it all, only, darling Punch, I am not going to tell you a single other word about it because you simply must see it and then you'll know why I love it so much.

Your affectionate sister,
JUDY.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 80)

he stands out as something new and worth while.

I saw him first as a foil for Constance Binney in "The Case of Becky," then on the stage in Billie Burke's "The Intimate Strangers." His small part in "Smilin' Thru" was very ably acted, and in his own picture, "The Cradle Buster," I think he played the part of the boy in a way that carried conviction to those who saw it.

If there is anyone else who feels the same way I do about Glenn Hunter, I should be glad to hear from him on the subject.

And, of course, here's to Tom Meighan and the Brewster Publications, not that there is any connection.

Very sincerely,
MARY LOUISE LIBBY,
54 Eliot St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OVER THE LIBRARY TABLE

HE: Jackie Coogan must write his own stories.

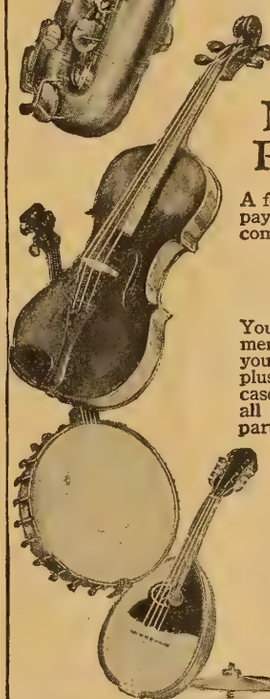
SHE: What makes you think so?

HE: They are so much better than the average.

Trade Mark Registered
WURLITZER
200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

Try It In Your Own Home

WURLITZER will send you *any instrument* with complete outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial won't cost you a penny.



Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay for instrument and complete outfit.

Complete Outfit

You get with the instrument everything that you need—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories, extra parts, self instructor, music, etc.—all at direct cost, practically for the cost of instrument alone.

Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments more than 200 years.

All instruments including Pianos and Victrolas, are embraced in the Wurlitzer plan.

Send for New Music Book

No Charge

Everyknown instrument illustrated with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book is absolutely free. Send the coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Cincinnati, O. Chicago, Ill.
New York, N. Y. San Francisco, Calif.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1521
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 120 W. 42nd St., New York
329 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill 250 Stockton St., San Francisco

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name.....

Address .....

State musical instrument in which you're especially interested

Copyright 1921, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Genuine Diamonds On Credit for Xmas

SWEET Diamonds are all specially selected gems of superior quality. All absolutely perfect in cut, and blue-white in color. Guarantee Value Bond given with every Diamond certifying to the high quality of the stone and allowing for a 7½% yearly increase exchange value.

M1 — SWEET Engagement Ring of 14K Solid Gold, set with a perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond. **Price $50**

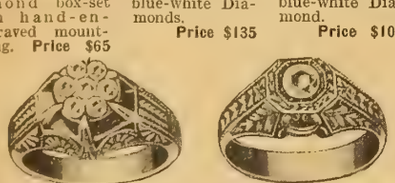
M2—7 Diamond Solitaire Cluster set in Platinum, resembles 2½ ct. single stone. **Price $48.50**

M3—Perfectly cut blue white Diamond set in SWEET Engagement Ring of 14K Solid Gold. **Price $35**

M4 — The "Daphne" of **Solid Platinum** with a perfectly cut Diamond box-set in hand-engraved mounting. **Price $65**

M-5 — Artistic design of Platinum, its beauty enhanced by five exquisite blue-white Diamonds. **Price $135**

M6—SWEET'S Cupid Solitaire of Solid Platinum, set with a perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond. **Price $100**



M7—The Trojan of 14K Solid Green Gold, elaborated by a 7-Diamond Solitaire Cluster, set in Platinum. **Price $90**

M8—Gentlemen's massive, hand-carved and engraved Ring of 14K Solid Green Gold, set with a perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond in White Gold. **Price $85**

M9—Ladies' fine, 15-Jewel Wrist Watch with Sapphire Jewel Stem and beautifully hand-engraved case of **14K Solid White Gold.** Guaranteed against repairs for one year. **Price $21.00**

We'll send any of these beautiful articles **Absolutely Free** for your complete examination and approval. If thoroughly satisfied, pay only 1/5 the price, then send the balance in ten equal monthly payments. If not satisfied, return it and every penny will be immediately returned. You must be satisfied, or no sale. Transactions strictly confidential.

This complete stock is no further away than your nearest mail box.

SWEET STANDS FOR SERVICE

FREE— Send for your copy of 98-page colored Diamond Book featuring Gifts You'll Be Proud to Give, and showing the greatest assortment of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry—gifts for all occasions. Write to **Dept. 313-F.**

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
CAPITAL $1,000,000.
L·W·SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Hard-Boiled Eggs With Peg O' My Heart

(*Continued from page* 21)

She sighed and, as tho this was part of her penance, she thought it over very soberly.

"Well, I'll tell you what I think about it now. I think it is the element of pity that made 'Peg' such a success. Mary Pickford says that the American people only want the story of Cinderella told in one form or another; they want to see a girl who is picked on and who triumphs—"

"Peg" suddenly broke off with a wave of her fork and came down to earth with startling suddenness. "Oh, I dont know why the darn thing was such a success. Nobody ever expected it to be. I wasn't married to Hartley then. He turned up with this little play one day and told me I could play it for a little while until he could finish a good one he was writing for me. He had already tried to sell an interest in 'Peg' and was laughed at by several big theatrical men. They told him it wasn't a play: it was nothing but a trite old monolog. Honest, I played 'Peg' until I was ready for a suicide's grave. I would have been playing her all the rest of my life if I hadn't insisted upon road companies being put out with a lot of other girls as Peg. But I dare say I shall be playing the darn thing in one form or another until I die."

Just then the phone rang. The maid announced that Frankie Bailey was calling.

"I remember Frankie Bailey: she was the famous burlesque queen," I said.

"No man could ever forget Frankie Bailey's legs," she said, with her eyes lighting up.

I tried to hurry on to other topics, but the formerly famous underpinning of Miss Bailey had a fatal fascination for Peg.

"You know," she said, "that kind of legs isn't fashionable any more." With a fork and a free hand she described wide and magnificent parabolas presumably descriptive of the anatomy of Miss Bailey.

"There aren't any famous burlesque queens any more," I said.

Laurette resumed the luncheon without comment.

"There aren't even any great actresses any more."

"Well, and do you know why?" Peg was really animated now. She turned around suddenly in her seat. Without waiting for an answer she continued. "There are actresses just as good now as any who ever lived: much better, in fact, I'm thinking. But they aren't as famous as Mrs. Siddons, or Sarah Bernhardt, or Duse.

"The reason they are not so famous now is they get too close to the public. Those women never trotted around to jazz parties and played golf with the same society people who were to see them at the theater in the evening. They kept aloof. The public never saw them except at the theater or under special circumstances where they held the center of the stage and had all the drums playing. Also, they played a different type of play—one more suited to heroism and glory. In those days they played mostly parts in which they were either queens or courtezans. Every woman wishes at some time in her life she was either a queen or a courtezan—or both. They had their glory made to order.

"In these days an actress is a member of society. She goes everywhere and mixes with the folks. She plays in modern plays which are mostly literal and realistic. A mother of seven children sees her playing the part of a mother of seven children and doesn't see anything wonderful about it. 'Why, she's no great actress,' she thinks. 'She is just like me—or the woman who lives next door to me.' Of course, the fact is, the acting is finer and truer now than ever before in the history of the stage. The very contacts with the public that take away the mystery from the great stage heroine give her an intimate knowledge that is bound to make her a better actress."

I suggested that she was lucky to have a play like Peg which would be bound to be an immortal chapter in stage history.

"Go on wid you," she said. "I dont like blarney. The only thing that anybody has said about Peg since I came out here that really pleased me was Doug Fairbanks. I was over at Mary Pickford's house the other night, and Mary was helping me with my make-up. I asked Doug what he thought about the picture, and he said, 'Laurette, you couldn't fail. Your face is as funny as Charley Chaplin's feet.'

"I like people who tell me things like that. You know, I am going to do Fannie Hurst's 'Humoresque' after I get back to New York. Everybody told me how grand I would be, until one day a Jewish gentleman came to see me. He said he wanted to arrange the music for the play if I would let him. But he kept snickering. 'Well, what's the joke: let us all in on it,' I said.

"'No joke,' he said, 'only I was just thinking how rotten you will be in "Humoresque."'

"I got up and shook hands with him. 'My dear sir,' I said, 'I am not going to kiss you, but I would like to. You get the job.'"

The lovely Laurette also said long, forced "runs" are ruining the art of the stage.

"The producers," she said, "angle around until they find something that happens to hit the popular fancy: then they put salesmanship behind it. Some years ago, somebody with a cash register mind discovered that it isn't necessary to make any product too good: the thing is to turn out a fair product and put salesmanship behind it. The consequence has been a letting-down of quality in magazines, books, plays. The thing is to make them just good enough to get by—then use salesmanship.

"The golden days of the stage were the days when an actress lived in New York or some other great producing center and went rapidly from one play to another. It was a continual series of tests. She might be making a hit in 'Macbeth' right now, but her friends and the public knew she had to tackle maybe Desdemona the next month. Life was a continual series of dangerous ventures. A really great success now means almost a life-time security. In those days it meant nothing except you had gotten by that far. A stage career in those conditions called for a fighting heart, but it also meant progress and effort. Every one had to try as hard as they could all the time: now they dont have to."

Laurette has had a lot of fun filming "Peg." Knowing the lady's fiery disposition, every one expected bloodshed and sudden death. She and King Vidor, the director, have, to the surprise of the multitude, gotten along like two turtle doves. She says, however, that she would not care to be a movie actress all the time.

Also her movie engagement has left the world disillusioned, for Michael, the famous dog who has gone clear thru the career of "Peg O' My Heart," has been disclosed during the process of film making to be a fraud and a fake. Michael turned out to be a lady dog and had pups.

Five Fair Faces

from the thousands that hope to be reflected in the American Beauty Mirror

Do You Wish Your Face Reflected There?

IMPORTANT

Brewster Publications herewith announces the **closing date** of the American Beauty Contest—**December 15, 1922.** Any photographs received bearing a postmark of a later date will be disregarded.

You still have time to become an entrant. Read the simple rules and consider the splendid rewards that may come to you.

We are *not* looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

THE REWARDS

To the woman who our illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera, the theaters, our wonderful library, the famous "East Side," great museums, the celebrated Greenwich Village, all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world—Fifth Avenue—and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars ($1,000)

REMEMBER

The judges of our Beauty Contest are well-known artists, writers and editors.

All photographs of entrants will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine,* from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan* Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. *Do not write letters.* The close of the contest will be announced in

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE · CLASSIC · SHADOWLAND · *and* · Beauty

There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

8. The most beautiful pictures received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are *not* published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, *must* be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE.—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disbarred from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation (optional).....

FOR MEN

FOR WOMEN

You Can Mould Slim Curves

with Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed

FAT REDUCER

Rub away fat where it troubles you most. Weigh what you should for health and beauty, without starving, exercise, baths or drugs.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

For a limited time only we will allow you 11 days' free trial—so certain are we that Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer will reduce your flesh where you want it to.

Use this vacuum-suction massage just 10 minutes night and morning; you can banish fat from any part at once. Send no money. (No electricity.) Dr. Lawton's Reducer is a rubber device that breaks down excess tissues locally, and stimulates health circulation to carry off fatty waste.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON,
120 West 70th Street, New York, Dept. 58

Please send me, without money in advance Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer together with illustrated book entitled "Lawton Method of Weight Reduction" which is to be included free. I will pay the postman only $5.00 (plus few cents postage) in full payment on arrival, with the understanding that I have the guaranteed privilege of returning "The Fat Reducer" and my money refunded promptly, after 11 days if I am not entirely satisfied with the results. Book must be returned as it is well bound and is a valuable work, if for any reason I do not find the Fat Reducer satisfactory.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

$$ For Photoplay Ideas

Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 926 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Publishers Scenario Bulletin-Digest

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY

SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cat. price $6.26) for Half Price to introduce, $2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA2 Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

We Interview Pola Negri

(Continued from page 23)

(The interviewers approach the desk. A. W. F. addresses, hardily, one of the clerks. That he sees her is not evident from his expression.)

A. W. F. (*briskly*):

Madame Negri, please. Miss Fletcher calling.

G. H. (*plaintively*):

And Miss Hall.

(The clerk picks up the telephone in automaton fashion. He mumbles something into it. Puts it down. Surveys the interviewers with lack-luster eyes.)

Clerk:

They want to know *who* you are and *why* you are here?

(The interviewers regard one another helplessly. After all, who are *they? Pressed for an answer, it seems difficult to say. The clerk, telephone poised in air, awaits an answer.)*

A. W. F. (*not so brisk right now*):

Do . . . do you think they'll want our . . . our finger-prints?

G. H. (*hopefully*):

Oh, maybe not. I think I could get my birth certificate without much trouble. It's registered in the Bronx. . . .

Hotel Clerk (*in a monotone*):

Madame Negri would like to know *who* . . .

A. W. F. and G. H. (*in uneasy unison*):

Oh, just say . . . just tell her . . . two women of no importance . . .

G. H. (*in philosophical aside to A. W. F.*):

Other women always like *other* women to be unimportant. They can throw 'em the crusts of courtesy with impunity. . . .

Clerk (*dully*):

Madame Negri will see you!

G. H. and A. W. F. (*clasping one another about the waist, right there in the Regis Foyer, after this So Grand Pronuncimento*):

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!

SCENE II

The luxurious suite of Madame Pola Negri

It is difficult adequately to describe this suite. There was never one exactly like it before, certainly not in the Hotel St. Regis. We do not postulate the theory that Madame Negri brought her suite with her. We postulate nothing . . . we simply state facts and let it go at that. If you will turn to your DuBarry and re-read a description of her reception room, you will probably conceive some idea of your Negri. Speaking only in terms of suites, of course.

The interviewers are ushered in by a uniformed maid, who inspects them minutely and probably decides that their description of themselves is veracious if uninteresting—women of no importance.

Flowers stand about the room in tall vases. An oblation of fruit overflows its decorative basket. The furniture is rose and gold. The hangings are rose embroidered in gold. The rug is rose. The mantel is old-gold. The ceiling is frescoed in gold and rose. Maids and secretaries—well, maybe *a* maid and *a* secretary—move efficiently about. Telephones ring from unexpected corners of the suite. It is like a wireless station.

The Secretary-in-Chief and Interpreter enters.

S. I. C:

Madame Negri sends word that she will see you if you'll wait, please. She has been ill, and is resting. This New York excitement has been too much for her. After noonday she is simply incapacitated. Indeed, she has been able to see but a very few of the scores of newspaper and magazine people who have desired audiences with her. But she is dressing now and will be in presently.

A. W. F. (*in an aside to G. H.*):

You understand? *This* is an "audience" and not an "interview."

G. H. (*also aside*):

Tell it to your advertising slave. She writes the announcement copy!

A. W. F. (*aloud*):

We're sorry Madame Negri is ill. We wouldn't mind seeing her in bed at all, would we, Miss Hall?

G. H. (*pleasantly*)

No, indeed. In fact we'd *rather*. Please tell her not to get up on our account. We'd just as soon see the bedroom, if its all the same to her . . . really, we'd . . .

S. I. C. (*ceremoniously, not to say chillily*):

Madame Negri will receive you in here. There are—ahem—others to follow.

(The trio relapse into silence. The S. I. C. scratches busily away with an official pen. Otherwise the silence is complete and prolonged save for the occasional shifting of G. H.'s hat to and fro upon her harassed head. In the outer hallway activities are more audible. Secretaries and maids—well, anyway, a maid and a secretary, employ themselves answering telephone calls . . . Madame Negri can speak to no one, voices at the other end of the wire are chronically informed. . . . She is ill, yes, she is ill Is there any message? No message? No, her family were not cobblers in Germany. No, nor in Poland. Yes, she is Polish. Polish, yes. No, her name is not Grossman. She cannot speak to anyone. Not anyone. That's right. There are no exceptions, really. She will have to be excused. No, she is not married to Trotsky, nor engaged to Lenin. Etc. Etc. Ad lib. Ad lib.

After an immeasurable space of rose-hung time there is a stir in the doorway. The interviewers look up expectantly. They gasp. The great moment has arrived. The "audience" is on! There stands The Negri. Suddenly and also quietly she came in. Firm handclasp. Nive voix. Something of a vision. She is smaller than she appears to be on the screen, and slender, altho compactly made and with an appearance of solidity. Her blue-black hair is brushed severely back from her white, white face and bound about with a vivid jade green ribbon. Her lips are a vivid vermilion. Frankly vermilion against the opaqueness of her skin. She has on the most gorgeous tea frock ever beheld by an interviewer's ennuied eyes. Exquisitely simple as to line, but fashioned of a material of gold tissue appliqued with

various flowers and fruits of green, blue, rose and gold chiffons. She wears black silk stockings of cobwebby fineness with inserts of black lace over the ankles, and delicate black satin slippers with buckles. A black pearl, a great black pearl upon her hand, is her only ornament. She is composite of all of the great sirens of history and legend.

Pola Negri:

Ver' nice of you to come. I heeve been so seeck. All day I see nobody. Ze offices—zey make arrangement for me to be what you call photographed—and I do not go. Go, go, go, always in America you go. Ver' nice, but ver' ver' tiresome. . . .

G. H.:

How do you like America, exhaustion apart?

Pola Negri:

I do not see so much. Just to ze different plays at night I go. Ze Follies—I like that. And I see your Ghetto. Las' Sunday. Ver' interesting. So ver' ver' many people. Ze motor I drive in it can go ver' slowly. People from Germany, from Pooland, from Eetly—all come to ze Ghetto. And leetle children. Zey play all time in ze tiny streets.

(*The tired look disappears from Madame Negri's face. As soon as she begins to talk she is all animation. It is easy to believe that she has been ill with fatigue. She has been called upon to see so many strange people in a strange country. And she gives so much, even in her conversation. Because English is a new tongue she depends on her facial expressions and upon her hands to fill in the gaps in her vocabulary. In this she is amazingly successful. No wonder she is graphic on the screen. As a matter of fact, her face reflects her thoughts before she has time to voice them.*)

A. W. F. (*realizing that the most must be made of this golden opportunity granted to few and denied to many.*):

And our American men? Do you like them?

Pola Negri:

Amerika men! Ver' much. Zey are what you say—healthy animals. And zey are what you call—sportsmanlike. Zey make good in ze business world. Zey are—(she snaps her fingers, hunting for her word) zey are—wirirle. Zey wear rough rough grey suits mos' of ze time. Zey seem ver' happy. An' that ees right. Men should be happy when ze women are so ver' beautoufl.

(*G. H. adjusts her hat at a becoming angle, even while pain contracts her brow. A. W. F. steals what she believes to be a furtive glance at a mirror in a gilded frame.*)

G. H. (*remembering rumors which have connected the names of Madame Negri and Charlie Chaplin.*):

Which man do you like best on the screen?

Pola Negri (*frankly*):

Ah, Charlie Chaplin. He is ze great artist. And as just ze man—he is great, too. When I get to California I see him again. . . .

A. W. F. (*tactfully*):

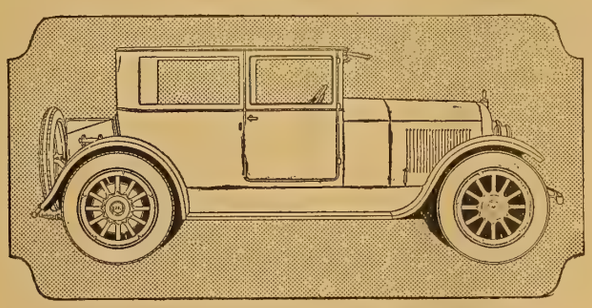
And of the women of the screen . . . ?

Pola Negri (*also tactfully*):

I do not see many of ze Amerika actresses. I go ver' few picture theaters in Europe. I have so ver' leetle time. But of them I see I think Mary Pickford and

Your Family is Safe

The value of advanced design is visible in twenty-odd features of the quality Earl. Rear springs, for example, are longer than in any other car of its price and wheel base—56 inches. Come in and go over every detail of the design and construction of the Earl. Then ride in it. Drive it. Make up your own mind about it.



EARL CABRIOLE, WITH FULL EQUIPMENT, $1395

EARL *Motor Cars*
BETTER LOOKING—BETTER BUILT

EARL MOTORS, INC., JACKSON, MICH.

EARL PRICES

Touring Car . . .	$1095
Cabriole	1395
Custom Roadster . .	1485
Brougham	1795
Sedan	1795

All prices f. o. b. Jackson
Include complete equipment

EARL MOTORS

BAYER

Genuine

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Important Features
In the JANUARY number of

SHADOWLAND

THE BUFFOON BALLET OF LARIONOW.....*Barrett H. Clark*
An illustrated story of the most extraordinary ballet ever staged

THE WHISPERERS.....*Guy Pene du Bois*
Three painters who have been inspired by the spirit of New England

"AH, ITALY, THY FATAL BEAUTY".....
Two pages of cartoons by the inimitable Wynn

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN OF FORTY.....*Helen Woljeska*
A clever word-picture of a very modern woman

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FAILURES.....*Maurice S. Sullivan*
An amusing article about the discontented famous, with cartoons by Kelly

In addition there will be a satirical article by *Benjamin De Casseres; Burton Rascoe* will discuss the new books; *Kenneth Macgowan* the new plays; *Jerome Hart* the recent developments in opera; and the pictorial features will be of exceptional beauty and interest.

SHADOWLAND

Pauline Freederick. Zey are great givers of gifts. Maybe when I see more I sink more are great. I dont know. . . . There are not so many great. . . .

A. W. F.:

Are you glad to go to Hollywood? Or would you rather work here in the East?

Pola Negri:

In California there is no Opera. I miss that. That is mos' that I am sorry for. But zey tell me that maybe I come back to New York around about Christmas time. For other things—I like California. I cannot live in hotel. Zey tire me. When one is work ver' hard one mus' have home. That is necessary. In California I shall have a leetle house wiz a beeg garden. An' I shall have a ver' ver' good cook. (She laughs.) That is mos' important. Food, I like ver' much. 'Specially Polish cooking . . . I like to eat. . . .

A. W. F. (*sweetly*):

So does Miss Hall.

G. H. (*changing the subject*):

Are you glad you are to do "Bella Donna"?

Pola Negri:

No. When zey meet me at ze steamer and say, "Madame Negri, you are to do 'Bella Donna,'" I felt like cry. . . . I don' like to play bad woman all ze time. I want to play ze good woman, who is interesting. Ze good woman who have a hard time of it. But always zey say you play ze bad woman. (Her green eyes narrow slightly). You see. I play ze bad woman in "Bella Donna" and you dont tink she such bad woman. Some day I play ver' good woman. Maybe she leetle unhappy and she suffer, but she ver' good. . . .

A. W. F. (*bitterly*):

If she's good she'll be unhappy. I believe you.

(Pola Negri throws back her head and laughs. She is evidently with a sense of humor, which only the lack of perfect understanding between the three curtails. A. W. F., of course, laughs immoderately at her own humor.)

Pola Negri:

You laugh at my Eenglish? What I say wrong? When I come back from California you will be surprised at Pola Negri. She will speak to you like an Amerika.

A. W. F. (*graciously*):

I am sure of it. Which picture have you liked best? Of your own I mean?

Pola Negri:

"Passion" was ze favorite of ze mos' people. I like "Carmen" ver' much. All ze pictures you see of me in zis country are old pictures. Ze picture I make before I sail for your country is ze bes'. It has luffly name. I like. It ees call "Ze Flame of Luff"—You like it?

(*After a few exchanges of amenities the interviewers rise to go. When the farewells are over and they are in the descending elevator a conscious air of superiority may be noticed engulfing them. Where fools have rushed in angels have not trod.*)

SCENE III

The Interior of a Taxicab bound toward the Subway

G. H. (*trying to cloak her admiration with flippancy*):

Well, I suppose that's why men leave home! Did you notice the white make-up

and the vermilion lips? Do you suppose it would look well on a blonde? I thought . . .

A. W. F. (*in an estimating tone*):

What you'd save on rouge you'd spend on lip-stick, I suppose. . . .

G. H. (*what adjectives would you use to describe her if you had had to interview her instead of sitting in at an audience?*)

A. W. F. (*one eye on the meter*):

Let's see . . . well, high-spirited, melancholy, cruel, affectionate . . . beautiful . . . would you call her beautiful, *Miss* Hall?

G. H.:

More than that. The sort that it doesn't much matter. Fascinating . . . dangerous . . . very dangerous . . . I wouldn't like to have her for an enemy. . . .

A. W. F.:

Alas for Hollywood! Alas for the Amerika men!

G. H. (*gloomily*):

Alas for the Amerika women. They may as well go into permanent retreats.

A. W. F.:

Here's a temporary one, to begin with.

(*The interviewers are consumed by the Subway. The aura of their glory is snuffed out.*)

Paragraph Comments on Other Screen Productions

(*Continued from page* 62)

it sends out a shiver or three because of some novel thrills, and a few guffaws because of some fairly clever comedy. The mine is flooded and there is pa at the bottom of the shaft. When Ed brings him to the surface the old man's daughter is willing to take him on as a steady boarder. Gibson always vamps like a vaudeville singer—vamps 'til ready. He must get over some high jinks before he settles down in the saddle and exercises his trigger finger. You will like him here. Ed, or Hoot, as we shall continue to call him, is coming fast. Sure as shootin'.

THE BOND BOY—FIRST NATIONAL

Richard Barthelmess is still down thar in Kentucky, giving expression to the awkward, sensitive youth which he made so memorable in "Tol'able David." His newest essay, "The Bond Boy," is cut from the same cloth. It is a grim, morbid story, unrelieved, but for a small episode, by a single note of humor. But somehow it holds you in a firm grip, due entirely to the star's ability to draw you into the canvas thru his dumb, mute suffering. His life is a hapless one. He allows himself to be bound over to a stern, relentless farmer to keep his mother from the poor-house. And the drama takes him into a big self-sacrifice as he goes to jail indicted for murder. Had he talked—had two other characters broken their silence—the story would have spent itself. But by going to prison Barthelmess takes you with him and makes you suffer watching his despair. Not so big—oh, nowhere near—as "Tol'able David." But be sure to see it for the sake of this young actor's art—and Henry King's able direction.

MIXED FACES—FOX

Dual rôle pictures cannot be said each day in every way to be getting better and better. If you accept the premise that two people can look alike tho they are not

(*Continued on page* 116)

The whole world knows and loves it!

This is one picture no one should miss. Maurice Tourneur has transferred to the screen the famous classic of R. D. Blackmore in scenes of life and fire—a photodrama never to be forgotten. Produced at the studios of Thomas H. Ince. Watch for the FIRST NATIONAL trademark on the screen at your theatre. It is the sign of clean, wholesome and fascinating entertainment.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can be Permanently Removed and Destroyed by Electricity

But it can be done at your own home

BY YOURSELF

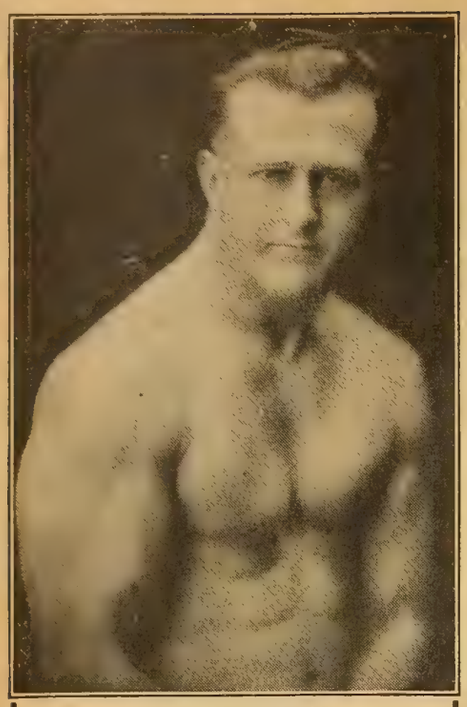
I have perfected a portable electric battery and full equipment, whereby any person can learn in ten minutes how to use the electric needle with ease and success. Full directions with each battery. You cannot fail. Even if you do, you can do yourself no harm. No danger whatever. My method is simplicity itself. You can remove hair from any part of the body, and when you once destroy the roots, the hair can never grow again. Electricity is a method known to science which

Permanently Destroys Hair Growth

A child, almost, can operate this battery without danger. It cannot possibly go wrong. A good operator can remove over 100 hairs an hour without leaving the tiniest scar or discoloration.

Price complete, with full directions for use, $20.00, prepaid.

EDWARD BRUESTEL - - - Jamaica, New York



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is today

Start the New Year Right

Will 1923 Bring SUCCESS or FAILURE?

Right now is the time to decide. If you had started right one year ago you would be on the high road to success this very minute. Don't let another year pass you by. It is within your power to make yourself just what you will. Make this day the beginning of a new life and a better one.

I WILL GIVE YOU WEALTH —HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

I will transform that body of yours and make you physically perfect. I will make a real HE man out of you. I will build out your chest so that every breath means increased life, purifying your blood and sending vim and vitality throughout your entire system. I will broaden your shoulders and give you the huge muscular arms and legs of an athlete. I will put pep in your old backbone and strengthen every vital organ within you. You will be just bubbling over with life, having the keen alert brain, the bright flashing eyes and the spring and step of youth. You will be admired and sought after in both the social and business world. You will be a leader of men, and the good things of life will naturally come your way.

I CHALLENGE THE WORLD

If a man stood on the house-tops and shouted to the people that he was the strongest man in earth, it would avail him nothing. Someone would make him come down and prove it. But records speak for themselves. I will gladly show anyone personal letters from the leading strong men in the world today that my course is absolutely the best and the quickest to acquire physical perfection. Come on then and make me prove it—I like it. I have the means of making you a perfect physical specimen of manhood, of making you a successful leader of men. You will be a credit to your community. I have done this for thousands of others. What I have done for them I will do for you. I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. Come on then, start the New Year right.

Send for My 64-Page Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT" It Is FREE

It tells the secret. It contains dozens and dozens of full page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. This book will be an impetus and inspiration to you. It will interest you from cover to cover. This valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10c, stamps or coin, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Don't miss this opportunity. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer — mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 301, 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 301, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." Please write or print plainly.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Without Wings

(*Continued from page 63*)

quick and firm, almost, as Benny Leonard's. And then her voice. It isn't low, sad and sweet, at all. It is limpid in quality, but staccato in delivery. That sounds like an awful mouthful, but figure it out for yourself. Get me?

"Let's go right out on the set, because I have to finish up some shots we didn't do yesterday," the young star said, without any remarks about the weather or Will Hays. And she marched right out to the set with me, jogging along right manfully. We were flanked on the right and on the left, as a prize-fighter with his trainers approaches the ring, by the production manager, the company vamp and the producer of the Eddy pictures.

They were all speaking at once and all about Miss Eddy.

You see, they were just making the first picture of a series which is to feature Helen Eddy, and they were naturally very much concerned about it. Ray Carroll, a girl about Helen's age, had secured the money to finance the production, had written the story, and was assisting Bill Seiter in the direction of it. The whole company was working like a large family busy putting up fruit.

Helen's grandmother was an elocutionist. That was many years ago, and in those days, according to Helen, many an actress camouflaged as an elocutionist or a student of Del Sarte for the reason that an actress was not—well—not exactly . . . you know.

"But grandmother was really an actress, I guess," she said, "and I think that she put the idea of the stage in my head for a career. None of the rest of the family have felt the urge. Grandma, by the way, was the dramatic teacher of Margaret Illington and Rachel Crothers in Bloomington. In fact, Grandma was the person responsible for giving Miss Illington her stage name, which was concocted from Illinois and Bloomington—half and half."

Just as we were well into the discussion of genealogy, the lights on the set flared up and Director Seiter murmured, deprecatingly: "All ready, Miss Eddy." With a smile on her lips, she took her place in front of the blazing lights with the battery of cameras aimed her way.

I was amazed as the plasticity of her features. She was doing a close-up, representing a young New England girl entering a room to discover the lifeless form of her father in a chair. She was telling about her approaching wedding, when her eyes suddenly discerned that her parent was dead. The look of horror stole over her face like a cloud sweeping over the moon. I doubt if there is a more expressive actress on the screen.

"Now put on your 'best dress,' and we'll shoot the parlor scenes," announced the director, when the death scene had been taken and retaken, for luck. So we trailed back to the dressing-rooms—our cavalcade.

There were two rooms, connected by a passage way. I sat myself down in one, which was by way of being a sitting-room, anyway, and Miss Eddy retired to the other. Our interview digressed into a series of hollers.

"I get the funniest, most heartrending letters you ever saw," called Miss Eddy, as she moved about in the other room.

"They dont seem to care much about having my picture," there was a laugh in her words, "but they do want a lot of advice. I guess I must have a 'mother' look in my eye. One girl in Wichita, Kansas, wrote me yesterday and wanted to know how in the deuce she could get herself out of Wichita. She said she was fed up on it and wanted to make something of herself besides a housekeeper for a wheat grower."

"Do you answer all your fan letters," I shouted, "or have you a secretary?"

"No, I haven't any secretary, and I wash my own dishes," she carolled back.

"What kind of a girl is this one you are playing?" I hollered.

"It's a New England girl, but that shouldn't be anything against her, because the world is full of girls just like this little New England school-teacher. There are lots of nice girls left in the world—who dont flap," she shouted back.

"I am tired of pictures that are full of bathrooms, and yet make you feel unclean when you leave the theater. I think there is just as much drama inside the four walls of a New England home, for instance, as there is inside a Fifth Avenue apartment or a Turkish harem. It's just as interesting and a whole lot cleaner," she added, with a sound of hairpins in her mouth.

There is the trace of an indomitable will in Helen Jerome Eddy's every intonation. She has risen above countless difficulties. She has taken a plain girl and made her attractive to thousands of people who wouldn't otherwise look at a plain girl. She herself admits that she is not beautiful, and that she wishes to goodness she knew how to do her hair.

It is the light within that makes her what she is. She is wholesome, and the world is ready and waiting for a big dose of wholesomeness. Her type adapted itself very well to the Italian characters she played with Signor Beban, but yet there isn't even a trace of Latinism in the Eddy. That proves, I think, that she is really an actress. She has the same qualities that made Mary MacLaren a success under the fairy wand of Lois Weber. But Helen has a bubbling sense of humor.

My cogitations on the matter of plainness were interrupted by the appearance of their subject. She was garbed in a very plain blue gown.

"This is the little school-teacher's one best dress," she informed me, with a gurgle. She laughs somewhere way down in her throat. Just then the door burst open and Producer Ray Carroll stuck in her head.

"Aren't you folks ever coming back to the set?" she inquired. "They're all lit up and ready to shoot." Ray Carroll is jealous of her star's every minute, you can see that.

"My eyes have the Ebie Gebies today," Helen said, as we wended back to the parlor set.

"Ebie Gebie," Miss Carroll explained, "is our word for any and everything. When the lights flicker, they have the Ebie Gebies. When the camera gets cantankerous, it, too, has the Ebie Gebies." That is the spirit of play which you will find poking its nose into the really hard work of any thoroly happy picture company. And the Eddy company is happy.

Harrison Ford, the leading man, was waiting as we approached. Helen stepped again before the camera and became a smiling, care-free sweetheart with as little effort as a flapper parking her cigaret.

But think, for a minute, of all the *regular* girls you have met, the girls to whom you went with your little troubles and they helped you out with kind words and a sympathetic smile, and there you will have this sincere, sweet player of many rôles.

Neet

Removes Hair Harmlessly

A wonderful new cream that overcomes every objection to all other methods. Vexing hair vanishes like magic. Easy and pleasant to use; quick and sure; very economical; no smarting; no redness 50c at drug and department stores

Send 10c for a liberal trial size.

Hannibal Pharmacal Co., 625 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

MORE THAN $100 a Day!

CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND," receives more than $100 a day. There are many other cartoonists making incomes that would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist.

Federal training gives you the opportunity to develop your ability under the guidance of 60 of America's leading artists and illustrators. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in a 32-page book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and many other stars on the Federal Staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement. Write your name, address and age in the margin and mail it now.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc., of Illustrating and Cartooning
120 Federal Schools Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

LEARN Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

Don't Wear a Truss

MR. C. E. BROOKS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 296-D State St., Marshall, Mich.

SAFETY SIGNS

By W. J. Holliday

So long as the villain is always detected,
The life of the heroine always protected,
So long as the schemes of the brutal are hissed
And the prodigal son by his mother is kissed,
Just so long will the movies be safe for Democracy
And Justice and Mercy maintain their Autocracy.

TO SHADOW-MAKERS

By Vivian Yeiser Laramore

I am in love with shadow shapes
That flit across a screen,
In love with all the loveliness
That I have ever seen.

Upon a square of silver stretched
Within a twilight room,
What magic and enchantment
May for a season bloom!

The heart-beat of a tropic night,
Tense moonlight on the Nile;
Sand carpets of the desert dunes,
The creeping crocodile.

Young hills uncovered to the dawn,
Untroubled, unafraid;
Quick-changing patterns of that peace
That only God has made.

And there the doubting eyes of men
Grow tender with desire,
And haughty ways of maidens melt
In love's eternal fire.

So let me, for the loveliness
These silver shadows bring,
One little song of loveliness
To shadow-makers sing.

A FAIRY TALE

By Elizabeth McLean

In Hollywood, one moonlight night,
The fairies all came 'round—
And deeds of kindness they all did,
And danced upon the ground.

And 'mongst them came a fairy queen,
And to some fairies small,
She said, "If each will make a wish,
I'll grant it to you all."

They clapped their little hands with glee
And thought with all their might
What best they'd want of all things nice
That lovely moonlight night.

First, Fairy Rose—a lovely sprite—
Did say with lisping tongue:
"I wish I might possess the eyes
Of Clara Kimball Young."

Then, Violet Fair, with sunny hair,
A-laughing all the while,
Replied, "I do but wish I had
Sweet Lily Gish's smile."

Then up danced spritely Marguerite
With many twists and whirls.
"The wish I cherish most," said she,
"Is Mary Pickford's curls."

And last, there was a wee, wee child
A-standing all alone.
She held her finger 'tween her lips—
Her eyes were blue and shone.

"Please, Fairy," so she sweetly lisped,
"Ize 'fwaid you'd surely miss me.
But here's my wish, 'tis what I want,
Tell Wally Weid to tiss me!"

Boncilla

Beauty IS DEEPER THAN Skin Deep

Boncilla Beautifier is a fragrant, grayish clasmic pack whose action goes far below the surface of the skin——

It goes down to the depths of the pores; cleanses them thoroughly; stimulates dull, lifeless capillaries; builds up drooping facial tissues and muscles.

Feel See Know *Boncilla*

It's so easy to apply—simply spread on the face and allow to dry. Takes but a few minutes—no rubbing or massaging necessary.

When ***Boncilla*** is dry, remove with a wet towel, and behold the clear, firm, radiant complexion beauty it has achieved!

While ***Boncilla*** is drying, you can **feel** its invigorating, rejuvenating action; as soon as it is removed, you can **see** amazing improvement in your complexion; and you will **know** that ***Boncilla*** accomplishes results that cannot be secured with ordinary toilet preparations.

Boncilla Pack O'Beauty only 50c

The ***Boncilla*** Pack O' Beauty is a remarkable toilet goods value. It contains large tubes of ***Boncilla*** Beautifier, ***Boncilla*** Cold Cream, ***Boncilla*** Vanishing Cream, and a generous box of ***Boncilla*** Face Powder—enough for four complete facial packs. Most dealers are supplied with this Pack O' Beauty, but those who cannot get to the store conveniently are urged to fill out and mail the coupon below, with **50c**, and we will mail the Pack O' Beauty by return mail postpaid.

Department Stores and Drug Stores can supply you with a complete line of ***Boncilla*** preparations.

Insist upon *Boncilla* —the original, genuine clasmic facial pack. Its remarkable success has bred imitations.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES
134 S. Pennsylvania Street
Indianapolis, Indiana

Please send me ***Boncilla*** Pack O' Beauty. I enclose 50c.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....

M.P. 1-23

Beauty Lies Within the Eyes

The most Luxuriant Brows and Lashes will not bring Beauty to Eyes which have become Dull and Lifeless. Restore the Enchanting Sparkle of Youth through the Daily Use of *Murine*. This Soothing, Invigorating lotion Enlivens Weary Eyes and Soon Makes them Radiantly Beautiful.

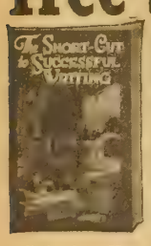
Murine contains no Belladonna or other Harmful Ingredients. Use it Night and Morning. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Send for FREE Book on Eye Beauty

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
Dept. AB, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free to Writers!



A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. *How to Write!* This surprising book is *absolutely free*. No charge. No obligation. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *now*. Just address

AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 275, AUBURN, NEW YORK

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including terrific acid test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts used all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

Wear a Corodite Diamond 7 Days Free

Make this test. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 7 days. If you or your friends can tell the difference, send it back; you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring, the price quoted here is all you pay. No installments. Remember, Corodite alone have the same cutting as genuine stones.

No. 1—Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring $2.84
No. 2—Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring . . . $3.48
No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Gypsy Ring $4.27
No. 4—Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, plat. finish $3.96
No. 5—Ladies' Tiffany Orange Blossom Engraved . . $3.54

Carat size gems. Beautiful mountings of most modern design. Choice of gold or latest white platinum finish. Unqualified 20-year guarantee. Handsome art-leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send name, address and number of ring wanted and also as shown by slip of paper, fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with postman. If you are not to keep ring after 7 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

E. RICHWINE CO.
333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 7, Chicago, Illinois
Sole Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds

The Passing of Pulchritude

(*Continued from page* 58)

choose talent! When a star like Miss Pickford possesses both to such a high degree, her position as the Betelgeuse in the cinema firmament is assured.

The comely Miss Minter is not the only screen heroine to suffer by this new standard. There is Bessie Love, for instance. No one will deny that Miss Love is a most personable and charming young lady; and yet she has failed to hold her following against talented actresses of far lower visibility.

Marguerite Clark is another of the pretty-pleasing-petite clinging-vine of yesterday. And even could Miss Clark turn back her calendar, and smile her ingénue way again across the silver sheet, she would discover that things were not the same, and that she no longer met the current requisites.

And what of the winsome May Allison—the sweet girl graduate with the leghorn hat and the organdie frock? Dont blame the inferior pictures for Miss Allison's screen demise. Blame, rather, her lack of ability and personality, which for a time were overlooked because of her pretty and appealing countenance. Could poor pictures ruin Mary Pickford? No. An actress with genuine talent can make an audience even like a poor picture. Miss Allison scored in "Peggy" because she *was* a Peggy. Peggy is not a name, but the designation of a certain feminine type—just as Percy designates a certain masculine type. And the day of the Peggy has passed.

In my humble opinion, one of the gravest and most expensive mistakes now being made in pictures is the attempt to create a star of the first magnitude out of Marie Prevost. Miss Prevost is a particularly seductive specimen of young womanhood. Not only are her features lovely, but she has the kind of body which sculptors rave over. She is an exquisite "still." But she lacks those inner qualities which are now coming into demand.

There was a time when a narrow, almost imperceptible, line divided bathing beauties from dramatic stars. But that line of late has developed into a deep chasm, which no amount of mere decorative loveliness can span.

Consider, for example, a few of the current box-office drawing-cards—those who have recently arisen, or who have withstood the test of time.

Lillian Gish, judged by almost any artistic standard, is homely. Her eyes are too large and flat; her nose is short, rounded and upturned; her mouth is small; and her lips are thin and straight. There are any number of prettier girls playing leading parts in the silent drama. But Miss Gish makes you think she is pretty, for she fascinates and holds you by her facial mobility and her personal witchery. Hers is a distinctive personality; and, in addition, she has genuine dramatic ability. Consequently, she has outlived all the Jewell Carmens and Violet Mersereaus of filmdom.

Dorothy Dalton is certainly no runner-up for Aphrodite or Helen of Troy; and she delights in clothing herself in unseductive garments. But she holds her audiences by her personality and talent.

Pola Negri is another case in point. In some of her finest pictures she is downright ugly; and at times she appears old enough to be her leading man's Godmother. . . .

Then there is Clara Kimball Young, who most certainly is no Dresden-china Goldylocks. . . . And do you think the Talmadges retain their popularity because of their physical allurements? Not for a minute! Norma never was beautiful; but, because of her capabilities, her admirers will sit thru reels of close-ups to see one drama in which she is featured. And Constance, I daresay, has not dropped a customer since she lost her girlish beauty. The preservative benzoate of soda in her composition is her cleverness.

Gloria Swanson is an ideal motion-picture star because she combines beauty with ability. But even her beauty is not of the bonbon, Pollyanna type. To call her "pretty" would be sacrilege. She has both distinction and character; as has Elsie Ferguson, who also belongs to the new sorority of leading women.

This change in public taste applies also to the trousered stars of filmdom. Indeed, the evolution in the realm of leading men is even more conspicuous than among the ladies.

It was not so long ago that an animated Arrow-collar ad could choose his own scenarios and show up on the lot as late as he pleased. The fashion-plate Adonis with barely enough intellectual acumen to seek shelter during a cloud-burst, was the *Haroun-al-Raschid* of the silent drama. The languorous eye, with the upturned lashes, did the business. A Barrymore nose outweighed a cerebrum. An evening suit with a velvet collar and two miles of satin braid, counted for more than the histrionic genius of a Salvini.

But today the male Narcissus, with the Byronic features and the humming-bird brain, has become one with paper-bag cookery and the peek-a-boo waist. Some of the most popular Lotharios of the screen are not even good-looking; and, aside from their polished scintillating hair, they might indeed be business men or politicians.

Do you remember the Lew Cody craze? Mr. Cody was quite frankly a he-butterfly. Unless my memory plays me false, one of his most successful pictures bore a title to that effect. Some catty critic labelled him the "male vamp"; and, altho he indignantly repudiated the sobriquet, it clung to him by virtue of its applicability.

Mr. Cody—say what you will—was a handsome devil. Gauged by a certain sentimental standard, he was almost beautiful, with his mesmeric eyes, his tentatively Roman nose, his rounded chin with its deep *arroyo*, and his delicate, *dégagé* mustache. And with what exquisite care and imagination did he clothe his Grecian body! Ah, those slanting pockets! Those peaked lapels! Those tourniquet cuffs! And those form-fitting pantaloons! . . . There was sartorial elegance for you!

But that was long ago, reckoning time by the changes in popular hero-worship. And I greatly fear that Mr. Cody will never again work his deadly havoc among the fair sex. His day as an idol was short indeed—a cinematographic twenty-first of December, as it were.

Today a lone-star Lew Cody would be a histrionic anachronism. The equipment of a motion-picture male star at present must include—first and foremost—a dramatic intelligence and an authentic acting ability—neither of which Mr. Cody possesses to any conspicuous extent.

The whole Lew Cody school, in fact, is rapidly disappearing. And, tho I do not pose as an oracle, I venture the guess that the next big male star to pass into the shadows will be the debonair Wallace Reid. Already Mr. Reid has shrewdly turned from serious drama to broad

comedy and farce (as witness "The Dictator" and "The Ghost-breakers"), and has thus postponed his departure. But the *Zeitgeist* is against him.

To be sure, Mr. Reid can act indifferently well, and he is youthful and boyish. But he is too darned pretty; his eyebrows are too expressive, so to speak; and that "perfect oval" of his face, tho once an enviable boon, has now become a veritable curse. . . .

J. Warren Kerrigan, Carlyle Blackwell, Francis X. Bushman, Bryant Washburn, and Crane Wilbur have already hit the trail down the dim corridors of oblivion. And Eugene O'Brien, tho once a hot favorite running far ahead of the field, is now being overtaken by some of the hundred-to-one shots.

But what of Rodolph Valentino—that Leyendecker beauty from the Sunny South.

I admit that Mr. Valentino has the outward aspect of supreme and ineffable loveliness. But do not think for a single minute that his gifts end there. Valentino can act; and dont let any jealous critic tell you that he cant! He has poise and grace and restraint. He is possessed of the grand manner; his pantomime carries conviction; and he knows how to get his effects with a minimum of effort.

Moreover, he has a strong sex-appeal; and his immaculate good looks are typically masculine. Were he far less fascinating he would still be authentic star material. And his dramatic ability and pleasing personality have fully as much to do with his present vogue as his elegant physique, his pomaded hair, his band-box integuments, and his smoothly chiselled Latin features.

Also, Antonio Moreno had a flying start on Valentino; and externally there was little to choose between them. If anything, Mr. Moreno had the ocular advantage.

It does not take a highly inflammable imagination to picture the result of a feature film, ten or twelve years ago, with Eric von Stroheim as its hero. The stargazers of that day would have risen in revolt. But now, because of von Stroheim's unquestioned ability as an actor, he has actually attained a certain degree of popularity.

The new type of leading man which has of late found favor in the public eye, and which is gradually but surely eclipsing the mere pretty boy with the Klassy Kut Klothes, is represented by plain, vigorous, natural actors like Jack Holt, Lon Chaney, Milton Sills, Percy Marmont, House Peters, and Rockcliff Fellows.

David Powell is another of the rising stars; and he does not even use unguents on his hair!

Lewis Stone is no longer young; but he is a competent and experienced actor, with a civilized and almost cultured bearing; and he is beginning to reap the rewards of talent.

Regard, also, the growing popularity of the Slavonic Kosloff, who has conquered wholly because of his acting and his personality. . . . And who would accuse Thomas Meighan of being handsome? Or Will Rogers? Or William S. Hart? (Hart, in fact, was one of the first screen actors to mark the turn of the tide.)

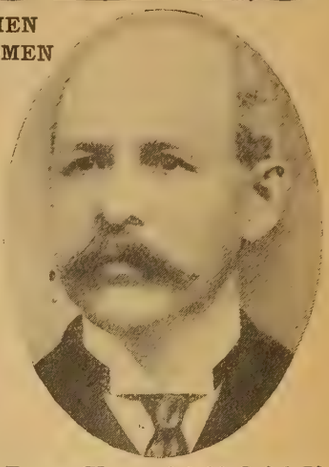
The new era is at hand. Those endowed only with pulchritude, while still clinging to the coat-tails of success, belong to the passing order. Ere long the things they represent will be swept into discard by more talented, and more characterful actors.

It is a hopeful sign, for it heralds a fundamental change in the public's attitude and taste. This new standard will create a demand not only for more intelligent and talented actors, but for more intelligent dramas as well.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$5 $6 $7 & $8 SHOES FOR MEN and WOMEN

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world.



W. L. DOUGLAS shoes for style, material and workmanship are unequaled for the price. It is worth while for you to know that when you buy W. L. Douglas shoes you are getting the benefit of his forty years experience in making the best shoes possible for the price.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are always worth the price paid for them. Wear them and save money. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the price stamped on every pair.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are sold in 110 of our own stores in the large cities and by shoe dealers everywhere. Ask your shoe dealer to show you W. L. Douglas shoes. Only by examining them can you appreciate their value. Refuse substitutes. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the retail price and the name stamped on the sole. The retail prices are the same everywhere.

Boys Shoes $4.00 & $4.50

If not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
132 Spark St. Brockton, Mass.

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-158, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

The SECRET of Touch Typewriting

Booklet sent on request FREE
THE EDUCATIONAL DEVICE COMPANY
106 E. 29th St. CHICAGO

EYES THAT SPEAK!

A full page talk in this magazine would not convince you of the unusual merits of

DELICA-BROW

as surely as a trial bottle will prove them. This is the new liquid beautifier and dressing for lashes and brows. Tears, perspiration or other moisture will not cause Delica-Brow to streak or smear.

Try this to beautify your eyes, and see the wonderful improvement in your appearance.

Send for Sample—including bone handled brush for applying, also full directions. Enclose 25 cents for trial size or $1.00 for the large.

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 12 3933 Broadway, Chicago

In JANUARY:

CÓSTUMING THE SILENT DRAMA

by Maude Cheatham

A pertinent article that will give the reader some amazing information and some amusing anecdotes.

EASTERN MAGIC

by Willard Huntington Wright

Telling in text and pictures about Ferdinand Earle's new device that makes it possible for a director to shoot any scene he requires—no matter how complicated it may be, or when or where it was laid—without leaving his studio.

FAMOUS CARMENS

by Ernest Jerome Hart

"Carmen" is one of the favorite characters of fiction and opera. Countless singers and actresses have aspired to impersonate her. To a favored few she has brought renown. Who are they?

INTERVIEWS: with *Nita Naldi, Mabel Normand,* and *Milton Sills.*

PICTURE SPREADS: The first of *Carey Wilson's* "Impressions of the South Sea Islands." A double spread called "Merry Christmas"; another of *Theodore Roberts'* beautiful home in Hollywood.

NOVELIZATION: "Ebb Tide," that thrilling and powerful story by *Robert Louis Stevenson* and *Lloyd Osbourne.*

CAMERA STUDIES: of *Mae Busch, Elaine Hammerstein,* and a dozen other popular stars, both men and women.

Why Dont You Buy

CLASSIC

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

A Real Opportunity

for the safe investment of surplus cash is offered the American people by the United States Government in

TREASURY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

They are as convenient as they are safe —sold on a discount basis at prices of $20.50, $82 and $820; worth at maturity in five years $25, $100 and $1000 respectively.

Buy at Post Offices and Banks

United States Government Savings System
Second Federal Reserve District
97 Maiden Lane - - New York City

Beautiful Eyes need long, luxurious lashes. Cloy-Rose will positively grow them for you. Absolutely harmless. At dealers or by mail, $1.00. **Cloy-Rose Toilet Preparations, Dept. I, 415 West 28th Street, New York.**
CLOY-ROSE EYELASH CREAM

$700 in 2 Hours
That's what Ryan made by wearing this Mystic Egyptian Luck Ring. **Why Be Unlucky? FAME--FORTUNE--HAPPINESS--SUCCESS IN LOVE & BUSINESS** are said by many men and women to have come to them with this **SACRED SCARAB RING.** Wear It And See. Makes A Desirable Gift. **GUARANTEED STERLING SILVER.**
Cash with Order **$1.45. C. O. D. $1.55; Two Rings, Cash, $2.75, C. O. D. $2.85;** Money back if not satisfied. **Order Today.**
CHALENS SUPPLY HOUSE
Dept. 110, 7 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN TO DANCE IN ONE EVENING!
Prof. Morgan D. Stern, *New York's famous dancing master,* tells you in his free booklet, **"HOW TO BECOME AN EXPERT DANCER AT HOME!"**
Interesting and unique.
Your name and address on a postcard brings **FREE** copy of booklet. Send for it.
PROF. MORGAN D. STERN
30 Church Street, Dept. 100, New York City
FREE BOOKLET!

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES
Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material. Submit ideas in any form at once for our immediate examination. Or write for FREE PHOTOPLAY BOOKLET and details of our service to Authors.
BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS
Suite 602 N Bristol Building, New York

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE?

BEFORE

AFTER

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the appearance you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new and great, improved *Nose-Shaper,* "TRADE MARK" U. S. Patent corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in Nose Shapers and surpasses all my previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work.. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials on hand, and my fifteen years of studying and manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your disposal, which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.
Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.
M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 1824 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.
Also For Sale at First Class Drug Stores.

Stills Between Shots

(*Continued from page 73*)

Mr. Rodolph Valentino. We drifted into a talk of bull-fights, and all fights in general, game-cock, pit-dog, prize and so on. Mr. Barthelmess passed most of them off with a shrug, but said he and his wife liked a good boxing-match. It was a big disappointment to him that after he had bought tickets for the Carpentier-Dempsey fight, just before the day, he had to go down to Virginia to start "Tol'rable David." He likes Don Marquis, too. I asked if he had seen in the paper that very morning that Hermione had taken up *Coue.* No, he had only had time for the front page and the sporting section. Just like a man! When they are thru with a paper, it is always open at the sporting page.

Mr. Barthelmess thinks he will make a picture with a love interest next. Miss Gish returned, and we went over all the good love stories we could think of. Mr. Barthelmess mentioned one, and I hope to goodness he decides on that. It would be a wonderful vehicle for his talent. He is a marvel at characterization, in my opinion.

Miss Gish had run away to see an interviewer from some paper. She said Merton had spoiled her for an interview. All she could think of was the faithful old nag, and "bigger and better things." She saw the opening night of the play (it has kept its own name), "Merton of the Movies," in Brooklyn. All the film folk were there. Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks, who were on for the opening of "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," as well as all the notables in the East. Miss Gish said the climax of the first act is incomparable, such a mixture of pathos and humor. We agreed that the story touches tragedy in places, with all its satiric humor. She also told me the story of the picture Miss Lillian Gish is soon going to Italy to make. It is the tragic love story of a young nun. Wont those appealing eyes of hers be marvelous under a nun's cap? But how can those sisters stand having the ocean between them? Dorothy looked mighty mournful at the thought.

The old saying, "as many minds, so many moods," came to my mind, when, the other day, I ran into Miss Mae Murray, hurrying hither and yon, getting ready to hop off to California, where she is making "Coronation." Almost her first words, which took me back to an expression of opinion in this column last month, were, "We have too much halfway education, I believe, in this country. It is deadening to the creative sense. Thought, original, self-created thought, is what I want from those I meet. It seems as tho the molding that comes from the study of books is like a square box put about the mind. It does not fit, and it prevents growth." Miss Murray went on describing the fire and spirit she found even among the peasant class in Spain, when she was there for the filming of "Fascination." "What difference," she pursued, "does it make what form its dress takes, if a message bears a real idea? That's what the world is in need of, the thoughts and ideas springing naturally from within."

Back again, you see, to that insistent call for sincerity of feeling and thought. I quoted that earlier criticism on education, and Miss Murray expostulated. She was delighted, she exclaimed, when she found some nugget of virgin thought in an untutored mind, or in a letter unformed and illiterate which expressed earnestness and depth of feeling. Miss Murray makes me think of a gaily colored bird, an oriole perhaps, just bursting with happiness.

Do you know Mr. Harry Millarde? He

WHY DO YOU MAKE PRESENTS AT XMAS?

Is it not because you want to make someone happy? Is it not because you want that someone to know that you have been thinking kindly of him? And does it not make you too happy for words, when your selection turns out to be the most appreciated of all the gifts received by those you have remembered?

Gloves, neckties, stockings, socks —you know the usual list of gifts —all are welcome in their way— but gifts of this kind dont begin to express the real thought you wish to convey. If you give an umbrella, you will be remembered on rainy days only. The general line of presents soon wear out and the gift itself is then forgotten.

We Are Glad To Suggest A Gift Which Will Be A Constant Reminder of Your Thoughtfulness The Year Round

To those you think the most of, give a yearly subscription for the *Motion Picture Magazine* (price $2.50), *Classic* (price $2.50), *Shadowland* (price $3.50), or *Beauty* (price $2.50). Any one of these magazines will make a mighty acceptable gift, and as there are twelve monthly issues in a yearly subscription, the recipient simply cannot forget your gift until Xmas comes again. Inexpensive to buy, yet rich in value, the four Brewster Publications offer a wide selection to choose from.

Besides giving you a selection of excellent magazines, we aim to save you money as well. Look below for the season's biggest magazine bargains. If you take two or more subscriptions you may send each magazine to a different address and still take advantage of the special prices. Gift Announcement Cards will be sent on request.

Motion Picture.....$2.50
Beauty ..... 2.50 } **Special 3.90**
Regular Price.... 5.00

Classic $2.50
Beauty ..... 2.50 } **Special 3.90**
Regular Price.... 5.00

Shadowland $3.50
Classic ..... 2.50 } **Special 4.60**
Regular Price.....6.00

Shadowland $3.50
Beauty ..... 2.50 } **Special 4.60**
Regular Price.....6.00

BEAUTY, MOTION PICTURE or CLASSIC

***With Pictorial Review*.....$3.15**
***With McCall's Magazine*..... 2.75**
***With Today's Housewife*..... 2.65**

For Canada add 50¢ For Foreign add $1.00

These bargain offers are wide open to our readers for the next thirty days. Save money by ordering for yourself and friends at once.

Send your order to

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

is soft-spoken, quiet and apparently not easily ruffled. But his quick eyes miss no detail in the picture he is directing. He invited me to join the cast of "If Winter Comes"—for a cup of tea. We were sitting in Fortune's office—sumptuous it was, too. Mr. Millarde had Hutchinson's book in his hand, his place marked by his index finger. That book is with him thruout every scene. He has made the film play follow the story, scene by scene. Most of it was made in England, in Westminster and in Canterbury. Several regiments, or perhaps it was companies, of Tommies were turned out in regulation 1914 kit. The townspeople were tremendously stirred up about the picture. I wish I had space to tell about the sets, the courtroom, and the other scenes, massive open fireplaces, with real fires that burn and smoke as do all well-regulated fires.

As tea was not quite ready, I had a chat with Miss Ann Forrest.

She says she likes my column, that all her friends read such studio notes. It keeps them in touch with what the others of their profession are doing. In London, she and Anna Q. Nilsson, James Kirkwood, David Powell, George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere (his wife) were having tea and gossiping. I wished she had sent me a radiogram. She promised to remember me next time. Miss Forrest says pictures have taught her one thing, to do what she has to do cheerfully. She looked thoughtful when I expressed my belief that you have to do what you dont want to do until you can do it cheerfully. "I believe that's true." she said at last. "I did not want to work when I was offered the part of Lady Tybar. But I took it, and now I am mighty glad. I have enjoyed it immensely." By the way, Miss Forrest did some splendid acting as John Arden's wife in the George Arliss play, "The Man Who Played God."

Mr. Percy Marmont came over and joined us. We all were talking of the value of Hutchinson's work, and of this play, and of good plays in general. Mr. Marmont claims that the letters he gets prove that the public, at least the picture-going public, is more intelligent than the managers give them credit for being. Congratulations pour in upon him when it is announced that he is to appear in what may reasonably be supposed to be a film play of the better sort. "I am overwhelmed, tho," he smiled, "at having to portray a man as everlastingly *good* as Mark Sabre."

Mr. Millarde introduced me to Mr. Sidney Herbert and Mr. Reilly Hatch, both so well known to theater goers, and a boy, Wallace Kolb. (Watch him. This is his first, mind you, his first part!) Mr. Hatch found the day a hot one for a fat man's make-up. He remarked that his last *fat* part, at least fat in make-up, was in the "Squawman." Mr. Herbert and I recalled the *good old days* at the original Daly's. Mr. Herbert was in the Daly Company for fifteen years. No wonder "If Winter Comes" is going down in screen history. Its cast reads like a Who's Who in Stageland.

Mr. Marmont went on to state, and his thought is teeming with possibilities, that the reason screen folk seem interesting to me (and they surely do!) is because they live such multiple lives. I have found them invariably brimming with vivid and creative ideas. "Why should they not be?" Mr. Marmont pursued his thought. "They participate in story after story, and, meanwhile, their own lives—wherein they have the advantage over stage people—carry on more or less normally."

Screen people bring their friends immediate happiness. That's why they are lovable and beloved!

Let DIAMONDS say Merry Xmas

642 AD—18" Pearls, Diamond Clasp. $14.50

643AD—Premier diamond Ring. $95.00

645AD Hexagon diamond Ring. $55.00

644 AD—Engraved. Diamond $37.50

649AD—Premier Cluster, 7 dia., $73.50

650AD—7 dia. Clus., $87.50

651AD—Platinum Dia. Ring. $118.50

653AD—W. G. Cluster, Dia., $59.50

647AD—BelcherDia. Ring $80.00

654AD—Blue-white Dia. Rg., $110.00

652AD—14 kt. Wh. Gold 15-jwl., Wrist Watch $33.65

NO MONEY DOWN

Any of the startling diamond values pictured here can be yours without risking a single penny. Each item is ideally suited for Christmas and will make a charming gift. No matter what you select, you pay **only a few cents a day.** Your selection sent on your simple request without a single penny down. If you don't agree that it is the **biggest bargain** you have ever seen, return it at our expense. If you keep it, pay at the rate of **only a few cents a day.**

Yearly Dividends

You are guaranteed 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also, 6% bonus privilege.

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

Send for your copy today to Dept. 1521.

Special Discount of 15% on all cash sales-- For this month only

SEND FOR MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

J.M.LYON & CO.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK
In Business Nearly 100 years

A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

Banish
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Pimples
Freckles
Superfluous Hair
Oily Skin

I tell you how to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Beautify the Lips; Banish Blackheads, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots Blotches, Sallow and Oily Skin; Beautify the figure, by building up or reducing; Remove Superfluous Hair; Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes; Clear the skin of Pimples; Make Hair Soft, Lustrous, Fluffy.

Send for My Booklet—FREE

Just clip this coupon, write name and address and mail to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Investigate! It costs you nothing to write and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to EVERY WOMAN LIVING, whether homely or beautiful.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 401, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS."
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Note the remarkable improvement in the same face

You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes with

Maybelline

More than all else, well-defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow is the secret. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you. Unlike other preparations, absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not spread and smear on the face or make the lashes stiff. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades, Black and Brown, 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad *now* as a reminder.

MAYBELLINE CO.
4750-54 Sheridan Road CHICAGO

Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood

(*Continued from page* 49)

own eyes! Fetch likewise the maid from the Priory—here—bring her here."

Richard's plans had prospered well—where he was. But not so well in England, he had just learned. He sat in the velvet gloom of his great tent and scowled at the parchment rolls telling of his brother's treachery, which an exhausted messenger had just brought to him. Turn back he must, when victory was almost within his grasp—go back to England and set his kingdom in order once more and make another start. His great heart still sorrowed over the defection of Huntingdon, but something told him their score was not yet settled. He loathed the smug Gisbourne.

As for Sir Guy, he had never lost sight of his purpose in following the fortunes of Richard. He had, so he thought, dispatched Huntingdon and he was merely waiting for a propitious moment traitorously to murder his Lord.

It had come at last—the moment he had watched for. One starless night he had slit the walls of the King's tent and ruthlessly slain his guard. He had thrust a dagger, hilt deep, into the heart of the sleeper in the King's bed and made haste away to England, unmolested. A little later Richard Cœur de Lion stood beside his couch and wept a strong man's tears over the cold dead form of his whilom jester, whose incurable penchant for "playing king" had resulted thus fatally. Gisbourne's thrust had been true.

Back in England the festering sore of John's tyranny had come to a head. The outlaw bands were ready and when a breathless runner from the town broke into their camp with the news that Sherwood Forest was surrounded by all of Nottingham's soldiers, the announcement fell with a joyous sound on their waiting ears.

Robin Hood was instantly master of the situation.

"To the trees with all thy men!" he ordered Friar Tuck. "We will entrap these loutish vassals. Thou, Little John, make thy way in all haste to the Priory and tell the Lady Marian that I will come to her when the shadow of Nottingham hill lies athwart the garden gate. Will Scarlett and Allan-a-Dale shall come with me to Nottingham. We three will take the town. Ho, comrades, and woodsmen! The two lights of this day shall see Robin Hood and his foresters come into their own again. Farewell, and God be wi' the Lincoln green!"

It all fell out as he had planned. Nottingham left practically defenseless yielded joyfully and willingly to Robin Hood. The astonished soldiers in Sherwood Forest were so taken by surprise at having their enemies drop upon them from Heaven, so to speak, that they too yielded with scarce a battle. So far so good.

But Little John had come too late to the Priory. Marian was gone. Locked up in her old room at the castle, the maid was, with an evil-intentioned Prince holding the key. Only the unexpected arrival of Guy of Gisbourne delayed the terrible punishment to be meted out to her. Gisbourne brought momentous news. He dropped upon a servile knee before John.

"The King is dead," he said with ill-concealed triumph. "Long live the King."

"Trouble me not with wanton jesting," cried John.

"Nay but, 't is true, Sire, Richard is dead and thou art King."

"But what of Huntingdon?"

"He rots in a donjon cell in France till he dies and the rats shall eat him," was the pleasant rejoinder.

"England is mine!" then cried out John in a great voice.

And "Marian is mine," whispered Guy of Gisbourne, smacking his lips.

At about this time a stranger appeared mysteriously in Sherwood Forest. "I seek one Robin Hood," he said, when accosted by the doughty Friar Tuck.

"Wherefore?" queried the priest.

"Mayhap to be one with him—mayhap to be rid of him."

"It takes a better man than thou to be either," said the fat Friar belligerently.

"We shall see!" exclaimed the stranger. "Have at thee!"

And having broken the staff of Friar Tuck and laid low two other anxious contenders, and having taken the oath of allegiance to King Richard with a grim tightening of the lips, he was found worthy to be one of Robin Hood's outlaw band.

Back in the castle the feasting and carousing were running high. Wine for the lords and sack for the soldiers; joints and pastries and more wine; roasted oxen and boars' heads and good old ale to wash it down; and a gorged and drunken Prince sprawling at the table's head never felt a wary Gisbourne remove the key to Marian's tower from its pouch at the Prince's side. Knowing full well that Huntingdon still lived in the person of Robin Hood, he had refused Gisbourne the reward he had promised. Marian should belong to him, in sooth—a King! No petty lordling should claim her while John ruled. And in his drunken stupor he dreamed of her sweet body.

And in his drunken stupor he dreamed not that Robin Hood had discovered Marian's whereabouts and was even now on his way to her.

Unfortunately Gisbourne got to her bower first, but a gallant maid held the intruder at bay, for long enough, God wot, for Robin to ride to the rescue. He had scaled the castle walls laughing at the peril to himself, but trembling for his Marian. Just in time he was, too, for Marian stood in the window embrasure meaning to jump should Gisbourne come one step nearer. He had taken that step and Marian had swayed a moment dizzily on the very edge, with her eyes closed.

When she opened them again she was clutched against the sturdy breast of her lover. But their joy was short-lived. Gisbourne advanced with threatening mien, not to be balked again at the last minute, and the two men took their measure. Against the great strength of Robin Hood, who fought for his love as well as his honor, Gisborne's cunning availed him nothing, and over his dead body the lovers kissed and clung for another breathless moment.

A great clamor was heard outside the doors. "My brave foresters," said Robin Hood, "are on their way to the castle. God willing, we shall take it and hold it for our true King. And then——"

The heavy oaken doors gave way before the terrific onslaught of Prince John's liegemen sent to take the bold outlaw at all costs. Right gallantly Robin Hood held his own. He must keep them off until his men should arrive. One by one they gave back, but always to be followed up by another, until his brave sword arm grew weary with the unequal struggle.

Above the clash of sword on sword three shrill blasts upon a bugle horn rang suddenly thru the room. The signal!

Robin Hood tossed his sword aside and

COSMETICS

Successfully Applied Do Not Appear as "Make-Up." Heed Our Suggestions and Use Preparations of Purity and Worth

Impressions Are Lasting—Look Your Best at All Times

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows any article to leave the laboratory without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of make-up and insists that by clever use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

We enclose directions written personally by Miss Palmer. You cannot go wrong if her words are heeded.

A Special Word Must Be Said of Our Creams—They Are Exquisite and Without Equal

CORLISS PALMER FACE POWDER $1.00

CORLISS PALMER FOUNDATION CREAM—A heavy, flesh-color cream that will hide all blemishes and make the powder stick on as will nothing else. To cover a pimple, or a red nose, or the whole face for an all-day make-up, there is nothing like it..... .50

CORLISS PALMER FACE ROUGE ..... .50

CORLISS PALMER LIP ROUGE .50

THE FOUR, attractively boxed in set 2.50

CORLISS PALMER VANISHING CREAM—A light, dry cream of purity, to be used in the morning, or at any time, to refreshen the skin and make a foundation for the face powder..... .75

CORLISS PALMER CLEANSING OR NIGHT CREAM—A heavier cream, to cleanse the face at night and to soften and beautify the skin..... .75

CORLISS PALMER LEMON CREAM—An exquisite cream of even texture, purity and loveliness. For general use on the face and body..... .75

THE THREE, attractively boxed in set..... 2.25

CORLISS PALMER BEAUTIFIER—A lotion of the finest quality, for those who do not care for creams as a cleanser. An absolute corrector of an oily complexion, a bleacher, an astringent, healer of blemishes, and a very great enemy of wrinkles..... .60

We Guarantee our Preparations to be Harmless

We will mail, postpaid, any of the above preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash, or money order. (In mailing coins, wrap them carefully to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

Corliss Palmer Preparations

RICHARD WALLACE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

threw up his hands in token of surrender.

Outside a hoarse voice shouted: "Lower the drawbridge. We are Prince John's men and we have captured Robin Hood's band. Admit us."

The delighted warden made haste to obey. Every soldier had a forester hooked to his elbow and every soldier held his head erect—prodded from behind by Robin Hood's men playing captive for the furtherance of their plan.

In the great hall Prince John was giving orders to strap Robin Hood to a pillar. His arm was raised to give the signal to his crossbowmen to let fly their winged death. He paused a moment gloatingly, but wishing in his craven heart that Robin Hood's head be not held so high, nor his bearing so defiant. He dropped his arm and the twang of twenty arrows echoed on the air.

A huge arm in black chain mail was suddenly thrust from behind the pillar and held a long shield before the defenseless Robin Hood. The arrows might as well have sped toward the stone wall of the castle for all the hurt they did. They deflected harmlessly to the ground. Had it been six hundred years later, Marian would have fainted, but she was a true child of her lusty century and she did nothing of the kind. All eyes stared in amaze at the device on that protecting shield.

"The three lions of Richard!" she cried, and the mysterious stranger—the newest recruit to Robin's band—stepped from behind the pillar.

With one accord the crowd dropped to its knees and did homage to their rightful King. John also, for the wretched man knew his hour was come. Him Richard ignored and turned to Robin Hood.

"Robin Hood is our true friend," he said, "so also Huntingdon. For a time we doubted his fealty and with shame we now confess it. Once more for all to hear we bespeak his love again."

Now were Robin Hood's devoirs accomplished. With a free heart he could claim his Marian; and if they two withdrew from the boisterous revels following their nuptials, who was there to blame them? A kingly forbearance accorded them a well-earned privacy, and in the bridal chamber a bold outlaw lay willing captive under the slim white hands of a maid—his own Maid Marian.

Clarence

(*Continued from page* 70)

Violet Pinney one afternoon, looking, for Clarence, rather grim.

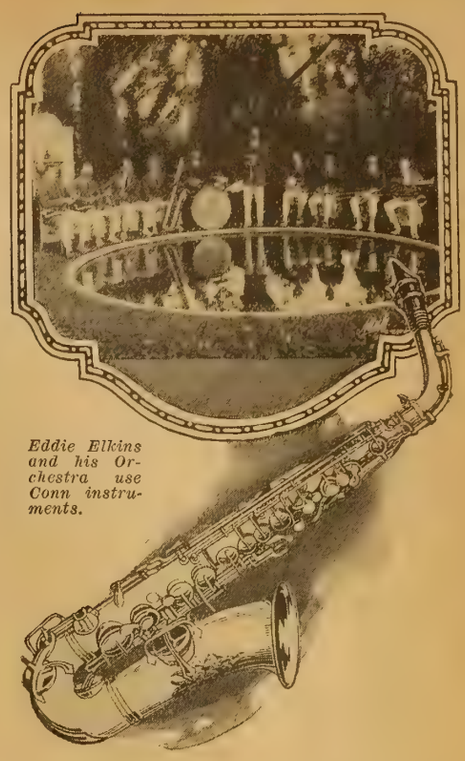
"Cora," he began, "has gone off in her roadster. She'd been fussing about for some time, and about an hour ago I saw her bring a suitcase down the back way and park it near the car. Then she went back again, probably for another one. While she was gone I unscrewed the oil cock so that she will leave a trail of oil behind her wherever she goes. You and I must follow—at once."

The oil trail was distinct. And when they had gone about three miles Violet Pinney gasped out, "This road leads to the Reverend Dr. Velland's. They call him a 'marrying parson.'"

"Hump," said Clarence, but he accelerated his speed.

A few lengths from the trim doorway of the Reverend's obliging domicile they discovered Cora and her Stem.

A most unpleasant scene ensued, during which Cora reviled Violet Pinney, Stem reviled Clarence, and after which Violet, with unexpected strength and determina-



Eddie Elkins and his Orchestra use Conn instruments.

The Conn Saxophone

"The World's Best"

So say the Great Artists

The first American saxophone, was built by Conn. The best saxophones in the world are still built here—a fact attested by today's great artists, a few of whom are shown above.

Play a Tune in One Hour. Exclusive feature and improvements on the Conn give you quick mastery, without previous musical experience. Taper branches expanded to perfect proportions by hydraulic pressure, drawn tone-hole flanges, non-warping pads, patented tuning device, are some of Conn exclusive features. Beautiful tone, perfect intonation.

Send Coupon for Free Book and details of FREE TRIAL, EASY PAYMENT PLAN

C. G. CONN, LTD.
125 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind

Conn New York Co., 233-5-7 W. 47th Street.
Conn Seattle Co., 1609 Third Avenue.
Conn Chicago Co., 62 E. Van Buren Street.
Conn New Orleans Co., 317 Baronne Street.
Conn Detroit Co., 2221 Woodward Avenue.
Conn Portland Co., 129 Tenth Street.
Conn Cleveland Co., 1220 Huron Road.
Conn Atlanta Co., Auburn and Ivy Streets.

CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

C. G. CONN, Ltd.,
125 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
Please send me free book and details of Free Trial, Easy Payment plan (mention instrument).

Name.....

St. or Rural Route.....

City.....

State..... County.....

Instrument.....

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest — For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—Snappiest household line on earth. Red hot sellers, steady repeaters—100% profit. 500 light-weight, fast selling, popular priced necessities. Agent's outfit free. Get busy quick. Write today; postal will do. American Products Co., 7895 American Building, Cincinnati, O.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Boys and Girls Earn Xmas Money. Write for 50 sets American Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. Neubecker Bros., 961 East 23rd Street, Dept. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40 to $75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

HELP WANTED—MALE

MEN WANTED for detective work. Experience unnecessary. Write for details explaining guaranteed position. J. Ganor, former Gov't Detective, DN St. Louis, Missouri.

BE A DETECTIVE—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

All Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$190, traveling or stationary. Write, Mr. Ozment, 294 St. Louis, immediately.

BE A DETECTIVE—Earn big pay; fine easy work; get great name; travel if you like; nice work everywhere; open to all; write for free particulars. Write Chief Wagner, 186 East 79th St., New York.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

Plays, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 62, Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD COINS WANTED. Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty Head. We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4 cents for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 48, Fort Worth, Texas.

$2 TO $500 EACH paid for hundreds of Old coins. Keep all Old or odd money. You may have valuable coins. Send 10c for New Illust Coin Value Book, 4x6. We pay cash. Get Posted. Clarke Coin Co., Ave. 7, Le Roy, N. Y.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guide-book, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 240 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

$ $ $ FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS. Plots accepted any form; revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

Photoplays Wanted for California Producers— Also want magazine stories, etc., for publication. To beginners, plot chart and details FREE. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

Successful Photoplays Bring Big Money. Send for our free book, "Successful Photoplays," which gives instructions on photoplay writing and marketing. Successful Photoplays, Box 43 Des Moines, Ia.

Let Me Criticise, Revise and help you sell your Photoplay Plots and Short Stories. Submit manuscript written in any form. H. L. Hursh, Dept. 2, 210 Muench St., Harrisburg, Pa.

STORIES WANTED

Make Money Writing Stories, articles, poems. Big pay. Details free. Address Mgr. Writers' Press Association, Los Angeles, Cal.

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED TO BUY

Cash for Old Gold, Platinum, Silver, Diamonds, Liberty Bonds, War, Thrift, Unused Postage Stamps, False Teeth, Magneto Points, Jobs. Any valuables. Mail in today. Cash sent, return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied. Ohio Smelting Co., 313 Hippodrome Bldg., Cleveland, O.

WHY DONT YOU BUY CLASSIC

The picture book de luxe of the movie world

tion, forced Cora into the Pierce and Clarence with the same beat up Hubert Stem thoroly, systematically and efficiently. "That," he said, as he gave the recumbent Stem a kick, "is what we do to rotters."

It was evening when the trio turned into the Wheeler estate.

Cora tore into the living-room and confronted her parents. She said that Violet Pinney was an interfering, busy-bodying, contemptible old maid. Her fury was terrific. Her father was helpless before the onslaught. It was Bobby who amazingly intervened. He went for his sister and shook her smartly. His loud, outraged young voice cracked and broke and went on again. "You quit this, Cora Wheeler!" he bellowed, "you quit this, I tell you. You're—why, you're not fit to black Miss Violet Pinney's everyday shoes, you're not. She's the dearest, sweetest woman that ever lived on this earth and *I love her* and she's to be *my wife!*"

There was silence. Violet Pinney stared at the boy with wide eyes. She didn't know whether to burst out laughing or crying. Clarence had disappeared.

Henry waved helpless hands. Had his household finally taken final leave of their senses? He turned to Violet Pinney. "Miss Violet," he said, "Will you kindly explain this situation to me?"

Miss Violet indeed! Helena Wheeler sniffed. "Why not 'alone,' Henry?" she asked, with a really frightful sweetness.

"Why not, indeed?" roared Henry Wheeler.

Helena began to sob. "Miss Violet Pinney has simply got to leave this house," she said, between loud heavings.

"Then," bellowed Henry Wheeler in his very best style, "if she leaves *I* leave with her! That's an end to that."

"Oooooooo'!" sobbed Helena Wheeler, her nightmare at last made material to her hearing.

"Father!" screamed Cora.

"Dad, you . . .!" began Bobby.

Violet Pinney made a gesture with her hands as who should say that she gave the Wheelers up.

At this juncture there came a noise of the most piercing and poignant sweetness and into the room with its surcharge of animus strolled Clearance, playing soft, sweet strains upon a saxophone! But what a Clarence! For Clarence was becoming handsome. Positively. He had discarded the hornswoggly glasses and his deep and humorous eyes, long-lashed and tenderly comprehensive, looked at each one of the women with a new significance. His old clothes were discarded, too, and now that he was irreproachably tailored it was evident to a blind woman that Clarence was of a surpassing height and breadth. His hair, how sleek! His walk, how . . . how *aristocratic!* Oh, oh, *Clarence!* Thus the feminine contingent of the room.

Helena Wheeler, who had a passion for nice eyes, knew at once that Clarence would understand her . . . in the moonlight . . . in the garden . . . Clarence, she'd always thought it the *most* poetical name! Cora stopped sulking and flashed one of her calculated-to-kill-at-once smiles at Clarence. After all, he had licked Stem, and Cora *adored* strong men! And Della left her peep-hole just long enough to whisper to Bobby, who chanced to stroll into the kitchen for some cookies to see him thru, that she didn't bear him no ill-will. No, indeed, not her, and was also conspicuously cool to Dinwiddie, and then resumed rapt contemplation of Clarence.

It was really a bit disconcerting to Mr. Wheeler Senior and likewise Junior. For if there had been fighting in his household, thought the older Wheeler, why, at least

Start a Beauty Parlor

In Your Own Home and

Make Money

Wherever you may live, whether in a small town or a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an *Electrolysis Outfit* and learning how to operate with the simple directions accompanying it. *Anybody can learn to do it.* It requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can operate in your own home, because all you require is good light, two chairs and a table. Or you can operate in the homes of your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The usual charge for removing superfluous hair is $5.00 for half an hour's treatment, and there are very few places in this country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an Electrolysis Outfit, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, $20.00.

If you wish to take up other branches of Beauty Parlor work, I will undertake to teach by correspondence the following courses on receipt of price:

Facial Massage	$2.00
Shampooing	2.00
Eyebrows and Lashes	1.00
Reducing	2.00
Wrinkles	1.00
Facial Mud Bath	1.00
Manicuring	3.00
Pimples, Blackheads, etc	1.00
Double Chin	1.00
Body Massage	1.00

All Ten Courses for $10.00

Each course includes complete directions in simplified form. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as tweezers, bowls, saucers, witch-hazel, glycerine, cold cream, etc., except the mud bath, which is my own secret preparation; but I will make a special price on this and on all my preparations, if my pupils prefer them to others.

This is an Age of Beauty

In a few years you will see Beauty Shops everywhere. Learn the business now! Start in a small way, and some day you may own a handsome Beauty Parlor on the main street with dozens of girls doing the work for you. *There's Big Money in it!*

CORLISS PALMER

Brewster Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds--the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold filled ring set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond--in beautiful ring box; postage paid. Pay postmaster, $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
389 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Cuticura Soap
—The Safety Razor—
Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

it had been over *him*, and it was what one got, anyway, for being ass enough to take just any man into the bosom of one's family. Just look at Helena, now. She was positively mooning at Clarence. And Cora was coquetting like a calf and even Violet Pinney had a sort of a *veil* across her face when she watched Clarence, "loping about," as Mr. Wheeler savagely put it, with his saxophone.

Things went, that evening, from bad to worse. Clarence had the actual audacity to stroll into the garden with Helena, and Mr. Wheeler, watching them, could have sworn that he saw them, head touching head and, as like as not, lip touching lip, altho, as a matter of fact, they were only examining a beetle, the life habits of which Clarence was minutely describing to Helena, who took an interest in beetles for the first time in her life.

Into this situation was then projected the late Hubert Stem. He explained to the elder Wheeler that he had come to inform him that he harbored in his home a deserter from the army. To prove his contention he produced Clarence's wallet, inscribed C. S. and within the wallet a newspaper clipping showing a pair of feet, quite decidedly like Clarence's feet, as Stem pointed out, and underneath a description of Charles Short, deserter.

Clarence was called in and innocently admitted ownership of the wallet. Stem it appeared, had picked it up after the recent fight.

The other side of the clipping gave an account of one, Professor C. Smith, of the New York Zoological Society. It was quite distressing, and the only thing to save Clarence's discomfiture was a smile from Violet Pinney. *She* didn't believe the preposterous Stem, but, it was clear, Mr. Wheeler was inclined to, and Bobby, Cora and Mrs. Wheeler were looking rather taken aback. Clarence called for Dinwiddie and rather desperately asked that factotum if there had been any mail for him. Dinwiddie said, no, that the only mail apart from the family budget that had arrived that day had been a letter for a Doctor Smith, and there was none such, sir, in the Wheeler family. But Clarence, with a sort of an exultant shout, said, yes, there was—and he was that one, *he* was Doctor Clarence Smith, and, sure enough the letter proved the point and was from the Dean of his college asking him to come back to the college and take up his old chair as Professor of Entomology.

Hubert Stem sort of faded out. Mr. Wheeler was handsome with apologies. Bobby resumed making moon eyes at Violet Pinney and Cora sighed, softly, "Oh, Clarence . . .!"

But Clarence and Violet Pinney were looking only at one another, and that look shut doors on all of the others. The joy of that look wiped out like floodings of sunshine all the murk and disagreeableness. Clarence said, "And so I'll have to go, Mr. Wheeler, and I'm taking Miss Pinney with me . . ." And when they looked at Violet Pinney for confirmation she didn't have to tell them. They saw it in the shining of her eyes.

And then Clarence and Violet strolled into the rapturous garden and Bobby and Cora, watching them with sick eyes, saw Clarence take her into his arms and kiss her upturned face.

And in the living-room Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler were sitting together.

"Helena," said the elder man, "did you see the look between them?"

"Oh, yes—but—but do you love me like that, Henry?"

And Henry Wheeler, taking the dear, foolish woman into his strong arms said firmly, *"I do, my dear."*

BEFORE

AFTER

How I Lost 103 lbs.

By Mrs. Harry Derby
1100 Vine Street, Quincy, Ill.

A few months ago, if you had asked what I would give to get thin I should have replied without a second thought, "Everything I possess." I had tried so many times to reduce, and tried so hard! Fortunately, something made me try the music method—and life is once more worth living.

The first Wallace reducing record played off twenty pounds for me, the complete course reduced me more than a hundred in four months. Not only that, but my state of health was so improved I can never express my gratitude. No woman who has been relieved of a mountain of fat like I carried so long would wonder why I permit this story, and my photographs to be printed.

You Can Get Thin to Music

Cases of 100 lbs. overweight are unusual. But Wallace has letters from many who lost 50 lbs.; and from hundreds reduced 30 or 40 lbs. If you are but 10, 12 or 20 lbs. too heavy for style or comfort reducing to normal is *easy*.

Anyone who has a phonograph finds it easy to get thin to music. Just ask Wallace for a reducing record to prove it. This first lesson is free; with it come complete instructions for its use.

Accepting this offer does not obligate you. There is no payment to be sent now, and nothing to pay on delivery. Results of this trial will make you eager for the rest of the course—but the only decision to be made now is to *try it*. Use this handy coupon.

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send record for first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. (109)

Name .....

Address .....

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg

BE A DETECTIVE Earn Big Money

Great demand. Travel
Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Dept. MP.
American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York

$3.00 per Month
A Whole Year to Pay
"Lady Lorraine" Large solitaire, perfect cut blue white diamond. 14 kt. solid gold ring. Special, $47.75

Why wait longer when a few cents a day places this fiery brilliant, genuine blue white, perfect cut diamond on your finger. No risk, no delay. Satisfaction guaranteed. Regular $60.00 value, our price, $47.75.

REDUCED PRICES

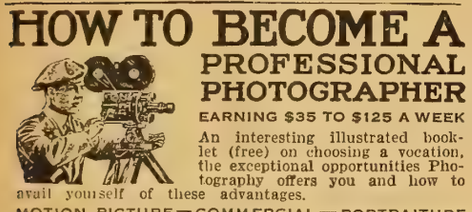
Klein smashes prices on great million-dollar stock of diamonds, watches and jewelry—saves you one-third and trusts you for what you want.

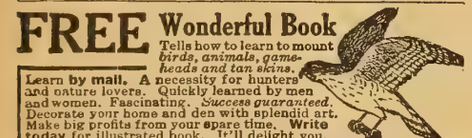
WRITE FOR CATALOG

It tells the whole story — beautifully illustrates sensational bargains and explains credit plan that places them within easy reach. Why wait longer? Write for the catalog today—sure!

KLEIN & CO.
122 W. Madison Street Dept. B-2113 Chicago, Illinois

Pert
The Waterproof Rouge
Pertly-colored, lasts all day
A SMART new rouge in a fresh orange tint that is youthful and gay and piquant. PERT is a Cream rouge, for the new rouges of Paris are creams. Easier to apply and to blend than all rouges of old; and it lasts all day or all evening through until you remove it with cold cream or soap and water. PERT is the rouge of cleverest youthfullest make-up. 75c a jar. At drug and department stores.
Send a dime for a generous sample.
And if you will add another dime, you will receive in addition a sample of Liquid Lashlux for darkening the lashes and making them glossy.
ROSS COMPANY
Makers of Lashlux
79 Grand St., New York


HOW TO BECOME A
PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER
EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK
An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.
MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE
Three to six months' course. Modern equipment. Day or evening classes. Easy terms. Ask for Catalog No. 29.
N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY
NEW YORK 141 W. 36th St.
CHICAGO 630 So. Wabash Ave.
BROOKLYN 505 State St.


FREE Wonderful Book
Tells how to learn to mount birds, animals, game-heads and tan skins.
Learn by mail. A necessity for hunters and nature lovers. Quickly learned by men and women. Fascinating. Success guaranteed. Decorate your home and den with splendid art. Make big profits from your spare time. Write today for illustrated book. It'll delight you.
N.W. School of Taxidermy 1521 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Clear Tone FOR PIMPLES
Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. $1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.
FREE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.
E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME
You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.
WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. D
Toronto, Canada.

Paragraph Comments on Other Screen Productions

(*Continued from page* 105)

twins then you can swallow the resemblance. Here William Russell is "double-exposured" as a candidate for mayor and a traveling salesman selling fire extinguishers. A girl is employed to be deceived over the remarkable identity. And the candidate's political opponents are also employed to add the necessary punch. There is hardly any excuse to film this unoriginal story. There are too many subtitles and too much effort expended to establish a dramatic "kick."

THE GIRL WHO RAN WILD—UNIVERSAL

Mary Pickford did Bret Harte's "M'liss" some years ago, and made it a memorable achievement. Now Gladys Walton comes forward with a new version which is not so good. It may be that many of you failed to see Mary's picture. If so, then you wont need to draw comparisons, and you may enjoy "The Girl Who Ran Wild." The story is not so much Bret Harte, as it is a half-dozen other stories combined together to give the piquant star an opportunity to play the untamed girl, a rôle which she can do to perfection, when she emerges from the city slums. That's the trouble here. She plays the heroine too hard—too much in the "get me right" manner. Some subtitles are in the author's best vein. And the atmosphere is good. Entertaining? Oh, so so.

CLARENCE—PARAMOUNT

There is such a thing as making a screen adaptation too faithful to the original. Take Booth Tarkington's "Clarence" for example. Granted that William de Mille has not followed in brother Cecil's footsteps and stepped into the flashback pasture where Rome or Babylon is presented in a riotous orgy, he could at least have injected some comedy of his own. As it is he makes the mistake of most directors—an inability to keep from adding the moralities or the melodramatic punches. "Clarence" is not first-rate picture material. The play depends entirely upon stage "business" and crisp, snappy dialog. And this dialog uttered by a competent cast made it a lively thing, indeed. There are some laughs scattered thru the picture. But if you saw the original you are going to be disappointed, notwithstanding that Wally Reid is made up exactly like Alfred Lunt, and, seemingly, goes thru the same business. He is in character until the fourth reel, at which point he becomes Wally Reid, discards his horn-rimmed glasses and plays to his gallery. If you didn't see the original, you will accept it as likely entertainment. You will especially like the work of Robert Agnew and May McAvoy as the flipper and flapper of the household. As for us, the snap and sparkle of the play are missing.

RAGS TO RICHES—WARNER BROS.

Carrying plenty of fun, with a flourish of melodrama, romance, spirited action and suspense—and rounded out with an ample slice of rural humanity—"Rags to Riches," by reason of these well-balanced elements, enters the class of better things. The tale is told in a straightforward, sympathetic manner and gives to the ingenious Wesley Barry, a rôle bound up with the qualities of youth. Young Wes is a poor little rich boy, who is so molly-coddled by his mother that he runs away. Better to beat it than to hang around and be called a sissy. The title writer is responsible for much of the cleverness of this story. For one thing, he thinks in terms of his own boyhood. After Wes runs away with a pseudo burglar, the freckles come out to play, the little yellow specks up to this point being covered by a thick coating of make-up. Rich boys are never freckled, are they? The picture travels along on its own momentum—a thoroly enjoyable study of juvenile high jinks, tempered with enough story interest to give it weight. We dare you to dismiss it as "just another motion picture."

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN—HODKINSON

Will Rogers in as odd a costume as you will ever see—Will Rogers in short breeches and white hose—Will Rogers wandering sort of aimless-like from one set to another, wondering sort of what it is all about—and you have him as Ichabod Crane in "The Headless Horseman," a screen version of Washington Irving's celebrated classic, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The story must have stumped the director. The plot is as headless as the horseman, so he concentrated upon the atmosphere. And, believe us, the country up around Tarrytown is rich in that element. It takes seven reels to tell this long-drawn-out story when it could have been told in three reels. But Will Rogers must needs be shown with hickory rod in the schoolroom—he must needs be nearly tarred and feathered—and he must needs be disappointed in his romance. So he takes fright upon the back of a decrepit white nag, pursued by a 1790 practical joker, disguised as a headless horseman. The children may like it. And if you accompany them you will remark that it offers exceptional backgrounds and detail.

THE FACE IN THE FOG—COSMOPOLITAN

You are going to have a good time when you see "The Face in the Fog," adapted from one of Jack Boyle's "Boston Blackie" stories. In the first place, Blackie is an interesting type of crook and it has been fortunate that the character has been well interpreted by every screen actor who has been assigned the part. The plot of this story concerns the theft and recovery of the Russian crown jewels. There is nothing offensive about it. It is really an exciting carnival of crime—what with Lionel Barrymore in the rôle of Blackie and Louis Wolheim as a Russian terrorist of the Hairy Ape type. There is no waiting for things to happen. It gets off to a flying start, building easily and quite logically to a well-sustained climax. Barrymore and Wolheim engage in a furious fight—the scene alone worth your money at the box-office. It might even be said that the star is the best Blackie of them all. We like his restraint and his expressive eyes. You are certain to like this crook melodrama.

HEAD HUNTERS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson will act as your guides in this feature which treats of their adventurous exploration in the jungle land of the South Seas. How would you like to be taken into a land where life is at the same stage of development as it was in our own race thousands of years ago, and there shown the wonders and horrors without the actual experience? The Johnsons introduce you to Chief Nagapate, who a few years ago nearly put them on the menu card for the tribe's next meal. The explorers were undaunted and re-entered the land. The result of the visit proves beyond question that Darwin was right. Strange diminutive people come into the close-up. They are the original morons—even less, for their intelligence is very nearly zero.

New and Startling Beauty to the Skin Thru Radium!

A Real Láradium Facial that Once Would Have Cost $1000—That You Can Take at Home for a Few Pennies —Clears Complexion in 20 Minutes

RADIUM! Nature's magnetic, magic force. The greatest skin and complexion corrective ever known. And now comes a beautifier beside which all cosmetics appear foolish. It is termed Láradium. It is laden with genuine radium ore. And—

Enough Láradium to make your skin conspicuously clear and clean, with a beauty of color rarely seen, will be sent you for the asking!

A great laboratory has captured the elements which alone can bring positive purity to the human skin! No longer is a complexion glow such as only radium's energy can rival restricted to the rich!

If your skin is dull, transform it to sparkling life and color! Restore weakened tissues and see wrinkles no more!

If you have blemishes of any kind or number, banish them in one swift transformation wrought by radio-activity! If your skin needs more color, let Nature supply it!

And if you crave the soft texture—the baby-smoothness of a perfectly-conditioned skin—rejuvenate and bleach the cuticle in this latest manner of science.

Long have you heard of Radium's miracles in the hands of a few specialists. Radium, the world's most precious substance can do no greater wonders for complexion than you yourself, may now do at home, through use of Láradium. This newest product of science contains genuine radium ore. Its use is not costly, for its amazing activities are present in the smallest quantity.

You can have some Láradium by simply writing for it; can anyone who sees the coupon printed here spend another penny for lifeless lotions?

What Láradium Will Do for Your Skin

Clear the complexion in 20 minutes!

Dissolve the most stubborn blemishes and bring a smoothness seldom seen in an adult skin.

Clarify the complexion to such extent that the skin will take on full and sufficient natural color.

Radiomize away every vestige of dead cuticle and energize the true skin back to perfect health.

Stifle hair growth on face.

NATURE'S COMPLEXION MIRACLE; RADIO-ACTIVITY NOW IN FORM THAT ALL MAY USE; PERFECT SKIN NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE FORTUNATE FEW; GREATEST CONTRIBUTION SCIENCE EVER MADE TO THE CAUSE OF BEAUTY

Some Interesting Facts About This New Radio-Active Treatment of Complexions

Tremendous public interest in this newest achievement for skin rejuvenation has made it impossible for the laboratory to answer questions by mail. All that is known of this marvelous product and its action is set forth here:

Radium is *mineral life*. Its remarkable energies are present in the tiniest atom of pure radium. Láradium is heavily laden with radium ore. It is inculcated with natural ingredients which are needed by the normal skin—which the unlovely skin always lacks. It works on every kind and condition of skin—as nearly one-thousand test cases proved before Láradium was released to general use.

Blemishes nothing else can even hide, *abolished!* A new smoothness of skin that proves pores to be commonly *twice their normal size* when uncorrected! The complexion completely clarified *in 20 minutes!*

Spreading Láradium on the face starts its full energies to work. Pores are stimulated to clear, and close. Dead cuticle dissolves, and all five layers of the skin are stimulated to new life. Myriad impurities which unenergetic preparations cannot dislodge are gone with the first few minutes. A softness of texture and warmth of color you never thought could be restored will confirm the miracle of radio-activity, in this delightful, plastic form.

Where and How to Obtain Supply of the New Láradium

It may be months before general distribution of Láradium is practical. But the laboratory has arranged to supply individuals in the meantime, without favoritism. The same amount to everybody; and each to pay the same amount toward expense of distributing.

All you need do now, is mail the coupon that appears below. Láradium in an opaque container, will be sent by return post. All you need pay is $2.50—when delivered. The $2.50 pays for everything; package comes sealed and prepaid. Láradium solves *anybody's* complexion problem; *money back if it fails.*

The CENTURY CHEMISTS, DEPT. 1
Century Building, Chicago, Illinois

I wish to try Láradium, guaranteed to rejuvenate my skin. Send full-sized opaque container (in plain package) and I will pay just $2.50 on arrival. If every expected result is not obtained and I choose to return Láradium within 5 days, my money to be returned in full.

Name .....

Street .....

Town and State .....
[If handier to pay now you may enclose $2.50 and same money-back guarantee applies]

Perspiration

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. **Destroys all bodily odors.**
2. **Checks perspiration without discomfort.**
3. **Absolutely harmless.**
4. **Actually benefits the skin.**
5. **Serves as a vanishing cream.**
6. **A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.**

"WONDER"

is made from this secret formula, and *the only one*. You will use no other after once trying *Wonder*. Only 25 cents a tube, and one tube might save an expensive gown from being ruined by perspiration at the dance—also much embarrassment.

Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

E. FRANK & CO.,

34 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Teach Yourself to Write Photoplays by the Direct, Practical Method Endorsed by Producers

who are cooperating with us to help you. They furnish us the studio synopses of their forthcoming feature pictures. In connection with each synopsis we publish a complete analysis written by Vernon Hoagland, famous Editor and Photodramatic Critic. Make your own stories salable by studying successful pictures with the synopses and analyses which we provide. An easy and fascinating way to master the art of the screen. Send $1 for sample synopsis and list of others now on hand.

SCREEN WRITERS' EDUCATIONAL BUREAU
16A, 145 W. 45th Street New York

PERFUME YOUR BATHROOM

The scent of dainty lilac in place of the morbid odor of plumbing. Kitchen, bedroom, and living room made as sweet as a conservatory. LASTS A LIFETIME. ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE. Two minutes' time required to put in place. Introductory price $2.00 complete. Send no money. Pay postman upon delivery. Order today.
Essential Odor Laboratories, 2124 Cortez St., Chicago, Ill.
Makers of Highgrade Perfumes and Peodoring Devices

BUNIONS!

No Pads—No Plasters—No Clumsy Appliances!

I don't care how bad your bunion is or how you have doctored without success, by all means send for my new combination treatment Ped-O, that stops the pain and relieves the ugly bunion.

Try It At My Risk

Ped-O, the new, different method that gets results without the use of pads, plasters or clumsy appliances. Stop worrying about your bunion. Don't let the excruciating pains make you wretched any longer. Don't doubt; don't hesitate. You'll be amazed, delighted. Send postcard for full treatment. If results are satisfactory, it costs you but $2; if not, it costs you nothing. Address:

H. D. POWERS, Originator
Dept. B1130 Battle Creek, Mich.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 59)

tells his daughter in a prolog, but even that ancient invention fails to give any plausibility to the yarn.

Barbara La Marr disappointed us, for great promise was held in her direction. While it is true that she has a certain bizarre appeal, she does not seem to have any particular gifts to offer. Ramon Novarro, on the other hand, gives some promise. It was Lewis Stone as the Marquis Ferroni, however, who was the most convincing of all the players. And he was constantly called upon to participate in far-fetched and unnatural action.

That Simian actor, Joe Martin, interested us as always. He played an important rôle.

To go back to Mr. Ingram. We still believe that "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was an indication of his ability, despite the fact that he has never equalled it. His direction intermittently shows brilliant flashes. We would like to see him take a vacation—then come back and start over again.

D. W. Griffith's "One Exciting Night" does nothing in the way of alleviating the depression caused by Ingram's "Trifling Women," despite the fact that it is an immeasurably better production.

It causes us, primarily, to wonder when the motion picture producers will find the courage to blaze a trail. Let a stage play find success on Broadway; or let a novel run into any number of editions and—presto!—it becomes a motion picture whether or not it faintly resembles what is known as screen material. Until this parasitic tendency disappears—until the motion picture stands on its own—there cannot be the achievement which might reasonably be expected.

"One Exciting Night" is a cross between "The Bat," and "The Cat and the Canary," both mystery plays which have found favor during the last theatrical season. The only difference is that it has not been possible to maintain the same suspense in the screen production.

The program asked us not to reveal the plot. It would be difficult indeed for us to do so, for there is still a fairly large question in our mind as to what it was all about.

Suffice it to say, there is a house-party in an old home which has long been idle except for the bootleggers who stored their wares there. Thru one night masked and hooded forms flit about dark passages and up and down shadowy stairways. Ghostly hands open fastened shutters and a frightful storm precedes the dawning and a solution of the mystery.

The storm supplies the Griffith suspense. It is exceptionally well done and there is a time when you sit forward on the edge of your chair, trusting that the handcuffed hero will miraculously rescue the heroine, who is threatened by a falling tree.

Carol Dempster is the heroine. Henry Hull is the hero, and likable enough, too. The other members of the cast are not well-known to motion picture audiences. But Porter Strong deserves mention for his portrayal of Romeo Washington.

We have come to modify our hopes for every alternate D. W. Griffith production. After "Way Down East," for example, we had his "Dream Street," a pleasant enough picture, but not up to the Griffith standard. Now, after "Orphans of the Storm," we have "One Exciting Night," less worthy of the genius of Mr. Griffith than "Dream Street" even.

It seems a deplorable thing that a man

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures in New York City

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway.
Alpha Pictures, Inc., 126 West 46th St.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Astra Film Corp., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio.)
Authors' Film Co., Times Building.

Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St.
Blackton, J. Stuart, 25 West 45th St.
Bray Studio, 23 East 26th St.
Bulls Eye Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.

Callahan, Andrew J., 25 West 43d St.
Character Pictures, 17 West 42d St.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmofoto Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Cosmopolitan Prod., 2278 Second Ave.
Crest Pictures Corp., Times Building.

Edison, Thomas A., Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave. (Studio.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Exclusive Pictures, 126 West 46th St.
Export and Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.

Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave.
Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Film Market, Inc., 403 Times Building.
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Foursquare Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Fox Film Co., Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Frohman Amusement Corp., Times Bldg.

Gaumont Co., College Point, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 509 Fifth Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway.
Studio, Orienta Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Hemmer Superior Prod., 137 West 48th Street.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 527 Fifth Ave.

International Studios, 2278 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 West 46th St.

Jans, Herman, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 West 42d St.

Kalem Co., 1482 Broadway.
Kane, Arthur S., 25 West 43d St.
Keeney, Frank A., 1493 Broadway.
Kleine, George, 729 Seventh Ave.

Macauley Photoplays, 516 Fifth Ave.
Mayflower Prod., 1476 Broadway.
Metro Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
Studio, 3 West 61st St.
Moss, B. S., 1441 Broadway.

Outing Chester, Pictures, 120 West 40th Street.

Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th St.
Physical Culture Photoplays, Inc., 113 West 40th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Pioneer Feature Film Corp., 126 West 46th St.
Prizma, Inc., 21 West 23d St.

Raver, Harry, 1402 Broadway.
Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Ave.
Robertson-Cole Co., 1600 Broadway.

S. L. Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
Seitz, Geo. B., 1990 Park Ave., New York.
Select Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Studio, West Fort Lee, N. J.
Stewart, Anita, Prod., Inc., 6 West 48th Street.
State Right Distributors, Inc., 1600 Broadway.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 111 West 42d St.

Talmadge Films Co., 318 East 48th St.
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway.
Tyrad Pictures, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway.

Vitagraph Co., 469 Fifth Ave.
Studio, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Warner Brothers, 220 West 42d St.
Wilk, Jacov, 1476 Broadway.
Williamson Bros., Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Young, Clara Kimball, 33 West 42d St.

Your Skin

Makes or Mars Your Facial Beauty

A glowing, healthy skin is every woman's desire. Such persistent foes of facial beauty as enlarged pores, sagging muscles, blackheads, wrinkles and sallowness, yield quickly to

Beauty Pac
JOSEPHINE LEFEVRE COMPANY

Like a magic wand the Finishing Lotion touches and removes excess oiliness, imparting to your skin a satin smoothness and an admirable natural color.

Send your dealer's name and $2.00 for complete set of BEAUTY-PAC. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded

JOSEPHINE LEFEVRE COMPANY.
142-A No. 12th St.
Philadelphia

Makers of the Original Depilatory—MANDO

In the JANUARY Number of

Beauty

Appears the first of an illustrated series of articles by Famous Stars of Grand Opera. The series will include:

Skating as an Aid to Beauty
By Anna Fitziu

Fencing as an Aid to Beauty
By Lucrezia Bori

Riding as an Aid to Beauty
By Evelyn Scotney

Swimming as an Aid to Beauty
By Jeanne Gordon

Tennis as an Aid to Beauty
By Anna Case

Golfing as an Aid to Beauty
By Claudia Muzio

How To Compose Songs and Hymns

Write for free pamphlet showing the enjoyment and profit in this fascinating profession. Nearly everybody gets a musical idea occasionally which might be developed into a great popular hit. Learn to put your ideas down on paper. Anybody can learn in a few simple lessons. Previous training not necessary. Write for free pamphlet. No obligation.

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY
Office MG-61, 596 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

O. J. MAHLER CO., 393-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

as unquestionably great as D. W. Griffith should ever devote his gifts to anything but great pictures—or, at least, what give promise of being great pictures.

And now we come to "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," which we consider with genuine pleasure. This is not only the supreme event of the past month, but it is also one of the events of the year.

The critics have, in several instances, criticized this production because of the lavish manner in which it has been staged—because of the magnitude of many scenes. Personally, we think this unfair. It seems obvious that Robin Hood was produced not to exploit stupendousness but rather that its stupendousness was achieved because it was the authentic background for the story.

The turreted castle walls, the massive stone columns, the huge banquet halls stretching away into distant shadowy corners, the massive drawbridge over the moat—all these things are real. And because they are real the characters moving about before them are real. The spectacle of Robin Hood does not subordinate the story of Robin Hood, except, perhaps, in five or six instances of breath-taking beauty. We think it is an achievement, both for the screen and for Mr. Fairbanks. It may not be a very great production, but it is certainly a very fine production, if we may make that fine distinction.

The actual story of Robin Hood is, of course, mythical and it has been necessary to embroider and elaborate upon the legend of the merry band of outlaws in Sherwood Forest. Therefore, the first half of the story is permitted to serve as a reason for Robin Hood. It is the twelfth century in Merrie England. Richard the Lion Hearted reigns. Gallant knights ride off on crusades—hundreds of spears make hundreds of silver points in the sunlight—pennants are flying. And Prince John, stopping in England, plots destruction for his kingly brother and his brother's favorite, The Earl of Huntingdon, while they are away on their holy mission.

When the Earl of Huntingdon returns because of a terrified epistle from his love, the fair maid, Marian, he finds the kingdom in a shameful chaos. So he heads the band of outlaws who have taken up their abode in Sherwood Forest. These men frustrate the evil purposes of Prince John's soldiers at every turn. They rob the rich to succor the poor. And the gallant Earl of Huntingdon, now Robin Hood, leads them to glory.

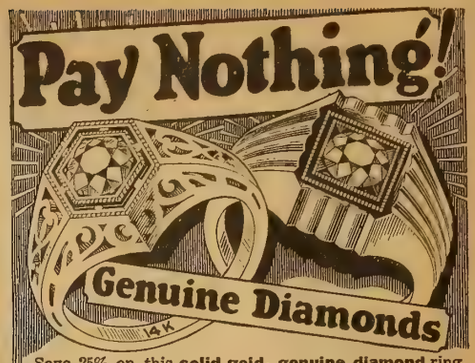
So much for the story without anticipating the thrilling climax and the happy ending.

Douglas Fairbanks is possessed of too much intelligence ever to sacrifice a production to his personal ends. He never monopolizes scenes, but appears to permit his colleagues every opportunity.

Allan Dwan has done a splendid thing in his direction of this production. It also has a fine cast with Enid Bennett as Maid Marian and Wallace Beery as Richard the Lion Hearted. Mr. Beery's portrayal is one of the outstanding features of the entire picture. He invests Richard with a dominant personality which you remember.

At the New York *première,* Mary Pickford, sharing in the ovation with Doug, said she believed it was the best work he had done so far. And Miss Pickford is an able critic, possessed of a professional integrity. However, while we think it is an admirable characterization, we do not think that Mr. Fairbanks' work is finer than it was in "The Three Musketeers." In the first half of the production he is

Pay Nothing!



Save 25% on this **solid gold, genuine diamond** ring. Read this—the most amazing **free trial offer** ever made.

No Money Down—No C. O. D.

Mail the coupon below—don't enclose a penny—and we'll send you either the man's or lady's ring shown above on trial, all charges prepaid. Pay nothing when the ring arrives—**no C. O. D.** wear it a week—then decide. If you can duplicate this ring for $50.00 anywhere, send it back at our expense and that ends the matter. If you decide to buy, send $3.75 after trial, and pay $3.75 a month until **our special cut price of $38.75** is paid. (Over 10 months to pay—no interest).
Each ring is **14K solid gold**, exquisitely hand made, engraved and beaded. The **18K white gold** top is set with an extra brilliant, blue white, perfectly cut, top quality **genuine diamond. (Regular $50.00 value—now only $38.75).** You risk nothing on this wonderful offer! Mail coupon today! Be sure to state finger size.

Mail This Coupon

Harold Lachman Co., 204 So. Peoria Street Dept. 1521 Chicago, Ill.

Send me free of all charges the **solid gold, genuine diamond** ring checked below, for a week's free trial. I enclose no money—I will pay nothing on arrival. At the end of one week I shall either return the ring to you by registered mail, or send you first payment of $3.75, and then $3.75 on the first of each month until your cut price of $38.75 has been paid. Title remains with you until fully paid. **I enclose my finger size.**

☐ Lady's Ring A4350. ☐ Man's Ring A4450.

Name .....

Home Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Age ..... *Occupation* .....

Copyright 1922, Harold Lachman Co.

BANISH YOUR
MOLES
WITH DESINÆVI,
A SAFE, SIMPLE, GUARANTEED HOME TREATMENT. *WRITE FOR BOOKLET OF INFORMATION*
—IT'S FREE—
DR C.L. ALLEN 1019 MAIN STREET
KANSAS CITY, MO.

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS

Send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems. Instructive, helpful.

Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

10 Buys $1.00 Engel "Art Corners"

Millions Billions in use to-day

NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 23-N, 4711 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

Print Your Own

cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus book, paper. Press $12. Larger $35. Job Press $150 up. CUTS EXPENSE IN HALF. SMALL OUTLAY. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Print for others, BIG PROFIT. Write factory TODAY for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, envelopes.
THE PRESS CO., D-44, Meriden, Conn.

Latest French Creation

VOILA Coronet Braid
Attractive Headdress made specially for
Bobbed Hair
COVERING
And for Making Long or Short Hair Beautiful

Arrange your hair as attractively as the smartest looking girls and women. Voila Coronet performs simply wonders with your headdress. Your bobbed hair can grow back secretly and comfortably and will always look nifty. Changes any ordinary head-dress to a stunning coiffure. Voila Coronet is made of finest imported French human hair, permanently waved. Very youthful and attractive. Always ready and neat. Any shade. Price $10. Send sample of hair with remittance **NOW** for quick delivery. **Free** "Suggestions on How to be Attractive." Don't delay.
GOLDEN GLOW COMPANY Dept. 100, 537 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Night Joys

Think what this dish means at bedtime

Puffed Wheat makes whole wheat a confection.

It makes each grain a tidbit, thin, airy, crisp and nut-like—enticing to the taste.

It makes whole wheat wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted. Every granule is fitted to feed.

Two foods most essential

Most children need more whole grains and more milk.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It is rich in minerals which growing children need. It is practically a complete food. Milk is rich in vitamines.

Puffed Wheat makes the milk dish tempting.

It supplies a night food easy to digest.

Things to remember

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not mere delights. They were invented by Prof. Anderson.

They are the only whole-grain food with every food cell broken.

They are foods to serve at any hour, easy to digest.

And they make every element in the whole grain available as food.

Children who get such foods in plenty are in no way underfed.

Puffed Wheat
Whole grains steam exploded

Puffed Rice
Puffed to 8 times normal size

In the morning

Puffed Rice is the finest breakfast dainty that children ever get. But serve at other times as well.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. It is better than sweetmeats or pastry.

invested with a greater assurance, reserve and dignity than he has heretofore manifested. But as Robin Hood he goes in for the breath-taking, death-defying feats which so delight his audiences. We think perhaps he has forsaken his own personality in favor of his characterization more completely than ever before. And we think, too, that Robin Hood will always be mentioned as one of his leading rôles.

OUR BESSIE

By David L. Hart

Our Bessie is a movie fan,
To all the plays she goes.
At night she tells us just what's on
While Mother sits and sews.

"I think that Rodolph's simply grand,
They showed him there today,
And Theda Bara's coming soon
In 'What She Had to Pay.'

"Now isn't Jackie Coogan sweet,
And Harold Lloyd's a scream.
Oh! Wallace Reid is on next week,
I think that he's a dream."

She never spends her pennies now,
On pop or jelly beans.
She saves them all for picture shows
And movie magazines.

YOUR MOVE NEXT

By Thos. H. McNeal

I'm tired of all those worn-out plots
In motion picture plays,
Where everything comes out just right
To everybody's keen delight;
I've suffered till I'd like to raise
A little—you know what!—
I've had enough of warmed-up stuff—
I like my movies hot.

I wish the guys who make those things
Would let me write them out a play—
At least I think I'd draw a crowd
By having out my little say;
I'd make my heroine a maid
Who does her hair up in a knot;
Who couldn't smoke a cigaret,
And doesn't weep an awful lot.

In child stuff, I would kill the youth
Who kneels to pray in every reel—
I'd have an ordinary kid,
To cuss and swear and yell and squeal.
That pampered movie hero man,
With patent leather nails and hair,
I'd kill by slowly poisoning,
Or send him, fainting, to the Chair.
Would any of you like to see
A moving picture done by me?

A Lovely New Skin in Fifteen 5 Minutes

This vacuum clay of wonderful beauty power brings out the hidden color and life in every skin fifteen minutes after it is applied.

Simply cover your face with this marvelous clay as you would with ordinary cream. Read or relax while this wonder-pack is banishing blemishes, making your skin satiny smooth and soft and giving it a natural color.

The very first treatment shows remarkable benefits. You can feel the gentle tingling sensation as the vacuum clay draws all the impurities from the millions of pores and rejuvenates the tissues. Enlarged pores are closed; blackheads, wrinkles and bagginess vanish; and the complexion is left firm, smooth and clear. It does not cause hair to grow on the face; has no bad after effects.

Especially valuable for women whose skin has passed the first bloom of early youth.

Breon's Vacuum Clay takes only fifteen minutes to do its wonder work. You can apply it shortly before going out in the evening and give your skin the radiant glow of youth. This clay brings the secrets of the expensive beauty parlors to every home.

Special $6 Offer for $1.50

So confident is Mr. Breon that you will be delighted with Vacuum Clay that he is making a special offer of two $3.00 tubes, enough for six months, for the introductory price of $1.50.

Send No Money—just your name and address to Georges Breon Laboratories, Department 3, 1018 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., or Department 3, Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two regular $3.00 tubes will be mailed immediately. Upon arrival, pay postman only $1.50 and few cents postage. If the first application is not completely satisfactory, your money will be immediately returned. Don't delay. Accept this offer before it is withdrawn.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD

Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue • • New York City

Every Girl Can Have A BRACELET WATCH *Absolutely* FREE

No reason for anybody to be without one. Just send us your name and address and we will tell you how you can get one of these 7-jewel, 10-yr. guaranteed, gold filled Bracelet Watches. Comes in elaborate velvet box.

RUSH your name and address and we will tell you how to get this Bracelet Watch ABSOLUTELY FREE.

HOME SUPPLY CO.
116 Nassau St., Dept. 92 New York City

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 76)

The cast itself included Viola Dana, who was the cutest Puck imaginable in green tights; Jackie Coogan as The Fawn; Patsy Ruth Miller as the Dew Fairy; Conrad Nagel as Oberon; Enid Bennett as Titania; Thomas Holding as Demetrious; Mary Miles Minter as Helena; William Desmond as Lysander; Shirley Mason as Hermia; Louise Dresser as Hippolyta; Stuart Holmes as Theseus; Francis Powers as Egeus.

The comedians were Wilson Hummell, Lionel Belmore, Charles Ray, Mitchell Lewis, Otis Harlan and Larry Semon.

The only short-coming of the performance was the play. I understand that the gentleman who wrote it—a Mr. William Shakespeare—is now dead, so we will not rub it in. They say that he has written other plays that are good. William was certainly off his feet when he penned this one. It is both silly and tedious.

The sensation of the month is the sudden dismissal of Erich von Stroheim by Universal. The director was in the midst of work on "Merry-Go-Round" when an order came down out of a clear sky severing his connection with the picture and turning the megaphone over to Rupert Julian. I understand the sole reason assigned to him was the mounting cost of the picture, which, it was feared, was about to climb after the record of "Foolish Wives." Von Stroheim was simply knocked cold by the abrupt and rather ruthless order. Incidentally, Mr. Julian has been bumped into a fearful task, being invited to finish a story so thoroly and characteristically vonstroheimesque. Von Stroheim's future movements are doubtful: his contract with U has still several months to run.

Louise Fazenda is doing her first vamp part in "The Beautiful and Damned." Louise says that, as she cannot claim to be beautiful, she must be the damned. Altho sentenced to slap-stick comedies until now, I predict a big dramatic future for Miss Fazenda. She is a brilliant girl.

Bill Hart, probably as the result of worry over his domestic troubles, has been ill almost unto death. A cold suddenly took a very bad turn and it looked very bad for him for two or three days. Mrs. Bill Hart (Winifred Westover) announced her intention of going to his bedside. Bill's condition took a sudden turn for the better and her dramatic mission was abandoned.

The Warner Brothers are putting on "Main Street"; Florence Vidor is about to start work on Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams"; F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Beautiful and Damned" is under way; Bebe Daniels is soon to be featured in Edith Wharton's "Glimpses of the Moon"; Gene Stratton Porter is making her own books into pictures with a company of her own at the Ince studio.

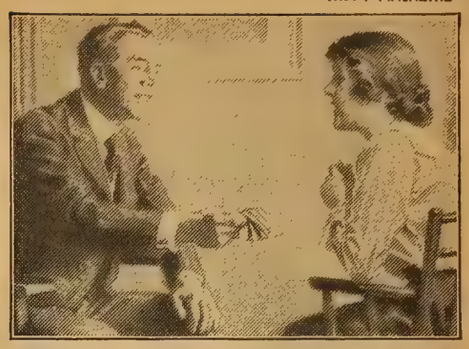
"The Last Days of Pompeii," is to be pictured at the Robertson-Cole studio with Irving Cummings. The Robertson-Cole people are also filming Elinor Glyn's "The World's a Stage," which is a story of Hollywood life with Dorothy Phillips and "Chicago Sal," with a cast headed by Alice Lake and Milton Sills.

AT THE STRAND

HE: I rather like movie kids.

SHE: Why George, I thought you did not like children?

HE: Well, these are "seen but not heard."



"Here's an Extra $50!

"I'm making *real* money now! Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day came. I've been promoted with an increase of $50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says my spare time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street, Grace, thanks to you and the I. C. S."

Today more than ever before, money is what counts. You can't get along on what you have been making. Somehow, you've simply got to increase your earnings.

Fortunately for you there is an unfailing way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing well and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

You can get the training that will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best, whatever it may be. You can get it at home, in spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools.

It is the *business* of the I. C. S. to prepare men for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 30 years. They have helped two million other men and women. They are training over 150,000 now. And they are ready and anxious to help *you*.

Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6641, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Foreign Trade
☐ Business Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Business English
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Civil Service
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Business Spanish ☐ French	☐ Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Blue Print Reading
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Metallurgy	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio	☐ Mathematics

Name.....

6-26-22

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

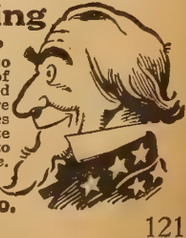
PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

Learn Cartooning

At Home—In Your Spare Time



from the school that has trained so many of the successful cartoonists of today earning from $50 to $200 and more per week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Write for full information and chart to test your ability. *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
1402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Rich Silk Seal Plush Coat

$1 Down

Real Fur Collar and Cuffs

Be dressed in the very *latest style!* Send the coupon below and only **$1** for this handsome black silk plush coat with **real fur** collar and cuffs. A wonderful bargain; lined throughout with fancy pattern venetian of *excellent wearing quality.* Shapely collar as well as cuffs are of beautiful dark brown Coney fur, all of fine selected pelts. Can be worn loose back or full-belted all-around with self belt tying in sash effect in front. Sizes 34 to 44. Length 40 inches.

Order by No. F-44. Terms $1 with coupon, $4.35 monthly. Total price, $26.95.

6 Months to Pay

Use the credit we offer as thousands do and save money! Send only **$1** with the coupon below for this latest style silk seal plush coat. Money back if you ask for it. If you are delighted with the coat and wish to keep it, you may pay the balance in small monthly sums, so small you will scarcely miss the money. *Only* **$4.35** *a month pays for this coat.* An easy and delightful way to secure a plush coat with **real fur** collar and cuffs. Buy the Elmer Richards way. Just send the coupon today.

Send this Coupon

Write for FREE Catalog showing other styles

No C. O. D. Charges to Pay

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 1521, West 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose **$1.** Send me Silk Plush Coat **No. F-44.** Size.....

If I am not delighted with the coat, I can return it and get my **$1** back. Otherwise, I will pay easy terms, **$1** with coupon, **$4.35** monthly, total price, **$26.95.**

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

DONT LOOK LIKE A PAINTING!

Use a powder that is individual in color and quality and prove that beauty is yours.

We recommend this powder to you! You—who love the beautiful!

One shade—the peach-bloom—has proven unequalled in day attire, evening dress and before the camera.

Wonderful as to its even texture, lovely in its Fragrance and unusual in its sticking quality.

Be natural—use the shade of powder to blend with the flesh color of nature.

Extract from
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out undeer all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

Corliss Palmer Powder

Price One Dollar the Box

A written description is useless—a trial proves the truth!
Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to Corliss Palmer Powder.
Send a dollar bill or one-cent or two-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

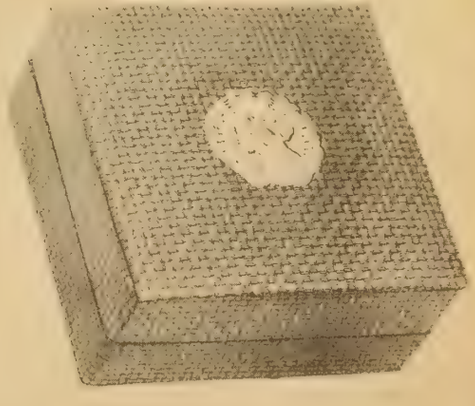
WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....



The early savage removed grime by harsh scouring

Civilized people discover how to clean teeth without harsh scouring

"*Wash*"—Don't Scour Teeth

Warns Modern Science

Your hands are soiled—do you clean them by scraping with sand alone? Savages used to do so. But civilization substituted soap. Then cleansing came more quickly, more thoroughly without *hurt*. As the early savage cleaned his hands, you today can take a gritty, soapless dentifrice and *scrape* clean the delicate enamel of your teeth. How much simpler—and safer—is the civilized method.

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
"*Washes*" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Children use Colgate's willingly and regularly because of its pleasing flavor. Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c—why pay more?

AN OFFER

1—Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

2—Ask your dealer why he recommends it and write us briefly what he said.

Attach your letter to coupon after filling in dotted lines below.

3—Mail both letter and coupon to Colgate & Co., Dept. 14, Box 645, City Hall Station, N. Y. City. We will then send you, Free, a convenient trial size of either (one only) Colgate's Face Powder in a *latan* box for yourself; or Rapid Shave Cream for the man of the family.

☐ Colgate's Face Powder ☐ Rapid Shave Cream
Check (√) the article preferred

Your Name .....

Street ..... City ..... State .....

Dealer's Name ..... Address .....

CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC ECONOMICAL
RIBBON REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

Brett Litho. Co., N. Y.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 007 551 372 0